**Ally Weakley Facebook posts by Steve Olivier over the years**

2024

It's my wonderful son Luke's birthday today. He's tough, decent, fair, loyal, intelligent and determined. Much like my friend Ally Weakley who was killed in a cowardly and senseless political murder on this day 31 years ago, and whom my other son, Alastair James, is named after. I always post about this on 13 April, but this year is a bit different, with something to celebrate in addition to Luke's birthday. I'm hoping that my family will be able to join me in Grahamstown/Makhanda on 23 November for a significant event in memory of Ally Weakley. As part of Rhodes University's 120 Year celebrations, the University will be naming the erstwhile Great Field, where many of us shed blood and sweat over the years, the Ally Weakley Great Field. The naming event is timed to coincide with the Old Rhodian Knocking on Heaven's Door reunion, with many in that group being contemporaries of AJW. The naming ceremony will be at the field on Saturday afternoon, timed to coincide with the traditional 1stXV kick-off time. All are welcome to attend and share memories. There will also be a dinner that evening on a first-paid first-confirmed basis. Details will follow closer to the time, but in the meantime, if you wish to be placed on the draft invite list for the dinner please email me at stephenchrisolivier@sky.com, or WhatsApp +44 7719 013034, or let [**John McConnachie**](https://www.facebook.com/john.mcconnachie1?__cft__%5B0%5D=AZXDrRy9VveG3Fu_yS7mVkzhuOhIl1YSHF7d-pb78vmCvk4fxV_DODoi2Raw2SdxdS8fKVGnC-qdcA9cQGhjXZw2mWVYM1HWSoPnk7OI8NclnoldEVr83iHQQr5OvSxjdTVdGVcZVofr9-jmtBUUep4VFWLeHtU7rFn6hfuvqGIFmQ&__tn__=-%5DK-R) know and he will pass the info on to me. We will need contact details so that we can send details on to you.

2023

For a change, just a short (but hopefully important) post this year to mark the date of Ally Weakley's murder. Searching this date for back posts on my feed will give you detail of the event plus more - this time though I'm posting to celebrate the fact that we are boosting the Ally Weakley Memorial Bursary for Rhodes rugby. The Rhodes UK Trust recently transferred R1,772,425 to Rhodes for the bursary, to add to the R545,000 that I started raising when I initiated the bursary in 1993. Thanks to all involved, particularly [**Geoffrey de Jager**](https://www.facebook.com/geoffrey.dejager?__cft__%5B0%5D=AZXduVgXOi1aJAlqQy6I5px_aZuSlcvJIbDHIy0JQ3IcaHBI8mBJACr2B7p_LUryu0spQANCI8R4V1YBdd-7_YcWXXw7NCfUGarVCjc7ZWT_PHMnc6S5g2fTczr6zBwqV2NIIEy1_rgUYfqj3mGVDS56kFVlTk6aZ-tr09wSW-P3Gw&__tn__=-%5DK-R), Andrew la Trobe, Mike Simson, [**Caroline Rowland**](https://www.facebook.com/caroline.rowland.391?__cft__%5B0%5D=AZXduVgXOi1aJAlqQy6I5px_aZuSlcvJIbDHIy0JQ3IcaHBI8mBJACr2B7p_LUryu0spQANCI8R4V1YBdd-7_YcWXXw7NCfUGarVCjc7ZWT_PHMnc6S5g2fTczr6zBwqV2NIIEy1_rgUYfqj3mGVDS56kFVlTk6aZ-tr09wSW-P3Gw&__tn__=-%5DK-R) and the other UK Trustees, and Sue Smailes from Rhodes. This is not the end - the UK Trust has committed to trying to raise a further R1,500,000, which will happen both in the UK and SA.

