

EULOGIES FOR JUDY FITZGERALD (1939-2021)
MEMORIAL SERVICE
SALVATION ARMY HALL, CARLTON, TASMANIA
10 MARCH 2021
SANDRA BAMFORD, CELEBRANT

The Beatles - Hey Jude (8:09)
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A_MjCqQoLLA

JOHN RANSLEY, brother

On behalf of my sister Robyn and I, thank you all for attending this service. Thanks also to Sandra Bamford for being a perfect celebrant.

You will probably know the Buddhists like to number their teachings. They have the Four Truths, the Eight-Fold Path, and six of everything including the Six Realms. If Judy's life was a teaching, it would divide naturally into four parts: her childhood and teens for the first 20 years, her marriage to Roy Lee for about 25 years, her marriage to Roger Fitzgerald for about 22 years, and her single life after that.

Most of you will only have known Judy after she moved to Tasmania. It behoves me to talk a bit about the first half of her life.

It is a cliché that we never really know what other people think. This cliché applies to my relationship with Judy. Surprisingly, given the self-confident and independent Judy I thought I knew, in an essay written for a counselling course in 1987 she recounts years of inner turmoil and struggle. I had no idea she thought like this but for children five years is a big birth gap in ages. As adults we lived separate lives.

In the first quarter of her life, Judy writes that she remembers a working class family life characterised by money problems and severe tension, although she was grateful there were no overt arguments between our parents. This was partly due to the fact that our father didn't speak much, and when he did speak, he spoke very quietly, like all his siblings. Unfortunately for those hard of hearing, Judy and I inherited the Ransley family habit of quiet speech!

Judy had to leave school at age 15 because our parents couldn't afford to support her completing high school. As she moved out into the world, she writes she became ashamed of her family and resentful of all the responsibilities her mother had loaded onto her as the oldest child. She felt rejected by our mother and was for a long time estranged from her. She met Roy while they were both doing a laboratory assistant's course and was "totally unprepared for the interest that this self-assured and confident young man showed in me."

One of Roy's exotic attractions was his passion for classic motorbikes, and another was yachts. Early in their marriage they crewed on a tall sailing ship from Sydney to Singapore. Judy writes she and Roy "became completely wrapped up in each other", and it seems they stayed wrapped for most of their marriage, finally separating in 1985. Insurance from a

serious car accident in 1966 prompted them to buy a yacht instead of a home, their first yacht, the *Larapinta*. They lived on this yacht and later on a second yacht, the *Sarong*, while they restored them to Roy's high standards. During most of their marriage there was little contact between them and our family. Judy described their lifestyle as one which firmly tied her down to her husband's needs, voluntarily suppressing her own needs and feelings, and isolating her from the general community. The fact their yacht home was moored at difficult-to-access places around Sydney harbour encouraged their isolation.

In her 1987 essay Judy emphasises that in her later life she became very much closer to our family and particularly our mother, having developed a far better understanding of our parent's problems and the mechanisms by which they coped.

Judy and I shared a passion for science but differed in other ways. From 1969 to 1981 she worked as a TAFE teacher of Biological Techniques. From the 1960s I was very attracted to the counter culture and environmental movements, while Judy apparently lived a conventional married life. But in fact it wasn't conventional, they lived for years on yachts—which they never sailed outside Sydney harbour—they had no children, and they lived a very private life outside of work. They would certainly not have fitted into Scott Morrison's absurd notions about 'normal Australians'.

Judy's life has a Maslovian arc to it, a long journey towards self-realisation. According to her aforementioned essay, the "dominant thread" in her life was learning about the nature of love, both self-love, exclusive love for a partner, and love for family and friends.

A memorial service like this should always have poetry. I have chosen William Blake's poem about love. I can't remember how many times I've been told by family and friends what a loving presence Judy had. In its own unique way Blake's poem tells the story of her two marriages.

The Clod and the Pebble

"Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair."

