



Vale
Joyce Irene Adams

18th January 1925 - 25th March 2018

This is not a sad day

But rather a day to reflect the life of a true woman, a mother, grandmother and great grandmother.

Born on the 18th January 1925, Joyce Irene Culpan was born to a New Zealand family just outside Auckland and has survived 2 elder brothers and a sister.

Joy strived to achieve success in the post war years, learning many skills from her father and later qualified and practiced as a school teacher. These factors greatly influenced the upbringing of her offspring.

A cancelled holiday with a friend to Fiji resulted in her visiting Norfolk Island, where she surrendered to the advances of local lad, the late Guildford Adams and they married on the Island in 1950. There are 4 boys as a result of this marriage.

Our mother had no less than a dynamic mind, one full of intrigue and wonderment, one so active and astute until her passing on the 25th March. She searched solutions to problems, searched for questions and then their answers, hunted information by extensive reading, set herself mental challenges with crosswords and SUKUDO, and indeed has passed on to the next stage of life a well-informed woman.

Not only in mind, but indeed, she lived for her family and her craft. She genuinely loved her sons independently and collectively. Nothing was permitted to interfere with her family. She continually looked for mental and stress relief from the family disunity and passed on knowing this unlikely. Mother, please just RIP

As part of this relief, Joy became fully engaged in collectables and craft work, namely quilting. Her products to peers appeared done with love, pride and perfection to the last stitch. You loved this leisure, often not sleeping at nights to achieve the excitement of the final product. You taught the confused to be patient and persistent, you encouraged others to learn this skill and held their hands as they progressed. Maybe I suspect, some are gathered here today are from these occasions, here to show their gratitude

She travelled the world on one trip, Canada and USA on another with her friend of 65 years, the late Dawn Chapman, and one with me to Central Australia. As one can imagine, she was inspired by Ayers Rock, recognized and made comment to the skies as being dome shaped. We resided in an underground hotel in Coober Pedy, when upon leaving she made the comment, " I now know what the end would look like" She was clearly in wonderment about death, it

(continued overleaf)

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Joyce Irene Adams - continued

intrigued her mind as to how it would feel, what it would look like, what would be said. In Sydney last year when critically ill, she awoke to her family being beside her, later commenting to me, "Now, I have seen my own funeral" Dear mother, within minutes, all such thoughts and imagination will transpire into reality, time to move on to your next world and allow your soul to become inquisitive in a new hemisphere.

Our mother was in poor health over many, many years but continued to defy the odds with dogged determination. On one such visit to hospital, she awoke to a bishop asking if he could pray for her soul. Her response was typical and immediate, "you tell him I am not ready to go yet"

With an objective to become the eldest to pass on in her family at 105 years old, it was not the mind that failed but the body. On her return from her last Medi Vac to Sydney, she held her arm in the air in pure defiance to comments made to the odds of her surviving the ordeal. She spent many periods in the local and Australian hospitals, for many sensitive and critical operations and survived all with courage.

In one such operation, I recall a comment with her looking straight faced into the eyes of the surgeon feeling the groin area for the artery through which to feed the stents.

The comment is "I think I could get to like this feeling"

Joy spent her last month's staying at Bedrock, obsessed with nature not seen before or since her arrival and departure. She passed on in the Norfolk Island Hospital in the arms of a gentleman whom appreciated goodwill mother provided in his youth

Given the number of persons who played parts in Joys life, be it in health or sickness, and the likely hood of my missing someone or a groups name, I on behalf of all Joys family say thank you for the generosity and time spent with our mother, grandmother and great grandmother

In concluding, Mother Joy, if there is such a thing as an afterlife, I for one would be proud to be your child for the second time but with one request. Cammie says I am smart because I have big ears. Please in round 2, be an elephant

Thank You

The Adams family thanks All Yorlye, for making Mothers life in her own words "Worth the trip"..... Joyce Irene Adams was an elder of the Norfolk Island community for the past 68years, Norfolk Island was her home.

There are many individuals both personal & professional involved in helping Joyce, our amazing Mother, Grandmother and friend, in her final years... months & minutes of her life, too numerous to express in one paper...each and every one of you has been special in your own way as she was to you, we express our love & gratitude, Thank you.

Thank you to the Men & Woman that are involved with the rituals on and surrounding the day of a funeral, yourly continue to do an amazing job. To those who awoke during early hours to help with the medi vac's, to those who held her hand in moments of distress, who spoiled her in life and after passing, you and your contributions will not be forgotten. We wish to share our deepest gratitude to St John, Doctors and Nursing staff for their compassionate and unwavering care of Joyce over the many years, thank you all.

The Adams Family.

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