



*Vale*

### **Family Tributes to Mike Quantrill**

**who left us on Monday 21st November**

Mike Quantrill was born in Norwich, Norfolk, England the first son of Florence and Clifford Quantrill. (Flo and Cliff) his Brother Rodney was born a few years later.

In his early teens Mike became an avid cyclist, a passion that he continued for much of his life.

At the age of 19, Mike moved to Toronto, Canada to live with his Uncle Stan and Auntie Jeannette, Stan got Mike a job in the aviation industry, the start of a lifelong passion for flight, both real and radio controlled airplanes. Mike has three cousins in Canada, Steve, Sue and Patti. They have all been to Norfolk to visit Mike as he was their favorite cousin, Patti travelled around Italy, New Zealand & Europe with Mike and she said that Mike kept her laughing all the way.

In 1960 Mike met and married Phyllis Lunn and a year later, their Daughter Sian was born. Phyllis had two children from her first marriage, Alison and Gareth. Mike, Phyl and Sian moved back to Norwich, England. Four years later they returned to Canada where Mike worked for De Havilland's Aircraft Corporation, he worked there until he retired.

Mike played field hockey for a Toronto team, most of the other players were Indian. They use to joke that you could see Mike coming a mile away because he had the only white knees on the field. After the game the wives would get out their hibachi BBQs and cook up the most amazing curries, roti's and samosas. We all loved going to the games and I think the picnics after had a lot to do with it.

In 1984, Mike and Phil moved to Norfolk Island to be with Alison and their young grandchildren Jamie and Emily. They lived with Alison and Steve while their house was built on Bullocks Hut Rd. During this time Mike learned to make pots and worked at the pottery for many years. Mike and Phyl looked after Emily each day until she started school; the three of them were soul mates.

Sian followed the rest of the family and moved to Norfolk in 1988.

In 1992 Phyllis died while undergoing open-heart surgery in New Zealand

In 1993 Sian, with her partner Andre Nobbs gave birth to their son Dylan.

Sian and Dylan had a very special relationship, Dylan was her life. Sian died in a car accident in 2001, Mike was devastated.

Here on Norfolk Mike continued his hobby of radio-controlled airplanes with a group of local flyers. Mike was a brilliant model builder and his planes were much admired, a couple of his planes have survived and hold pride of place in the collections of his fellow modelers.

Mike was a gentle man, he was always saving birds and if an insect came into the house Mike would carry it back to the garden where it belonged.

He was the most friendly and happy man you could meet with a smile and a hug for everyone. We miss him very much.

*Your family*

~ : ~

The following is a Tribute to Mike Quantrill from his Canadian cousins, Doug and Sue Harper and Patti King  
*(continued overleaf)*

	<b>PACIFIC DIRECT LINE</b> <small>Linking you with the Pacific</small>	New Zealand/Norfolk Island Norfolk Island/NZ & Australia
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BAF 34.5%	RECEIVING	AUCKLAND	NORFOLK
SOUTHERN TIARE v144		10-Feb	14-Feb
SOUTHERN TIARE v145		17-Mar	21-Mar
SOUTHERN TIARE v146		21-Apr	25-Apr

Bookings: Pacific Direct Line Ph 09-308 3939

	<b>NEPTUNE PACIFIC LINE</b> BAF 34.5%	Australia/Norfolk Island	
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First Vessel	Cut-off	Connecting Vessel	Norfolk Is.
<b>BRISBANE to NORFOLK ISLAND</b>			
OOCL SAVANNAH v206	23-Jan	SOUTHERN TIARE v144	14-Feb
TBA	28-Feb	SOUTHERN TIARE v145	21-Mar

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First Vessel	Cut-off	Connecting Vessel	Norfolk Is.
<b>SYDNEY to NORFOLK ISLAND</b>			
ANL BAREGA v516	17-Jan	SOUTHERN TIARE v144	14-Feb
TBA	28-Feb	SOUTHERN TIARE v145	21-Mar

Bookings: afreeland@kalgin.com.au Tel: (02) 9700 0046

First Vessel	Cut-off	Connecting Vessel	Norfolk Is.
<b>MELBOURNE to NORFOLK ISLAND</b>			
ANL ECHUCA v1703	20-Jan	SOUTHERN TIARE v144	14-Feb
TBA	25-Feb	SOUTHERN TIARE v145	21-Mar

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Cruise Ships	
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### ***Mike Quantrill - continued***

We were so saddened by the news of Mike's death. Surprised? No. Alzheimer's is a miserable disease from which there is no retreat, only slow accommodation. But saddened, yes, because for all of us, Mike was larger than life.

