In Loving Memory of
Owen Lambert Jones

12th May, 1942 to 12th March, 2014

Service at:
Purslowe North Perth Chapel
1.30pm, Thursday, 20th March, 2014

Service Arranger/Conductor: Cheryl Jordan
(Purslowe Funerals, North Perth)

Celebrant: Harvey Deegan
Family and friends good afternoon.

*A chapter completed, a page is turned,*
*A life well lived, a rest well earned.*

With those thoughts in mind we meet today to celebrate the life of Owen Jones and to recall moments of his life that will enable us to leave this chapel today with many happy memories.

We have gathered at a time of sadness but you are here to support each other and reflect the place Owen held in each of your lives and in your hearts.

My name is Harvey Deegan and I’m very privileged to be your celebrant for Owen’s Service. Our conductor is Cheryl Jordan from Purslowe Funerals here at North Perth.

On behalf of Owen’s family thank you all for your support and attendance at this time.

If you are here today it means Owen touched your lives in some way. Therefore you will all miss him in some way.

Special mention should be made of Owen’s Mum, Betty who is with us today.

There are of course those who for one reason or another cannot be here with us today but are very much with us in spirit and they would be thinking of us at this hour.
They include relatives in the UK, principally cousin Carol and her son Talwyn from Wales, Bob and Sue from Cornwall, England and Gillian and Michael from Heswell, England. Also Owen’s great friend from their F3 racing days, Gary Alcorn and his wife Araleen

Let’s start Owen’s Service with a reading chosen by the family. It’s *The Lord’s Prayer* and feel free to join in if you so wish.

**READING**

*Our Father who art in Heaven,*
*Hallowed be thy name;*
*Thy kingdom come*
*Thy will be done*
*On earth as it is in heaven.*
*Give us this day our daily bread;*
*And forgive us our trespasses*
*As we forgive those who trespass against us;*
*And lead us not into temptation,*
*But deliver us from evil. Amen*

I am very grateful to Owen’s brother Emlyn and his wife Kay and Owen’s sister Beryl with whom I sat down on Monday to discuss Owen’s Service. Many of you would better know Emlyn under his alias Ted.

His eulogy has been written by Emlyn and I’ll share that with you in a moment.

It’s a comprehensive review of Owen’s life and highlights the fact that it was a very tough life at times, particularly over the past ten years.

That aside Owen was a diverse man, generous and with a great sense of humour, particularly in his early days.

Owen was a lover of nature.
He fed the wild birds that came to his house and he was devoted to his cat Soxy.

Owen liked fishing and golf and he once held a private pilot’s licence.

He followed the fortunes of the Fremantle Dockers and he had been both a participant and a fan of motor racing.

Today we salute a life well led, we accept Owen’s passing and we cherish his memory.

Let’s now examine Owen’s life in detail as I deliver his eulogy penned by Emlyn

**EULOGY (Harvey to read)**

Owen was Born on the 12th of May, 1942 at East Fremantle.

*His Mum is Betty Jones and his Dad was Captain Owen Jones. He had sister Beryl (6yrs) to dote on him and brother Emlyn (2 yrs) to compete with.*

*He was the only Dinky Di Aussie in the family; the others all born overseas.*

*The family had arrived in Perth in January 1942 having been evacuated from Singapore just before the Japanese invasion.*

*The family spent time in Gooseberry Hill and later Mundaring.*

*In 1946 the family was repatriated to Wales and Owen with his brother and sister were able to experience one of the coldest winters on record in January and February 1947, their first experience of ice and snow, followed by an extensive (for Britain) balmy summer later that year during which they spent pleasant afternoons at the shingly beach of Pwllheli.*
within walking distance of their home and not far from the Butlin’s Holiday Camp on the same coast.

In Oct 1948 the family returned to Australia as ten pound poms sponsored by Mrs Alice Roberts to settle in Mundaring.

In 1955, now living in Mt Hawthorn, Owen started at Perth Modern School, having gained a scholarship whilst a pupil at North Perth Primary.

He achieved satisfactory Junior and Leaving Certificates and enrolled at the University of WA to complete a Bachelor of Agricultural Science Degree.

One of the highlights (if that is the right word) of that course as far as his brother and sister remember was one of his assignments in 1960, his freshman year, to prepare a cat’s skeleton, mounted and fully labelled in every detail.

This involved boiling the dead cat in the back verandah copper (which had not entirely finished its service in washing clothes) until the flesh could be easily picked off the bones.

His siblings still occasionally shudder when they recall that episode as the odour was one not to be forgotten especially as it lingered in the washhouse for several weeks after the assignment had been handed in.

As part of a summer holiday student internship he spent time at Humpty Doo in Darwin and enjoyed the experience.

On graduation he secured a job in pasture research at the CSIRO in Canberra and took up residence in Fyshwick later moving to Erskine St, Macquarie.
Through his teen age years he had developed an interest in Speedway and Motor Racing and in Canberra he took to the sport of motor racing seriously, purchasing a formula 3 open wheeler race car and racing it with only moderate success at locations such as Oran Park, Sandown and Lakeside.