So sung a little Clod of Clay
Trodden with the cattle's feet,
But a Pebble of the brook
Warbled out these metres meet:

"Love seeketh only self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite."

I love those two lines, "to bind another to its delight/joys in another's loss of ease". Judy described Roger to me as her soulmate, bound together.

Last week we lost a very special woman, a few days before International Women's Day. After many health problems culminating in a severe stroke, she felt enough was enough. Characteristically she stubbornly completed her life on her own terms.

And now our Judy has gone from us: the shutting down of a fierce intelligence; the closing off of a beautiful soul, the closing of a memory and a beating heart; the final closing of blue-grey eyes; a key member of a wide family and friendship network who has slipped away ...*

*[*Paraphrased from Amnesia Road by Luke Stegemann p155]*

To my beautiful sister Judy, love and honour ...

The next speaker is another 'wild woman' who became friends with Judy while we were caring for my partner Muktanand through her terminal illness in 2002-2004. Sakshi Winning shared with Muktanand a passion for yoga practice and teaching. She will read some messages from friends who can't physically be here: Gillian London, Kim Allan, Sue Duffy

SAKSHI, friend

Hi. Yes, some people couldn't come and they have written some beautiful memories to share with you. First from Sue Duffy, a really good friend of Judy's.

SUE DUFFY

Judy, how to describe that lovely woman who has been a friend, mentor and mover in my life.

I arrived in Dodges Ferry around 15 years ago. I was a walker, and so naturally gravitated towards a group of walkers in Dodges, called the Tuesday Strollers, and it was in this group that I met Judy and Roger. Before long Judy had me volunteering to be a driver for **Meals on Wheels**, delivering meals to people in Dodges Ferry and Primrose Sands. I still am.

Next she took me along to **Okines Neighbourhood House** in Dodges Ferry and I became a volunteer and member of the board, and eventually President.

And if this wasn't enough she had me joining The Sorell Strollers, a walking group who walked on the weekend, all areas around Hobart, and thus I came to discover the beauty of Tasmania.

Judy and I became close friends, having many political discussions often fuelled by emails from her brother, John Ransley.

Judy and Roger took me along to symphony concerts, the theatre, and with our love of reading she started the Southern Beaches Book Discussion Group, still going today.

Judy liked to knit through meetings and while being driven. She produced many beautiful knitted quilts, scarves, and small coats for penguins or other animals needing warmth, with her Monday Craft Group. I'm still on my first scarf many years later! Knitting and Embroidery were Judy's delight and she produced many exquisite examples that we all admired.

After Roger died, Judy told me she was moving back to the big island up north. I was shattered. What would I do without my best friend? As we all know that didn't happen, but I took her at her word and moved on.

I decided to play golf, something I had wanted to do for years, but I didn't have time, with all the activities in which Judy had involved me. I joined a golf club, Judy didn't leave, I became obsessed with golf and while Judy played computer games and puzzles I concentrated on not hitting into a bunker.

Despite our different interests, (golf, Tai Chi) we continued our friendship. And so Judy also influenced me to play golf.

In these intervening years Judy and I joined a Philosophical Luncheon discussion group run by Diane Ward and Christine Mister; the Tuesday Tarts, and The Wild Women of Richmond, both groups full of interesting women who had a lot to say! Judy continued interacting with these two groups up until the present day.

During Covid a small group of friends met on Sundays for lunch at various locations and I joined them and Judy was a much loved one of the group.

As you have heard Judy has had a great influence in my life. It wasn't until I sat down and wrote this that I realised how great an influence that had been and how I will miss her.

A misquote from Dylan Thomas ... "Go gently into the night dear friend"
(Sue Duffy)

Another friend, Gillian London writes.

GILLIAN LONDON

I met Judy at Lane Cove Caravan Park where we both moved our vans off the main site to be close to the bush. This is where we met Harold Pollock, a New Zealand/ Australian naturalist and film maker. In fact I have one of his books here which he signed and dated April 1975 ... so that's when we met, 1975.

