

Pamela Diana Farry

12 July 1940 - 18 March 2013

a tribute





This book is a tribute to the life & passing of Pamela Diana Farry.

Cherished wife and soulmate of John.

Deeply loved and inspirational mother of Emma, Joseph, Annabel, Claudia and Olivia.

Darling "Nana Pamma" to her precious grandchildren.

You filled our lives with light, grace and love.

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FOREWORD

The funeral of my beloved Pamela was held at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin on 23rd March 2013. The Requiem Mass was celebrated by her dear friend Fr. Mark Chamberlain with Bishop Colin Campbell and Fr. John Harrison in attendance.

It is difficult to know how many attended the service but the Cathedral seating was filled to capacity and a large number were standing at the rear and along the aisles.

The funeral was arranged by my family and while I was physically present my recollection of the proceedings is very hazy. In fact, when I look back I realise that I was only semi-conscious. The end of a lifetime love affair is a devastating experience. After the funeral my family whisked me away as I was physically incapable of personally thanking the hundreds of mourners, even though I greatly appreciated their presence.

In the weeks and months that followed I received countless observations from a wide range of people who attended Pamela's funeral. Some observed "You must be very proud of your family", and indeed I am. In spite of the intensity of their grief they were able to arrange a fitting farewell for their remarkable and inspirational mother. Others observed that the service was "an amazing experience" while some commented that the funeral "changed my life".

Over time I thought about all these comments and decided to obtain copies of all the eulogies which were delivered by friends and family. When I read them in the cold light of day I concluded that collectively they

painted a clear picture of the amazing woman who I was privileged to have as my wife and soulmate for forty-four years.

In consultation with my family we decided to compile a tribute to the woman who filled our lives, and the lives of many others, with radiant light, inspiring grace and boundless love.

From the family archives we selected a collection of photographs which trace Pamela's life from childhood to maturity. Together with the eulogies and the obituary they provide an enduring record of a woman who was loved so deeply by so many people across a wide spectrum of the community.

Pamela had a deep, gentle faith and, in later years when the family had left home, she loved to attend daily mass. Her primary focus was always on the family but she was endowed with a generosity of spirit that lead her to seek out anyone in need of compassion and support. Over the years many and varied were the recipients of her kindness.

Our children and grandchildren mourn the loss of the family matriarch. I guess they will forevermore but I am consoled by the fact that every day I see Pamela's unconditional love and quiet humility reflected in each one of them. She saw all our children happily married and with children of their own. I know that she felt that she had fulfilled her destiny.

Recently one of my daughters gave me a book by the celebrated writer and philosopher C. S. Lewis. The book is entitled "A Grief Observed" and was written by Lewis after the untimely death of his wife.

Quotes from the book express my feelings far more eloquently than I ever could:

“What was she not to me? She was my daughter and my mother, my pupil and my teacher, my subject and my sovereign; and always, holding all these in solution, my trusty comrade, friend, shipmate, fellow-soldier and my mistress.”

“One flesh. Or, if you prefer, one ship. The starboard engine has gone. I the port engine, must chug along somehow till we make harbour. Or rather, till the journey ends.”

This tribute is dedicated with love and gratitude to our grandchildren.

May Pamela's light, grace, and love forever shine upon them and upon future generations.

John

30 June 2015

Otago Daily Times: Saturday 27th April 2013

Obituary: Known for elegance and generosity of spirit

Pamela Diana Farry - Model and Mother

Pamela Farry was a pioneering Dunedin model who achieved international success in the industry. She later became a matriarch of the Dunedin modelling and fashion scene, inspiring generations of aspiring models. However, she also used her talents to benefit many others, from the poor and needy to prison inmates and cancer patients.

Mrs Farry, who died in March aged 72, was the second daughter of the late Eric and Jessie Duff of Dunedin, and sister of Dian Shirley, Jennifer Paddy, Eric Duff and the late Lois Brown.

“We had a very happy childhood. The house was always full of our pets and we all had our ponies,” Mrs Shirley recalled.

“I remember Pam being kind and gentle and very, very beautiful as a young girl. She was breathtakingly beautiful when she was dressed up to go out in her teenage years, but she was always totally unaffected by the picture she made. She always was a lovely, lovely, person.”

Mrs Farry was educated at Arthur Street School and Otago Girls' High School, before starting work in the DIC department store where she was persuaded to take up catwalk modelling in the in-store

fashion parades. After attending the Barbie Worthington School of Modelling, she was contracted to model for the DIC, which presented three or four parades daily on a catwalk constructed high above the counters.

Mrs Farry quickly became well known in Dunedin society for her grace and style.

“My contemporaries had great admiration for Pam in the late 1950s when she tripped the catwalk, modelling the latest fashions at the DIC. We never missed a parade and all of us thought she was the most glamorous creature on two legs,” journalist Lois Galer said.

“She was one of the icons of Dunedin we all aspired to be.”

Mrs Farry moved to Sydney when was 17 to train at the Pat Woodley Agency and embark on a professional modelling career in Australia for 10 years.

During a visit home to see her family in 1967, she met Dunedin lawyer John Farry and the couple married at St Joseph’s Cathedral two years later.

“We first met as teenagers, but were on different career paths. Over the years we maintained a casual friendship, but when she was visiting her family in 1967 we began seeing each other. I soon realised what a precious treasure she was and we were fortunate in having a lifetime love affair,” Mr Farry said. Mrs Farry had a lifelong interest in fashion and assisted her sister-in-law, Margaret Farry-Williams,

at Vanity Walk Modelling over many years.

She supervised the photographic classes and assessed more than 100 modelling diploma candidates at the end of each year. She was also convener of judges for the Miss Otago beauty contest for many years.

“She brought the very best out in the young women by immediately engaging with them. At the same time she had an astute eye, was objective and always extremely fair,” ODT fashion writer Jude Hathaway said.

“She showed how a different tilt of the chin, the shoulder or the hip could make all the difference. She also knew the importance of encouraging the models so as to get the best from them.” Mrs Farry held a popular talk, “Fashion on a Budget”, at the Dunedin Public Library and other locations in the 1990s and early 2000s.

“She would bring a whole wardrobe of clothes with her that she had picked up at the op shops and proceed to put together stunning outfits that she would dress a model in. Her audiences always left the talks inspired by them,” Mrs Hathaway said.

“With Pam’s death, a light has gone out in the fashion world in the South.”

Mrs Farry was still modelling in her 60s, appearing in the iD Dunedin Fashion Show and New Zealand

Fashion Week in Auckland.

She also taught Dunedin Women's Prison inmates about make-up, hairstyling and clothes, took remedial reading classes for adults, cooked weekly meals for a halfway house, read to the sick, supported at-risk youth and was recently awarded a badge commemorating 21 years of service to Look Good-Feel Better, which encourages cancer patients to boost their self-esteem by looking their best.

"Pamela was such a lovely, capable, delicious lady and the clients loved working with her, as did the whole team," Look Good-Feel Better facilitator Anne Sheehan said. "And she was always so very elegant."

Mrs Farry helped launch a campaign in 1982 to save the historic Dunedin Municipal Chambers, which the Dunedin City Council was considering demolishing. "We set up a petition to save it and spent most lunchtimes and Friday nights gathering signatures at the Golden Centre Mall entrance," Mrs Galer recalled.

"Within a few weeks the petition had gathered more than 5000 signatures. The rest is history."

Mrs Farry was widely travelled, and visited many parts of the world with her husband and family. She was a devout Catholic and helped University of Otago chaplain Fr Mark Chamberlain with his communion ministry at Dunedin Hospital. "She loved her job so much that she was loath to give it

up, even when she was receiving chemotherapy herself,” Fr Chamberlain said. “That was just her. She was able to give people a better sense of their own dignity and make them feel better about themselves. She had a beautiful, heartfelt presence. She didn’t seem to be able to be negative and she saw the best in everything and everyone.”

Mrs Farry gave much to many, but her greatest love was for her family, her eldest daughter, Emma, said.

“While Mum was involved in many activities, both professional and charitable, her primary focus was always her family. She was a wise and remarkable woman and an inspirational mother and grandmother.”

