



Vale
Leslie Richard Nobbs

16th August 1934 - 14th May 2015

He was affectionately known to his family and his many friends both here on Norfolk Island and in Australia, Fiji and other countries in the South Pacific as ‘Short’, ‘Shorty’, ‘Mr. Short’, ‘Mr. Patching’. When you realise just how many people he has extended the hand of friendship and help during his life, you can appreciate just how many members of his family and residents of the island gathered at the Kingston Cemetery last Sunday afternoon to say farewell to Les.

The service was conducted by Pastor Dion Fourie of the Seventh Day Adventist Church and on behalf of Short’s wife Alice and her family said “that we are here to celebrate the life of Les Nobbs, a man who was diagnosed with cancer about 20 years ago. Doctors gave him 3 years and he took it to the Lord and ignored the doctors.”

The first hymn, “What a friend we have in Jesus” was then sung and Pastor Fourie then read from 1 Corinthians 13: 1-13 “I may be able to speak the languages of men and even the angels, but if I have no love, my speech is no more than a noisy gong or a clanging bell”....”Meanwhile these three remain: faith, hope, and love: and the greatest of these is love.”

André Nobbs then read the following Eulogy: “It is a great honour for me to deliver this eulogy on behalf of Uncle Les’ and our family.

As the third child of Dick and Girlie Nobbs, Leslie Richard Nobbs was born on the 16th August 1934 out at Mission Hospital (Bishops Court). Uncle Les was schooled on Norfolk, where he soon earned the nickname “Short”. (I haven’t been able to research whether the name came from stature or temperament).

(continued overleaf)



Deal with the Professionals
**Recent immigration changes provide opportunity
for Australian/NZ citizens to live permanently
on Norfolk Island**

NEW LISTING - RENOVATED COTTAGE W/ SEA VIEW
Small 3 bedroom cottage with sea and valley views. Open plan living/dining. Bathroom with laundry. Located between school and town. Level land, bore and fruit trees. 7000 gals water storage. **\$275,000 EXCLUSIVE**

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3 bedroom, 2 bathroom home, all with built-in wardrobes. Open plan living/dining/kitchen. Lockup garage with internal access to house. Small manageable garden with fruit trees.

NOW SELLING FOR \$325,000 EXCLUSIVE

NEW LISTING- OLDIE BUT GOODIE

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Leslie Richard Nobbs - continued

On completing school, apart from farming with his dad, Uncle Les started work with Works and Housing, as a carpenter in the 50's. As the years went by Uncle Les' skill and expertise around engines became apparent and he moved on to the DCA Mechanical Workshop where he fixed everything with a motor attached.

At a gathering of the uncles on Friday afternoon, I was astounded at the number of adventures and stories that formed part of Uncle Les' life – I may have misheard this story, however you might all like to know that during the war when aircraft were stationed on the island, Uncle Les would carry out perimeter security checks in the evening – often returning home with a collection of apples in appreciation for his efforts.

The St Barnabas Chapel echoed with love and happiness in 1958 when Uncle Les married Alice Adams.

Their marriage was blessed with many events and four beautiful daughters, Sharon, Ruby, Alyson and Noelene.

Uncle Les loved anything with a motor, so when DCA shut down, he took a job at the cable station the OTC, however, missing the mechanical side of things, he started Central Service Station on Norfolk – one of the many legends surrounding Uncle Les was his ability to dismantle, repair and assemble a carburettor in the dark..... the reason for doing it in the dark is another story!

In 1972, with four children Sharon, Ruby, Alyson and Noelene, Uncle Les heeded the call to serve the Lord and packed up his family with the thought of going for just a few years.

First, as a Literature Evangelist, to Kurrajong, aka Kurra-plurry-jong then to numerous locations in N.S.W. and Queensland. During Uncle Les' time in Kurrajong he demonstrated the potential to become an Olympic high jumper.. .when, while digging at the bottom of a well, a brown snake was dropped in as a practical joke by one of his kindly brothers – proving a man can jump 10 foot from a standing start!!

In 1984 Les and Alice went to Fiji to spread the word as a Literature Evangelist, an adventure lasting about 3 years, then returning to Australia.

At this point I would like to convey some thoughts from friends and family who could not be here today:

Barry Satchell was one of Uncle Les' many work colleagues a small portion of his email reads:- "I must say I sat on the bed and cried, broken hearted, when I got the news and if it were not for the hope of Jesus' coming I'd be in deep despair right now but to continue in grief would be to say that I don't believe I'll see Les again – and I DO believe with all my heart, I will!!

I have a couple of stories that I'd like to share with you I but realise that there will be so many others who will want to as well that there may not be time during the service, so I'll put them here for you to read when you get the chance.

I remember that as a struggling Literature Evangelist in the wicked city of Sydney, my car was playing up and so I rang Les to ask him how to fix it. You know that from Kurrajong to our place was probably 50 or

60 kms. But Les' response was so very typical of him. As I remember Les was working on an addition to your home and he just dropped everything and said: "I'm on my way mate!" That was Les!

On another occasion that you may know only part of the story about Alice - Les bought a VW Kombi van and I mentioned that I had been thinking about getting something like that to do up as a camper to get our family away for a week-end now and then. We were struggling to make ends meet with our 4 kids all in church school etc. etc. and just couldn't afford holidays at all. Sometime later Les, who was my assistant in the publishing department in Sydney at the time, walked into the office and asked me if I had a dollar I could give him. I handed him a dollar note and he dropped the keys of the Kombi in my hand, with the comment:

"I just need to be able to say I sold it to you if I'm asked about it!" (sorry Alice if he never confessed it to you) But we did have some wonderful times in that Kombi when we could get away for a day or two here and there.