So I have had the pleasure of knowing Judy for over 40 years. She is one of the kindest most caring people I have ever met. She had a serenity about her that instilled peace and tranquillity in others.

Several years ago I met up with Judy and Roger in Austria. We had a wonderful time exploring Salzburg and visiting the various locations where the *Sound of Music* was filmed

etc. Then a trip to a Salt Mine was on their itinerary and me being a bit on the claustrophobic side, the thought filled me with absolute dread!

Quite honestly I would not have got through that experience without Judy's very calm and supportive words. Her serenity got me through this underground tunnel where, in parts, we were crawling on all fours in this confined environment which led us over an underground boarder from Austria and into Germany! Thanks to her I made it and didn't cause a scene.

Judy is a true woman of substance and she has always been a positive influence in my life

May she Rest In Peace

And finally from Kim Allan, Judy's niece, she wrote this on the 1st of March.

KIM ALLAN

Dearest Judy. Courageous Judy. Today you lead the way, as always.

You demonstrated, with your life, that a woman can have an education, a good job and a happy marriage (you just have to work for it).

You modelled environmental activism and a care for all creatures; 'a low impact lifestyle'.

You spoke and walked softly through the world. Always lifting and encouraging.

Your only flaw: To underestimate the love that we have for you, the deep respect and honour due to you and how much we will miss you!

Strong to the end. Your mind says 'enough'.

Your heart keeps beating, lovingly giving. In our hearts forever.

Kim, Rob, Tom, Scott, Meredith, Sophie, Matthew, Allan

And I'll now hand you over to Patsy, who describes herself as Judy's embroidery friend; although I'm sure it's much more than that.

PATSY SAUNDERS

It's an honour here to be able to speak today about our embroidery scene and Judy Fitz's part in it.

Judy was a quiet unassuming lady who was a long-standing member of both the Hobart Embroidery Guild and the Eastern Shore Needlework Group. At the Eastern Shore Group, at different times Judy attended their various groups. At the Guild she contributed much to her various roles on our committee, initially as librarian, then committee member, later as secretary and finally as minute secretary. Judy resigned from this last position when her hearing had declined and she wasn't able to hear all the deliberations. Judy was a very able minute secretary and the template she set up for recording our minutes is still in use. She also assisted in other functions of the Guild and recently helped organise a weekend retreat at Poltean.

Judy's favourite embroidery technique was cross stitch and you can see some of her work displayed around the hall today. She would attend workshops to learn different styles of embroidery. After a short dalliance, so to speak, with this new form of embroidery, Judy would always return to her beloved cross stitch and start stitching, more than likely, another cat style.

There were several week-long get-togethers at Naracoorte in South Australia where Judy and some of her Tasmanian friends caught up with former Hobart Embroidery Guild members who had moved interstate. For Judy this meant a holiday before and a holiday after, catching up with both South Australian and Victorian friends. While stitching, Judy would share her interest in books, recommending and loaning her own copies, tips on gardening, and suggestions on places to visit when travelling. It was thanks to Judy my husband and I had a very pleasant sojourn at Lawn Hill National Park when caravanning in northwest Queensland.

It is with a very heavy heart that we say goodbye and thank you Judy Fitz for being the wonderful lady you were. We embroiderers will miss you.

Sandra Bamford, celebrant

There are going to be some more speakers but what we would like to do now is to play some music that was particularly poignant I guess to Judy and while we are doing that we have some flowers here, and I know that people brought beautiful flowers and have lined them up there (gestures in front of coffin) and thank you, but we have a basket of exquisite flowers here as well, so while we play our music if you would like to come up and lay a flower on the coffin to go with Judy and just have that quiet moment to yourselves to say goodbye to her, that would be beautiful.

Leo Rojas - El Condor Pasa (Videoclip)(3:15)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8kQZHYbZkLs>

The Beatles - Hey Jude (8:09)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A_MjCqQoLLA

WILLIAM FITZGERALD

Hullo everyone, for those who don't know me I'm William Fitzgerald, I was one of the very very lucky to be one of Judy's grandchildren and to have her as such a strong presence whilst growing up.

