



Vale
Irene Basham

12th May 1939 - 13th December.2017

Irene Basham as known to you was born on the 12th May 1939 in the village of NukuNuku not too far from Nuku'alofa in Tonga, born as Ailini Santos, Ailini being the Tongan version of Irene. Santos is a Portuguese name, so similar to the whalers leaving their ship at Pitcairn this Portuguese sailor must have fancied the Tongan Wahines and decided to leave his ship back in the day.

Her father served in the NZ Armed Forces during WW11 and he was part the famous 28th Maori Battalion in Egypt and North Africa. After the war he was given a land grant by Queen Salote and built a house for the growing family, which eventually became 11 children.

Her father decided a better life for the family lay in NZ and in 1957 they made the move south, a ship took them Tonga, Samoa, Niue, Fiji and NZ. Onboard the ship the family was befriended by a young Kiwi seamen, the ship the Tofua was a working ship and the family had to live on deck for the entire voyage.

That young bloke Tom married Irene in 1958 Lillian was born 1959 followed by 2 sons and another daughter over several years.

Lillian's father Tom was 1 of 13 children so with Irene being one of 11 the extended family or whanau in NZ is huge. Everyone loved Irene, she was the favourite sister, aunty, niece and cousin, her house was the focus of family gathers, bbqs, umu's, parties, always full of family and laughter.

I met Irene when I started dating Lillian, Lillian was 15 and I was 16, it was some time ago now.

We become engaged many years later, Lillian 20 and I was the ripe old age of 21.

Irene was a self taught seamstress and for our wedding day she made Lillian's wedding dress, the dresses for the Maid of Honour, Brides Maids, Flowergirl, my Saturday Night Fever White Suit, same for the Best Man, Denny and I looked hot thanks to Ma.

I remember this well as it was a huge undertaking, a huge effort but this was family and this is what she did.

1979 - 10 days before our wedding, disaster as my mother was killed, she was onboard to Air NZ flight that crashed into Mt Erebus. From that time 38 years ago Irene became my mother also, in 38 years she never had a cross word for me, sometimes we didn't agree on things but she never has had a cross word.

A few years later her and Tom separated, she got on with life, looking after the children, Lillian and I would go out at night and call around to Irene's

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house at 1.00am knowing that she would be out in her sewing room working away, earning money to support her family.

Sadly her younger sister passed away and left behind 2 young daughters, Irene took them in to her household and raised the girls as her own. They are now grown adults, with children of their own, wonderful mothers, it was a huge undertaking, huge effort but this was family and this is what she did.

Later in life she met and married David Basham, a gentle quiet man, the love of her life.

Sadly after several years he developed a brain tumour and passed.

Up to his illness Irene had never driven a car, there had been many attempts to learn however the clutch, brake and accelerator always became tangled and driving teachers became scared.

This time it was different so in her 50's she knew she had to learn, to be able to take David to his many medical appointments and not to rely on other people for this. For Irene this was a huge undertaking, a huge effort, but this was for family and this is what she did.

Later she moved from Auckland and moved north where it was warmer, she never liked the cold. Bought a house in Doubtless Bay, Coopers Beach, overlooking the bay with sweeping sea views.

She tended her gardens which she loved to do, enjoyed the company of family and friends and would go fishing with her partner David, mark 11.

She enjoyed fishing, catching Kingfish, John Dory and she caught many snapper over the 20lb mark, Dave was a diver so they had a fair few crayfish on the table as well.

Life was good for Irene until 3 years ago her youngest daughter went missing, terrible times for her, for us as a family. It was a catalyst for Irene, she has always been very close to Lillian and following Leeann's disappearance decided she wanted to be near Lillian.

She loved to garden, just like her mother who is still alive in Auckland 97 years young.

Ma would look at a barren piece of ground, see the potential and would go to work, within several weeks that piece of ground had been transformed, unrecognizable into a flowering wonderland.

She did such work at our place, grow vegetables like a famine was coming. She was truly happy and content when she disappeared into her gardens often for us to go searching for her several hours later when it was dark and dinner was on the table.

Irene loved to travel, Australia, the Pacific islands, she did many a cruise the last in August with Lillian and I.

Her son lives in England which she visited several times as well as Europe, America and Hawaii many times, Easter Island and South America.

Driving while technically travel she didn't enjoy so much, it was a necessity, we could have lost her several Xmas ago. It was a few days before Xmas and she was driving from her home at Coopers Beach to our Bach, holiday home at Matapouri Bay, the weather

that day was atrocious, heavy heavy rain. Lillian got a call to say Ma had been in an accident and was at a farmers house unhurt but shaken. I was off, about an hour away from us at Matamohe. Ma had set off to us with her little Spacio full to the brim, everything including the kitchen sink, food, tons of food, sugar, flour, icing sugar to make the Xmas treats, Tongan puddings such as Faka Kai, that name caused a melt down or two with my British parents when they first heard it!

Her car had aquaplaned she had gone into a ditch back onto the road, to the ditch again then over the farmer stone wall, nothing but net. Perfect landing on all 4 tires, flew across the field sending up a cloud of grass, dirt and cow pooh, came to rest under a large tree, her cat wasn't too impressed, but after the initial shock and recovery and once home with family it was a great talking point.