2022

As I have done for many years now, I’m posting on the anniversary of my friend Ally Weakley’s death. I won’t go into the whole story again, but instead share a few memories and then announce some good news. The first pic is Ally’s LLB graduation ceremony, on Saturday 17 April 1982, eleven years and four days before his senseless murder (pic courtesy of Chloe Thomas). I’m sure some of you will remember a few names on screenshot of the graduating cohort that year. A few months after this graduation I played in the 1st XV intervarsity against UPE that year – Ally was ineligible as his study days were over. We got soundly beaten, as did I personally, with Andrew Johnson, Jan Serfontein and Robert Blignaut taking pleasure in smashing me as I took the high balls rained on me by Derek Braans. Same result next year, with Tino Kankowski breaking my arm in a tackle. The next screenshot is of a younger me receiving the Tim Muirhead Memorial Trophy, Rhodes' premier rugby award – I’ve included it for two reasons – Ally was a previous recipient, and Prof Ian Macdonald (centre) delivered the eulogy at Ally’s funeral. I’ve also included a screenshot of a letter I received from the Reverend Robin Wright after Ally’s funeral, plus letters received from EK Moorcroft and Ian Macdonald after Ally and I worked on the democratic Party’s successful election campaign. There is also a screenshot of Shaun Johnson’s article on the futility and stupidity of Ally’s death, and it is well worth reading. Indeed, ‘they killed a New South African’. There have been a few twists and turns - my eldest son is named Alastair James after Ally, and Tom O'Keefe's first born (Tom was in the car, aged eleven, with Ally on the fateful day, and survived) also carries his name. Then my younger son Luke was born on the anniversary of Ally's death, and recently Tom's second, was also born on 13 April - strange stuff. But enough memories. The good news announcement is that the Rhodes UK Trust (I am a trustee) with Chair Geoffrey de Jager has agreed to put significant sums into the Ally Weakley Memorial Scholarship. The announcement will go out through various Rhodes media today. I’m pleased that this scholarship, which I started shortly after his death, can now be strengthened and keep his legacy alive. Yes, it is a small step, but giving opportunities and changing some individual lives might lead to them changing the lives of others.

2021

I always post on 13 April, the day that Alastair James Weakley was murdered. As some of you know, I was meant to be with him on that trip, but pulled out at the last minute. As you also know, my son Luke was born on 13 April 2001, bringing joy to what was always a day of introspection and mourning for my friend. Luke's elder brother Ali had already been named Alastair James in his memory. My two boys have grown into fine young men, and AJW would be proud of them. Ally (the spelling he preferred, even though everyone used Ali ) is missed by so many, including Chloe, Tom, Lucy, and Roo), and I'm grateful for the many times that just the two of us spent together, fishing, running, playing darts and pool, and of course talking politics while drinking many Ohlsonn's lagers! I still miss you deeply my friend, and one day I'll see you up there. Hamba kahle boetie

2020

I know that it's been a long time since 13 April 1993, the day my friend Alastair James Weakley was callously murdered along with his brother Glen at Sinangwana, Transkei. A random revenge killing for the murder of the admirable Chris Hani, his craven killers received amnesty from the Truth and Reconciliation Committee. Stupidly and perhaps ironically, they had killed a 'new South African' before that term became popular. There are those who think that 27 years is too long to grieve, but I still miss him. We played rugby together, played darts and pool at the Albany Club on Friday nights, fished up and down the coast, worked hard at election time for the Democratic Party, drank lots of Ohllson's Lagers at our respective houses while cooking the fish we had caught, laughed together and occasionally cried together. Despite the lapse of time, the memories are many, specific and fresh. Today I did my daily allowed [**#lockdown**](https://www.facebook.com/hashtag/lockdown?__eep__=6&__cft__%5B0%5D=AZXRvq9Zbut9TDA97pIIbqmZa75Xn256nyhc02o8FM4SJ3Ky8lTZYt8nEwrI1p63oZfSk7G_B02grYtmW7myyOvHWfU8QOGvxUlEwM5r9Va6SjU78YB4KWUKdP2cVlQ71K5m3egiijoedTB3uLDG3sZnQ4-FvVG_k6vJ3iyeNXjpcA&__tn__=*NK-R) exercise, a ride on his old bike, one of several of his things I still have. He is gone, but for me at least his spirit lives on in my boys, [**Ali Olivier**](https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100005075629326&__cft__%5B0%5D=AZXRvq9Zbut9TDA97pIIbqmZa75Xn256nyhc02o8FM4SJ3Ky8lTZYt8nEwrI1p63oZfSk7G_B02grYtmW7myyOvHWfU8QOGvxUlEwM5r9Va6SjU78YB4KWUKdP2cVlQ71K5m3egiijoedTB3uLDG3sZnQ4-FvVG_k6vJ3iyeNXjpcA&__tn__=-%5DK-R) who is named after him, and [**Luke Olivier**](https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100009337592603&__cft__%5B0%5D=AZXRvq9Zbut9TDA97pIIbqmZa75Xn256nyhc02o8FM4SJ3Ky8lTZYt8nEwrI1p63oZfSk7G_B02grYtmW7myyOvHWfU8QOGvxUlEwM5r9Va6SjU78YB4KWUKdP2cVlQ71K5m3egiijoedTB3uLDG3sZnQ4-FvVG_k6vJ3iyeNXjpcA&__tn__=-%5DK-R) who was born on 13 April, turning that date now into a day of joy. I decided at the last minute 27 years ago not to join him on that fishing trip, and here I am now. I miss him still, but because of our shared belief I reckon we'll meet again. The photo is one I've posted before, at one of his favourite places, the shack at the Fish River mouth where we spent much time together with our dogs Tyler and Murdoch