I wanted to start by thanking everyone who attended today both online and in person and in coming together to remember Judy who we all loved so dearly throughout all her life both before she came here to Tasmania, and after. I know she was important for all of us, especially those who had her as the grandmother and whilst we'll all miss her enormously, we can take comfort in the fact that she passed among friends without suffering, and most importantly, on her own terms, which I think she would have wanted.

She was always so strong in supporting all of us, always happy if we wanted an ear, a shoulder or arm to whatever problem we decided to lay before her, and always approached any issue we provided with love, kindness and compassion. I know we'll all miss her very very terribly, now and well into the future, but in those moments of grief I'd like us all to keep one thing in mind, that is, what is grief, if not the perseverance of love.

Unfortunately I don't have any beautiful poems to read but I'll always remember her for the wonderful times we had together, where we always somehow devolved into a brief introduction into her politics, and whether or not Port Arthur was better when I was working there or when she was working there. Inevitably I always conceded it was better while she was there. Thank you very much, it's a great honour to be able to speak today and for such a beautiful day for such a service. Thank you.

ROBYN GUY

Hello everyone, my name's Robyn and I've known Judy for a considerable number of years. She got me into meals on wheels, persuaded me to be a driver, she also encouraged me to join the co-op at Okines, and the book club, and Wild Women and Tuesday Tarts! So I've had a lot of association with Judy for a good number of years and it was a delight to meet her. I'm not from here and its often a bit tricky for people down here who are from the main island or even further afield to feel at home here. I've got three things to read and I'm going to start with the hardest one first, from Marg Singline.

MARG SINGLINE

Judy was a very generous and caring person with a big heart, which was particularly so for me when she opened her house to me to live with her for 7 months while looking for somewhere to live. I will be forever grateful.

Judy and I first met at an Okines Community House Committee Meeting 16 years ago and our friendship quickly developed. Over the years we served on the Executive Committee together during which time she put her heart and soul into the roles she held.

Judy introduced me to Wild Women and Tuesday Tarts many years ago, Tuesday Tarts being an offshoot of Wild Women, and a place where a discussion of a topic was held which Judy enjoyed immensely.

We went on a few holidays together. Judy and I went to Norfolk Island and it was a busy time with excursions and functions. We went to a convict dinner for which we had to dress as convicts and were treated as such. Judy, and others, were singled out for eating their bread before their meal and had to help serve the soup!

We went to Bali with Sue Duffy and a couple of Sue's family and enjoyed lounging around the pool and enjoying the odd cocktail at the resort having decided we didn't like the traffic. Our last few days were spent at Ubud and Judy and I did a couple of day trips among the beautiful rice paddies and a coffee plantation, with lunches atop picturesque terraced rice paddies. Afternoon tea in Bali was a lovely ritual.

Judy, Robyn Guy, Luci and Vince Harding and I went to Cairns and had a wonderful time doing many of the day trips one does in Cairns. One day we drove to Innisfail and Mission Beach and Judy was thrilled to see a Cassowary. One afternoon we had drinks and nibbles on the balcony of our apartment then we all went to the waterfront for a cocktail with a friend from Cairns.

Judy, Sue West, Rose Cooper and I went on a cruise to Lifou, Isle of Pines and Noumea. We lounged around the pool and in the spa and participated in quizzes and enjoyed the nightly shows and bounteous food.

Judy was like a sister to me. At times almost like a mother—shaking her finger at me on occasion when I ordered dessert when eating out. She was a very good friend and life won't be the same without her.

Robyn Guy: the next one is a tribute from the Okines Community House, it's a bunch of comments from the people there.

OKINES GROUP

Judy was involved in Okines Community House in a number of different roles, from being on the committee to participating in activities, from 2007 to 2009 as secretary, 2010-2014 as treasurer and 2016-2018 as public officer. As well as being on the committee she was very involved with planning of the new building of Okines in which we are today. After the new House was built and occupied, she was one of 5 people who volunteered one day a week to be the meet and greet person. Her day was Fridays.

