

## My Eulogy For Mum

I met my future MIL when I was 16. My future husband William or Bill was Mum's eldest child and we had just started to see each other. Naturally, I was nervous to be meeting Bill's Mum for the first time. However, my nervousness was allayed in large part because Mum was so warm and welcoming.

So began a loving and nurturing relationship between the two of us that lasted for over 55 years.

Mum was a friend and a teacher to me. Her friendship to me was given unconditionally. There was always an open and instinctive connectivity between the two of us. Mum was always wonderfully observant. If she thought there was something troubling you, more often than not she would wait until you confided in her rather than ask you directly. Mum was quite the Sage. However, she would only ever offer advice if it was requested.

Mum was also a wonderful teacher to me. Whether it was showing me the 'how to way' to do something or Mum leading by example in her actions and deeds.

Mum's sense of humour was never 'out there'. Rather, Mum had what I would call a broad spectrum sense of humour. Mum's late husband and my late FIL Neville was a natural prankster and joker. He had a glint eyed, wicked sense of humour. At times, family members including Mum could be and were his targets. So their household was often filled with laughter and funny stories.

Mum was always a fantastic multi tasker. Apart from being a devoted mother, constantly busy raising 5 children born over a 10 year period, she also returned to the workforce before the youngest child Ian started school. Mum always took great enjoyment from her creative handiwork projects. Over the years many of us were the recipients of garments or other items made by Mum's own hands.

In later years she started to play the organ. Mum had been taught to play the piano as a child and she could read music. So when Mum got her first organ she took some Beginner's lessons. Mum played the organ both in her local church and at home. I know the playing of the organ gave Mum so much pleasure and contentment. Always humble with her organ playing expertise, she would play for her family, friends and herself.

Forever a voracious reader, Mum was also a prolific letter writer. Of course I won't mention the mountain of Christmas Cards Mum sent every year. The postage alone would have amounted to a percentage of Australia's National Debt! All jokes aside, Mum was always very diligent with her hand written personal messages to her family and friends. These personal messages could be tucked into Birthday Cards or milestone Greeting Card

events in peoples' lives such as Weddings, Engagements or the birth of a child. Or one of Mum's handwritten personal messages might arrive solo because Mum wanted to say something in her personal message to you because to her it was important.

What may surprise some of you was that Mum was a published author! About 5 years ago Mum wrote a piece entitled 'The Story Of Our Little Red Tinny'. At the time her literary piece was published on the official Quintrex Boats Australia website. Additionally, Mum's authorship efforts were covered by the local ABC.

So, now I am going to read Mum's authored 'The Story Of Our Little Red Tinny'.  
Read....

Mum was a lifelong woman of faith. She was the embodiment of a pure Christian. Her faith gave her strength, the ability to be non judgemental, to always have a caring nature towards others and of course a deep and unwavering love of her Lord.

Finally, Mum's love for the family she and Dad created was always tangible. I know the love for her family was the greatest love of her life. It was ever present and I know we all experienced that forever love from her.

Whenever I think of Mum I get a physical feeling of being warmly and ever so softly embraced. That is my glorious memory of Mum. One that I will be evermore able to hold dear.



The story of our Little Red Tinny

Quintrex Boats in Sydney ~~Australia to celebrate the 15th Anniversary of the company~~ built me.

<sup>I WAS</sup>  
Originally sold to a man who owned a block of land on Tuggerah Lakes I lived in a shed until the land in Tamar Street Toukley was sold to Mr William Townsend <sup>WHO WAS MY LATE FIL AND</sup> who owned holiday rental units (also in Tamar Street). The shed and contents were included in the sale so I passed into the hands of the Townsend Family in 1960.

I remained in Toukley, being used by ~~the~~ William's family until he sold his Toukley properties and returned to live in Sydney. I was lent to William's grandson, Ted who lived in Culburra on the NSW South Coast. Whilst I was there another grandson, Kevin, painted me red and so the legend of the little Red Tinny was born.

The family were passionate anglers and most weekends would see me off to a fishing spot usually somewhere on the Hawkesbury River with Bobbin Head or Coal and Candle Creek being favourite spots. All the children in the family loved being out on the water and many of them learnt to fish and row in me.

After William's death in 1969, I became part of another Townsend family. His son Neville became the new owner and my adventures continued. In 1991 I found myself on the move again when Neville and his wife Mary retired to the beautiful Tweed Valley in northern NSW. Neville's son Ian and grandson Aaron joined them and once more, another generation used me for fishing and exploring the Tweed River and environs. I was also used to catch and release Australian Bass on the Clarrie Hall Dam, a place <sup>OF</sup> great scenic beauty surrounded by rolling hills and dense bushland.

Ian became a professional fisherman and after years of study obtained work on either fishing charters or long line trawlers. This meant he was away for extended periods so decided to lend me to friends whose property ran down to the waters of the dam. Moored here I was easily available for use once again.

In March of 2017, the Tweed Valley flooded and I watched as the dam waters rose. The wind blew fiercely. Suddenly my mooring rope snapped and away I went, drifting away to disappear from sight.

The family were sad to lose me; I had been such a huge part of their lives. They wondered what had happened to me; did I sink, did I wash over the spillway of the dam wall? Was I smashed to pieces on the rocks or was I sitting on the bottom of the dam?

## The Little Red Tinny by Mary Townsend

Not known to them I was quite safe. Blown by the winds I travelled quite a distance ending up tossed into a small bay at the back of the dam. There I sat, floating quietly in the now still waters. All was well until the water levels began to drop and I was left high and dry. I was fifteen metres from the water's edge and three metres off the ground. Was this to be my end? Was I going to be stuck in this tree forever, becoming a habitat for animals, birds, snakes and other creepy crawlies?

Four months after the waters subsided, a visitor to the home where I had been moored decided to hike around to the back of the dam. Admiring the scenery, he walked through dense bushland for some distance following the contours of the dam. Imagine his surprise when he glanced up into the canopy and there above his head, I sat, the **Little Red Tinny**. Of course, he knew the story but he thought, as did many others I was sitting on the bottom of the dam.

A phone call bought Ian down to the dam to claim me. He was pleased to see that although I was somewhat battered and full of debris I was not badly damaged. I was soon down off my perch and floating on the dam again.

Since then I have had some repairs, my trailer has had a facelift and soon it will be my turn to have a fresh coat of red paint.

I have been out on the dam again with Ian and his grandson, fishing and relaxing together. Another generation is learning to fish from me, the **little Red Tinny**.

I am telling my story to let everybody know what a great product I am. I think I am about sixty years old as Quintrex was founded in 1945. I have proved to be strong, well made, tough and reliable just like other Quintrex boats. I have now been bringing my current family out fishing and rowing for over fifty years, with a fourth generation now enjoying fishing trips in me. I would like to bring more good times to my family and hope they will continue to enjoy their **Little Red Tinny**.