Mrs Farry is survived by her husband, John, children, Emma, Joseph, Annabel, Claudia and Olivia, and nine grandchildren.

Nigel Benson
Staff Reporter

*"In every adult there dwells a child that was,
and in every child there lies an adult that will be."*

The Book of Lost Things - John Connolly

















*"You don't choose your family,
They are God's gift to you as you are to them."*

Desmond Tutu









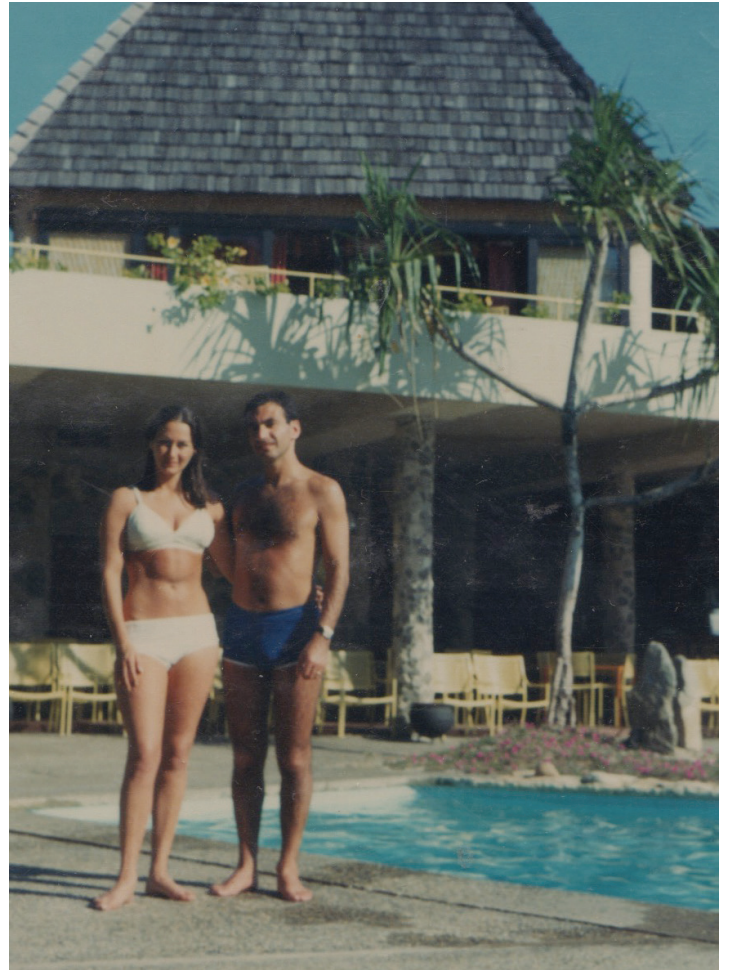


“Once upon a time there was a boy who loved a girl and her laughter was a question he wanted to spend his life answering.”

Nicole Krauss: The History of Love



















An excerpt from a letter written by Pamela's sister Jennifer

March 2008

My beautiful beloved sister,

What can I say to you?

You amaze me with your everlasting goodness.

That is what it is - quite simple but given to very few – innate goodness of the soul.

My heart flies upwards when I am with you – never with anyone else – quite a fantastic feeling.

Thank you for that feeling and all else you and John have given me over the years.

May God bless you and bestow all blessings on you.

Your Jen.



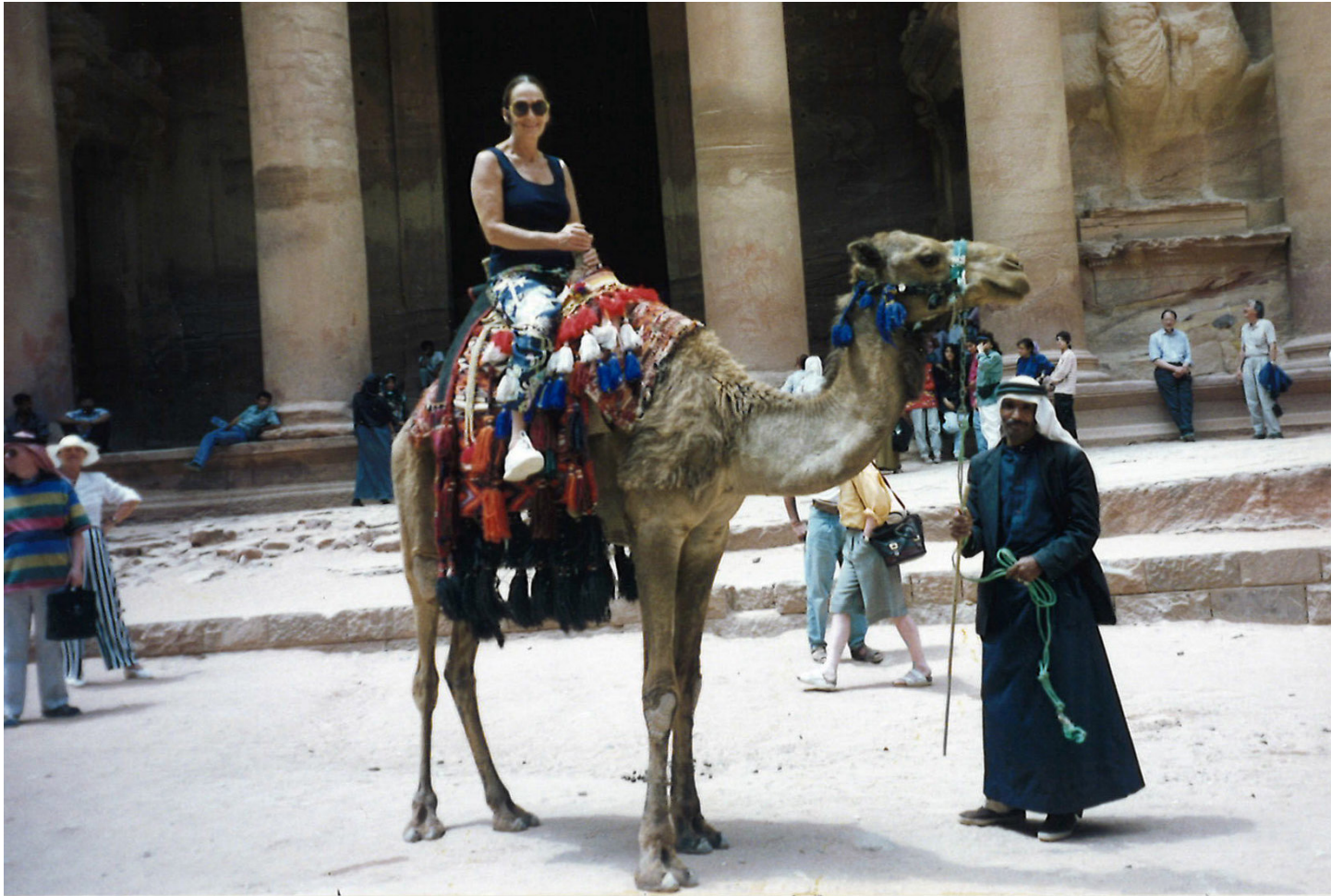
























*"I've learned that people will forget what you said,
people will forget what you did, but people will never
forget the way you made them feel."*

Dr Maya Angelou







*"A woman's heart should be so hidden in God,
that a man has to seek Him just to find her."*

Dr Maya Angelou



"To love another person is to see the face of God"

Victor Hugo, Les Miserables'



*"Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself.
Love possesses not nor would it be possessed;
For love is sufficient unto love.*

*When you love you should not say, 'God is in my heart,'
but rather, 'I am in the heart of God'."*

The Prophet: Kahlil Gibran

Pamela's Legacy



*"You are the bows from which your children
as living arrows are sent forth.
The Archer sees the mark upon the path of infinite, and He
bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far.
Let your bending in the Archer's hand be for gladness;
For even as He loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also
the bow that is stable."*

The Prophet: Kahlil Gibran



*“Let them look to the past, but let them
also look to the future. Let them look to the
land of their ancestors, but let them also
look to the land of their children.”*

Wilfrid Laurier







"Let no one ever come to you without leaving better and happier. Be the living expression of God's kindness: kindness in your face, kindness in your smile."