Judy was always a familiar and friendly face about the place. Judy attended many of the activities at the House including craft group, tai chi, soirees, artisan market days and the film society.

Here are some anecdotes from staff, board members and volunteers of wonderful and funny memories of Judy.

“My memories of Judy are that she was an outstanding Treasurer, always switched on, very organised—an extremely clever woman. I do remember her knitting through board meetings and you often wasn’t sure if she was awake or asleep. She was still an active volunteer for Okines running computer updates and scanning for viruses on the public computers which was incredibly helpful to us and again she was quick to learn and happy to work with any new technology. I always thought of Judy as a strong woman and a wonderful role model.”

“Judy loved jazz and would pick me up and go to the RSL jazz night and thoroughly enjoyed it. She was very kind hearted and thoughtful. We had an eventful trip with Judy to and from Strahan for our annual conference a few years ago. It was a white knuckle ride but we look back on it fondly with a chuckle.”

“When we met Judy asked where I was from (Sydney) and we discovered we had been to the same girl’s high school (Hornsby). I saw her at craft group and came to watch her and others work on the tapestry for Okines which now hangs in the hallway of the House. She was a talented embroiderer and great knitter, happy to help others with advice about different ways to improve their skills.”

Judy was a long standing member of our community and Okines and she will be sorely missed.

ROBYN GUY

This one’s from me.

Mostly it is loss which teaches us about the worth of things. Arthur Schopenhauer said that and how true it is ... and it is also true for the worth of people we know. Judy was so involved with her community and friends. Many of us here are either a TT or a WW, a book group member, an Embroidery Guide needle worker, a fellow meals on wheels deliverer, an Okines Community Centre person or a craft group friend. All these groups Judy belonged to ... organising many of them for others to enjoy.

She was a no nonsense person ... often seen to pull out the knitting when conversation got a bit dull or when she simply couldn’t hear because the rest of us were making too much of a racket. If anyone ever heard her complain it would have been rare ... she was of a tolerant nature, kind and understanding to one and all.

She loved to drive and was always keen to give those close by a lift ... but there were a few of us who didn’t like to risk it ... you had to seriously want to have a glass or two of wine to accept her kind offer to transport you to and fro ... and you needed it by the time you got to where you were going safely ... and to dull the senses for the journey back. Judy never knew this ... no one was game to tell her ... but look, she got to the end of her life without any major mishap ... and it would have pained her sorely to have to give up her licence.

This was the only slight failing she exhibited ... her intellect was sharp and she was a real critical thinker ... meaning she loved to look beyond the everyday understandings of our culture. She read extensively and ran one of the local book groups. She was often to be seen totting bags of books into the library for exchange ... her contributions to discussions were always worth hearing and added to one's own thinking. She often sent me on John's emails ... he seems to be tarred with the same brush in the critical thinking department ... both were good for analysing something for spin or bias.

She was a bit of a hippy early on I think ... living on a houseboat up the Hawkesbury River and she worked at Port Arthur historical site for some time. I never did pin her down for more details about this part of her life ... and now well now she's gone. A lesson here to talk and record life stories of the people who impress with the breadth of their experience and depth of knowledge. Judy had both.

The manner of her passing reflecting her great courage and strength of conviction. Her friend's only real sadness is that we did not get to support her as we would have wished with visits to St John's due to the Covid restrictions allowing only two designated visitors. But I don't believe it would have made any difference to her brave decision to call it quits. The things she loved doing would have been extremely hard to get back to given the degree of damage to her right side from her stroke. Driving very much in doubt. She gave the rehab a go and weighed the evidence as she went along and made her decision to leave. Ever the role model. Judy we salute your courage and we are sorry to lose you and will miss you.

