

Sea-Fever

By John Masefield, 1913

*I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.*

*I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.*

*I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-raver,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.*



Obituary published in the Houston Chronicle 08 January 2023

Iain Douglas Miller passed away on December 29, 2022 at age 62. Iain was born as the second child of Jean Elizabeth (Tait) Miller and Douglas Hamilton Miller in Perth, Scotland on February 7, 1960. Soon after, the family moved to the town of Banff in the northeast of Scotland where Iain made many life-long friends.

Iain attended Banff Primary and Banff Academy, followed by the University of Aberdeen, where he earned a Masters in Economic Science with Honors in 1981. He went on to earn an additional Post Graduate degree in Offshore Materials and Corrosion Engineering from Robert Gordon University in 1987.

His career of more than 30 years in Oil and Gas took him all over the world in various roles, beginning as a Roughneck, and including Technical Authority, Subsea Intervention Manager, Survey Operations Manager and Offshore Client Representative. Iain was twice the recipient of the TechnipFMC's top worldwide technology award. He was a leader in introducing new technology to the industry such as Unmanned Service Vessels and underwater 3D LiDAR pulling from his application and forward-thinking aptitude. Iain was an active participant in industry societies such as the Hydrographic and Underwater Technology Societies. With his mentoring nature, Iain always made time to coach fresh talent into the industry and lend a listening ear to support, regardless of work pressure and deadlines. In addition, Iain with his friend George Sandison, launched their own entrepreneurial business ventures in the UK.



While on holiday in Hong Kong with George in 1996, Iain met his (now former) wife, Pat Locke, appropriately enough in Mad Dogs. They married first in a civil ceremony in the US in February 1997, followed by a wedding celebration in July in Aberdeen, Scotland. Iain and Pat realized their dream of a family by working with an international adoption agency and traveling to Kyrgyzstan to complete their family with the addition of their daughters Dina and Ella in 2008. As a devoted dad, he loved his daughters and relished his role to support them in their goals. Dina is studying at Bauer, University of Houston and Ella is studying Interior Design at Texas State University.

Iain is survived by his beloved daughters, Dinalia Miller, 21 and Ella Miller, 19 along with their mother, Patricia Locke; his siblings Fiona Miller in Spain, and in Scotland, Shona Johnston, Gavin Miller and Aileen McLean and cousin Jennifer Johnston; nieces and nephews, and great-nieces and great-nephews in the UK and US. He'll also be missed by many other relatives, friends, colleagues and pets.



He was preceded in death by his parents, Douglas in 2013 and Jean in 2017.

Always a loyal supporter of underdogs, Iain followed Dunfermline Athletic, Deveronvale, and Scotland football (soccer) teams. He approached his own golf game with similar enthusiasm, often snatching defeat from the jaws of victory. Iain's bright mind, his wit and sense of humor will be missed. Iain's larger than life personality leaves an equally large hole in the lives and hearts of those who knew and loved him. Always thinking of everyone else and known for his generosity, Iain's final gifts as an Organ Donor will go on to help others.

Remembering Iain by Alec Barclay

There is so much to think about when remembering Iain. We were good friends most of our lives, but George was his best friend and I was one of the crowd we were all part of.

My first memory of Iain goes back to when the Miller family lived on Academy drive, on the corner of Thompson Road, five doors along from us. It would have been when we were four or five, in their back garden and we were digging a tunnel in the corner where there was a sand (or mud) pit, which backed on to the swing parkie. Where to? Our back garden? An underground room? Australia? Who knows? Just kids with imaginations up to stuff and getting mucked up.

I don't remember much about the primary school years. I was an Easter entrant and he started in September, so we were in different classes and that was where his friendship with George began. Transition, then the Academy and I found myself back in with Iain and George and became one of their crowd, our crowd.

Most of what I remember from then about Iain was of us all in a crowd, with him and George at the centre of whatever we were up to. They were the best of friends and we were their pals, a bunch of young lads, some a year older, some a year younger all connected in some way or another to each other. There was...

Maisie's Cubs in the primary school hall and then Scouts in the hut behind the old Academy. Fitba after tea on sunny nights at the unsuitable sloping grass 'pitch' by Deveron Terrace. Meeting up at George's for general nonsense, a game of Risk or listening to music, Iain liked The Beatles and Wings, I liked Bowie and George liked Queen, Average White Band and whatever he was practicing as the drummer in Effigy. Then we'd all head out and mess about round the town, the harbour, the Grounds.

Parties in The Cottage when Mr and Mrs Miller were out for the night. Stories to tell, but I won't... The school sailing club on Wednesday nights out on Banff Bay in GP14s or Mirror dinghies, sometimes a weekend sail out on Sunday afternoons. Kagouls, shorts and T shirts, invariably wet, certainly cold; no wetsuits back then. Good fun though.

Me and Iain playing golf every Sunday morning. He was winning club competitions, I couldn't play to a junior handicap, but there we were, 8am tee, rain, hail or shine. There was Stella from Portsoy, lucky 'barsteward' a few of us thought back then, but of course it was his natural confidence, being smart, quick wit, sense of fun, good looks and generally being an all-round great bloke that attracted her affections.

Hanging out in school breaks to the right of the middle door in the Assembly Hall, joined by Stella and her friends, Iain and Stella in the middle of us all. Iain and me chatting as we dandered to class. Glory's house on High Shore after school, listening to music, she introduced us to James Taylor and Daryl Hall and John Oates, something a bit more soulful than the stuff we were listening to.