



## **Garry Ronald Holland 'Boots'**

**21st June 1946 - 31 May 2018**

***A great man..... a lovable man who had a heart of gold.***

Garry Ronald Holland..... was affectionately known as Boots. Garry was a Grandfather.... a Father.... a Husband.... and a great friend to all.

In Kawakawa, New Zealand on the 21/6/1946, Basil and Sybil Holland became the proud parents of their fourth child, Garry. Garry had two sisters and a brother.

His two sisters both died at a young age, Zita was only 14 when she passed away suddenly. Garry's other sister Pam also passed away suddenly, just as she was entering her adult life at the young age of 20.

This would have been a terrible time for the Holland family, however Garry and his brother Kevin, made their parents proud. Kevin until recently ran the Kaeo butchers shop, and made a big name for himself smoking Marlin, and also specialising in salamis. Kevin continues to live in Kaeo. Unfortunately he could not be here today, but he is here in his heart to farewell his little brother. Boot's learnt a lot off Kevin, and was at his happiest when he was in front of his smoke house or cooking up a storm.

Many off us here today, have experienced Boot's culinary skill's, whether it was his smoked chickens, or his smoked fish heads and wings. But best of all in my mind... was his homemade sausages – they were the best Boots...

Garry used to come and help fillet fish and when we were finished he would still be at the table cutting up heads and wings, taking home bins full, and putting them into his trusty smoker... for days after that, all you would eat was smoked fish. His trusty smoker wasn't so trusty one day, when before going to work, he stacked up his smoker with trays full of head's and wings and lit her up... a few hour's later he sent Gummy home to check on it....to Gummy's surprise he arrived to find it had burnt to the ground.. Needless to say he quickly designed and built a new improved model.

Garry was brought up in Moerewa, where 2 doors

down lived his life time friend Nobby. Boot's and Nobby were inseparable in those early years. They went to Moerewa primary this been the start of a near 70 year friendship. They never had shoes, in summer or winter, and when they started playing rugby their jerseys were made from sugar sacks.

Boot's loved the sea right from those early days spending many memorable times at the family batch in Opuia, and could always be found fishing, hunting or trapping something. He was the first to have an air rifle in Moerewa. And come duck shooting season, him and his trusty sidekick Nobby built there own MiMi to shoot ducks.... apparently it wasn't overly successful.

The years flowed on and the call of school, split Boot's and Nobby up for a while, with Boots going to the Bay of Islands College and Nobby went to Whangarei College. Incidentally, another long time resident of Norfolk, Geoff Bennett also went to Moerewa primary,... I haven't heard many stories about Geoff yet ...however, I'm sure something will come out later at the Castaway.

It didn't take long for these two ratbags to come together again, and this time it was on opposing rugby teams. Nobby and Dennis Stirling playing on one team and Boots on the other... now back then these were hard tough men, Boot's was playing at first five, ... Nobby's team had a plan that as soon as the first five got the ball, they would smash him... well they did and Boots left the field with a broken arm.

Schooling progressed, and all of a sudden these boys were young men, and both entered into the building trade working in Whangarei. An opportunity came up for these young, beer sculling men to come to Norfolk Island to work for Jeeve's Builders... building Max's.

Now this was a great opportunity for these guys and I'm sure all that was on their minds was gorgeous girls in grass skirts. There were 5 of them that came. Dennis Stirling and Rod Carl were the first to come. Then on the 26th October 1967.... Boot's, Nobby and Keith Davie's arrived on Norfolk. These young men loved Norfolk, especially Boot's who fell in love with it immediately.

Boot's was a bit of a prankster... one moment that he talked about often was when they were working high up on the A frame at Max's... Boots and Nobby were on a plank that was possibly a little bit fraidy. Boots had previously placed a small stick in his pouch, and as Nobby went to move pass Boot's he quietly pulled this stick out and broke it... Apparently the clambering and look on Nobby's face was priceless..

The Boy's quickly slipped into the Norfolk lifestyle, frequenting all the drinking holes on a regular basis.

Now they had been told that any fighting and they would be sent home. This must of proved a bit hard to handle for these young strapping lads and before long they were playing League for the Greens. As Boot's put it... we weren't allowed to fight so we saved it for the rugby field... I'm sure there are many men here today who still wince at the hard hitting tackles that Boot's produced against them.