JOHN FITZGERALD

Eulogy for Judith Irene Fitzgerald 10th March 1939 – 1st March 2021

Good afternoon. I'm John Fitzgerald, Judy's stepson. These are her grandchildren, my sons Owen (his left) and Liam (right). The last time I stood at a dais was to deliver the eulogy for our father, Roger, her husband, whose photographs you'll see around the hall. My son Liam stood beside me.

So I commence with this. Today is a beautiful March day. There are three words to describe Judy: love, comfort, courage.

Our beginning

Judy came into our father's later life after it was interrupted. Judy brought hope of renewal to our fathers' life; to be loved as a husband and to give love again.

When Judy came into our adult life, she brought hope to us: that our father would be loved again by a wife.

After Judy came into our lives our family basis: an older, wiser generation was continued.

Judy accepted our family and allowed us to accept her. She welcomed us as adult children and later, our own children as her grandchildren.

Our middle

Judy stood beside our father and they had together a busy, full retirement. You have heard about that in this ceremony. Together, they were our basis: our steady and sure middle of our lives.

Decline

Judy comforted our father in his decline. She saw the toll this took on him. Judy endured without complaint the toll this must have taken on her. She held on to us as we watched our father's decline. Judy saw our father's end and then must have accepted the burden of her survival.

Widow

Judy resumed her own life, in her own way. By enjoying her own life in her quiet, sweet manner she continued our middle. She showed that our life continue as best as possible in the circumstances and as happy as possible. In her happy life she maintained our father's presence although he had passed. This gave us continuity of our basis of our parents and of our children.

Now

Judy was our last connection to our parent's generation. For us this connection has come to finality. Now, only words can help. So, from myself, from my siblings and from our families, hugs and kisses. It's a beautiful March day.

As the French say: adieu.

John Fitzgerald
10th March 2021
Dodges Ferry, Tasmania

Rabindranath Tagore poem Suggested by Sakshi and read by Sandra Bamford

Say not in grief that she is no more
but say in thankfulness that she was
A death is not the extinguishing of a light,
but the putting out of the lamp
because the dawn has come

ADDENDUM I

Judy told the hospital she woke up at 5.00am on Tuesday 29Dec20 unable to get up due to weakness. She was discovered by her cleaner and her neighbour Craig Sajben lying half out of her bed. The cleaner normally came on a Monday to be let in by Judy. When she couldn't get in she got Craig to let her in instead. Craig rang John Ransley at 7.39am to tell him Judy had had a stroke and she was being put in an ambulance. He said she was alert, conscious, weak on her right side and with a bit of facial droop. Judy said she was well when she went to bed at 23.30pm on Monday. Craig said when he saw her earlier that day she looked terrible, really ashen.

By the time the ambulance got her to the acute stroke unit at Royal Hobart Hospital it was too late for thrombolysis treatment with the clot-dissolving medication tPA, the gold standard treatment for ischaemic stroke. With consent from Judy and John, a thrombectomy was performed by RHH doctors about 1pm which successfully pulled the blood clot out of her cranial artery. It seems clear this was too late to avert permanent damage to the left side of her brain. Doctors attributed the stroke to untreated atrial fibrillation (Judy refused medication for many years). Judy had also had a hysterectomy in December 2020, age 81. She was discharged to the rehabilitation ward at St John's Calvary Hospital on 20Jan21.*

In January she had already initiated a discussion with John about possible euthanasia, but he advised this was still illegal in Tasmania. He said as far as he knew, it could take 2-3 weeks to die if you stopped eating and drinking.

John returned to Brisbane at the end of January. Judy nominated Marg Singline and Pat Fitzgerald as her designated visitors at St John's, only two visitors being allowed under then Covid-19 rules. William Fitzgerald substituted for Pat a couple of times. Judy's speech and oral intake capacity deteriorated steadily after her St John's admission and she never recovered movement on her right side. On Thursday 25Feb21 she announced to St John's staff she would be refusing food and fluids. On Friday 26Feb21 her rehab specialist Mark Slatyer agreed to release her to St John's palliative care ward after checking with John (still in Brisbane), who had no objections. Mark told John he tried very hard to convince Judy that she could be properly cared for in a good nursing home, but "she shouted over him" (she could barely speak).