In recent months he had taken some pride recalling some of those racing events and prepared a montage of a “stack” he had at Oran Park.

That is he crashed off the track, fortunately with little damage other than to his pride but it is interesting to read to you his comments on this six image montage.

On the first he has written “This doesn’t seem quite right! I’m pretty sure I should be facing the other way and on the black stuff.”

And on the last he concludes, “Now where was I before all this nonsense started?”

This final image shows him walking away from the car which is stranded in a bush.

Whilst in Canberra he was visited by his family on occasions and he regularly returned to the West at Christmas time – frequently with hair longer than his mother preferred to see and he was happy to allow her to shorten it.

He was always good at remembering birthdays and was renowned in the family for his choice of humorous cards appropriate to the occasion.

In Canberra he also gained his Private Pilot’s Licence and flew planes from the Canberra Aero Club of which he was a member.
Various family members all enjoyed seeing Canberra from the air although Emlyn (not a good flyer in light aircraft) politely declined a longer flight.

Also in Canberra he experienced a reasonably bad car crash on the roads and also a more serious crash on the track.

In later years he felt sure that these had contributed to the “head noise” (tinnitus) and other debilitating symptoms that plagued him.

In Canberra he was quite a keen punter not unlike his father.

He and others in a syndicate came up with a system that for a while was quite successful and they had a good return.

Confident that they had come up with a system to beat the bookies, Owen invited his mother and sister to make a small investment but alas their inclusion must have changed his luck because no dividend was delivered and the investment was abandoned.

In 1980 he left Canberra to return to the West and lived with his mother and sister in Dianella.

He worked in Emlyn’s cleaning business and later in his own.

He met and became an integral part of the friends Emlyn and Kay had made since their return to Perth from country WA in 1974.

Coincidentally many of the males in this group had been very keen members of YMCA Perth at the same time as Owen but their paths did not seem to have crossed.
The organization was very big and active then and whilst Owen could remember many of the leaders and trainers that mates like Ray, Keith, John and Trevor talked of, no-one could really recall having worked with Owen nor he with them.

He had left behind some very good friends in Canberra, where he was known as Ollie and kept in touch with them and on occasions was able to entertain them when they visited W.A.

He was saddened in 2010 by the death of Bill Parker a very close friend from his Canberra days and whilst not able to attend the funeral was pleased to receive a memento from Bill’s widow and displayed it prominently in his room.

When Emlyn moved into Trophy manufacturing Owen was very helpful in the busy times and in particular on a couple of occasions when injury and illness affected Emlyn’s mobility.

In 1981 he met and was smitten by Joan Carter. He moved to Lesmurdie to live with her and her children Gary and Tanya.

Here he joined in with a new circle of friends and enjoyed the company.

He worked with Joan in maintaining the house and garden, bushland at the front of the block, a tidy and interesting terrace at the side and back and on a lower level at the back room for vegetable growing.

Gary and Tanya were approaching their teens and whilst they still had regular contact with their father (Joan’s ex-husband) they got on well with Owen and he took a great interest in their welfare.
Tanya in particular has on many occasions remembered kindly the consideration that Owen showed.

Coincidentally Gary and Owen share the same birthday so maybe as late as last May they celebrated together with Joan.

In the early 1980s Owen saw an ad for the sale of individual mill houses at Quinninup about 30km south east of Manjimup.

Whittakers Timber Company had closed their mill at Quinninup and all the weatherboard and iron workers’ cottages were being sold for around $10 000.

He quickly moved to purchase one right on Wheatley Coast Road in the town.

Whilst in Canberra he had developed a passion for trout fishing and already had been making short trips to the area to pursue his hobby.

The Quinninup purchase gave him a base to further his hobby.

He was generous in inviting family and friends to either join him or make use of the cottage for “tree change” breaks and many a good time was shared around the roaring wood fire in the lounge room in the winter.

In 1999 and 2002 his nephew Peter and then his niece Denise each married and Owen related well to the new family members Robyn and Steve and Robyn’s father Hugh.

Often family group photos show Owen deep in conversation with extended family members. He became a proud and understanding great uncle to his four great nephews as they came along. That is as much as you can understand the modern generation.
He was quite cynical about politics and politicians in particular and would sometimes write to the Letters Editor to convey his thoughts.

One of his cleverest letters was in 1987 when the Trade Minister John Button was talking of building with Japanese cooperation a Multifunction Polis.

That is a city somewhere north of Adelaide that was billed as "a multifunctional facility which would incorporate future oriented high technology and leisure facilities and could promote international exchange in the Pacific Region on new industry and lifestyle”.

Owen’s letter said that he was confused about the MPs desire to create this multifunction POLISH and surmised what it might be useful for.

His suggested uses included shining the empty desks of Canberra civil servants and especially polishing the backsides of sitting MPs.

