

Charles McKenzie

FONFA Founder Member and long serving Trustee.

Our long-serving Trustee colleague, Charles McKenzie, passed away on April 7th, after a long illness, bravely borne, aged 78. Please find details of the funeral arrangements below, at the end of this obituary.

The Original Board of Trustees of the Friends of the New Forest Airfields in 2002 is pictured below.



Standing (left to right): Les White, John Brooks, Charles McKenzie.

Seated: Ann Baily, John Lay, Betty Hockey, Bernard Baily.

(Ann Baily, Betty Hockey, Bernard Baily and Charles McKenzie are all now deceased)

Charles was one of the founder Trustees of the Friends of the New Forest Airfields and a Member from January 18th 1999 until his death on April 7th 2019 (Member No.011). He was appointed as the Project Manager for the design, materials procurement and construction of the New Forest Airfields Memorial in Black Lane, on the western dispersal area of the Second World War airfield at Holmsley South.



On leaving school, Charles was apprenticed to HM Dockyard, Portsmouth, as an electrician. During his working life, Charles was 78 and after work at King's College Hospital in London, he moved to the Royal Free Hospital, where he met Professor Patrick Bunning, who was going to set up an Anatomy Department in a new medical school at Zaire, Northern Nigeria, and asked Charles to come out with him to help set it up. Charles and his wife Judy lived in Nigeria for seven years, during which time their two sons, James and Steven, were born.

In 1974, they returned to UK, where he had met Professor Dennis Wright and worked with him at the Medical School in Southampton University. Charles then acted as the curator of the Medical Pathology Museum at Southampton General Hospital, now the University Hospital Southampton NHS Foundation Trust.

He was an expert on the history of reinforcement works and engineering works on airfields. In retirement, he was always a strong supporter of FONFA and a valuable and much valued companion at Trustee Board Meetings. Charles was a quiet, mild-mannered man, a true gentleman, who listened much and spoke only when he had something significant to say. He had a quick wit, a ready smile and a dry sense of humour. He was good company and always looked for the positive aspects of any situation. The members of the Trustee Board extend our heartfelt condolences to his widow, Judy. We shall miss his warm companionship greatly in the coming years.

The funeral ceremony was held at the Woodlands Burial Ground, at Hinton Park, Wyndham Road, Walkford, Christchurch BH23 7EJ at 1230 pm on Tuesday 7th May. Afterwards, there was a wake at the Borough Arms, Avenue Road, Lymington.

You are warmly welcome to join Judy at the
Borough Arms, 39 Avenue Road, Lymington SO41 9GP,
after the service, for refreshments.

Donations in memory of Charles can be made payable to
Friends of Hurst Castle,
Friends of the New Forest Airfields
or the
RNLI
and can be placed in the donations box
provided or sent directly to the charity.



Funeral arrangements entrusted to:
Hinton Park Woodland Burial Ground
Wyndham Road, Walkford, Christchurch, Dorset BH23 7EJ
Telephone: 01425 278 910



A Celebration of the Life of
Charles Stephen McKenzie

12th February 1941 - 7th April 2019

Hinton Park Woodland Burial Ground
Tuesday 7th May 2019
at 12.30 pm

Service conducted by Claire Bishop

OPENING MUSIC

Symphonie Fantastique - Berlioz

WELCOME

THE EULOGY

given by Mr David Pryer

A TRIBUTE TO CHARLES

Mr Roger Walker,
Chairman of the Friends of Hurst Castle

POEM

Sea Fever
by John Masefield

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-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

A TIME FOR REFLECTION

Nights In The Gardens Of Spain - Manuel de Falla

REMEMBERING CHARLES

Mr John Brooks,
Trustee of the Friends of the New Forest Airfields

POEM

High Flight
by John Gillespie Magee, Jr

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds, - and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew -
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

CLOSING WORDS

CLOSING MUSIC

Kalinka - Soviet Army Chorus