From Judy's point of view she had lost everything that made her life worth living: her physical independence, her mobility and control of bodily functions, her capacity to speak and take part in conversations, and her beloved embroidery and knitting. Her GP told John that both Judy and Roger had sworn to her they would never go into a nursing home.

It is understood the palliative care staff attached her to a morphine pump on Saturday, and Judy died at 6.45pm on Monday 1Mar21, the day after John returned to Hobart from Brisbane. Her passing took only four days after she stopped eating and drinking. Her recent medical history included a total hip replacement in November 2018, a colonoscopy and laparoscopic hysterectomy in November 2020, and chronic pain. Her body was worn out.

[*Based on RHH discharge summary 11Feb21]

ADDENDUM II

Judy's employment history. Her first job was as a laboratory assistant at the University of Sydney 1955-1959. She trained and then worked as a medical technologist from 1959 to 1969 including a 2-3 year stint at Hornsby & District Hospital. From 1969 to 1981 she worked as a part-time and full-time teacher of Biological Techniques at the Sydney College of TAFE. She picked up a BSc from Macquarie University in 1980, majoring in physiology and psychology. Between 1981 and 1985 she worked part-time as an assistant geriatric nurse but her major activity was helping her first husband Roy Lee restore a yacht. Following the end of her marriage she worked from 1985 to 1987 as an administrative officer with the NSW Branch of the Museums Association of Australia. From 1987 to 1997 she worked in various full- and part-time administrative positions with the Port Arthur Historic Site Management Authority, including two years as their first full-time Administrative Officer, setting up all the IT and office systems on the site and training relevant staff. She served on the PAHHS Board of Management as staff representative from 6May91 until her resignation 30Nov94 due to her mother's terminal illness. On the Sunday 28April96 that Martin Bryant commenced his Site massacre Judy was at home, although she sometimes went into work on Sundays. Judy married Roger at the Bush Mill, Tarana, on 22 October 1989. Engineer Roger died on 8 July 2011 in the St John's Hospital South Hobart (the same). Because his death was determined to be related to his WWII service, Judy was accepted by DVA as a war widow.

ADDENDUM III

ROBYN GUY 20 MARCH 2021

The following is a poem I wrote when our mutual friend Diana Ward was coming to the end of her long battle with cancer. Diana chose to have a 'bit of a do' in this time—a sort of funeral for yourself you actually attend yourself—turning it into a celebration of life and friendships where you can enjoy hearing tributes from your friends whilst having them and family all around in your own garden. It was lovely.

I wrote this in Diana's final days. History seems to repeat in that I was not with Diana in the last few days of her life, and didn't get to be with Judy for a final word before she had declined beyond conversing. But this poem would be what I wanted to discuss with her, as it was dictated to me by the muse that powers the thinking of those like Diana, Judy and myself.

For Diana and Judy ... Kindred spirits here and beyond

Here, in the space before death,
A kindly light of friends
And a loving knot of family
Tinge parting
With a softness

This old body resists its fate

Ticking on ... fulfilling its duty
Home still to the essence of self
That abides within its ailing parts

This self awakes to new directions
The one-way door stands ajar
Feeling its tidal pull,
... hearing it's coaxing
Release: relax; come closer.

All is journey now, all is new,
Such country until now unknown ...
Must I leap and sever?
Or in faith ...
let go and fall?

How will it be ...?
What of the spirit
that powered my living?
A gift to mother earth my ash will be
Will I exist as something new?

Free at the door of death;
or caught?
To join the force of guardian souls
Or back to creation will I flow?
To sway the balance to the light

For peace for fairness for kindness
Those mortal traits I honoured here
Will death honour my life's aspiration
Let my life force settle there

From beyond this life lived
Gleaning from the true and wise
The gauntlet I hand
To those remaining ...