Mother Teresa

THE FAREWELL

Rev. Fr. Mark Chamerlain

None of us want to be here today, in these sad circumstances. Yet our love for Pamela gathers us here in this Cathedral where, all those years ago, John and Pamela vowed their love for each other.

You see, a strikingly beautiful and generous woman, and her battle with that insidious disease of cancer, does gather us. In the early hours of last Monday morning, at Annabel and Moss's home, Pamela with the love of her life beside her and surrounded by her children, gracefully and true to form in her own beautiful and dignified way lost her battle with cancer.

John, you and Pamela vowed to love each other, and to love in sickness and in health. Your love for each other is incredible and inspirational. We all say to you, yes you both have lived this truthfully and fully, loving in sickness and in health. Your love for each other remains at the core of your lives. An amazing love, hardly spoken of but felt by all of us who know you both. You can see and feel it. Yes, we can't comprehend your pain now but our prayers for you are beneath your pain. Pamela's love remains.

It was Joe just the other morning who said that you both broke the "co-dependency" mode. I mean you both made "co-dependency" look really good! Pamela and you, John, are people of the heart. You live by your hearts, and you have helped your children to do the same. We all have listened to

their heartfelt tributes this morning. Remember, John, our morning prayers before the chemotherapy- Pamela making sure you were all right. She was forever positive and grateful for the smallest of gestures- appreciative of those promises of prayers, and with your love able to face what those Monday mornings would involve. Pamela lived from her heart.

Claudia and James gifted Pamela with a baptism celebration. I can still see her beaming smile when I shared with her what Joe had just shared with me after that Sunday Mass in Palmerston. "At the baptism could you just be there while Claudine and I say something to each other?" "You mean you are getting married Joe?" Pamela just laughed and beamed with love. Remember, too, on that hot day how she glowed just being with all those she loved the most. It was such a great decision Joe! You see, her children and grandchildren meant the world to her. The day of your wedding made her glow. A day of days.

Pamela believed in Jesus. She responded to Jesus in her heart. Nothing was ever a trouble when she was serving or helping others. Because behind the glow of her presence was her heartfelt experience of Jesus.

I remember how still she was when she had just received Jesus in communion. She knew how much this meant to her and so she relished serving communion to patients at Dunedin hospital, most of whom who were in better health than she was. But with grace and attention she ministered. Her life and her dying inspire me.

Our faith is faith in a Risen Jesus. We will celebrate Easter next week. We know that her dying isn't

the final work. Cancer does not have the last say in the life of this graceful woman. NO WAY! But now Pamela-as she merged with you, John-merges into eternal life. She will be there to welcome you all when that day comes.

As we thank God for this beautiful woman, let us pray the prayer that for some two thousand years we have prayed around the bodies of those we love as we entrust them into this larger horizon and mystery.

Eternal Rest grant unto Pamela, O Lord...

EMMA

Oh Mumma,
Shine your light as you do,
Despite the clouds.

Even the darkest ones
Are no match for your dazzles.

A life of service you have given
And inspiration, wisdom and beauty.
You lived it all
And you gave it all
And you never wasted a second.

So many benefit from your legacy, precious
Mumma.
SO many are better than they were
Because you shone your light on them,
If only for a moment.

How lucky I am to call you Mumma.

From the day I was born
I have been dazzled by that face,
By that light,
By that unending kindness.

I battle to find meaning in your death,
Shining Mother,
But this a great mystery
And not for us to know just yet.

But you know,
And you prepared us,
Leading us graciously
Through every stage,
Through every pain
And unacceptable piece of news,
Through the unfair suffering
And the last peaceful moments,
Through all the anger
And the tears.

Shine on us always wise lady.
Let the dazzle of your sun
Illuminate our shadows
So that we can love them too,
Just as you do.

Forgive us for expecting so much of you,
And for receiving so much that we sometimes
wore you out.

Pardon my tears.
I am happy that you are going home,
But I will miss my best friend, my confidant,
my first love.

I know you are with me always,
Shining in the happiest part of my heart,
And I will visit you there
And feel the rays of your love
Inside.

Go well, my Mumma
Into the reward that awaits,
And know that I will be so deeply happy
When I see your beautiful face again.
I love you.

JOSEPH

Last August I'd planned to take Neko for a few days skiing in Queenstown. But it turned out Claudine couldn't come to Dunedin with us and Dad had a lot of meetings during the week we were down from Auckland. So it seemed like the trip wasn't going to work out.

But Mum wouldn't hear of cancelling the skiing. She insisted that she was going to come along to help me out.

In retrospect, her energy was already a bit depleted at the time. For months she'd seemed slightly frail, but in a way that wasn't easy to notice because she was still just as focussed as she'd always been on making things easier for everyone.

Anyway, so we set off together, just the three of us. And it turned out to be a really special time. I feel very lucky now to have had those days with her. She told us hilarious stories about her childhood that I'd never heard before. We had spas together and walks to the park. And we skimped on everything. We skimped hard. Because when it was just me and Mum together, and there were no big spenders around to make us ashamed of ourselves, we pursued an ideal of old school Victorian frugality with a sort of religious mania.

Well, mum ended up spending two whole days as my support crew in the crowded, stuffy café up the Remarkables. I kept telling her it was crazy-that she should just go and let me and Neko get the

bus back down at the end of the day. But she knew if she left us I wouldn't be able to have a few runs up the chairlift by myself. She knew how much I was looking forward to that. So she kept telling me to stop worrying: "Don't be so silly. I'm having a lovely time..."

I knew that couldn't be true in any straightforward sense-the atmosphere in that café was stifling and oppressive. But the snow was perfect at the top of the mountain. I'd been looking forward to skiing for months. "Mum really doesn't mind," I kept telling myself. "She actually does seem genuinely happy," I thought as I put my gloves back on and headed for the door.

I'm sticking to my story that in some way that I don't think many of us could properly understand Mum really did have a lovely time that day. She watched Neko practice her turns from the balcony, she read her magazines and ate the sausage sandwiches and the Gingernuts we'd bought up; and she didn't stop smiling. For six hours.

It's not so easy to resist sometimes taking advantage of a love that selfless.

On the second day when we came in for lunch mum was chatting away to a girl a few years older than Neko whose parents had left her alone in the café while they were up skiing. Mum and this kid had become tight-they were café refugee buddies. You could tell the girl was a bit anxious that Mum was gearing up to go with us and leave her alone again. And I remember watching how Mum was handling the situation-how she was reassuring the wee girl with little cues of welcome and warmth-and just being overwhelmed for a moment by a feeling that if I tried hard I just couldn't imagine a more

precious person.

We were guilty sometimes of not taking Mum seriously enough when she spoke to us. She just didn't have room in her brain to keep an orderly log of all the factoids of politics and war and the state of the economy that most of us make small talk out of. All the circuits in her brain were constantly taken up with processing enormous amounts of information from her immediate emotional environment.

It takes a very fine sort of intelligence to be really kind in this world. It takes an intricate attunement to other peoples' hurts. And that can only come from a sustained practice of imagining yourself in another person's very particular circumstances. It requires a lifetime of paying attention to people in a way that's quite rare. You need a lightening brain. You need a supple imagination and a story-telling heart.

Most of us fight a constant losing battle against our ego's demand for acknowledgement and esteem. Our mumma was a total master at consoling all the insistent naggings of the ego. The sort of humility she was committed to requires courage and fortitude. And in large quantities. It's far from easy to quiet the ego enough so you can find the space in which to be genuinely kind. It doesn't come naturally to anyone. It takes lifelong practice. You have to ignore the cynics and insist on interpreting others' words and actions in a charitable light, no matter how challenging. You have to anticipate the resentment that rises up from your belly when you feel slighted, and make it dissipate before it poisons your heart. It takes a deeply rooted faith. It takes a daily re-affirmation of the belief that love's the only thing that ever really makes anything better. Kindness is a sort of discipline of thinking and

speaking and feeling. And Mum was the most disciplined person I've ever met.

