

‘A sweet echo remains under the Eternal Duomo,’
So the Poet said,
‘After your soul returns to the Providence.’
A reverberating sweet memory now remains with us
From our Beloved Tury.

You condensed reflections to semblance peaks
So we may pick them effortlessly.
You transformed long-period multiples to radial traces
So we can attenuate them effectively.
You imaged refractions to base weathering layer
So we can correct for the near-surface accurately.
You flattened events on image gathers
So we can estimate layer velocities interpretively.
You gave musical sound
to each frequency within the seismic band
So we can characterize reservoirs
As though we sip Brunello di Montalcino.

Every problem in exploration seismology
was God’s way of teasing your sweet soul.
You solved each with intellectual curiosity
and with relentless pursuit for knowledge.
You had the precise mind of a scientist
and the practical wisdom of an engineer.
You shared your mind’s harvest unreservedly
and you listened to cultivate your solution.

Your body was moulded from the Anatolian Soil
and shall now be laid to rest in the Anatolian Soil.
Mortal your body is
But immortal is your soul.
The spirit of Tury shall remain with us permanently.