

A close-up portrait of an elderly man with weathered skin, wearing dark sunglasses and a light-colored straw hat. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

**Hans**  
**van**  
**de**  
**Steenoven**

## **My father**

**Johan Hendrik, better known to all as Hans, reached his 85th birthday this past June**

He, a boy second born into a colonial family in Indonesia, a playful brother and an intelligent child who loved going to school and playing soccer, learned to love travel adventures, faced early responsibilities in his parents' business, who as a teenager survived concentration camp under the Japanese, caught up lost schooling years within months, the good colleague, the fun uncle and cousin who loved visiting family and attending gatherings, the charmer of women, who knew how to put his good looks to work for him, the young groom and then father, the ambitious businessman, the builder of my childhood home, the great story teller, the travelling salesman, who in time mastered 7 languages, who had great enthusiasm for new technologies, enjoyed biographies, travel and history novels, who loved telling good jokes, mostly those with double meanings, the man who was forced to start over, and then did this many times over, also learned to love again, to be a patient parent and was challenged by moody teenagers, who came to the rescue to many a friend and family member, who followed with resolve innovative ideas, who, like many of his countrymen, liked to bicycle, and then made vast bike and walking tours

throughout Europe, embraced a new found spirituality and then as a grandfather was thrilled with the progress of each child, knew when to trust his instincts, built a house on terrain he moved with his own hands, to provide respite and wonder to all who came to admire the home that he shared with Monica, his partner of 40 years, the graceful and generous host, the good correspondent, the political commentator, a hobby economist, visionary, the man who felt blessed for his long life and varied fortune in his last days, this man, my father, died this evening, August 18th 2013 ...

We, all who knew him and loved him, will miss him dearly.

*Connie*

