

*In Loving  
Memory*



26 May 1955 to 21 November 2012

*Kathryn Elaine Coombs*

*Laid to Rest*

*28 November 2012*

# *Order of Service*

*Officiating - Father Tom*

*Welcome.*

*Opening Prayers.*

*Prayers for the family.*

*Song - Just a Closer Walk With Thee.  
Sung by Uncle's Lester and Barry Coombs.*

*Eulogy  
Niece Kate Elizabeth  
with Chloe, Zac and Zoe The Grandbabies  
Brother Brendan Coombs and Son Luke Fraser.*

*Song - Whispering Hope  
Sung by Nephew Buddy Coombs and Uncles  
accompanied by Cousin Tracy.*

*Floral Tribute by the family.*

*Closing prayers.*

*Final benediction.*



## *Just a Closer Walk with Thee*

*I am weak, but Thou art strong;  
Jesus, keep me from all wrong;  
I'll be satisfied as long  
As I walk, let me walk close to Thee.*

### *Refrain:*

*Just a closer walk with Thee,  
Grant it, Jesus, is my plea,  
Daily walking close to Thee,  
Let it be, dear Lord, let it be.*

*Through this world of toil and snares,  
If I falter, Lord, who cares?  
Who with me my burden shares?  
None but Thee, dear Lord, none but Thee.*

*When my feeble life is o'er,  
Time for me will be no more;  
Guide me gently, safely o'er  
To Thy kingdom shore, to Thy shore.*



## *Memories from Niece Kate Elizabeth with Chloe, Zac and Zoe The Grandbabies*

My godmother, my Aunt.

I remember a conversation we had a few years ago and I told her I would never wear black to her funeral. But never in a million years did I think this day would come. It was meant to be years from now that we would be gathered here to say our goodbyes, but instead today's the day we have to say goodbye. Goodbye to a daughter, mother, sister, partner, aunt, niece, cousin and friend.

She always wanted to call her daughter Kate Elizabeth, but she was blessed with 3 boys. So here I am today, not her daughter but her niece instead, Kate Elizabeth. I am who I am because of her.

She was always a wonderful aunt, not just for me but for all the nieces and nephews. She always took interest in everything we did. She cared so much for us, and now that she's gone we will never get to tell her just how much she meant to us.

There are so many things running through my mind, I don't know how to feel or what to say. But I do know I don't want to dwell on what's happened, but to tell you all just what a special woman she really was. I want you all to know if Kathy was here she would be laughing with us because that's the type of woman she was.

She always had a cheeky comment to say about everything, yet she was so easy to take the mickey out of. She said the most unusual things that sometimes we just never really got. Whenever she came down to stay, she would always watch her shows and talk the whole way through, I never really understood how she followed the storyline.

I remember one time when she was down and she drunk all the wine and didn't want mum to know so she filled it back up with water. Whenever you had a conversation with her, she would stop half way through and change the topic, I was always confused with what she was talking about. She would always be the life of the party, up on the dance floor doing her daggy moves. She always joked about Nathan and Brenton getting their swimming from her, but I can't say I ever saw her swim.

She never believed us when we told her she would wake everyone in the house up with her snoring, but believe me when I say Aunty Kathy could really snore. Mum and Uncle Brendy had huge laughs about her snoring on their trip out west.

Every time she would go out to eat, she would take photos of her meal and send them to everyone; these were called her “foodie photos”. I remember she didn’t know what “selfies” were (for those here who don’t know, they are simply photos you take of yourself), and just recently she had become more “cool” and started taking selfies. I was so proud.

All of these little things are what made her the woman she was. She was the most loving and caring woman you could ever meet. She always had a smile on her face, no matter what type of day she was having. Aunty Kathy would always be there for all of her friends and family whenever they needed her.

I know she would do anything and everything for me. She was my other mother, always there since day 1. She wasn’t just a caring aunt but a caring sister as well. However, Mum remembers quite well, when she was four, the day Aunty Kathy didn’t shut the car door properly. Mum rolled out of the car and ended up on the gravel. Their father had to stop the car and retrieve her. I’m sure she meant well.



Before I say my goodbyes, I'd just like to say a few words for Letitia who can't be here today - she is her niece in London. Kathy was meant to be flying over to visit her next year. Aunty Kathy checked in with Teesh more often than not, she wanted to know everything that she was doing and how she was. Teesh came over from London last year for Brenton's wedding and we girls all got to have a weekend at Bribie. Teesh is so grateful she got to do that. Teesh sends her virtual hugs she loves you so much and she will miss you.

Aunty Kathy, you were one of the most important people in my life and its heart-breaking to have to see you go. But I want you to know I will continue to love you more and more each day, no matter where you are. You touched so many people's hearts, one of them being mine. In my heart is where you will stay. I know one day I will see you again. Don't worry Aunty Kathy; we will never forget you were the Dux of the School.



## *She is Gone*

*You can shed tears that she is gone  
Or you can smile because she has lived  
You can close your eyes and pray that she'll come back  
Or you can open your eyes and see all she's left.*

*Your heart can be empty because you can't see her  
Or you can be full of love 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 her and only that she's 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 she'd want, smile, open your eyes, love and go on.*

*By David Harkins*

# *Eulogy*

## *Kathryn Elaine Coombs*

I believe we are here to celebrate Kath's life and to take what meaning we can from what can only be described as someone up there getting it completely wrong.

The truth of the matter is that Kath had a time bomb ticking away in her head and no amount of soul searching is going to come up with a satisfactory answer, it is what it is.

