

It is impossible to capture in words the legacy and impact of Stephen Drance. He lived each day of his 95 years to the fullest, with grace, dignity and curiosity. He has touched the lives of so many around the world and so many members of our Society. I will miss his warm smile, his mischievous sense of humour, and his beautiful economy with words; I have never met anyone who has said so much with so little. Instead of expressing sadness that so many of us feel at this time, I want to focus on how being with him has moulded us and the things that made us glow in his company.

It is no exaggeration to say I owe Stephen everything for my professional career and much of my personal development. He brought me to Canada, instilled in me the love for research and early music, eschew dogma and (politely) question everything. In the three years I spent with him in Vancouver, and the subsequent 30 years, he taught me so much.

During my time in Vancouver, the Fellow's office at the Eye Care Centre was next to his clinic office, separated by a pocket door. Every once in a while, he would slide the door unannounced to check on the status of the various research projects. At the beginning this was a bit daunting, but after a while these encounters became valuable discussions, often on a daily basis in spite of his clinical, academic and administrative responsibilities. He was perpetually inquisitive. He expected the same of his Fellows and curiosity was his yardstick to measure whether we were worth our salt. Along with strange liquors, mysterious home-made sausages and other exotic delights that his grateful patients brought him, every once in a while he would also leave on the desk a reprint of a paper, without a note or instructions on what he wanted. He expected a reaction, a discussion, a critique. He was exceptionally stimulating, with so much knowledge pouring out of him that it was impossible not to be impressed.

Stephen was a brilliant visionary, a tireless (and crafty!) fundraiser and an enabler. On this matter, his achievements on the ophthalmology front are too numerous to mention, however, towards the end of his academic and medical career, he turned his focus and fundraising efforts to the arts, specifically to early music. He cajoled so many of the well heeled in Vancouver to a free lunch, which was anything but. He helped create Festival Vancouver, which in its first season staged a historically informed performance of Monteverdi's L'Orfeo. He was very proud of this achievement and grinned like a child when the accolades poured in. When Stephen and Betty moved into Tapestry, a retirement home on the University of British Columbia campus, he founded the in-house Tapestry Festival, and was again on the prowl for donations. His unsuspecting peers who had also moved into Tapestry, and who had given generously to his various projects before, thought they were finally rid of him. But on rediscovering their new neighbour's charm and persuasion on how the

festival could be a wonderful launching pad for young musicians, ended up opening their chequebooks again. He remained on the board of Early Music Vancouver when he was well into his late 80's. I know the music community in Vancouver is reeling with Stephen's loss.

His lectures were always a delight, delivered insightfully with wit and a precisely measured cadence. He frequently received standing ovations after these lectures. At the World Glaucoma Association congress in Vancouver in 2013 (at which point he reminded us again that he had stopped buying green bananas), he gave a 40-minute panorama of his career achievements. Even at the age of 88 at the time, he did not miss a beat. After a rather elaborate but heartfelt introduction by his long time professional partner and former Fellow, Gordon Douglas, in which so many of Stephen's achievements were recalled, with a twinkle in his eye Stephen responded, "Gordon, may the good Lord forgive you for this flowery introduction and may he forgive me for enjoying it." This was quintessentially Stephen. The applause at the end of the lecture was thunderous and many in the audience came to the front of the auditorium and asked for autographs and pictures - the consummate rock star! Betty rolled up her eyes and found it difficult to pry him away from all this adulation. Stephen was enjoying every minute. And why not? He deserved every bit of it.

I know that now more than ever, I will play back all the memories, some hilarious, and remember the wonderful nuggets of advice and Dranceisms (never question editors when they reject your paper, instead write the strongest letter and stick it under your pillow; you can't win in glaucoma, but you can lose gracefully, etc., etc.).

Towards the end of his life Stephen wrote a short autobiography that concluded with the following:

*I wake up almost every day with a light heart, expecting good fortune to greet me in abundance. I cannot see what next turning point I will find, but I will seize its golden opportunity and continue on my adventure on the highway of luck.*

I rest assured knowing his legacy will be passed on to future generations.

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