

Nanny Fay's Eulogy

Hello, I am Fay's eldest granddaughter, Samantha- one of her 5 grandchildren Marcus, Stacey, Sarah and Michael.

Nanny was a very creative, generous and amiable person. We have all always been amazed and inspired by all of her creations- knitting, bears, ceramics, mosaics, bead knitting, gardening and pretty much anything you can create with your hands.

Her creativity and artistic flare will always stay with me. From all the craft lessons she taught us as children, receiving all the tools in a big 'craft box' she put together for me, to growing up and learning gardening fundamentals and now having a collection of plants that are finally surviving! My next mission is to maintain an orchid- her favourite flower (and one of the hard ones!).

Almost all of our childhood to mid teen holidays were spent either having sleep overs at Nanny's, doing crafts with her and having routine trips to the botanic gardens to our favourite rainforest section, or going to the Narooma coast house. Our favourite parts were hiking the beach to the cemetery, and stopping at the trading post in Mogo on our way, every time.

However, our family's all time favourite memory is the many Christmas's we spent at her house with everyone all together, and all of us kids staying in the spa for so many hours our whole bodies wrinkled.

Every memory us grandchildren have with her is wonderful, fun and adventurous. We always remember her as the Nan who never got cranky with us and was always spoiling us with activities, lessons, chocolates from Poppy's draw and love. Even when I lived with her 3 years ago she would never let me help her cook or clean up after dinner telling me that I had been working all day and shouldn't have to work when I got home! I wish that were true!

She taught us to be accepting and open to all, she was always kind, friendly and polite to everyone- even at the hospital when she was getting cranky with staff she still used 'please' and 'thank you' at all times, no matter how annoyed she was.

Nanny was full of knowledge and information. She was the most switched on elderly person I know. Talking with her was like talking with a friend.

We often called before visiting to make sure she would be home as she was always out seeing her many friends, helping out at the church or at one of her craft or community groups. When I was living with her there was a couple of nights where she went out with friends and I- the 22 year old stayed in!

Free is what she was, and is where she would want to be.

That doesn't always make it easier on us who are still here learning a life without her physical presence, but in the better moments, it definitely helps me to remember that, and I think she would want us all to find comfort in that thought.

If I have half the life and love around me that she had growing old I will be very happy.

My final thought is for any of those who might feel they didn't get to say goodbye.

I was so scared about not saying goodbye that every time I visited the hospital I always made sure I said a nice goodbye before I left, except for the last time I saw her i didn't, and I physically couldn't, I don't know why and I didn't know it would be the last time I saw her either. But I've always hated and been fearful of goodbyes of any sort, so i'm choosing to take that as a sign that its not goodbye, and she will still be with each of us for the rest of our journey and special moments that we wouldn't want her to miss.