

Eulogy for
Barry Ronald Dudley
31st October 1936 – 12 November 2018
delivered by his oldest son, Steven Ronald Dudley

Good Morning Family and Friends, I stand before you today to say my final farewells to my dad, Barry Ronald Dudley.

Barry the only son of Philip Henry Dudley from Cunnamulla and Florence May Berger from Glen Innes, was born in Toowoomba on Saturday, 31 Oct 1936. During his early years Barry and the family lived in Water Street Toowoomba, until Philip or Pop to me enlisted in the Army during WW2. Flo or Nana then moved the young family to Brisbane, first living with family at South Brisbane and then Paddington before moving again to Cribb Island.

Barry had a relatively normal upbringing and did most of the things and got into most of the mischief that a young fella growing up in post war Brisbane normally got into.

In the early 1950's Barry commenced a Boiler Making Apprenticeship with Sergeants Engineering in Brisbane, Boiler making was to be his main employment for the remainder of his working life, in fact in the late 60's and early 70's, Barry was to form his own company with his long time mate Alf Murray called D & M Steel Fabrication in Geebung Brisbane.

During the mid 1950's Barry was to meet and marry the love of his life, Marilyn Annette Greller. The two married on 26 April 1956 in Brisbane and two sons, myself and my brother Michael, joined them, in 61 and 64.

And then in the late 50's early 60's Barry was to serve as a National Serviceman and he later served in the Citizen Military Force. 1719434 Private Dudley served as a driver with the 1st Battalion, The Royal Queensland Regiment and was based at the Kelvin Grove army depot in Brisbane. For his services in the Australian Army Barry was awarded the Australian Service Medal and the Anniversary of National Service 1951-1972 Medal.

In the late 1960's my Mum was diagnosed with Cancer and so started many years of treatment and time in hospital. This was an extremely difficult time for Baz as he tried to maintain the business, look after Marilyn and be both a mum and dad to us boys. My mum lost her battle with the dreaded illness on 22 Jul 1973. We were all devastated by this and so dad decided that he would move the family down to be closer to his mum in Stanthorpe.

Barry was to later marry again and he and his second wife Virginia had a son Shane, who has been a rock to me over the last few weeks. This was a difficult marriage and was short lived, however, Barry continued on and worked in North Queensland for a number of years on Island resorts in his second occupational love of gardening and grounds keeper. Dad later returned to boiler making for a short time after he moved back to Brisbane in the late 80's.

Barry lived for many years at Acacia Ridge, on the Southside of Brisbane before finally moving to Tenterfield around the turn of the century. Here he worked odd jobs to supplement the pension and he also spent a lot of his time in his number one passion of fishing. I remember many Sunday afternoons with dad at Acacia Ridge sitting having a beer or 20 and watching his beloved Brisbane Broncos smash their opposition.

Now it is no secret that Dad and I had a large disagreement about the time he moved to Tenterfield. We spoke every now and again; on birthdays or at Christmas and we saw each other at a family funeral, but not much more then that. Now we were both to blame for not making up, because like all the Dudley men, my son's included, we are very stubborn, but it is testament to my dad that when he got ill a few years ago, he decided that he needed to fix things and spoke to both my wife Sharan and I and apologised for what had happened so many years ago, he said to me that he just could not let it end like that. I spent many times over the years wishing that things were different, but alias, some things just need to run their course. I have always and will always love him in the way that only a son can love his dad, but I just wish that I could have found the strength to try and resolve it myself, everyone makes mistakes and so I confess that I was wrong and apologise for it here and now as I did again to dad just a few short weeks ago.

Some years ago, Sharan and I, travelled down from Toowoomba to visit with the old fella. Our girls Rebecca and Lauren came as well, and along with Rebecca's then fiancée Brett, we also introduced Dad to the newest addition to the family, Brett and Rebecca's daughter, Charlotte. It was great to see the oldest Dudley with the Youngest and I am happy that Charlotte got to meet her Great Grandpop. I was also happy to see that

despite the problems between Dad and me, there were still many old family photos of my wedding and the kids when they were younger, and also some memorabilia from my army days lovingly on display next to dad's medals on the mantle piece. It was plain to me that despite all that had happened; we were always in his thoughts, as he was in mine.

We have spent many hours chatting over the last several weeks and spent a happy but difficult week in Lismore 2 weeks ago. We spoke of the past, shared stories, laughed, cried and made our peace with each other. It was also a joy to him that my youngest son Nicholas came down with me 3 weeks ago to visit him, he told me last week that he was so proud to be able to have 3 generations of soldiers in the same room at the same time. And so, I can stand before you today and say that my early childhood is filled with memories of my dad, the love that he showed us, with lots of old-fashioned discipline, and the protection from all the bad things in life enabled me to become the man I am today. I remember all the times and the joy that we shared in the scouts together. Dad, despite the issues of my mum's illness and the stress of running his own business, took the time to join Michael and Me in the scouts when he became a scout master.

I hope to be able to speak with many of you over a beer or two later and maybe you can share your memories of my Dad with my family and me.

At the end when all your days have been lived and you are waiting to be judged the most that anyone can hope for is to be able to say, despite mistakes that we mere humans make, I have loved and have been loved, I have tried to leave this world a better place and I have tried my best. All a man can do is try his best. Dad thankyou, I have and will always love

you. To those of you who knew, helped and loved my dad, on behalf of my brothers and me, thank you so much. I also want to publicly acknowledge the amazing nursing staff at the Tenterfield hospital for the professional, honest, compassionate and loving care that you provided to dad and the family over the last weeks.

Barry, Bazza, Dad, Poppy, Grand poppy, Uncle Baz, Beaver, that mongrel who always caught more fish than me or by whatever name you knew him, is now at rest and I know that my mum Marilyn is once again by his side. Rest in Peace now old fella, may your rod always be bent and your line always taunt, keep the beer on ice, I'll come and have a beer or twenty with you when my days are done.

Thank you and finally may I say to my dad and a fellow warrior AVE ATQUE Vale.