As a mother she was one of a kind, loved her children with all her heart. She has many grand children and when our two were young Irene virtually brought them up, she always had them around her, with her after school, weekends, school holidays would be up at the batch with Nana where she had so many happy days, weeks and months with them and they with her.

She has Great Grand Children also and it was with delighted happiness that she was able to see, hold and love her Great Grand Daughter Clementine over the last several weeks.

All lives have set backs and Irene's was no different but she said always she to us that she has had a good life, she had a strong faith.

She has many loved ones on the other side that waited for her, her time has come and she was ready.

I talked about Irene's general life at the church, now here is a little of the reason for making Norfolk Island her home.

Irene visited us here not long after we started work here, with her youngest daughter and came again on her own. She came to love Norfolk, the smallness reminded her of the Tonga of her youth, she loved the tropical climate, the warmth and the tropical flowers and plants and crops she was able to grow. The people she met embraced her and she them, she loved how she was accepted, clubs she joined were Gardening Club, Bones and Balance, Tai Chei, QUOTA, Quilting & Craft.

She felt safe on Norfolk, while out, at evenings and out on the hustle and bustle of the Norfolk busy road system.

Her dream was to have a little house here, fill it with her treasures and transform the ground into gardens, it came true for her, she was so happy in her little cottage.

She couldn't watch however when Mal Tarrant and Snoop moved the cottage several meters with the crane onto new foundations, she thought they were going to drop it and she would be left with a pile of kindling.

She took great delight in watching her cottage take shape under Mals hammer and was so pleased when it was completed, painted, plumbed ready to go.

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Irene Basham - continued

She was happy here on Norfolk, once her illness became known she was content knowing she would see out her days on this small tropical paradise, and be laid to rest here.

She passed away in her little cottage, surrounded by the things she loved and the people she loved and they her.

Lillian has a song for her mum part of which says:

You were an angel in the shape of my mum and when God took you back he said Hallelujah, Your Home

Thanks Fe Me

Lillian, Ian, Natalie, Adam, Clementine & all the NZ Whanau wish to thank everyone that made mums (Irene Basham) funeral so beautiful. The spirit of the Norfolk Island Community, customs and traditions made a task we were dreading – so natural and a wonderful celebration of mums life. Mum was diagnosed with MND in March of this year and only given several months to live. With the support of the hospital and Norfolk Care we were able to have mum at home right to the end – just as she wished. We had a huge team supporting us and mum lasted longer than expected retaining her quality of life. We know that living here on Norfolk Island, celebrating the little things, visits from friends and family and lifestyle had a lot to do with this.

Our unending thanks goes to Kath, Phyllis, the doctors and the team at Norfolk Island Hospital.

Liat, Chris & Megan from Norfolk Care
Jimbo and James from St. John's.

Tardy and Gavin for their role in bringing mum home and then to her final resting place.

Shane Quintal for his patience, knowledge and to those men who dug her grave, thank you.

The lovely ladies that did such beautiful wreaths.

Naima who ensured the Tongan tradition was followed & Pastor Karl Tui who conducted such a lovely service.

To the Uniting Church, Judy who played the organ for mums service and Rick for singing from his heart. Maureen for her lovely reading and Yvonne for the heartfelt poem.

Pip, Les and Chelsea for their love, support and guidance.

A huge thank you to Nicola for capturing the service digitally so we can send this to whanau in New Zealand.

Most important of all - mum, nana and great grandma for wrapping us in her arms and being with us every step of the way so the day was not all sad but comforting and a celebration of everything you have given us.

Thank you

I would like to thank all the sponsors who supported me for our Lions Club Convention, without you we would not have had a great Convention.

I hope we did Norfolk proud.

Thank you all and we would like to wish you and your staff a merry Christmas.

For the convention thanks to Max's, South Pacific, Rachel Nebauer, Bounty Center, Pinetree Tours, Petes Place, Westpac, N.L Travel Center, Foodlands, N.I Real Estate, B.J Jewellers.

For the Raffle Maddsions, The Art Gallery, Golden Orb, The Olive, The Saltie Owl, Island Creation, Island Treasure, Ross's on Norfolk, Franks, Cafe Tempo, Pionneers, League Club Bristo, Mariahs Restaurant, Liz's Coast Tour, Jolly Roger, Dino's Restaurant, Duncans Jewellers. If there is anyone I have missed - thank you.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to one and all god bless.

Helen Jackson.

Sudoku Number 319 - Medium

				9	1			5
7	3		6					
8					7			
		5		8			3	
6								8
	2			3		9		
			9					1
					4		7	6
3			2	7				

1	9	6	5	4	3	7	2	8
3	4	8	1	2	7	9	6	5
7	2	5	8	9	8	1	4	3
5	7	3	4	8	1	9	6	2
8	9	7	3	2	5	1	4	
4	1	2	8	5	8	3	7	6
9	3	1	8	7	4	2	5	6
9	8	7	2	8	5	4	3	1
2	5	4	3	1	9	8	6	7

SUDOKU RULES
Fill in the grid so that every column, every row and every 3x3 box contains the digits 1 through 9. There is no math involved. You solve each puzzle with reasoning and logic. Each puzzle only has one solution.

Last week's solution