

Vale

NOTICAS

ROGER BLAIN

Dear Member / Friend

Roger Blain 17 January 1944 to 22 January 2012

It is with regret that we advise you of the passing away of Roger Blain (Ex RP/3 Cdo. c 1961 - 70)

The RLI Association extends our deepest sympathies to Joy and the girls

Kind
Bill
CEO

Regards
Wiggill

This message from Gus Mason:

"Heard from Joy Blain who informed that Roger passed away at 11h30 yesterday morning (Sunday 22 January 2012). A memorial service is scheduled for this Thursday afternoon at 15h30 at the Edenvale Baptist Church, Voortrekker Street, Edenvale.

This from Alan Butcher

Hello Bill,

I spoke with you last night concerning the passing on of a member of the RLI namely ROGER BLAIN.

We have been very lucky to have met and get acquainted with Roger and his wife Joy, when they moved into the village late last year.

We have become good Rhodesian friends.

He had suffered with cancer over a three month period, but sadly was hospitalized last week after a brain hemorrhage caused by a Stroke.

He passed on yesterday 22nd January, 2012 having turned 68 on 17th January, 2012.

I would like to add that he was a cheerful character despite his ailments, and handled his situation extremely well over the period of treatment.

He gained our respect and was accepted as a friend with his wife in a very short time. He will be sadly missed by all who knew him.

He leaves

His wife	JOY BLAIN
His daughter	KIM van NIEKERK
His daughter	DEBBIE BLAIN

His son-in-law CRAIG van NIEKERK

His grand-daughter RACHEL van NIEKERK (15)

His grand-son JORDAN van NIEKERK (12)

He joined the RLI on 17th January, 1961 Brady Barracks, Bulawayo. His RLI regimental number was 1946. Roger served with "D" Company (initially on the Congo border).

He left the RLI in 1966 and joined the Military Police until he immigrated to South Africa.

Regards

Alan Streets of the roaring town,

Hush for him, hush, be still!

He comes, who was stricken down

Doing the word of our will.

Hush! Let him have his state,

Give him his soldier's crown.

The grist's of trade can wait

Their grinding at the mill,

But he cannot wait for his honour, now the trumpet has been blown.

Wreath pride now for his granite brow, lay love on his breast of stone.

William Vaughn Moody