



IN LOVING MEMORY



*Kayleen Margaret
McKibbin*

5th December 1945 ~ 3rd March 2023



Kayleen's family thanks you for your support and presence here today and invites you to join them for light refreshments at the Mulwala Lakeside Hotel after the burial at Mulwala Monumental Cemetery.

 Mason Park
Funerals

The Funeral Service for

Kayleen

Held in the Mason Park Chapel
on Tuesday 14th March 2023 at 10.30am

Celebrant: Darren Lamotte



The time of my life

There once was a house which sat on the hill.
It effected my life, so much, I remember it still.

A long dirt road greeted the gate,
The road was fair travelled,
And often at a fast rate.

All was worth it once the top was reached.
The view of the valley would have made a great speech.

You could see the clouds, resting in the valley below,
And seeing the pines, oh such a show.

Oh yes, times on the hill, it was like life stood still.
My Memories etched, forever at will.

In winter the fire burned, bright warm and light,
If eager to stand there, it was often a fight.

The freezer was full of food delish,
There was plenty of steaks, or whatever you wished.

Always a laugh, to be had at the table.
A funny played joke, or yeah even a fable.

A cup a tea you asked, yes, please just one more.
Any visitors welcome, all times through the door.

Outside or in, there was a blue or red to be found.
Stretched out on the step or lain on the ground.

The favourite's allowed, to cross over the gap.
That was meant for a pool, once crossed - a warm lap

In summer was coolness, in the home on the hill,
The windows could open a summer breeze to fill.

If ever too hot in the house, and too still,
Never mind down yonder, was a creek to thrill.

The highlight for certain, was without a doubt,
The people that lived there, the family about.

The King of the house, was surely a hoot,
But the Queen, his spouse
I must introduce.

Her name was Kay, kindly get out of her way,
Or spend the day, and for sure want to stay.

Her laugh was infectious, it decorated her days,
Of lots of hard work done, and some mysterious ways.

In quiet times I knew, of Mills or Boon,
They were often read through, in one afternoon!

So easy to talk to, ready to hear,
Of all your distresses, there would be no need to fear.

No judgments held, no inquisitive guesses.
A love to share and cleaning up messes.

Just, take off your shoes, grab a chair,
Stand by the fire, let down your hair.
Then after a chat, of comfort and cheer,
There was rest on the lounge, with a song to hear.

Tunes of Willie Nelson, Elvis Presley and more,
Of Kenny Rodgers, then a chance to get on the dance floor.

Just as you think the songs are all done,
There was always room, for that one last one!

With a flick and a switch, what would it be,
Get ready to jig, get ready to see.

"Don't put baby in a corner, at all, "she would say,
"That's how I lived my life, I did it my way."

And now the movie has finally closed,
We reach for the ending, and she surely knows.

"We all had the time of our life," she'd say,
Like Patrick Swayzee, and baby, Jennifer Grey.

To Aunty Kay the queen on the hill.

