

## In dear memory of Peter Waite.

Only 6 months ago we received this email: "I have had some very bad news from my doctor: I have lung cancer; I am told it is localised in my left lung, the doctor tells me there is hope so each day at a time. but it would be nice to hope our many friends will be gunning for me. I feel OK at the moment, eating and sleeping well, but not very nice as you can guess for my wife Riety. I go into hospital coming Tuesday for another biopsy and on the basis of this I hope treatment starts A.S.A.P. I am a fighter, so I can only accept we will overcome this slight hiccup in life. What makes me angry is that I gave up smoking nearly 17 years ago.

Please keep in touch.

Best, Pete Waite."

We devoted part of the special Valentines Day-edition of our International Newsletter to him and his health-situation; friends from all over the world have sent him their Valentines and best wishes.

In May we received this message: "I had some wonderful news on Wednesday: the doctor told me the treatment was very successful, more so than normal. I am not a fool, but if the problem comes back it will be further in the future, or possibly not at all, and another doctor told me he can help with my voice, getting it back to at least 70 -80% of normal. It seems the damage to my hearing, due to chemo, may mean I need hearing aids, but I have life for more years than we thought, so I can live with small problems.

Best, Pete Waite."

One month later he paid a visit to Deventer again, had a chat with people in DDU (where he used to work until May 2006), and of course at Wittenborg. He still was quite positive then, but only 2 weeks later I met him in the Hofstraat, and then he was complaining about headaches bothering him.

I now realize, that this has been the last time I saw him...

A few days later we received this email from him: "But I haqvw bad news I seem 5o hsave 3 tumars in my brain Iam waitnhg for a phonre call to tell good or BAD NEWS iam ALWAYS THE OPTIMI9ST ANDE A FIGHTER OK ITS BACK BUT PLEASEPLRASE i THOUGHT IT WOULD BE E PAR YEARS NOT ONE MONTH BUT WE W3ILL SEE AND FIGHT IT.

bEST PET wAITE" (we're not showing this original message to make fun, of course... We're showing it to you to make clear how serious Peter's problems were, and how we were struck by its quite definite meaning.)

Mr. Birdsall called him on the phone, shortly after this last message. (One of those moments, that you wouldn't like to be a manager yourself!) It was a sad and tough phone call, in which only the very short-term future perspectives were subject. At that moment it was quite obvious, that Peter Waite wouldn't be able to return into his normal life, of which Wittenborg made part.

The cancer had spread too much for that!

A few days later Tanya Dimitrova, who had been working together a lot with Peter W. since May 2006, heard from Peter's wife Riety, that they would still go to their cherished island of Crete for summer vacation. Peter & Riety were always going to Crete in summertime! It was somehow connected with their marriage; missing it would be a sin...

Looking back, from my rather distant point of view, I can only say: It was a good decision!

Shortly after they returned from the Greek island, Marion Balke heard from Riety, that Peter would be getting into a wheelchair and would get strong pain-killing medicines. This was only 2 weeks ago!

And now, Monday, he passed away...

Peter Waite, if you knew him, you will never forget him! A great, though rather short, man. A 'fighter', he called himself; and yes, we can only agree with that qualification. He didn't fight for gain so much, but he fought for what he believed in, with his mind and with his heart. He had been in the British Royal Navy. Later he worked as a machine-operator in different industries. He became 'Union-man', and he participated in famous demonstrations (late Sixties, Seventies); his hair was long then...

Only later he started to build up his further education.

Stubborn? Yes, you can really say that!

I will never forget his struggles with "the machines", the computer... He truly wanted to learn, to

manage the basic office applications, but the automation logic didn't always seem to match his reasoning, and – next to this – he also was kind of dyslectic. If someone would have been able to throw the computer with its monitor out of the window – out of mere frustration – it would have been him! Still, he continued and managed to even cope with SPSS, PowerPoint, and merging grades into the ('bloody') system...

He hated it, when people didn't seem to listen to him, and/or didn't follow up his (professional or friendly given) advice. He quite regularly could get angry in class, in fact, he even did in his role as member or chairman of the Exam Board. Most of our alumni feel a deep respect (at least: looking back) for Peter Waite's educational legacy: his way of making things clear, the way he stressed methodology and academic honesty, his clear explanation of the different meanings of 'control' in UK & US English, his even clear analysis of business and politics, his 'being Peter Waite'.

We also won't forget his – not angry – emotions, like when he was performing the role of Santa Claus in DDU, and gave away the Christmas presents with from-the-bottom-of-his-heart words. Or that one Graduation Day, when we were having a boat-trip on the river IJssel, and he also started to sing, Irish & British, and maybe Scottish pub songs! Absolutely no problem, getting all the attention! And the other time, when he dared to give an analysis and clear explanation about the true meanings of the famous song 'Jerusalem', before a rather intercultural audience; he then even sung it!

The man, who had to shed some tears at his last Graduation Day at Dutch Delta University, a little more than a year ago... He just couldn't understand, that (and even more: why) a good formula like DDU would/could just stop existing.

Another ex-colleague, Paul Scholey, wrote: "I have had a fairly close contact with Peter these last six months. He's growing a lot as a person - he's learning to let go - to say good bye to those he loves - to formulate what is and what has been important to him during his life." Two weeks ago, this was!

Now, today, we will have to say 'Fare well' to Peter Waite, in Nijmegen, where he and his wife were living.

The world doesn't stop turning, we'll have to go on, other people will take in (part of) his place. But for us it's quite clear: he gave us many goods, for those specific moments, but also for-ever! Thank you, matel, and Fare Well!

***Peter van Oosten & Loek Hopstaken***