



*Vale*  
**June Anona Richards**

**5.6.39 – 20.5.20**

1939 - What a year – Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler, Roosevelt, Bradman, Glen Miller, bushfires in Australia, earthquakes in South America, drought in the USA and the start of World war 2. No wonder Mum liked the news unae!

Mum was born here orn her beloved Norfolk Island orn d' 5th June 1939 - 81 years ago yesteddy – en named June Anona Nobbs.

She was brought up out at Lorngridge een Brancka House by her grandmother. Harriet Sybelle King Nobbs who was a beautiful lady both yu (touch heart) en yu (touch head).

En it was she who nurtured een Mum the values that she passed on to her children en grandchildren.

Three of d greatest, I believ, es  
- d' importance of family rituals,  
- doen a thing properly, en  
- d' immense value of both d' spoken en written word een life.

Mum en her sisters had sadness in dems' childhood – en Mum wouldn't wunt uwu f "guild d lily".....but dem also had some lovely memories. We bin yu bout dem gorgeous kids stories Nan

King usa maek up en larn. En Chresmes at Brancker House - when all d extended family would arrive en stop in ar "Big House" f many days – Mum/Nan bin describe all dem baed alorn dem big randa, playen instruments, maeken a music, gwen down Bumboras, picken a hi hi, fishen f' rockfish. Magic. Dars probably foot she usa lika go "ram up een a pile" lorn dem f' family yu orn Norf'k ullu up een d' Blue Mountains.

At 14 she went to Auckland with her sister Eileen – Aunt - to work. Most of uclun know wut a shock es f leaw Norf'k – do we tul netha word. She work f' a large print firm Smith & Amp; Smith en maek some real good friends dare.

Singen en darncen always bin an important part of Mum's life. Dem early years een Auckland see dem sisters ball room darncen orn many nights at Muriwai surf club en of course at d Point Chevalier Yacht Club. Dem how goodood f' see et en I know d' hearts dem usa brek unae?

Mum met Dad.

As plenty Norf'k sullun lewen een Auckland een dem day's usa follow d' Glenorie Football Team en Dad en Uncle Gary usa play f dem.

Wal – you ca believ et – two pretti sisters marry two good looken brothers. D res es history!

Along comes me en Mum en Dad head to Norf'k.

Life was not easy een dem days – nawa awa bin es easy one down yu – but had plenty good times – filled lorn dem fe music, family en friends.

We lew up Aunt Marty's opposite Brancka House f' seven years before moowen into uwus side near dem arches when Jason was born.

She giw hers all to her kids – dars fe sure – en to quote one o Mum's sayings – "Dem ca tul I nawa bin try".

Wut a privileged childhood we two had – dars all I gwenna tul.

As we all know, sadness struck, en mys brother Jason was taken away. You ca awa fully bounce back from da blow - en Mum en Dad nawa did – how can you? To quote mys Mum with her harn raised heavenward "So be it" then she would add "dars wuthing Jason would tul".

Wae she treasured her grandchildren, Jason en Kaz had Ethan en Savannah. Lucky dem two get busy unae? I had Mark. Den ewen after trageddy, Kaz en Brett giw her Eli en Brody.

*(continued overleaf)*

**BROAD LEAF  
VILLAS  
OPEN DAY**

**SAT 13 JUNE**

**1PM - 4PM**

**BROAD LEAF VILLAS GROUNDS**

**JOIN US FOR LIGHT CANAPES AND BUBBLES**

**CHOOSE BROAD LEAF VILLAS  
FOR YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS  
STAYING ON NORFOLK ISLAND!**

**COME AND SEE WHY**

### ***June Anona Richards - continued***

She usa clean en do a flower een All Saints f' d month of November. Beautiful memories of polishes dem brass en a wood den headen down Cemetery Bay Beach lorng fe Auntie Dawn en Tooby.

She had a strong faith een God throughout her life en enjoyed gwen a church lorng f me or when awa she could. She particularly loved Uncle Ken, Uncle Alec en Uncle Roy playen. Away from yu she luw gwen a church gut plenty Pacific Islanders singen. Ef she wasn't dare she was attenden church een front of her beloved ABC's "Songs of Praise".