There were times I made my own demands on Mum's discipline of kindness-times when I forced her to work hard to see behind my irritability and my sarcasm to the hurting in my body. Not once in my life did she ever answer my thoughtless words with words calculated to hurt me back. Not a single time. She loved me even as I was being hurtful to her. That's one of the very, very few miracles I've witnessed in my life. Thinking about a miracle like that makes you want to try to love people better.

Mum always came into a room with antennae quivering to pick up any signal of hurt or confusion or vulnerability. Even if someone was just showing signs of being a little bit hungry, she couldn't ignore it. She was always ready to put herself and her own concerns on hold if there was anything she could do to ease anybody's hurt or discomfort. And because she always saw something she could do, she really didn't get around to herself very much at all. And, ironically in an age that's obsessed with the constant care and pampering of the self, that's just why we all love her so, so painfully much.

I miss you my mumma. Everything in the world is different forever without you.

ANNABEL

My mother loved life and she loved Dad with all her heart. She was very matter of fact and practical in her love. She made Dad's life a joy to live by raising five healthy, happy children and creating a beautiful tranquil home.

Watching Mum and Dad be brave for each other over the last few weeks has taught me many lessons about love. Dad did not grab and grasp, he didn't lash out in anger, he walked strongly beside his beloved with compassion and wisdom. Thank you Dad for all the love you gave Mum. She was buoyed by your love right to the end. I saw her being able to be brave because of you. Just as you gave her security in life to be all she could be, so you gave her strength to let go when she needed to leave you to make the great journey into death. It was a privilege and an honour to witness your selfless love. We love you.

My mother was brave. I knew she was brave when she gently handled the big black spiders that congregated under the lid of our spa pool. But I only found out the depth of her bravery over the last few weeks when she faced death with as much grace and dignity as she lived life.

Mumma, watching you walk from this life will take me years to process. You carried your pain and fear in such a way that it was barely visible to us. I watched you detach masterfully-no one really noticed, everyone felt loved right to the last-but you were gently letting go of this world before our eyes. My home glowed with the warmth of your presence. Everyone who entered felt the mystery unfolding for

us. I felt as though my whole life had been in preparation for this opportunity. Everything made sense for a brief time and I never wanted it to end.

But it has ended now. A new phase has begun. You are no longer physically present, but what remains is a profound mystery to unravel, a parable to keep telling. The life you lived and the death you accomplished will become a kind of legend and I'm proud that I have this incredible journey you made to refer back to as I journey on.

CLAUDIA

After my son, Luca, was born Mum came to stay with us. It hadn't been the easiest pregnancy and I was a bit of a mess so we were lucky enough to have her for a whole month.

I was lying in bed last night pondering how I could possibly pay tribute to my blessed mother in two minutes and it occurred to me that the month she spent with us was like a microcosm of her life -filled to overflowing with wisdom, grace, laughter and intelligence.

She came into our home and embraced the chaos of my first-time mothering. She stood beside me and watched as I blundered and cried and tied myself up in knots about feeding, sleeping and car seats. Never once did she tell me how she would do it or how it should be done. She stood back and let me find my way without criticism or judgment. She stood back not because she didn't have the answers but because in her infinite wisdom she knew how important it was for me to find the answers for myself-for me to learn to trust my instincts as a mother. In retrospect, her insight was dazzling.

For a time I felt self-congratulatory about my ability to mother. "I'm a natural", I thought to myself. I soon realised that all I know I learned from her. Every tone of voice, every praise, every encouragement. She taught me when to step in and when to trust. Looking back, I'm amazed by the subtlety and intelligence of her mothering of me while I learned to mother Luca.

That month she spent with us was one of the happiest of both James' and my life. When Luca was

asleep during the day, and all was quiet, Mum would sit in the blazing sun reading Dostoevsky's, "The Brother's Karamazov" - one of her favourite books. She would switch between that and the Australian Women's Weekly, which she loved just as much. She would pour over each issue for hours reading out bits and pieces she thought might interest us. I will never forget the sight of her beautiful body diving into our pool and her lazy and elegant backstroke.

It seemed to us that she had found her nirvana at our little hideaway in Titirangi. We now realise that one of her many gifts was her ability to adapt to and embrace any environment.

At night we would sit around watching reality T.V and making fun of each-other. No matter how foul mouthed or irreverent James and I became she was always along for the ride. She was impossible to shock. James would say the most outrageous and offensive things to her and she would howl with laughter.

This blessed time inevitably came to an end and the night before she left we opened a bottle of champagne and talked about her adventures modelling in Sydney. James begged her to stay, "Things are better when you're here Pamela," he said. But we knew our time was up. There were so many others who needed her magic and we had had our share.

And so it is now. She has left us and her magic is no longer so tangible. But I asked her the night before she died if she would always watch over us and she giggled and replied: "From 9 to 5 and from 5 to 9". What more could we ask?

OLIVIA

When I was seven Mum and Dad took us on a family trip to Italy.

You can see the photo of Mum and Dad in the Venetian gondola in the slide show. What you can't see is that us 5 kids were crouched up on the other side of the boat cramping their romantic interlude.

The Venice canals were awash with raw sewage. I remember watching, fascinated, as all sorts of nasty stuff floated by. I remember turning to Mum, excited to share my discoveries with her.

"Look at this Mum" I said, pointing. "Mum, what's that?"

She looked down for a moment and then looked me right in the eye. She smiled at me in that enigmatic way and she said: "Look up my darling, look up!"

I took her advice and looked up, and what I saw was a visual symphony of ancient architecture, of window boxes filled with bright flowers of every colour and people living in the most magical way.

That simple advice has become the cornerstone of my life. Whatever comes my way I try to live up to that challenge and to look up-to see only the best in everyone and everything.

"Look up my darling, look up!"

Thank you dear Mum for all your wonderful, loving advice and wisdom.

READ BY SACHA PADDY

On the Death of the Beloved
by John O'Donohue

Though we need to weep your loss,
You dwell in that safe place in our hearts,
Where no storm or night or pain can reach
you.

Your love was like the dawn
Brightening over our lives
Awakening beneath the dark
A further adventure of colour.

The sound of your voice
Found for us
A new music
That brightened everything.

Whatever you enfolded in your gaze
Quickened in the joy of its being;

You placed smiles like flowers
On the altar of the heart.
Your mind always sparkled
With wonder at things.

Though your days here were brief,
Your spirit was live, awake, complete.

We look towards each other no longer
From the old distance of our names;
Now you dwell inside the rhythm of breath,
As close to us as we are to ourselves.

Though we cannot see you with outward
eyes,
We know our soul's gaze is upon your face,
Smiling back at us from within everything
To which we bring our best refinement.

Let us not look for you only in memory,

Where we would grow lonely without you.
You would want us to find you in presence,
Beside us when beauty brightens,
When kindness glows
And music echoes eternal tones.
When orchids brighten the earth,
Darkest winter has turned to spring;
May this dark grief flower with hope
In every heart that loves you.

May you continue to inspire us:
To enter each day with a generous heart.
To serve the call of courage and love
Until we see your beautiful face again
In that land where there is no more separation,
Where all tears will be wiped from our mind,
And where we will never lose you again.

TO PAMELA WITH LOVE FROM HER NIECE REBEKAH

I am speaking on behalf of my mother Jenny, Pamela's youngest sister who lives in London and cannot be here due to ill health. I am also representing my sisters Sacha, Saffron and Tiffany and my brothers Joshua, Luke and Nathan, our children and our father Dean.

When I was 16 our family moved quite suddenly from England back to New Zealand. It was an unsettled time and early on we were sent to Dunedin for a few months. This started my real relationship with Aunty Pam. It proved to be the beginning of one of the most fundamental relationships in my life.

I am not sure how it came to be but knowing Pamela it was her who put her hand up to have seven confused and frightened kids for this time. Suddenly her home was our home. We were just added to her already busy world as mother to five. Her smile and warm hugs were so reassuring at this time-her and John went out of their way to make us feel included, give us fun memories out at beautiful Karitane, and most of all to love us unconditionally.

Loving unconditionally was what Pamela did best. I never once heard her judge anyone, and at times, when I questioned the motives of those around me, Pamela was the first to encourage me to gently accept and remember that we are all doing our best-even if it comes in a different package from what I am expecting. Those lessons (as well as the practical lessons I got on what was the best lipstick colour for me, the perfect way to make home-made chips or Lebanese roast) have lasted me well until now and I am sure will last a lifetime.