2019

As I do every year, I post something about my friend. It is Luke's 18th tomorrow, and Ali is joining us from Glasgow . Ali is named after Alastair James Weakley, and Luke was born on 13 April, the day that Ally died. I still feel the guilt of not going on that fishing trip, but tomorrow, spending the day with my family, including the two boys of whom Ally would have been so proud, helps. The three of us will toast him tomorrow night. Hamba kahle my friend, I still miss you, but your values remain. Maybe we will play rugby, fish, run, and laugh together again in that better place that we both believed in. — with [**Ali Olivier**](https://www.facebook.com/groups/102141379839985/user/100005075629326/?__cft__%5B0%5D=AZWuDn3i9nHL0Wtt1N-V3kEFESeffKtV2wdSUkmmktqFcoyrK3M000GHfnWOP0UQfecE89urFAAi0eZh0IOu9N17-1C5U-yrMhHwJQA2UhgFK1aZpxH7qXQyfQQ1WeTRfluzpC4AgPK7NODts4kkeQJk9c8IIC8CuutZVLh_wR12gfrux8bLurD7Q8fC_Vtd8V3iPr9YBPPF_fN7W4CBsegA&__tn__=-%5DK-R).

2018

Today, twenty-five years ago, on 13 April 1993, my friend Alastair James Weakley and his brother Glenn were shot in what was labelled a politically motivated murder. I was meant to be on that fishing trip to the Transkei, but I pulled out the Friday before during our usual beer night at the Albany Club in Grahamstown's High Street.

There are so many good memories of times shared with Ally: playing rugby together, fishing at the shack at the Fish River mouth, similar trips up and down the coast, frying elf fillets in his Allen Street house, long runs from Stone Crescent with his dog Tyler, League of Gentlemen Club Shows, our lunchtime training swims, rafting in the nature reserve, working for the (then) Democratic Party election team, listening to music on our road trips…

Ally was a man among men, tough, uncompromising, yet with a sharp wit and formidable intellect. As much a son of Africa as many who claim to be that, his empathy for the downtrodden and dispossessed was a defining feature of his character.

Today my thoughts also turn to Chloe, Tom (who was in the bakkie at the time), Lucy and Roo. Chloe, Mouse Watson and I scattered his ashes, as per Ally's wishes, on the grassy hill overlooking the beach at Sinangwana, where he was shot by cowards claiming to be avenging the death of Chris Hani, who like Ally had been born in Cofimvaba, about 200km from Sinangwana.