Mum worked een a number of jobs orn Norf'k including many years een "Philatelic" – what a classic team da was! Mum so appreciated dem all - Ruthie, David's Mum en Shirley – en all d ladies there - too many f mention all – but she maek life-lorng friends with most o dem.

She enjoyed her years worken at Government House en een da Administrator's office – en again – maed en kept many a strong friendship lorng fe d staff en d 'Administrator of d' time Mr en Mrs Messner. She giw of her time to d' RSL Women's Auxilliary f' ova 10 years en luw'd d friendships dare too.

Mum truly enjoyed her pilgrimage to Tahiti a few years back where she was able to hold a memorial service orn d' beach en place a memorial piece to her beloved Jason een d waters of Matavai Bay.

She was a fountain of knowledge – good one fe haw orn yous side een a game of trivial pursuit.

She el remember plenty thing een history orn Norf'k en round d' world.

She tried f' oonee purposefully pass orn d' bas gwen her kids. Dar es honourable thing f do. She nawa heaw wae d wussess bits but she bury et real deep.

She did care wuthing other sullun thought of her – en da ent a baed thing necessarily – she would

be se tickle pink fe see yourley des dae en she looken how beautiful.

She luclun talk Norfk en many a time she nawa ewen realise she talken Norfk gwen a sullun. I el yu dem doctors now – rephrasen dem's question because dem nor se quite catch Mum's meaning.

She tul she nawa do much een life – but truly – wuthing she bin giw uwu es immeasurable – "Mum - you giw of your self ewen when you nawa feel like et".

She touched people, dem luw her manners en gratefulness, all who met her – right up til near d end.

She is survived by her precious sisters and brothers, Eileen, Cynthia, Robin, Lizzie, Rob, Brancka,

Billy, Wally, Sybil and Lorraine – sadly Toobs passed away wae too young. She luw dems liddle sullun – her nieces en nephews – en dems liddle sullun again – her great nieces en nephews – all d' generations - en always had a little piece of wisdom to pass orn. Wisdom born of observations en experience en mulled over den encapsulated een a perfect saying. We all gut some o' Mum's sayings that we gwen treasure f d rest o uwus days.

One great pine se gorn from out Lorngridge unae? We gwen hawt f stick agadda.

Owa d years she bin sing en play een a number of singen en ukulele groups. Oh wae she luwa music – en all sorts – from hymns een a church to music in ar Sydney Opera House, From country to Pacific Island. But as plenty o uclun know – some o dem country songs – you jes ca beat et – dem words jes het d nail orn d haed.

En een d hours, days, weeks, months en years ahead without her – d things she usa tul en d things she loved so deeply en dearly gwen giw uwu many many tears but oh such great great comfort -

D classic sayings, spoilen a sullun, butterflies, birds, moon, stars, sun, seasons, wind, waves, salt air, family, faith, celebrations, rituals, tidiness, cleanliness, dry washing, condy pie, dresen good, doen d very bas you el, ABC, dancen, singen, gatheren up a gadda, Norf'k - uwus spiritual hoem - en – of course - d music - oh d music

So yorlye....

"Ain't it funny how time just slips away" ...

"Have I told you lately that I love you? Well – darlen I'm tellen you now" ...

"Don't look so sad. I know it's over.

But life goes on and this old world keeps on turning Let's just be glad we had this time to spend together"...

"For the good times"

Love you forever Mum.

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### ***Reflection From Mark***

When Nan was in Westmead hospital, mum asked me to write a few words that summed up what Nan meant to me and I'd just like to read those out to begin with:

To me, Nan means, comfort, security and unconditional love. Nan means a wealth of unforgettable memories that pull the heart strings and force you to laugh and smile. Nan is our anchor and the mother of our family with loving arms always stretched open wide. Nan is cheeky and rebellious in that she stands up for what she believes in while being wise and accepting of the people around her.

She is strong in mind and spirit and someone who will always reside in the largest room of our hearts.

Now all of that may sound very poetic, maybe even a bit cliché. But not a word of it is false.

The really was nothing more comforting than hopping up in Nan's big bed every morning to talk gossip. There really was no place more secure than sitting in Nan's front room with family and a cuppa.

And she proved her love truly was unconditional time and time again, loving her little grandchildren even though we gave her multiple heart attacks climbing and nearly falling off the five metre high arches outside her place. Loving us even when we'd get up to mischief with the tools in Pa's shed and maybe break a few chairs that we thought were discarded but may have been antiques.