I remember how every night at 5pm Pamela would screech up the driveway from wherever she had been making others feel good for the day, she would grab her white robe-actually it wasn't white it was sort of grey from years of stains-she would pop it on over whichever beautiful stylish outfit she had worn that day and she would start the evening meal. I have spent so many evenings watching her doing this-sometimes she would ask us to help (one time I used dishwashing powder to salt the chips) but usually she worked alone, always listening and giving sage advice at the same time. Then as 6pm approached and John came home from work the table would transform. People seemed to arrive and each one was greeted with a shining smile and a "I hope you are staying for tea". And like clockwork every night she would produce the most miraculous meal. She would whip off her robe and sit down calmly as though she had just opened a can of beans. I don't know how she did it - there was always enough and it was always perfect.

Pamela has been my inspiration - not only as a mother, friend, sister and cook, but her love for John and their love for each other has I am sure inspired many here today. This is how it should be, isn't it? What a legacy to leave for us-the desire to be with one person for a lifetime and to be happy with everything and everyone just as they are.

Over the last few days before she died I had the immense privilege of being with Pamela, John and my cousins. Watching them care for her and love her was such an awesome spectacle-they are wonderful people, all of them. But they are because she made them that, she accepted and nurtured them to be the best they could ever be and each of them holding that knowledge and giving back was just how it should be.

Thank you for loving us Pamela. Thank you for always loving our special mother - for making her laugh and showing her such joy. All of us have such wonderful memories of you and her holding hands and giggling with sheer delight. She will miss you so much. We all will.

LYN FARRY

What a wonderful tribute to Pamela to see this Church full of relations, friends, and acquaintances who have gathered together to pay their respects to a truly remarkable woman.

When John asked me to reminisce briefly on my life with Pamela I felt overwhelmed - but then I thought to myself that it was a privilege to be asked and had come to the realisation that this is truly a celebration not a time to be morbid but a time to be truly thankful for a life so fully lived.

Pamela and I have known each other for some 45 years and that is a very long time. Our lives have been intertwined all of that time through family and common interests.

I first met Pamela in Queenstown with John when Malcolm and I were attending a dental conference and this was the first time that we knew that John had a new lady in his life.

After that first meeting, I thought how much Pamela and John were suited and what a handsome couple they made. The dashing bachelor and the beautiful, sexy lady.

Over time we were to spend more time together as you do when you are young and fancy free. On a later trip with John and Pamela up north Malcolm and I were struck by how Pamela was always upbeat and cheerful, seeing the best in everything and saying that nothing was a bother. Malcolm and I thought no one could be that nice - and we dubbed her 'Pollyanna'... However time would tell

that she was indeed Pollyanna - always upbeat, cheerful, loving life and people. Always enthusiastic and prepared to give things a go.

Time passed and it was obvious that for John, Pamela was the one. By this time Malcolm and I, and also Saba and Marie LaHood were talking about making long term plans, so very soon the three close friends, John, Malcolm and Saba had signed off their freedom to three feisty, independent women.

Soon after marriage the children started to arrive: first Yasmin, then Melissa and then Emma. This was the beginning of the new generation and the beginning of our families going forward in parallel.

Pamela accepted her new role as a mother, wife and daughter-in-law with great enthusiasm and energy, and was to become a fabulous exponent of Lebanese inspired food. She was absolutely determined to not just learn this new culture, but to excel in it and she certainly did.

As new mothers Marie, Pamela and I spent a great deal of time together and would make the time to get together once a week to show off our babies, each one of us trying to outdo the other in making our baby daughters look like something out of vogue. This was a very happy time for us and secured a bond of love and respect for each other that has been life lasting.

As time moved on Pamela and I saw each other generally through our children as we got together for birthdays, communions and other child centered occasions. Our children became best friends and I'm pleased to say, still are today.

Pamela was always the ultimate multi-tasker-most of the time successfully but sometimes not so. It was not unheard of to learn that Pamela was down at accident and emergency getting a cooking burn seen to or a couple of stitches in her hand because she was cooking or cleaning with a baby under her arm, a pot in her hand and a child at her feet. Countless are the number of scars she has on her arms and hands. Always rushing. Always rushing!

While she and I didn't live in each other's pockets, we met for walks, for coffee, we spoke very often on the phone and were there for one another. Ours was a special relationship and one we could pick up anywhere at any time. Pamela was always very generous with her time and never missed an opportunity to pass a comment that would make you feel great or to acknowledge any achievements. We shared many confidences about all sorts of things and regularly met for a lunch after she had been to the mid day Chapel. We would sit and enjoy each other's company for a couple of hours, talk about family, share photos-she always had more photos than me because John takes more photos than Lord Snowdon-and we talked about books we were reading and movies we had seen. Occasionally we would share a few tid bits about various little things we had heard about this one and that one.

While Pamela didn't have many faults, she did have the annoying habit of starting to tell a story in the middle and that would leave me trying valiantly to guess what and who she was taking about. "Do you mean so and so?" "No-you know who I mean-they lived at such and such and ran that business in George Street?" "No, sorry-I don't know who you mean." "But you must!"

Pamela knew so many people that I couldn't keep up with her. Of course she had been born and brought up in Dunedin and as a consequence she was very well known. Everyone had heard of Pam Duff!

The first thing that Malcolm would say to me after I had lunched with Pamela was – well what's the gossip? I would say indignantly - we don't gossip we just share ideas. Ours was not gossip it was intelligent discussion. Occasionally, I must admit, at someone else's expense.

Pamela never touched a computer nor did she own a cell phone. She didn't Facebook or Twitter. But she was every inch the modern woman. Her style, her taste in clothes, her creativity in her home was second to none. No matter how she was feeling, she was always the epitome of elegance and class. She was kind and considerate to many and had a lifetime of helping many many people in need both young and old. I so admired her for that. She had the ability to move seamlessly into a situation and know exactly what needed to be done.

She was a Christian in the true sense of the word and I think that she was consciously living out Christ's message and doing it joyously. And that smile-such a wonderful smile. She smiled through all adversity and triumphs even until the end.

To say that I will miss her is an understatement. We were great friends and support for one another. We thought that we would grow old together.

However, we just didn't have enough time to do the things we had talked about.

We had spoken about doing a Thelma and Louise some day!

But we were neither crazy nor wild so we approached it in our own way. I said to Pamela "Where will we go on this adventure?" and she said "Maybe we could drive to Hastings and see Helena and Vilma. We'll share the driving and do it in stages." Well that was going to be easy and enjoyable and not hair-raising or crazy, but I suddenly became a little nervous as while Pamela was a good driver she could at time be somewhat spontaneous and a little erratic and the scene in the movie where the car flies over the cliff began to take shape in my mind.

So we didn't get to go on our Thelma and Louise trip-anyway neither of us would have left our husbands.

Pamela you were the kindest, most generous person I know. You had great faith in Jesus and I know that you will command a prime place in heaven. We will all miss you hugely but you will live on through the wonderful family you and John have created.

As the Joshua Kadison song says -
'the world will still turn, the seasons will change,
and all the lessons we will learn will be beautiful and strange.

We'll have our fill of tears, our share of sighs, and my only prayer is that you realise - you'll always be beautiful in my eyes.'

Goodbye Pamela and God speed.

TRIBUTE TO AUNTY PAM FROM SUE, SIMON, BEN AND JUDE AND FAMILIES

23 March 2013

If one is fortunate on the journey of their life, they may stumble upon a moment so profoundly joyful, so complete in its perfection, that for a brief second the trials, the hurt, the unnecessary and the inane cease to exist. Your own universe opens up and closes at the same time, infinite, panoramic and pure, flooded with light.

Such was the experience of being greeted by my Aunty Pam.

Her eyes would fill with a kind of raw and untainted love. So utter, so complete, so all encompassing. She would open her arms to draw you in. And for that moment it was as if you were the only person that existed, and you were briefly aware that there was no other person that she could possibly want to see more, and that no possible thing could bring her any more happiness.