I would also like to read a few words sent through from cousin Louise "Uncle Les you gwen lubee wun big hoel een orl uklun's life. You bin ess dar gooda uncle gen orl uklun - orlwee checken we ok en dropen orf a wegje fe share longfe uklun. I bin luw how cloes orl yorlye brutha bin stop orl dee years. Lots o luw gen yorlye - wish I dair morla furet en fe giw Aunty Al a hug. xxx"

In 1997 the family returned to Norfolk Island given the benefit of care from Bill Summerscales, Uncle Les was expected to live for only 3 more years. That was the Doctors view BUT Uncle Les and Aunty Alice had a different plan – and so did their daughters as everyone changed diets and habits for almost 18 years.

With much of the family back on island over the last few weeks, Uncle Les was able to do many of the things he loved so much, fishing and exploring around the island, the girls took their dad to the beach and to fish, which were some of the great joys he and Aunty Alice found in life, joy also achieved through the church and whipping us on the tennis court.

Uncle Les loved to help people, no matter who and/or with what problem, it was a normal occurrence to find him buried within the innards of a vehicle dropped off by a friend or relative seeking some advice and instead, gaining a full repair, complete with the friendliest of smiles and laughter.

Of Uncle Les and Aunty Alice's four children, two had children of their own. Sharon with Steve had Michael and Kerrie. And Noelene's daughters Rebecca (Becky) and Skye.

Uncle Les spoke softly, could be slightly stubborn, worked conscientiously, played tennis too well for one ole salan, loved life and to share life with his family and friends. Aunty Alice and Uncle Les have helped shape many lives, we will miss you Unc and Aunty Alice gwen hafta get the hang of fixing awas jalopy from now orn!

Rest in peace."

(continued overleaf)

Leslie Richard Nobbs - continued

Pastor Fourie then called on Phil McDowell, a good friend of Les', to read the poem "The Size of the Man". Phil, who admitted that he was not a poet, then read a short poem that he had written, called quite simply "Thanks, Les".

In his message, Pastor Dion said, in part, that he was always looking for a story to go with his sermon, but this was an easy one because Les' life is the sermon. Somebody said to me, that as he had watched Les' life he saw the biggest transformation that he had ever seen in a man. I have only known him for 16 months so I did not see what he was like but I knew what he ended up like.

He was always quite open about his secrets. He was never secret about his love of God. He was open about it. He used to enjoy going to the hospital and praying with people. He used to enjoy helping people and probably all of you standing here would know that much better than me. At some stage of his life, he came face to face with his own mortality and face to face with a choice to follow God or not and he chose to follow God.

I heard from his family members that they were very concerned when he decided to go to the literature world - selling books. Because he wasn't a talker, he wasn't a salesman and yet he decided to trust God that He would help him through. His family thought he would starve if he was to put money on the table from selling books and apparently some time the food was in short supply. But God helped him and not only did he put enough money there to see his family through, but he turned out to be the best seller of books in the State during his time.

He was a very generous man. One day when we were looking for a cheap car to help somebody who didn't have a car, somebody said "go and see Les." So we spoke to him and he took us and showed us a car that he had just renovated and said "You can have it." "How much?" we asked. "Nothing. You can have it. I don't want anything for it. That's my contribution. You just take it and give it to the guy." We will sing the Pitcairn Anthem - but Les lived the Pitcairn Anthem. He did all of those things, it was part of his nature, part of his changed life."

André then thanked those who had come to the service and shared it with our uncles in the family. From all the family we give thanks to the hospital staff, the grave diggers, the Sexton, the wreath makers, the hearse driver, the pall bearers, Milton and the sound system and the family and friends who have travelled so far, as well as those lovely people who have sent lovely messages to let us all know how much they cared for Uncle Les.

The wonderful Norfolk Island favourite Hymn "In the Sweet By and By" was then sung followed by the Committal and the Pitcairn Anthem brought the graveside service to a close

'Norfolk es so gude'

When Short and Alice were talking about their future lives after receiving the doctor's diagnosis about Short's illness, they immediately decided that they should come back to the island because they both knew that this was one place in the world where family, friends and others in the community look out for one another.

I spoke to my Cousin Alice about a 'Thank You' for this week's paper and the main point that came from our talk is captured in the heading on this notice.

Alice and her family would like to thank most sincerely all those who have extended the hand of love, friendship and support in their hour of sadness.

Thank You

A big thank you is extended to the following people, who have been a major Godsend to me the past few weeks. There are too many to mention, but particular thanks go out to

Leonie, Al, Vinnie, Sue & Mike, Colleen & Dion, Alma, Kath, my Church family and all who helped to make my garage sale last weekend, a success.

Big love and hugs to you all, and again, Thank you!

Love from Darlene XOX

Congratulations

To Amy and Wesley Quintal whose daughter Indiana Belle was born in Sydney on Sunday, 17th May, 2015, weighing 6lb.12 ozs at birth.

We are pleased to report that Indiana and her parents Amy and Wesley are all doing well and her proud relatives here on Norfolk are full of impatience as they wait to see their newest little granddaughter.

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