

*Remembering
with Love*

Don

Donald Elford McKenzie Grainger

1931 ~ 2021

The Funeral Service for Don

Held at Wangaratta Lawn Cemetery
on Friday 19th of March, 2021 at 2pm

Introductory Music

Looking Forward, Looking Back ~ Slim Dusty

Welcome and Introduction

Celebrant ~ Rosemary Steele

Reading

Scripture Sentences From Ecclesiastes Chapter 3

Prayer

Eulogy

read by Joy Sloan, Don's niece, on behalf of the family

Words of Reassurance

Reading

Scripture Reading: John 14: Vv 1,2 and 4

Commendation

Committal

Closing Words

Scattering of Dirt by Don's Family

Closing Music

Looking Forward, Looking Back ~ Slim Dusty

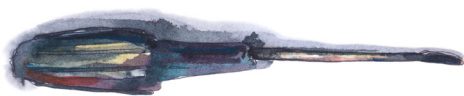
Into The West ~ Peter Hollens

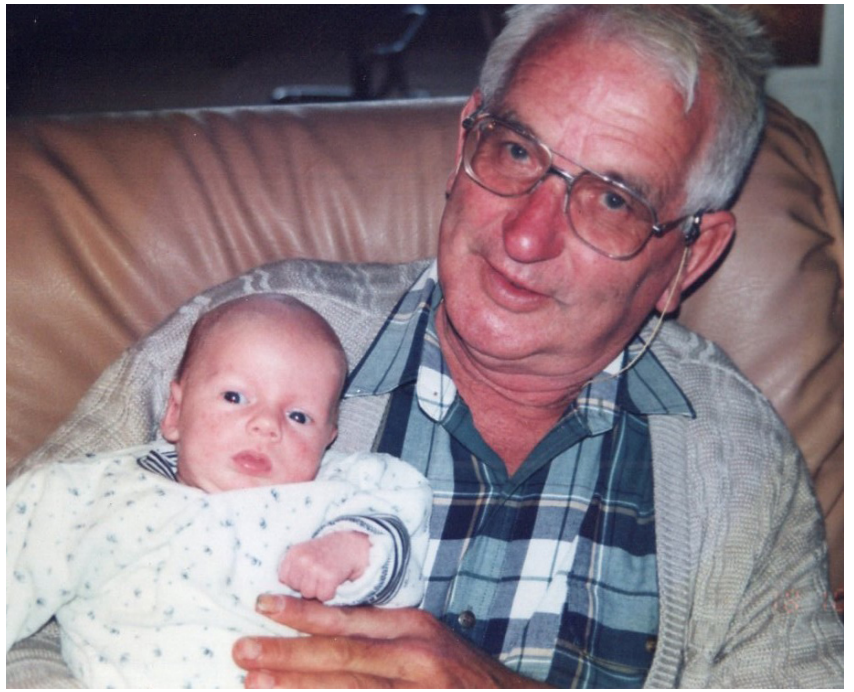
Take Me Home Country Roads ~ John Denver

Time To Say Goodbye ~ Lauren Aquilina









Don's Eulogy

Don lived a full life and he enjoyed making it fun whenever possible. We could give a chronological account of marriages, relationships and events but that would give a dry account of Don and ignore the things that made his eyes twinkle.

Practical jokes.

Don loved them. Bikes up haystacks, a car dragged sideways to wedge between power pole and fence, left handed screwdrivers, answering "Who" to a phone call from his only daughter

Mischief and a disregard for rules.

In Don's opinion, no motorcyclist should ever be caught by the police, if they were, then they obviously weren't a good rider. Driving "blind" literally and being overtaken by kangaroos or getting an eight year old Ben to drive home from the school bus. Beer bottles made for good projectiles while driving. And good luck for any celebration being designated as DRY...

Fishing.

Out on the bay with Maurie Weston, Don was in his element , teasing Ian Husband for supplying the burley. Stories of fishing with jellinight (but not him of course). Redfin from the King River near Alexander Crt. Eels caught for Bruce Sloan and delivered in an icecream container. One barramundi photographed by everyone on his Northern Territory fishing tour but caught by Don. The aroma of frying trout filling the Tawonga caravan at breakfast time.

Family.

Three brothers - Wal, Geoff, David and the baby sister, Dianne. Some bundled in blankets in the car and driven through the 1939 Black Friday fire to safety, Nanna sheltering with baby Dianne in the water of the creek. Picking up and moving their parents' house from Ten Mile to North Wangaratta then away from the floods to Murdoch Rd. Parties and dances and escapades in cars with brothers Wal, Geoff and Dave. Marrying Heather Husband in 1957 but only



after a quick trip to the pharmacist to have his thumb repaired from where he'd smashed it in the gate while hiding their car. Daughter Bambi, a happy offsider; on the handlebars of his bike, zooming down the overpass from a trip to the Railway Hotel. Brother-in-laws and the opportunity to spend time at the Husband and Beggs' farms, usually spotlighting rather than helping. So many nieces and nephews with Uncle Don being their naughty uncle who loved the opportunity to make cringeworthy speeches at any event. A second marriage to Marj, lots of travel and a special "grandboy", Jayden who for a while became Don's constant shadow. Then new purpose in his life, at Gunbar, on son-in-law Brian's farm. Renovations, helping with sewing the crops and harvest, trying to keep some sort of order in Brian's sheds, enduring drought and feeding the dogs, supporting Bambi through all her crazy ideas. And Ben, the one grandson who brought so much joy to Don and became his conspirator in crime.

Mates.

In Don's early days, he loved his mates and motorbikes. A rider but not a "bikie". A big adventure North with Ekka Booth to the cane fields. Delivering a mate home in a less than fit state, only to be abused by the mate's mother. Long trips in Brown's work vehicles to building sites in Yarrawonga, Myrtleford or the King Valley. Adrian Bush who kept Don afloat during some difficult years. Gunbar neighbours who listened to his stories and helped Don empty a musket flagon or two so that Pat Flanagan could use them for milk bottles. Goolgowi mates knew Don as the old guy playing the pokies at the club and wandering past to deliver the perfect one-liner on his way to the bar. Walla Walla residents took Don to heart, giving him lifts home from the pub or club and being his eyes when needed. Men's Shed where Don used the machinery, goodness knows how, to build some amazing Christmas trees. Don's final days were at St Catherine's, a return to Wangaratta. Brett would collect Don each Wednesday so he could enjoy afternoon teas at Dianne's. Dave would take Don to the RSL for the weekly raffle draw. Don loved sharing a joke with the staff at St Catherine's and he appreciated the care they gave him. At St Catherine's he will be remembered as being full of cheek and he enjoyed sharing his tall stories with his table of mates.





Every moment I shape my **DESTINY**

with a **CHISEL**

I am the **CARPENTER**

of my own **SOUL** ~ Rumi