

Poppy - continued

He believed any hurdle could be overcome by compassion and education, and he remained a teacher to me and many others, right up until the very end.

Our gentle, kind, fair, loving, generous and inspiring Poppy - you were also very funny. Did you know that Poppy used to live in Byron Bay? Poppy was an accomplished storyteller, though he was also a killer for repeating stories - but we never really minded, because the stories just got better with age! Poppy was also very kased, and he passed this trait down to all of us. One particular story that he loved to tell, was one of his grandson Matt who waddled over to Pop's house in his nappy, looking for an iceblock. Poppy gave him an iceblock, then teased him by asking if Matt had been a good little girl. Barely-talking Matt looked up at Poppy and simply called him "asshole". The story never failed to make Poppy giggle.

Pop was so much fun. He had some endearing Aussie-isms what we adored growing up, such as calling eggs googies and singing songs such as "Gday Gday and how ya goin?". Everywhere we went he would win hearts - and how could we forget the 2010 trip to Rapa Nui where he entranced a young Rapa Nui lady named Tia GuaGua who fed Poppy wedding cake and kissed him repeatedly on the cheek. I'm certain this little interaction added an extra 10 years to Poppy's life! He would often ask with a twinkle in his eye, whether we thought she liked him for his looks, or if she just thought he was rich.

Well, Tia GuaGua, Poppy was rich, in every way that really mattered. He had an adoring family, great friends, and a wonderful community. He took great joy from music, and he remained young at heart by not letting his age cloud his big ideas. One of those big ideas was to rob a bank! He rationalised that jail wouldn't be so bad at his age if he got caught! Three meals a day, no taxes, and too old to attract the fancy of the other inmates! So, Poppy and the late John Pearson had it all planned. Poppy would get the cash, and John would drive the getaway car. Poppy had a wonderfully dry sense of humour. When asked what he would request if he made it to 100 years of age, Poppy said he would request 100 lantana bushes be planted in his honour.

When Marley was born in 2007, Poppy became a great grandfather. He was so chuffed about this, and would thank Marley for making him great. Poppy is now great, six times over, and I know I speak for my sister and my cousins when I say that it was the greatest honour to have him be a part of our children's lives. Pop was like a living guardian angel for us all. For my entire life, he was the constant wind in my sail - never wavering or changing course, and I'm so grateful to be his granddaughter.

Poppy passed away at 2pm on Sunday, and on Sunday evening, there was a beautiful full moon. I was driving home in a bit of a daze when I saw the moon rise over the crest of our beautiful island, and it seemed to follow me wherever I turned, gently shining its light on me. And I realised that this is how I feel about Poppy. He was a man with a pure intention to

reflect light and warmth on others. And even when we weren't aware of it, he was always there, gently sharing his light on us, guiding us with love. And I know this guidance will continue, because a compassionate teacher like Poppy McCowan never truly leaves us.

Which brings me back to your memoirs Poppy. I know you never got your chance to write them, however I see us all standing here today, in your honour, and I see all of those who you have touched, taught and guided and I know that we are all your living memoir. We each carry a part of you, our Dad, Poppy, Mr McCowan, Ian - and your stories and your contribution to this island will be talked about for many years to come. We love you Poppy.



Vale **Peter John Connolly**

1940-2018

Eldest of 3 children, Peter Connolly was born 24/12/1940 in Greymouth, New Zealand to Maurice and Ella Connolly. His sister Gillian died in infancy but his brother Glen continues to reside in Wellington, New Zealand.

Pete passed away on 23/08/2018 in Prince of Wales Hospital Sydney of a heart attack brought on by renal failure. He is survived by his wife Pat, his 4 children Gillian, Michael, Lisa and Sashie and several grandchildren and great grandchildren. He was greatly loved and will be missed always.

Interment of ashes will occur at a date to be announced.

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