The miracle of it all was this was how she greeted everybody.

And the miracle beyond this miracle is that this was how she saw the whole world.

She was blessed. Blessed with a constant and limitless outpouring of love for all things. She was unencumbered by the weight of self and ego and all the other frailties of humanity. She lived outwardly, seeing the best in all, the worth in all, the hope and potential in all.

She was a teacher. Teaching not by lesson, but instead would embrace everything we did as if it were the most perfect thing in the world. She taught by example, quietly, shining in the background, an illustration of the highest and finest qualities of the human mind - compassion, understanding, and love.

Uncle John, Emma, Joe, Annabel, Claudia and Olivia - thank you for sharing Aunty Pam with us. She was a Mother to hundreds, and a friend and confidant to many more.

And so it goes.

MY DEAR AUNTY PAM

Thank you for being another Mother to my brothers and I, and another Grandmother to our children who loved you so very, very much.

I can still hear the pure shotgun cackle of your laughter. It has been imprinted permanently into a small fold of my heart. Your passing has left our world a greyer, emptier, and less adventurous place. We will spend the rest of our forever searching for that light you brought. Your impact upon our lives is immeasurable, our love for you is boundless, and we will keep a small part of that beautiful blinding light of you, just you, right here with us always. I'll see you walking on the beach next Sunday.

Simon.

LISA, JAMI AND TARA AND FAMILIES

Aunty Pam taught us.....

How to be gracious and thankful and to always see the very best in other people - for her everyone had potential

How to glide through life and to enjoy every single moment

How to have aspirations and dreams but to always stay true to yourself

How to have fun and laugh out loud!

How to hug like you really mean it

How to wear cream instead of black!

To be loyal and loving and to have no fear

To have a strong faith and to give of oneself to others

Thank you Aunty Pam for always allowing us to be ourselves, for always encouraging us and for always being interested in our lives and what we were doing.

You were a rock in our lives and a beacon of love - a light that will never ever fade for us. Your vibrant smile and beauty will stay with us forever

How much will we miss you? There are no words.....

MARCELLE, LIANE, TRACEY, MATTHEW AND FAMILIES

To our beautiful aunty and great aunty Pamela,

Thank you for all the good times, the fun you loved to give us, the warmth and welcome of your smile, and the way your face lit up every time you saw us.

Thank you for showing us that a life of giving and sacrifice can lead to the kind of joy and fulfilment that you so obviously achieved. It was an especially important example for us all, in an age where self interest and hedonism have been turned into virtues.

But most of all, thank you for your example of courage and faith as you faced your death. The fact that you never wavered for a single moment strengthened all our faith, and renewed our sense of life's real purpose – to get close to God. Only someone who felt close to God could tell us, as you did, 'that your last week on this earth was the best week of your life'.

You will live forever in our hearts and minds.

PRAYER FOR AUNTY PAM

You can shed tears that she is gone
Or you can smile when you think of how she lived
And rejoice when you look around you and see all she has left.
Your heart can be empty because you cannot see her
Or it can be full because of the love that you shared.
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.
You can remember only that Pamela is gone
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.
You can cry and close your mind
Be empty and turn your back
Or you can do what Pamela would want
Smile, laugh, love and live joyously.

LIANE

For Pamela

A beacon, in the darkness of humanity
Sailing strong, on an ocean of foul winds
Unconditional love, in a sea of faults
Support, for the drowning soul

Navigator, on a starless night
A frigate bird, when no coast is in sight
Courage, in a swell of terror
No ocean too deep, no gale too strong

A headland, beckoning us to our ocean
A lighthouse, to guide us home
Mother Albatross teaching us to fly
Always searching the coast, awaiting our return

Pamela, a true sailor of life
A navigator, for future generations
You set our compass,
You hoisted our sail

MELANIE

Hi, I am Melanie, the eldest daughter of Pamela's elder sister Lois and I would like to speak on behalf of our family - Marcus, Amanda, Laurel and I.

To us, Aunty Pamela was a calm port in our often roller-coaster lives. We would be welcomed by this beautiful, serene and smiling lady who was always interested in what we had been up to. Pamela always made you feel that you were the most important person in the world and really listened - one of her many qualities.

My earliest memory of Pamela is when she took Marcus aged 4 and me aged 6 to town - of course this was way before Pamela had children of her own and before children were restrained. She parked the car outside the dairy in Stuart Street, jumped out, forgetting about the handbrake. While she was inside, the car started to gently roll backwards and apparently I leaned over and pulled the handbrake on. Pamela came running out of the Dairy, jumped in the car and we carried on our merry way.

Another memory is when Marcus and his partner were painting their house - Pamela came to visit and said "Oh, I love the colour" - Marcus said, "Pam, it's just the undercoat!" Pamela said "Oh, but I love it anyway". That was Pamela - always looking for the best in everything and everyone.

In our teenage years when any of us visited Norfolk Street there always seemed to be a large group of young people around - the 'honorary nieces and nephews' - at any given time there might be 10

to 15 for dinner - there was always enough food to feed an army and always room for extras at the table. Mealtimes were always very sociable and noisy - just as they should be.

Pamela was a loyal sister. Lois would often lead Pamela off the straight and narrow - She would persuade Pamela to be her "partner in crime", in various escapades including climbing out the bedroom window, pushing their father's heavy car up the drive and freewheeling down Highgate to "joy ride" around the streets of Dunedin, or running away from home to the town belt - only to come home when they were hungry. Pamela was also devoted daughter - visiting her parents each day. Outings with Nana would often end with Pamela, running a little late as usual, gently assisting Nana up the steps at Highgate before driving like a maniac across town to collect her children from school.

But mostly Aunty Pamela was always there for us - we each of us knew we could go and see her at any time and be welcome. Pamela was such a giver - of love and of anything else that was required. I know she gave her time to many voluntary projects - especially where children in need were involved.

Pamela had a very strong sense of family - those wonderful gatherings - especially Boxing Days at Karitane where the extended Duff Family came together to play cricket and other games, swim, debate, laugh (Aunty Pamela had such a great laugh) eat, drink and be merry - and in later years watch the next generation as they did the same.

I remember the Sunday afternoons at Highgate where Lois, Pamela and Di would gather - their father (our grandfather) would sit and watch his wife and daughters talking about life and laughing - while the

grandchildren ran in and out – he would sit quietly at his desk, whisky in hand and watch them - pride and love, and the odd tear on his face.

In later years we got to know Pamela, the adult and friend. We would gather at the monthly “Aunties Lunch” – an invaluable time for two generations to meet and catch up, where family news was exchanged and photos of children and grandchildren were shared.

Pamela, you were a gentle soul, generous, compassionate, kind, accepting of everyone. You inspire us to be better people - to try to accept others as they are without changing them.

You leave behind a close family of strong, independent, loving children who are a credit to you and Uncle John. They and their children will carry on your legacy of love.

A good and beautiful person - we celebrate your life. We are blessed to have had you in our lives. We will love you and miss you every day.

Truly an Angel on earth, now an Angel in heaven.

PRAYERS OF THE FAITHFUL

RUTH COGHILL

We give thanks for the life of Pamela Diana Farry and her abiding belief in family - her own family, her extended family and the family of nations. At this time when the family is under threat we pray that we will come to understand that unconditional love and family unity is the basis for true happiness.

Lord hear us.

BARBARA BRINSLEY

Lord, as the resources of the planet continue to be unfairly distributed, may we be ever mindful, as Pamela was, of the need to eliminate hunger, poverty and injustice wherever they exist.

Lord hear us.

YASMIN FARRY

Lord, Pamela was passionately opposed to violence and war. We earnestly pray for an end to conflict and warfare in our world. May we learn to resolve our differences by finding Your peace and love in every heart.

Lord hear us.

LIANE FARRY

Lord, today we give thanks for Pamela's ancestors and for all those who came from other lands to settle in Aotearoa, New Zealand. May our beloved country grow and prosper, and may the word of God be known to all.

Lord hear us.

ROBYN FRASER

Lord, Pamela and John are blessed to be the co-creators of five children and eight wonderful grandchildren. We thank you for the gift of their love and we pray that Your love will always be the light of their lives.