*(continued overleaf)*

### ***June Anona Richards - continued***

She truly was a wealth of memories and knowledge. In fact when I was last on Norfolk, I told her how much I enjoyed sitting back and listening to her talk with other islanders, about times past and Norfolk traditions. About pushing mum round in the pram when she was a baby at the Easter carnival and about talking with Uncle Bunt about Norfolk fried fish with lemon. And she said to me,

“All of this, these are your memories”.

When I say she was the anchor and mother of our family, I say this because, with her - my cousins and myself had the best and most meaningful relationship. I have loving grandparents who I love with all my heart on my father’s side though they live in England so I rarely get to see them. And of course, Pa, or Uncle Bob as many of you knew him, passed when I was quite young. So Nan took it upon herself to show me what it’s like to have a loving grandparent. And I know that many others in this room had a relationship with Nan that was just as special.

I always say how I’m surrounded by exceptionally strong women and looking round this room I can see that strong women are not in short supply on Norfolk Island and amongst our family and friends.

Nan was, without a doubt one of these women. She and sisters had a very tough childhood and Nan never failed to stand tall and be proud of the women herself and her sisters had grown into from those tough beginnings. Nan knew of the struggles in life, but never let herself be robbed of the ability to laugh, and love and enjoy the wonderful people around her.

Last but not least, Nan was strong in mind and spirit. And I emphasise strong in spirit due to the strength of the legacy she will leave behind. So many people on and off this island, know and love old Junie and know how good a person she was. And like I said before, she will always reside in the largest room of our hearts.

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### ***Reflection From Daniella***

Dear Aunty June

There are so many happy memories of you and me together. When a butterfly goes past I will always think of you.

When I am running, singing and riding my bike you will have the best view in the ENTIRE world.

Aunty June, always know just how SPECIAL you are to me and that I LOVE YOU and will MISS YOU SO MUCH.

The love and joy will spread.

### ***Reflection From Deb***

Aunty June loved ‘gathering up’ with family and sharing stories and laughs together.

She had an innate ability to coin the most appropriate words or phrases for the moment. Words like “golstrums” which meant ladies’ pretty jewellery and “we go luff messus” meant to her sisters to rest up.

It was so lovely to hear Mum and Aunty June reminiscing last year about their young days and all

dem boys they’d meet at the dances. Just hearing them laughing and tulling the names of these guys and what songs they loved at the time made me wish I’d been there too.

I sent Aunty June a FaceBook funny in February of this year about one dawg that tried to round up some sheep but instead the sheep ended up rounding dar dawg up. As a result of this we started calling one another Nelson. So Nelson, thanks for the memories and for being a loving Aunty. Lots of love. Deb

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### ***Reflection From Claudia***

Aunty June would be se tull, “Good grief Junie, see orl yorlie ya.”

Thank you everyone for being here today to celebrate the life of June Richards – she was a Mother, a Grandmother, a sister, an Aunty, a Great Aunt and a friend to many in the Norfolk Island community.

Aunty June would be se pepper that orl yorlie ya too.

A sense of humour she most certainly had.

Though a road of struggle lead her to a path of divine strength, the greatest gift of all.

I’d like to share a story from many moons ago...

Marky-boy and I se fraid we gwen ketch et coz we bus up one chair up in Aunty June’s shed.

At the time we nawa larn Aunty June we se brek dar chair. We thort dar thing se haddet en nor gwen be used ever again. But she se gurret. From the bottom of our hearts we are deeply sorry for our actions on that day. Although not funny at the time, we know we es iin big trouble.

Marky was on his way back to Sydney, and fortunately, Dad came to the rescue and mended the damage to dar busted chair. I remember being quite scared and nervous returning that chair gen Aunty June’s shed. Years later she would remind and ask uwa “remember daa chair yorlie se bus up?” Never will we forget!

Now in the kingdom of alpha and omega, we know you are resting easy though beautiful Bumboras will not be the same without you.

May the breath of each and every person here honour you, remember and praise you for eternity.

Butterflies were of great significance to you, a sign of hope and beauty. Like Mr. Willie says “Do you ever get to stay or do you always fly away pretty butterfly?” I ask the same question when I know it is you sending a message to say hello.