Ally leaves a legacy. He had no children, but my son Alastair is named after him, and Luke was born on 13 April, the date that Ally died. Ally would be smiling down on them, for his namesake is a rugby player with a swagger, seemingly scoring tries at will, while Luke is right in the Weakley mould, tackling anything that moves and willing to run through metaphorical brick walls. Attached are a few photos, the first two of Ally, next three of Ali jnr, and the final three of Luke.

Salakahle my friend, as you look down on us from where your faith surely took you. I miss you still, but your values will live on in my sons.

2017

I've posted similar annual reminders before, and will do so again. Tomorrow it is 24 years since my friend Ally Weakley was murdered at Sinangwana, Transkei. And yep, I know everyone says Ali, but he preferred Ally .

Those who knew him respected and admired him. Fearless, loyal, wry sense of humour, and above all, principled. I was meant to be with him, his brother Glen, Keith, and Tom in the car that day he and Glen we shot in such a cowardly fashion, but over a few beers with Ally a couple of days before in the Albany Club I said I wasn't going (can't even remember why now). If I said I have 'survivor's guilt' it would sound self-indulgent, but I guess there is some.

After he died I got quite a bit of his stuff from [**Chloe Thomas**](https://www.facebook.com/chloe.thomas.16100921?__cft__%5B0%5D=AZX5e-RhYJ6hPCh3GY0oEvntM4JXH21jpECdpaacnwrCbGYGL9uXmkyiJyDw8MKqfEFPJLqgWs2X53Nfk7n7bhhgj9sVN17PsRbVxoeyHgneKZLvDqxgnXkhC7z_3ADy-3W6klFRIf31jbZA52Z93L3DM73FXe63UyoLuXu2ys5c4w&__tn__=-%5DK-R). Some of that has passed on now, including his beloved dog Tyler who came to live with me and my dog Murdoch. Other stuff remains, such as a fishing reel, his rugby colours blazer badge, a roasting pan that we used to cook in, his newspaper cuttings, and his bike, which I still use.

My eldest son Alastair James is named in Ally's memory, and my younger boy Luke was born on 13 April, 9 years on to the day that Ally died, transforming that day from one of immense heartache to one of joy.

We played rugby together - we both captained Rhodes, but boy, despite our friendship did he let me have it if I played badly! We ran Comrades and Settler's, spent time rafting, drank beer (we both liked the long-departed Ohllson's Lager), helped with Democratic Party elections and events, played darts at the Albany Club, cooked dinners at our respective houses, and fished a lot up and down the coast from Woody Cape to the Fish River Mouth and beyond. Hell, even our dogs were friends with each other!

I still miss you my friend, and when [**Jennifer Olivier**](https://www.facebook.com/jennifer.fotheringham?__cft__%5B0%5D=AZX5e-RhYJ6hPCh3GY0oEvntM4JXH21jpECdpaacnwrCbGYGL9uXmkyiJyDw8MKqfEFPJLqgWs2X53Nfk7n7bhhgj9sVN17PsRbVxoeyHgneKZLvDqxgnXkhC7z_3ADy-3W6klFRIf31jbZA52Z93L3DM73FXe63UyoLuXu2ys5c4w&__tn__=-%5DK-R) and I take Luke out for a birthday dinner tonight I'll have a silent toast to you. You were the best of men - I learned much from you, and I'll try to carry on passing some of that on to the boys and the girls. Hambakahle, and hopefully we'll see each other some day...

2013

Today, 20 years ago, my friend Alastair James Weakley was murdered at Sinangwana, Transkei. That the killers claimed a political motive, and that they killed someone for fought for their rights doesn't help family and friends. He was a leader, a man among men, and he held his head high. Today we will also be celebrating the birthday of Luke, who was born on the anniversary of his death, along with Ali, named after him. I love you my two fine boys, and we will continue to try and imbue in you the values that he exhibited. Hamba kahle, my friend. I still miss you.

2010

Sorry about this rather sombre post. For those of you who knew him, today was the day in 1993 that my best friend Ally Weakley was killed in the Transkei. I still miss him deeply, and will have a quiet beer for him tonight. Hope that those of you who knew him will join me. He was a good man