Lord hear us.

AMANDA BROWN

Pamela was devoted to St Francis of Assisi who sacrificed his life in the service of the poor. She was delighted when our new Pope chose the name of "Francis" and indicated that his first concern would be service to the poor. May Pope Francis be blessed in the years ahead and may the clergy and the body of Christ throughout the world grow in love and devotion in the service of God.

Lord hear us.

DIAN SHIRLEY

Lord, Pamela was acutely aware that the continuing viability of Planet Earth is under threat in many ways. We pray today that all people may learn to appreciate the delicate balance of nature and respect the presence and glorious beauty of God's creation.

Lord hear us.

*“And He will raise you up on eagle’s wings,
Bear you on the breath of dawn,
Make you to shine like the sun,
And hold you in the palm of His Hand.”*

Michael Joncas

Prayer of St Francis of Assisi

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace;
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;
Where there is injury, pardon;
Where there is doubt, the faith;
Where there is despair, hope;
Where there is darkness, light;
And where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, Grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled, as to console;
To be understood, as to understand;
To be loved as to love.

For it is in giving that we receive;
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.
Amen.

Pamela's favourite prayer

AFTERWORD

Our mother understood the grace and design of Jesus. Mum understood the transubstantiation – she acknowledged it every day – she was an alchemist. She morphed the physical into the spiritual, she embraced pain and transformed it gently into love. She did it in the darkest of places and it wasn't always easy but she did it anyway. Such was her love. Her role model, her saviour, her beloved was Jesus set deeply within the heart of God. That was her only secret, her only staff and her only certainty. Everything else she could let come and go. But 12 noon every day she would be seated in the the Octagon Chapel, her hidey hole where she could quietly absorb the messages imparted in the daily mass.

As part of her healing journey after Mum was diagnosed she was asked to choose a safe place to visualise herself. She didn't choose a sun soaked paradise, she didn't choose her beloved home, she chose that humble chapel and she pictured herself with her best friend Jesus as she coped with all the turmoil of the journey she was being asked to take.

In retrospect (and of course the clarity of hindsight) in the months leading up to Mum's diagnosis she was struggling to perform her alchemy. We all noticed but believed she was struggling with chronic pain in her shoulders which was causing her to feel rather tired. But it wasn't that. She had become so adept at finding her bravest self (no matter how she was feeling) that her diagnosis was late – very late. Of course this is not uncommon but we now wonder if it is the women of Mum's generation that are "silent" rather than the disease.

At no time did Mum express any consciousness of fear or anger at her situation – she handed her life over without fuss or struggle, a perfect surrender, her last great sacrifice. She spent her life showing us that there is really nothing to be afraid of and she remained brave for us to her last breath. She believed as a mother this was one of her most important roles. To her, faith meant being grateful and unafraid.

Our mother worked only in complicity, she had no capacity to accommodate servitude. She never sat while others worked because in her humility she found deep joy in service. She cared for people who were forgotten by the world. She would finish creating a beautiful meal for her family so that she could spend an hour reading to a lonely elderly neighbour. She empowered women surviving cancer, she fostered babies, assisted refugees, mentored teenagers, provided remedial reading for adults, cooked for the unemployed and for disadvantaged kids on holiday camps, provided “Fashion on a Budget” for WINZ clients, distributed woollens to needy newborns and delivered communion to patients at Dunedin Hospital. She didn't speak of it much but she treated the latter task with particular significance. Once she shared a story from her day. She arrived on her allocated ward at Dunedin Hospital and was waiting to receive her list of self-identified Catholics who she could approach with the Eucharist. One day there was a stressed out charge nurse with a dour attitude giving haughty directions to all who approached her. Mum had experienced her attitude multiple times on previous visits to the ward. She turned to Mum and abruptly asked “Who are you here with?” Mum calmly replied “If you only knew”. There was a momentary impasse but after that this woman graciously acknowledged Mum each time she entered her ward.

Mum gave herself to all these services not as a charity but because it truly was her pleasure to do so. It is impossible to consider Mum's physical expression without her spiritual expression. She taught us that they are in fact one and the same. She brought this understanding every time she worked with her dear friend and sister in law Margaret at her modelling school. She enjoyed encouraging each person to find their own personal style and she would never hold back with her praise, using the word "superb" whenever she found an opportunity to do so.

Mum and Dad were a team. They were both as fast and efficient as each other. They were always "one step ahead". Their love was evident in everything they did and especially in the home they created – a home always ready to welcome anyone who came to their door. There was a continuous flow of friends and family to enjoy the wonderful food, fun and engaging conversation always on offer. Most evenings one of us would have a friend or cousin at the dinner table. One of these dear friends has written the following words which are representative of all who frequented the amazing kitchen at 16 Norfolk St.

"What greater kindness is there than to show another who they truly are? In a world where we often fear that we are not good enough, successful enough, loveable enough, only a person with true grace can access those fears in us and extinguish them with their love.

This is who Pamela was for me.

Her love was infectious and no matter how unlovable you might be feeling it was impossible for even

the smallest part of yourself not to be enticed into believing that perhaps she knew something you didn't. I was deeply affected by this quality. I watched her dish it out boundlessly. As a child I was struck by the genuine interest, kindness and respect with which Pamela gifted everyone and how, in her eyes, every single person was equal and worthy of the exact same love. Over time this glimpse of grace matures into the desire to impart that very same gift to others.

I don't remember life without Pamela. And so every time I go out of my way to extend those same acts of selfless kindness that I have seen since I was a child, she's right there. Beside me. Smiling."

Monique Rhodes

As well as our many friends there was always a steady flow of family members who enjoyed the warmth and hospitality of our home.

Mum and dad never tired of planning our next adventure. Our lives and the lives of many of our friends were spent joyfully riding the miraculous momentum of their love. They worked with such complicity that it was as if they read each other's mind. They created beautiful and generous meals together and thousands of people experienced their hospitality.

It is such a cliché to exalt your mothers' cooking but mum's cooking was inspired and her lightness and style found expression in delicious and elegant meals she took pride in presenting every night.

One of Mum's favourite pastimes was to scour fabric shops and stores selling recycled clothing for inexpensive quality items and then use her imagination to transform her "finds" into the latest styles. Her art and her passion was about transforming the qualities of the fabrics (knits, silks, wool) into an experience, a story, a mood. It didn't concern her as to who would see, she dressed the same for South Dunedin or New York. She dressed to express the magic of her spirit and she was almost supernaturally pre-emptive of fashion and design trends. She enjoyed immensely her collaborations with her Taieri Mouth dressmaker and her shoemaker in South Dunedin where she would take her shoes to be dyed the next season's colour. For a planned special night out, she brought to Auckland a pair of platform shoes and a matching silk singlet she had made to complement a pants suit. This outfit hung in her Auckland wardrobe, the strange mustard gold making us question her judgement. She never got to wear that outfit but, sure enough, a full season after her passing that very shade emerged in the fashion houses and magazines.

There were only a few days between Mum painting her toenails, the colour that will forever be known by all our friends and family as "Pamela Orange", and her "going to heaven" as she put it. Before she lost consciousness, Olivia and Annabel were fixing her hair and having a relaxed and casual conversation that belied their deeper emotions. Annabel asked "Mum could you maybe send us a sign from the other side to let us know that you are safe and happy?" She replied "What on earth would I send?" Annabel replied with "I dunno, maybe a rainbow or birds are always good?" She laughed at this and replied in an equally flippant tone "I'll send you a white butterfly" and laughed again; her genius laugh that expressed both a readiness to believe in such a concept and a hint of mockery at the idea.

This conversation was almost forgotten and not mentioned again until much later. A few days passed and her spirit left her body. She was surrounded by the love of her husband and five children.

Moss had stayed elsewhere with Anahera and Maia that evening but returned home early the next morning. On greeting Annabel for the first time after losing her beloved mother he attempted to relate a remarkable event that he had just experienced. As he stepped out of his car on the driveway he felt a deep sense of peace as three white butterflies danced about his head for some time. Annabel, who had never discussed with him the conversation described above, was far too distressed and distracted to take in the experience he was relating. She dismissed his attempt to share this encounter and instead remained focussed on the tasks that had overtaken her recently bereaved mind.

