



Vale

Peter Julian Beaumont

A requiem mass in loving memory of Peter was held at Sacred Heart Parish Church in Diamond Creek on Friday 17th May. The following eulogy was read by Peter's son Simon:

Peter Julian Beaumont was born on the 26th of August 1945 at the Queen Victoria Hospital in Melbourne. For the first part of his life the family lived in St Arnaud, moving to Healesville when he was about 3 years old. Dad's parents were John Patrick, known as Jack and Ida Elena, known as Lena.

Peter was the youngest of four children; he joined Ellen, known as Maria, Angela, known as Dolores and Patrick known as John. Peter was known as Julian! (The names being turned about because they "sounded better that way" to their parents...why they were not just christened with the name that their parents actually preferred is a Beaumont mystery. How anyone knew what anyone's name was or what to call each other is beyond me!)

Dad was cheeky from the outset. He enjoyed hiding in cupboards and under tables, even if a game of hide and seek wasn't taking place. The call of "Where's Bubby?" was a common one in the Beaumont house.

Dad had a happy early childhood, quite often left to his own devices. He enjoyed attending St Bridget's primary school where he did well academically and excelled at sports. Although he apparently got into quite a bit of mischief he had an ally in Sister Luigi who adored him and his curls and bailed him out quite often.

Even in his formative years, dad was strong willed and did things his own way. His sister Dolores remembers their father telling dad "Just wait until you

get to Assumption, you won't know what hit you!" Dad replied "They won't know what hit them!"

Dad's secondary education was as a boarder at Assumption College in Kilmore, where he joined his brother John. Maria and Dolores were sent to a convent in St Arnaud to study. This meant the siblings were apart from each other for extended periods of time, a situation lamented by the siblings who all wished that they had more time together as children.

At Assumption College dad chose to be known as Peter, which caused some confusion when his mother travelled to the school to attend a game of football. Lena asked another student if he knew where Julian Beaumont might be as she wanted to feed him up before the game...dad was eventually found. It was much to Lena's chagrin that dad had told the school that he didn't want a "sissy" name like Julian.

Dad was an excellent footballer and played his first game in the first XVIII in year nine. For some time he held the record number of games played for the school. Dad also represented the Victorian Schoolboys football team and I can remember dad recounting the day that his opponent stomped on his foot so hard that he had to leave the field. When he returned dad placed one foot behind the cad, leaned back and karate chopped him to the throat. Needless to say, dad's opponent steered clear for the rest of the game. Sometimes dad would tell me that he kicked three goals that day, sometimes he told me that he kicked four, pretty sure he told me he kicked five once or twice, but never less than three! Dad only told me that story about 30,000 times but it was always fun to hear. Dad also loved playing handball, he was school champion, athletics and cricket.

Many of dad's school holidays were spent at Jack River, near Yarram in Gippsland. He would stay with his Grandmother Anna Maria, Auntie Kathleen and Uncle Kevin. Days were spent rabbiting, milking cows and helping out with life on the farm. Dad also had Uncles Leo and Bernard; Berny was dad's favourite because he was "so much fun", they shared the same sense of humour and way of regarding the world around them.

After matriculating, dad worked in the family business until he found employment at the States Saving Bank of Victoria. He met mum whilst he was working at the Croydon branch and they became engaged on mum's 21st birthday. Dad and mum spent their early years together working several jobs, determined to buy land and build their home before starting a family.

(continued overleaf)



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Peter Julian Beaumont - continued

First born, Bronwyn, arrived a year after the house was built.

For Bronwyn's first birthday mum thought a puppy would be a good idea...dad arrived home with a fully-grown Basset Hound called Sam whose sheer size terrified Bronwyn, it took 18 months before she would go anywhere near him. Sam was a loved member of the family and along with other dogs Taffy and Morgan, brought much light to dad's life.

Growing restless and wanting to be in charge of his own destiny, dad purchased the Aspendale newsagency. Work for him began at 4 am six days a week, sometimes for us kids too, doing paper rounds on bicycles and attending the kiosk at the train station quite often as well.

I can remember dad giving me the choice of helping him early on a Saturday morning or going with him to a North Melbourne football game that afternoon. I always chose the morning shift because I knew we would go to the footy anyway.

Rachel was born next followed by Simon and Gabrielle.

We all enjoyed a happy childhood and fondly remember Easter holidays when dad would take us to a beautiful property and sheep farm called "Connemara", owned by high school buddy Michael and his wife, Olga. These times were full of fun new experiences for us "city slickers". I know that dad just loved being in a rural setting once more.

In the mid 1980's dad decided it was time for another change. Dad and mum had honeymooned on Norfolk Island in 1969 and the idea of a simpler life in that beautiful place, helped their decision to move there permanently in 1986.

Being a father myself now, I can understand what an undertaking and risk that was. How grateful I am that he took that risk. Our lives would not be what they are if dad had not had the confidence in himself to do that.

Bronwyn and Rachel went to boarding school and Gabrielle and I settled with dad and mum on beautiful Norfolk Island. Dad took up ownership of "Milton's" a duty-free store selling watches, cosmetics, perfume, TV's, Akubra hats and maybe some shonky cigarette deals as well...

Dad loved the relaxing island life and made many friends. Dad especially loved to go fishing with Ian Kenny and he became an active member of the local Lions Club.

Dad and mum chose to continue their lives separately in the early 90's and dad purchased a house in Olinda in the Dandenong Ranges, which he set

about restoring and developed into a 5-star Bed and Breakfast.

Upon retiring dad moved to a unit in Ringwood before moving to Diamond Creek, to be closer to Rachel and her family. In the next few years dad's health needs increased and he decided to enter the Villa Maria Catholic Home in Bundoora where he lived for over two years. During his time at Villa Maria his health improved and he was a happy, well regarded member of the community. He became the resident "paper boy", frequent winner of chocolate bingo (though he always complained the chocolates were too small), social butterfly, and caring friend to many residents.

Dad was a great cook and enjoyed creating Italian food from scratch with skills learnt from his beloved mother, Lena. He enjoyed a glass or two of red wine on occasion...sometimes, and retained his cheeky demeanour to the end; flirting with his neighbours and nurses with his witty banter. Dad valued honesty, togetherness, and love. He valued his family and friends from school, the island, the church and his community. I know that Uncle John was especially proud of the way that dad kept contact with his children and because he did his children are a beacon of family togetherness.

Dad was loved by many people and he had a lot of love for the people in his life. He loved the natural world, his collection of National Geographic's ran into the many hundreds.

Dad's life was one of challenge given and challenge met. Dad was confident to take risks in order to provide a better life for his family. Dad ran his own race and made his own decisions...always. He always had the best interests of his family in his mind and for that I thank him. We will miss you dad.

Thank you

If I had one wish it would be that all the nations of the world could feel and pass on to their neighbours, the love and kindness that has been shown to our families. The world then, would become a perfect place.

Margaret Kiernan

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