

DEREK BARTON RANKIN-REID BA, LLB (SYD), LLM (LONDON) (ST PAUL'S COLLEGE 1964-69)
24 June 1946 – 20 May 2020

After over a decade suffering from an unidentified and rare blood disease, ever cheerful and non-complaining as the medical professions in both England and Australia sought to treat and identify his condition, Derek's body was found alone in the family home he had sought to maintain- Caroola at Mount Keira, in May 2020. He was in his 75th year.

Entering Junior Macarthur House at TKS in 1959, before moving to the Senior House in 1981, Derek rose to the dizzy heights of cadet in the Corps. However, in his final year, small in stature, Derek was cox of the School VIII. A very bright student, with a passion for what interested him, in 1962 in Form he won the Archdeacon Gunther Prize for Divinity, perhaps exploring the Faith which sustained him throughout his life. The previous year he had won the A. H. Champion Prize for History, and in his final year he added the Orme Prize for History.

Derek's second name of Barton, was derived from his mother's maiden name, she being one of the four granddaughters of the Commonwealth of Australia's first Prime Minister, and a founding member of the High Court, Sir Edmund "Toby Tossport" Barton. [The nick-name was a tilt at the PM's love of long lunches and copious wine!] Derek devoted his life to supporting and sustaining his mother until her death.

In 1963, when Derek told me he intended to read Arts and Law at the University of Sydney, I urged him to apply to St Paul's College, pointing out it was near Redfern Station, and if he were urgently needed at home, he could be at Mount Keira by train in a short time. In College Derek found a great deal of what he had missed at School. Instead of a common three-four-year residency, Derek stayed from 1964 until 1969. During that time, he blossomed in Athletics, lead a new College innovation in sailing at the Royal Sydney Yacht Club in the newly gifted College 18ft Jubilee, *Boomalakka*, was elected to the Students' Club committee and eventually became Senior Student. He was a member of the College debating team, at which he excelled. Rowing and Rugby were other successes, a late blossoming, perhaps, for a real mixer.

With a deep love of the works of T.S. Elliott, on graduation Derek undertook articles with Allen, Allen and Hemsley, a leading Sydney Law Firm. Moving to live at London House, he then graduated with a Master of Laws from the University of London. In-House legal service with Rio Tinto Zinc Corporation followed, probably in the area of the emerging international Law of The Sea, in its development. Derek revelled in the world-wide travel involved in negotiations, especially including such places as Santiago, Chicago, Toronto, and Rome amongst many others.

Following Rio Tinto, Derek became in-house counsel for British Telecom, and this happily involved many visits to Europe and often Italy. He fell in love with Italy, the Mediterranean shores and Switzerland.

Derek's father, accountant Rosslyn ("Ross") Hunter Rankin-Reid, then aged 39, volunteered for army service at the outbreak of WW 2. Posted to an Artillery Unit in the 6th Division, 2nd AIF, he was captured in Crete in 1941 and became a prisoner of war. After Ross's return home, Derek and his twin sister, Rosslyn, were born on 24th June 1946. However, their father remained badly affected by his experiences, and after long, dedicated care from his devoted wife, he died prematurely in 1980.

Thereafter, in most years Derek would fly his mother over to Europe for a few months and the two of them would frequently share holidays together. Favourites included Crete, Greece and Italy and the coastal beaches. In her widowhood Derek remained a devoted son.

Somewhere about the turn of this century Derek was diagnosed with severe symptoms of Leukaemia, in a form which took an extremely long time to identify. Many tests and treatments were trialled as his condition slowly worsened. Derek bore it all with extraordinary stoicism, without complaint, (except about hospital food!), or self-pity.

The biggest blow he suffered was the death of his beloved mother, Bettina Katherine Barton, in New South Wales in April 2008. Thereafter, as best he could he programmed his summers alternatively between Europe and Caroola. This helped both mitigate the effects of his illness and allowed him to devote time to the upkeep of the house. Derek spent many months every year attempting to maintain and enhance his late mother's splendid garden. Even with help, this still meant a constant battle waged against invading wild deer and wild pigs from the adjoining National Park.

Like his great-grandfather "Toby Tossopot" Barton, Derek enjoyed long lunches and copious quantities of wine. Entertaining Derek to luncheon by the Harbour at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron- or at home when he stayed- were extraordinary experiences of laughter, indecision of up to an hour before he chose the fish to follow the dozen "best oysters in the World", after a forced reminder by the staff that chef closed the kitchen at 2.30 pm! Two bottles later he might just make a five o'clock train home!

As COVID limited attendance at his funeral it was also live-streamed. His two nephews spoke lovingly of Derek as "... generous to a fault, never complaining of his illness" [finally identified towards the end as the rare *Waldenstrom's Macroglobulinaemia*], "a lover of poetry, an aesthete, witty, highly sociable, lovably roguish, and outspoken". Derek was: "A wonderful Godparent", exuding "a towering spiritual guide to life...", with many friends among the clergy.

As his nephew truly remarked there was: "Plenty of colour and joy- but with Derek there was always some mystique... perhaps a lost soul... With Derek, I think the sum of the man was far greater than all we collectively knew of him ... His was a life full and splendidly lived".

Derek will be sadly and surely missed by all his friends.

LLOYD WADDY