We’ll see you and all the others one day soon. Love you always and forever Aunty June xo

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### ***Tributes from Jack, Harley, Darby, Callum, Saxon***

A message from Jack

Dear Aunty June,

You were special to me because you always took an interest in me and what I was up to, and I loved

*(continued overleaf)*

**June Anona Richards - continued**

chatting with you every time we caught up. I really enjoyed your 80th birthday party last year, especially when you asked me to blow out the candles for you! I loved seeing you especially on Bounty Day, with your Bounty hat and flowers in your hair. I will always remember you with a big, welcoming, beautiful smile on your face. Rest in peace Aunty June.

A message from Harley

My special memory of Aunty June is when we were in Norfolk in the Christmas hols just gone when we used to take her for drives almost every day, and take her all over the island to the ducks on the dam, down to Emily or to Cascade to look out. Sometimes into town or to a café like when we met up with Aunty

Robin. We had talks in her house and enjoyed laughs together every day.

Aunty June also loved when dad said 'get orf a road', she found it hilarious when dad went past us and shouted out that. She also loved when dad used to clip us with the tool that she uses to pick things up and we used to roll up on the floor. Also when I used her walker to run around the house. We really enjoyed her company that she gave us.

A message from Darby

Dear Aunty June,

I hope you rest in peace. I hope heaven takes good care of you. You are best great aunt! You use to call me Darby doodle!

I remember when we were at Aunty Di's 50th birthday and I was playing with the salt on my food, you thought that it was a great idea! To sprinkle the salt on my food and throw it over my shoulder for good luck. So you started to use the trick. You were very supportive of me and interested in my swimming results. I will always think of you when I put on my goggles and follow that

black line up and down the pool. I will miss you - love Darby

A message from Callum

Aunty June - you are probably my wisest aunt. I remember as if it was just yesterday, I was at your house making a cup of tea for you and my Mum. You were very encouraging of me and my tea making skills. I still have the tea bags in my bedroom that were your favourite brand. I love you Aunty June you were the one who introduced me to a cup of tea, and now rest in peace my wise aunt and friend.

A message from Saxon

Aunty June. I love you and miss your smiling face and how you enjoyed the adventures I got up too.

Love Saxon

Reflection from Brody, Karen and Brett  
Watewieh Yorli,

I just wanted to share what nan means to me. I've also been asked to say a few words on behalf of my mum, Karen Adams and my dad, Brett Thompson as they can't be here today.

So, apologies in advance for how long I'm up here.

To me, there isn't many people that can become synonymous with a physical item or in nans case, a food. In my lifetime, there will never be a moment when I hear the word the 'jelly' and don't immediately have flashbacks to my time spent with Nan. At nans house out near the old stables – the most common occurrence was a big fight between myself and my three siblings over one of the few Foxtel remotes on the island.

*(continued overleaf)*

**The Norfolk Island Golf Club**

*is pleased to announce  
the*

**Commonwealth Bank**



**Bounty**

T O U R N A M E N T

**Round 1** Saturday 13th June

**Round 2** Sunday 14th June.

Members and visitors with a handicap are welcome to join us with 8:30am morning and 12:30 afternoon tee-off times.

Afternoon booking mandatory through the Pro shop 23603.

The bar will be open from 12 for members and spectators with social distancing enforced.

**A big 'thank you' to the  
Commonwealth Bank for their  
continued sponsorship,  
we look forward to seeing you're down  
at the club.**



### ***June Anona Richards - continued***

Eli and I wanted to watch Cartoon Network, Savannah wanted Nickelodeon... and Ethan just liked the chance to wrestle all three of us without mum and dad around. All while Nan was in the kitchen making us tea, Raro, or jelly and shouting at Eth to, "get off poor little Eli." But after someone had emerged victorious from that battle royale over the remote, there was always freshly set jelly to provide us with the much-needed sugar rush to start all over again.

It's memories like that that make me smile when I think of Nan, and that forged such strong bonds between us four siblings. Nanny Jelly was a highlight of my life here on Norfolk and I would like to say thank you to her for being so loving and accepting of Eli and I despite the lack of a blood relation. Savannah in particular remembers every Thursday when she lived here in 2017, she'd spend it with Nan drinking tea and also spilling the metaphorical tea.

Which just means gossiping.

