

Memories of my father as a painter

I have fond memories of my late Father sitting on the veranda of our home in Swaziland with his easel, painting yet another beautiful landscape. Our home had a wide veranda all the way around the house and this was a wonderful peaceful place for him to smoke his pipe and paint.

Wherever he went he would carry a note pad with him and I can recall him wondering off into the country side, opening his 3 legged folding stool and sit and sketch the scenery. At home he would add colour to the sketches in pastel whilst the images were still fresh in his mind. Some of these sketches he later used when painting in oils.

My late husband, Dudley, was a keen photographer and enjoyed taking photos of landscapes. On a number of occasions my parents came on holiday with us and my Father asked for copies of the photos. This he then used instead of sketches to recall the memories of the natural beauty of the South African landscape and transformed these into oil paintings. Many of the paintings in my home are of these places we visited together and have a very special place in my heart.

When my parents lived in Port Alfred, my father had a studio at the back of the house. The house was on a slope and there were steps leading from the back door up to the studio, where he would spend many hours painting. It was here that a number of the local enthusiastic artists came to see him for advice on their paintings. He was always willing to share his knowledge with them so they would call on him on a regular basis.

- Ina (Braak) Troye

The only surviving daughter – aged 90