Doug's first memories of Mike were when, as a twenty-three year old, Mike first appeared at our farm around 1954. Mike's mom, our Aunt Flo, sent him to Canada as Mike was not "settling down" at home in Norwich. Mike was full of life, vim, vigour, and mischief. He didn't stay long. A farm well removed from town was probably not his idea of a good time and our mother was not best pleased when he took her car without asking.

But he came back to the farm for visits.

On one of these, I recall tree-climbing competitions between Mike and Doug in the big maple tree in the front yard.

Mike next showed up in our lives 4000 miles away from our Canadian home on a beach in Santa Monica California in July 1956. Our father was on business and Mike and a couple of friends had driven in an old car for some sun and adventure, and maybe even to see the recently opened Disneyland. Mike later claimed to have pushed that old car 200 kilometers from London, Ontario to Toronto. He could always embellish a story.

After Mike married Phyllis and had their beautiful daughter, Sian, they moved fairly close to us just outside Toronto. We saw them more often. Mike built the most incredible train set in his basement. It's no surprise, when he came to Norfolk he worked in the hobby shop.

Mike became a freelance engineer moving the family wherever his engineering jobs took him – Sweden, western Canada.

Mike was so very happy to retire to Norfolk Island. Phyllis would write letters to our mom with all the things she was doing with Emily and Jamie, pictures and stories about life on Norfolk. Mike and she truly had a beautiful life there with her family.

Patti was the first to visit Norfolk and reconnect with Mike and Sian and to meet Dylan. A few years later, Bonnie and I came to Norfolk. Mike was so proud of the island. Even though he and the family were still reeling from Sian's death, he drove us to every nook and cranny of the island.

Of the three of us, Patti knew Mike best. They traveled all over New Zealand together, meeting up with Bonnie and I in Christchurch and then touring the South Island. The best part of the drive for Patti was singing songs together in the car. Mike's sense of humour was contagious.

I think his favourite part of that trip was visiting the Transport and Toy museum in Wanaka. He saw the very first plane he flew in to Africa with the RAF. He was in that museum for hours.

In 2007, Patti accompanied Mike to England to meet up with his old cycling friends. After a few days in London, they drove to Norwich where Mike was staying with his brother, Rod and wife, Dorothy. Mike regaled Patti with stories about riding his bike all the way to London to visit a girlfriend. Patti also got to spend an

evening at the pub with Mike and his cycling buddies!

Mike and Patti also traveled across Italy by train. Travelling with Mike was never dull.

In Rome, Doug and Jan, and Bonnie and I met up with Mike and Patti to do a little touring and a lot of eating.

Doug and Jan visited Norfolk in 2011. Doug says, "He was the same Mike I'd always known even from a distance – funny, yet gentle, one of most delightful individuals one could want to know."

Patti, Bonnie's and my next visit to Norfolk saw Mike in the hospital, but that didn't stop him from working on jigsaw puzzles with us and again, showing us his favourite spots on the island. Patti won't ever forget the joy in Mike's eyes when he was visiting Alison and Steve, and Emily and Charlie came over to show him the goats. He loved that little Charlie, just as he did Emily and Jamie.

In 2015, Patti and I found Mike a bit less mobile, more confused, with fewer sentient moments. He was well aware he couldn't recall things.

Unfortunately, Mike passed before any of us could get back to see him.

While we didn't get to see him often, we will miss him dearly; the world is a sadder place without him.

~ : ~

Dear Grandpa

Rest easy, you are home!

Your mind is free once more and all the pain is gone.

You and Nana were my world growing up and after losing Nana so young,

You were always my special someone and I was always your little girl.

I remember the time we spent working and exploring in your garden examining all the creatures from the smallest bugs to the beautiful birds. You taught me to be gentle & care for every living thing a lesson I now find myself passing down to Charlie.

You were a great teacher and loved to teach, I valued and have a vivid memory of each lesson. You loved to build, paint and create and I know how much you would of absolutely fallen in love with Charlie and the fun you two would have had you are both very similar.

Thank you for the enormous love you always gave me so freely and for always being so interested and amazed at everything I did all though my life, I hope I have made you proud.

I was with you and helped you to pass and I stand here today on behalf of my mum Alison, My Aunty Sian and my Nana Phyllis to send you on your final journey.

I love you Grandpa

*Emily*

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## **Thank You**

The Family of Mike Quantrill would like to thank the amazing nurses at the Norfolk Island hospital for always taking such good care of Mike. You are all appreciated and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts!

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