My dad – Brett - met June and Bob in 2001 and his life was blessed to have been able to develop the relationship he did with them even in the tragic wake of Jase's death. His trips out to Bumby were always full of laughter and of course trying to solve world issues. Brett says that a memory that he will treasure forever is staying up drinking til dawn with nan.

He's very surprised that he's even able to recall this due to nan really pushing his liver to the limit. She always had few nannies ready and a place of solace out at Rocky Point Road. Brett saw June as a sort of guide on Norfolk and in life. Someone on the rock who would always be there for him. The salt of Earth, through thick and thin. Even if she did assist him in his weight GAIN journey just like his own mother - who is also a feeder. When Brett made the trip down to Sydney to say farewell to June, she told him that she wasn't afraid.

Although June is gone now, her broken heart is finally mended. She has the closure that never was.

Dad has the fondest memories and the utmost respect for you, nan – he still looks forward to the drink you promised him in Sydney. He'll bring the wetls and a Wallabies Jersey for Bob.

Mum wrote a whole eulogy and if it weren't for her recent thyroidectomy, she would've been here today to read it. I've summarized it just as I did for dads...

Karen was introduced to June through Jason in 1995. She remembers distinctly that June looked her up and down and said, "I know who's you" – clearly the Norfolk coconuts preceded her, but June welcomed her into all their lives.

Karen remembers the next year when her and Jason returned home to June – but with a baby. That special surprise started a weekly tradition of Karen and Jason and June and Bob all having dinner every Friday night for years.

A few years later and the family would experience tragedy in the loss of Jason, and just days later, June would find herself accompanying Karen to the birthing room of Norfolk Island Hospital for the arrival of her granddaughter. A moment which must have been truly,

bittersweet for June especially.

It's Karen's belief that it was Ethan, Mark, and Savannah – the three grandkids – that brought so much light to June and Bobs world during those dark days. Three years later, Karen was having lunch with June and told her she wanted to introduce her to someone new who she had started to date. This must have been a strange moment for her but nonetheless, she opened her arms for Brett and then years later, lovingly accepted Eli and I into her life as well. It's amazing the love that June could still share even if she were in a dark and difficult place herself.

Just last year we got to have Nan stay with us for Savannahs 21 st . Kaz remembers when we all went to watch Ethan's Grand Final, and she saw nan sitting with Ed – my mums partner.

And the thought that came to her was what a beautiful tragedy this women had lived. To not be able to sit with her son and watch her grandchildren grow, it's something that we all know broke her heart. When June passed, Karen could imagine Jason being the one to take Nan's memory will always be with us. And just as I think of her when I see, hear or eat jelly – let all of us think - even briefly of this beautiful woman at the sweet scent of frangipani and the sight of a butterfly catching the breeze.

We love you nanny,  
Thanks for all aklan.

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Dear Di and families

Thinking of yorley at this sad time. We send you uwas heartfelt sympathy and love! Words however kind they are cannot mend your heartache. But may the constant love of caring friends soften your sadness, cherished memories bring you moments of comfort, lasting peace surrounding your grieving heart and faith that will uphold you.

Death leaves a heartache no one can heal. But love leaves a memory no one can steal.

Our hearts go out to you all.

Love Vanese, Leighton, Liam and Ava x

Remembering Aunty June as a wonderful and gentle soul who will forever remain in our hearts. May you rest peacefully and live on within our memories. Words seem too small to express the sadness we feel. After our tears have dried and our goodbyes said, we will always have the memories we

have shared as family. I know our memories of you will comfort us all in this difficult time. You will be missed.

Lots of love Brendon, Kate, Kyan, Kaylee and Alijah Wotherspoon

Our hearts go out to you today. You're in our thoughts and prayers. Wish we were there to give you all hugs, Kisses and love. Junie we loved so much, we loved your laughter the fun we could have with you. Our memories of Junie are of sitting around our table having a cuppa and chatting, laughing always

*(continued overleaf)*

### ***June Anona Richards - continued***

thinking of home Norfolk. Norfolk is in our hearts to the CORE. Junie has a love of her family, her friends and her Island Home Norfolk. Her love for flowers gardens. For Roses.

We will miss you Junie, your happy memories, you have given us will live in our hearts forever. Rest In Peace our darling, free of Pain until Jesus calls you home, where there will be no more death, no more sickness, no more pain. Look forward to that blessed day. Rob and Lyn xxoo

### **Thank you**

Fus of all – Thank you to all orn Norf’k who continue f maek et d wae es – en d reason Mum tul “Get me hoem” en den “I se hoem”.