*(continued overleaf)*

### **'Boots' - continued**

To stay on Norfolk back then was not easy, but these guys loved Norfolk and fought to stay here. Boot's and Nobby, left Jeeves and started work for Borry building kit homes, they worked hard and these fit young men, would work in the weekends hand digging water tanks amongst other things, for extra beer money. Boot's and Nobby worked together for years..... after a while Boot's teamed up with Basil Vercoe and these two trouble makers spent many years together, building quality houses around the island and many years building for Ric Irvine.

Boot's and Basil became the greatest of mates. It was during this time that Boot's got his nickname... after a hard days work they stopped into the Hotel Norfolk for an extended counter lunch, many hours later these men were dragged up on to the dance floor by a couple of lovely ladies, apparently it was a hilarious sight with Basil in his thongs and Boot's in his gumboots. The nickname started out as Gumboots and as the years progressed it got shortened to Boot's.

Boot's eventually ended up working full time for Ric Irvine, spending many years there until sadly sickness caused him to stop working.

These guy's missed there hunting, and before long they became founding members of the Norfolk Island Gun Club, this began out at Simons Water, shooting clay targets and drinking beers off the back of Basil's truck.... One would think that there were probably more beers drunk than targets hit.

Boot's was instrumental in building the club to what it is today and loved his shooting. He travelled many times representing Norfolk, to Noumea, the Asia games in Japan and to New Zealand. Boot's loved gun's, possibly this stemmed from his carrying out compulsory national service with the army, he spent his 21st birthday doing this in Wairuru ... his main memory of this was... it was the coldest hole in NZ.

His love of guns also made him a founding member of the Norfolk Island pistol Club, he travelled to the Commonwealth games in Kuala Lumpur as manager of the pistol club. His input and company in both clubs will be sadly missed .

As mentioned earlier these young men came to Norfolk looking for girls in grass skirts.... well I don't know if he ever found the grass skirts, but he did find Jenny. Jenny was a beautiful woman and Boot's fell head over heels in love with her. They made a wonderful couple and on the 2nd of August 1969 they got married, and started their family home in Poverty Row. On the 6th March 1971 a little bundle of joy was born. Jenny and Garry named him Glenn. Boot's was so happy with the birth of his first child he wet the babies head for a week... You can imagine the crew of Nobby, and Basil and many more encouraging Boot's to do this and the trouble they would of caused..

Three years later, on the 13th December 1974 with Glenn quickly becoming a little toe rag.... Jenny and Garry became the proud parents of little Kerry. These boys were the love of Jenny's and Garry's eyes. And as these two boys stand here today to say good bye to their father be assured that Boot's loved and was so proud of the men that you have become.

Boots, has 3 grandchildren, Carl, Emma, and Elyza he loved each and every one of you with all of his heart. He tried his hardest to stay here and be with you as you grow up.

Do not be sad today, but remember all the good times you had with granddad. When you look up at the stars at night, look for nana and granddad, who will be up there looking down on you, watching out for you and watching you grow.

Another light in Bootie's eye was Caytie. Caytie, was Boot's backbone, providing support and love whenever it was needed. Not only was she there for Boots, she was also the rock for her family... who could ask for somebody better to have beside you...

Garry has suffered for many years with various health problems. It started around 18 years ago, when he was nursing his beloved wife Jenny. Even with his heartache of losing and missing Jen on the 15th May 2005 he fought on, driven by his love for his boys and grandchildren. In recent years he had to spend long periods of time away from Norfolk living in New Zealand with Kerry. He made the best of this time, always looking forward to visits from Norfolk Islanders. Going to the supermarket to gather up a feed of mussels, reading through the junk mail, waiting to find that special deal, or going to Pukahina floundering. He was suffering but he rarely complained, not because he was tough but because he didn't want people to worry or fuss about him.

Many treatments later he finally got back home to his favourite place – Norfolk Island.

Sadly on the 14th April he took a severe turn for the worse and had to be medivac'd to Australia.

Many people visited Garry, whilst he was in hospital over in Sydney and your visit's made his last week's very special and happier... Thank you.

On the night of 31st May with Glenn and Kerry at his side he passed away peacefully in his sleep. You are now free of pain Boots back with the love of your life Jenny.

Rest in peace pal... we will miss you dearly. Until we meet again.

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## **Thank You**

The Holland Family would like to extend a heartfelt Thank you to all the members of the local community and their close family friends.

Your support through the sad loss of our much loved father and grandfather Garry Ronald Holland fondly known as "BOOTS" is greatly appreciated.

*Kerry, Karl, Glenn, Caytie, Emma and Eliza.*

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## **In Memoriam**

### **Beverley Harrison McCoy 'Dida'**

Nine long years gone Dida. We will miss you every day.

*From all your family.*

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