We were all preoccupied for months as we grappled with the twists and turns involved in Mum's diagnosis, treatments and ever worsening prognoses. We were faced with the challenge of arranging an appropriate farewell. It was the most difficult challenge of our lives but with the support of our family and friends we were able to arrange a funeral worthy of our beloved and inspirational mother.

St Joseph's Cathedral was packed with grieving loved ones and friends. We have no doubt that Mum, at some point had made an impact on every soul in attendance but even so it was a heart breaking experience for all of us.

The next day as we scrambled to come to grips with a reality that no longer contained the centre of our universe we found ourselves at St Clair park waiting for an order of fish and chips from the local

café. The day was still and warm and we settled around a large circular table in that familiar place of our childhood. We faced each other, about ten adults, as our children played basketball nearby. We were still dazed and confused but we were together and finding some comfort in each other's presence. The circular space between us was around two metres in diameter and was suddenly filled by one singular white butterfly distracting us with its fanciful fluttering. We could not help but acknowledge its presence, it was obvious and determined as though breaking out moves deliberately to gain our attention. Then, and only then, did Annabel remember the request she had made to Mum. As she slowly remembered the conversation, which Olivia recalled and verified, we all watched for a further few minutes as the show continued. We were in a kind of dazed silence. The butterfly left our sphere but we continued to enjoy the mood of peaceful wonder as it winged its way to our children and fluttered along beside the moving group of laughing kids and their Uncle Joe before softly departing in the direction of the ocean. This was a magical and beautiful reminder of Mum's lightness and grace. Playful, gentle and whimsical her magical spirit was perhaps reminding us of the joyful truth of one of her favourite sayings that "Life can be a dance if you let it".

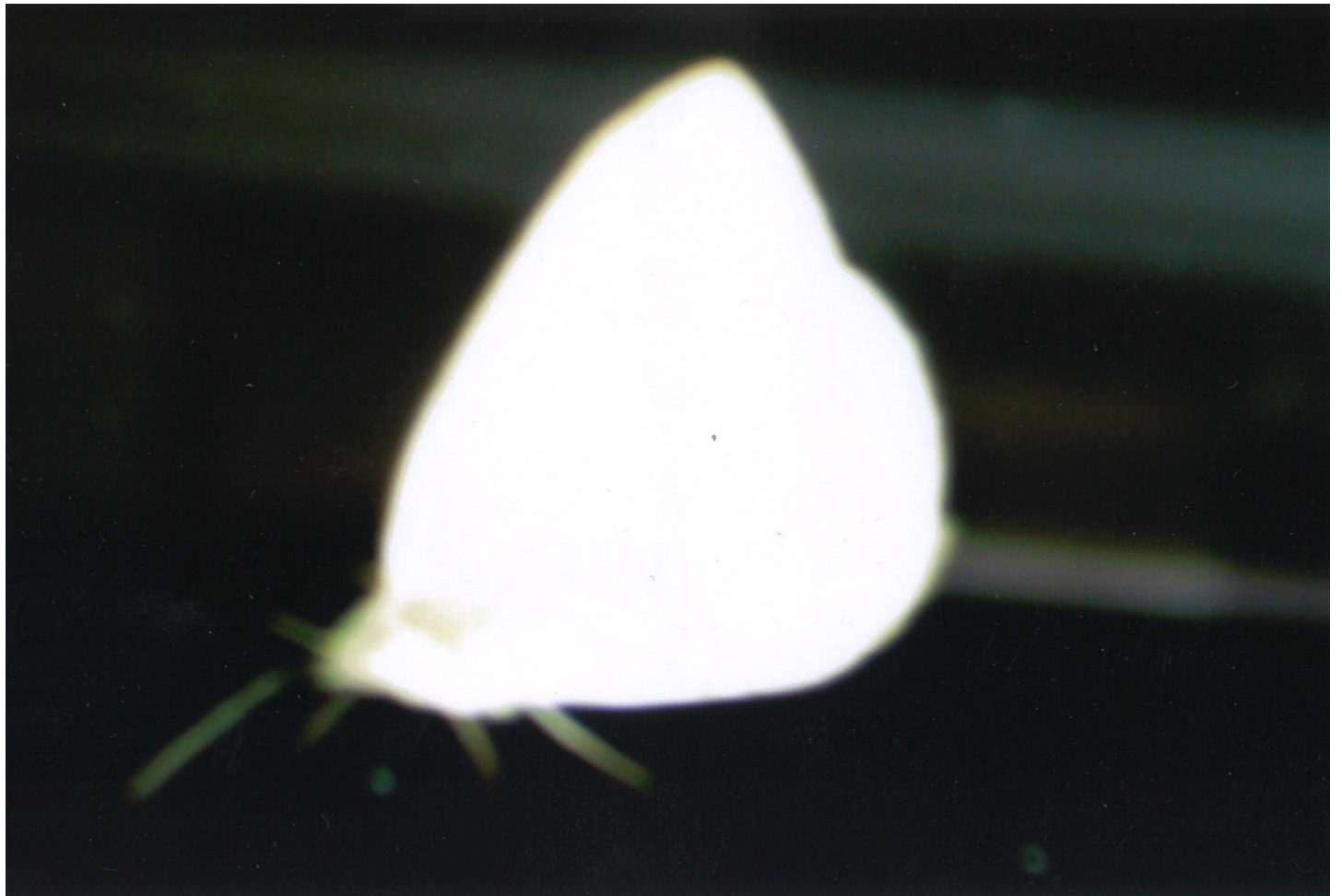
There were more reminders to follow. Dad recounted our experience to Mum's dear friend and colleague Father Mark Chamberlain who was incredulous as he recalled that he too had recently been visited by a white butterfly in his kitchen, something that had never happened before. A few days later the story was repeated to Mum's close friend Nancy Murphy who expressed amazement in that she had recently found a white butterfly inside her home. The story was communicated to Pamela's long-time friend Ruth Coghill when she was visiting from Wanaka. She phoned excitedly on her return to her home to report that she too had found a white butterfly in her living room and had taken a photograph.

A few months later, in the depths of the Dunedin winter and on the shortest day of 2014, Emma's childhood friend, Bridget Byers came to visit with her daughters. In the course of conversation she listened attentively to the butterfly stories. She left at five thirty by which time it was almost dark. Later that evening she phoned and explained tearfully that she had the surreal experience of encountering a white butterfly in her home. She also took a photograph.

In June, after a difficult three months of grieving, Olivia and family decided that a long weekend break would be a good idea. They booked a cabin at a camping ground a few kilometres from Sydney. When they arrived they were advised that due to a reservation problem they were to be upgraded to a luxury unit at no extra cost. As they entered the unit they noticed two white butterflies outside the kitchen window. They enjoyed a relaxing stay and as they departed three white butterflies fluttered beside the wing mirror of the car until they reached the highway.

We each carry these experiences with us in memory of the purity and power of our mother's gentle, loving kindness. Thank you our beloved mother for showing us that, indeed, there is nothing of which we need be afraid. Your love and your faith are safely embedded within each of our souls. Please continue to guide us as your grandchildren grow to maturity and beyond. You will always be our inspiration.

Emma, Joseph, Annabel, Claudia and Olivia
30 June 2015



WHITE BUTTERFLY

I pulled cards for you
and the butterfly faced me each and every time
with the truth of where you were going

A transformation
not possible
with your elegant feet on this ground
and your precious heart still beating

But I hoped so deeply
and I fought for you
as I always have
while you were busy
surrendering,
loving me more as you let me go.

You were unafraid and magnificent,
no desire to leave us
but this was the only way
and so you saturated every moment

with grace,
letting go with a love that had already
transcended its earthly prison

Beloved teacher

We are bereft
but your grace is our constant companion
and your love
has magnified our hearts

We are moving slowly towards acceptance.

Emma Farry

A tribute to the life and times of Pamela Diana Farry (nee Duff), cherished wife, beloved mother, treasured nana and special friend to all who knew her. It has been compiled by her husband John and her children Emma, Joseph, Annabel, Claudia and Olivia with love and gratitude.