In January 2013 Owen, for old time’s sake, took Joan with him on a Qantas flight over Antarctica, a place he had always wanted to see.

It was a flight of more than 12 hours but one that he thoroughly enjoyed.

Beryl recalls well the look on his face when he returned from the flight and the enthusiastic descriptions he gave of what he had seen.

An experience not to be forgotten.

Unfortunately the last decade for Owen has not been the happiest.
Owen voluntarily spent some time in a couple of institutions to give him the psychiatric care he seemed to need but the family in general feel that the wishy-washy, poorly organized care with very few activities to even divert his thoughts from his problems and others similarly afflicted was never really going to be that much help.

He separated from Joan and came to Dianella to live with his mother and sister and made a pretty good fist of getting on with his life.

He joined Men of the Trees and spent many hours in their nursery in Hazelmere and joined with them on several excursions to plant trees in various locations.

In the last couple of years he has taken responsibility for the Children’s Forest area at Whiteman Park and has spent many hours tidying it up and clearing out the invasive species – Veldt grass in particular.

Good neighbours Ruth and Martin have always been supportive of the family and Owen often enjoyed chatting with Martin over whatever topic took their fancy.

He was a devoted son to his mother Betty and visited her regularly at her new residence St Michael’s in North Perth.

Either he or Beryl would join Mum in the dining room to have Sunday lunch.

Always a keen punter he was a regular at the Dianella TAB and the Bayley St Lottery Agency and will, we have been told, be sadly missed and not just for the money he contributed!

The last twelve months have been particularly difficult for him.
He had a couple of trips to hospital following falls where he badly cut his head.

Beryl was usually in the house and having heard the fall would go to him to find him conscious but disoriented and mostly refusing proper medical attention.

On at least one occasion in her presence his eyes suddenly glazed over and he fell despite her efforts to stop him.

He has been worried about loss of clear vision in his left eye and has been having tests to find out the cause.

The family feel these events are related and are pleased that the Coroner has retained some brain tissue for further tests. (The Coroner is involved because Owen’s was a sudden, unexpected death.)

We can imagine that when the autopsy report is finally delivered Owen will say, “There you are. I told you there was something wrong!” and we will be very pleased to understand more and agree with him.

He was in reality getting weaker and weaker and despite a desire to do many things was in fact achieving less and less.

He rang good mate Ray (the one with the boat) to discuss a planned crabbing expedition at Mandurah with Keith and Emlyn but when the day came he was not strong enough to attend.

Owen, really, you don’t need to be too disappointed at that! It was very hard work and we returned with only just over half of our quota of crabs and none of them of a size that you would boast about – although I hasten to add all thirteen of them were of legal size.
He missed a gathering of close friends on Feb 18th at Kay and Emlyn’s and much more significantly he was not well enough to attend his mother’s 104th birthday on December 29th last year.

Rest in Peace is sometimes a trite saying that we express rather casually with not a great deal of meaning.

In Owen’s case the family feels that this is a very sincere wish for Owen.

Could we all now join in expressing the wish “Rest in Peace, Owen”

[Mourners then chorused in unison “Rest in Peace, Owen”]

As mentioned Owen’s great friend Gary Alcorn can’t be here but he has provided a tribute that I would like to share with you now.

**GARY TRIBUTE**

We were very sad to learn of Owen’s passing.

Please accept and pass on our deepest sympathies to the family.

He was a great guy and a gentleman with a great sense of humour.

I was privileged to have been able to count him amongst my friends.

I have told a mate still in the motor racing circles in Sydney the news and he will pass it around to those that knew him back in the 70's when we were all dashing young racing drivers.

It is very sad and our thoughts are with you.
It’s now time to let the pictures tell the story as we take a look some visual memories of Owen.

You all must have some extra special individual memories of Owen and now is the opportunity to reflect on those precious moments, the meaningful times you spent together, the laughs you had and the support you gave him and that he gave you.

During this time of reflection you are invited to follow the immediate family in approaching the casket and leaving a floral tribute.

We have a basket of rosemary for that purpose.

(Would you all now please stand.)

In deference to Mum and other less mobile mourners this was not requested.

It’s a fact that there comes a time in everyone’s life when we must say goodbye to a loved one.

As we bid farewell to Owen the family would like me to deliver another very pertinent reading called Miss Me But Let Me Go by Edgar A Guest.

READING

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room.
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little–but not too long
And not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me–but let me go.

For this is a journey that we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.
Miss Me–But Let me Go!

We wish Owen peace and gentle rest.

That concludes Owen’s service and again on behalf of his family sincere thanks for your attendance, your love and your support at this time.

Would the pallbearers now come forward to take Owen’s casket outside to the hearse as it prepares to take Owen on his final journey?

You are invited to make your way through to the lounge where you can present your condolences to Owen’s family, enjoy some afternoon tea and please sign an attendance card if you haven’t already done so.

Thank you for caring and safe travels.