Thank you to:

- Westmead Hospital staff for your care – from the porters to the professor;
- EMT Medical Services and Air New Zealand for not giving up and helping to get Mum home;
- Norfolk Island Hospital staff – Dr Manns, Dr Bonnici, Kathleen, Maria, Phyllis, Louise, Janine, Fran, Jan and the whole team. You helped to get Mum home – during such a time as this (COVID19), then looked after her in her last days and hours with immense dignity and tenderness. Thank you for also working with the police to keep everyone safe;
- The Administrator and the staff in the Office of the Administrator for your promptness and support in getting Mum home;
- EMNI and Norfolk Island Police – Det. Sgt. David and team - for permission to return home and working out how we could do everything safely;
- Eth, Vanni, Eli, Brodes, Mark, Lily en Lynda fe comen home lorng fe me en Ma Ma fe isolaten too;
- Our family who cleaned the house, shopped, cooked and thought of ‘everything’ for us;
- Family, friends and neighbours who continued to drop off supplies for the quarantine period;
- Darlene, Tania and Spider at the radio station;
- David Buffett and Rev. David Fell for your support and guidance;
- Shane for caring, sharing your wisdom and steering us through everything;
- Gavin and the Works Depot. for making Mum’s final earthly vehicle and allowing us time to paint her special blue butterflies orn et;
- The ladies who decorated Mum’s coffin – such a special time together;
- The grave diggers – younger ones en older ones – for the seriousness with which yourlye maek Mum’s grave – the precision honours the one who se pass.
- Our talented Aunt – Robin – who blessed and decorated Mum’s lid;
- All of the community and family members who made wreathes or posies at home or who gave flowers and greenery for the mound – overwhelmingly beautiful;
- Those who lowered the flags to half mast all about;

- Derek for decorating the gate and giving Mum wings;
- The ladies who decorated the church;
- Tardy for driving Mum orn her final earthly journey;
- Don and your family and the Ukelele Band for guidance, music and your van;
- Our Pall Barers for laying Mum to rest honourably en representing many branches of one Mum’s family;
- Phil, Uncle Alec, Uncle Roy, Gaelene and Wiggy for your music;
- Jodie for your guidance and for making Mum’s service sheet for her last ‘sing along’ so very beautiful;
- Toni at Photopress;
- Sheryl, Claudia and Julia for turning Mum’s mound into a butterfly garden;
- Lizzie, Kerry, Karen, Darlene, Simon, Milton and Chris for the music – from ideas and choosing to making it work on the day;
- Trent for singing and playing down a town en at the RSL;
- Terrence en d RSL staff for Mum’s wake;
- The RSL Ladies Auxilliary – each one of you – for honouring Mum at the cemetery and with such an abundant and beautiful wake;
- All who sent food up for the wake or food out gwen uclun;
- Gary for recording Mum’s funeral for all dem sullun who could not attend because of COVID19 den getten et orn TVNI;
- Barbara for helping coordinate;
- All who sent cards and flowers;
- All the family who could not be yu but who sent beautiful messages of support;
- All the family, friends and neighbours for looking after us throughout the long wait and for guiding us through every step – you know who you are – your messages, calls, talks across the cattlegrid, drinks across the road were invaluable;
- Aunty Toot, Uncle John, Sheryl, Paul, Claudia, Lisa, Wayne, Jack, Ben, Syb, Simon, Booda, Billy, Robin, Nadine, Jem, Lizzie, Bunt, Tanya, Daniella, Debbie-Jane, Kev, Sarah, Tiana, Kyran, Mitch, Tracey, Sam, Terry, Dunc, Uncle Gary, Lynne – for everything.
- All who helped or contributed in their own special way – I am sorry that I cannot name each and every single person – I need to let you know that you created a tidal wave of support that carried us through the last week.

We apologise if we have inadvertently missed out a name – we truly appreciate all that has been done for us and for Mum. It has been overwhelming.

We have quite a number of plates out yu en gut no name orn. Please call out over d nex week f pick et up en haw a cuppa ullu ring en we el drop et orf.

“Thanks fe me en thanks fe Mum”.

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