But we want to focus on what was so compelling about Kath that so many people turned up here today. Kath was born in Rockhampton on the 26<sup>th</sup> of May 1955 as the second child to Keith and Daphne Coombs.

My earliest memory of Kath was watching her win everything at the Biloela Primary School athletics and of her teaching me to ride a bike. I can honestly say that I do not remember having a fight with Kath. I remember the odd fishing trip that we shared with Dad and having to bait her hook and take her catch off the line.

My fondest memory of Kath was rushing home from school to watch "Happy Days" and we would do our version of the jive. We got to do the jive in public at the many Saturday night bush dances mum and dad used to take us to. I still remember it like it was yesterday, Kath and I having the floor during the rock and roll and Mum and Dad, Colette and Mark doing the quick step like pros – I was in awe.

Kath went to Biloela Primary School, Biloela High School and Caboolture High School. You have already heard that she was dux of the school (that was year 10) and, when she finished year 12, she got a Cartography Cadetship at the Department of Lands. She duly completed her training and slipped into Public Service life with unseemly ease.

I remember her regaling us with descriptions and photos of the parties she attended, pretty much every Friday and Saturday night. I believe it was at one of these parties that she met Paul. Another distinct memory is of her wedding and seeing her and Paul on the return from their honeymoon with, what was obvious to a teenage boy, the bliss of first love written all over their faces.

Kath demonstrated that unbridled enthusiasm in everything she did and I am sure that all her friends here would agree that it was infectious, stood her apart and was what everyone loved about her.

Kath and Paul have three towering sons, Luke, Anthony and Mitchell. I know that, like every parent, Kath wanted the best for her children. Then as a single parent, I would defy anyone to achieve as much as Kath did for her sons. What little she had was theirs and there was nothing she would not do for them.

They are men now and they have to make their own way and I know that all Kath would want is for them, to be the best they can be.

I know what it is like to lose a parent. You have a choice fellas, you can look for someone to blame and use this as an excuse as to why life was not fair for you, or you can be the best you can be and take the opportunity to make your mum even prouder. Your uncles and aunties are here for you, I can guarantee that.

The main influence on Kath growing up was our amazing parents. Mum is a rock, the only person I know without a bad bone in her body. Kath's devotion to her sons and her willingness to give everything she had for them is just like our mum. Kath loved you mummy and, in her own way, did everything she could for you. The hardest thing for Bron and I was telling you about Kath's passing. No one in the world deserves as much pain as you have suffered.

And our dad .... not one conversation with Kath did not mention our father Keith. There was a lot of conjecture amongst my siblings as to who was dad's favourite. I have a very clear memory of all of us kids sitting with dad on the stairs at King Street in Caboolture. The discussion moved to who was dad's favourite. We went through everyone and dad would say, not Colette, not Kathy, not Kerry, not me, so it must be Bronnie and dad said, "No not Bronnie, you are all my favourite."

Kath was a lot like our father – they liked a bet, they liked the odd indulgence, they would do anything for anyone and they loved their family. There was not a day that went by when I would hear a pee wee (give us the whistle Aunty Pat) and did not think of my dad, then it was my dad and Kerry, and now it will be, my dad, Kerry and Kath.

Kath spent the last 12 years sharing her life with Ron. Ron's poem, written for Kath, is in the booklet. It was written when they first met but it goes to show why she was such a good Call Centre person that her phone conversation was enough to engender such a response. Ron, I know you feel her loss and we feel your pain. What we all do now, should be worthy of her memory. One more thing, you had better look after her garden or you will hear the shouting from high or be struck down by lightning in your own back yard!

No mention of Kath's later life would be complete without referring to her love affair with the DJ's of the Morning Show at 4KQ and her efforts to call up for every contest. Usually the DJ's would say something like, "and now we have Kathy from Moffat Beach".

Even to the point of impersonating her Sister and telling them it was her birthday, for which she managed to win wonderful prizes. A bane of Ron's existence was to have to watch the morning show and listen to 4KQ while Kathy was at work, just in case their name came up in the Cash Call!

Bronnie and I are so glad that we made the effort to take Kath and mum on a trip down memory lane to Biloela and Emerald, where Bron and I were born, to see the house that dad built. The whole way there we were trying to remember the address, half an hour out Mum pipes up and says "Kurt Street". Great relief to find that after driving all that way, the house is still there and it looks just the way dad had built it.

The last time I saw Kath was at Bronnie's 50<sup>th</sup> down on the Gold Coast. I sat between my two girls and we had a ball.

Kathy and Bron both cry at the drop of a hat and Kathy used to threaten to cry if I was having too much fun at her expense. Needless to say, she only cried when I said something nice!

Before I hand over to Luke, I just want to thank everyone for their kind thoughts, wonderful words and deeds and I hope that what everyone wanted to say is in here somewhere. May you find peace Kath and may everyone here touched by her, find comfort in the knowledge that the flame that burns shortest burns brightest.

We have been privileged to know and love you Kath.



# *A Wonderful Soul*

I remember thinking briefly one day what this day would be like. I brushed it off thinking that "by then I will be old and grey with a wealth of life experience to help me understand it". Mum never had a chance to go grey and I definitely struggle to understand it.

We are here together today to celebrate the sparkling life of a simply wonderful lady. A glowing, positive personality that always gave, expected little in return, and loved unconditionally. Without doubt the most selfless individual I have ever known, and by far the most lovable.

As I look around here today I am reminded of the strong network of great people that have surrounded us growing up. I would like to sincerely thank each of you for your support through this difficult time and for taking part today. Sincerest thanks to Aunty Bronnie and Uncle Brendy. Without you both we'd be truly lost. We are blessed to be surrounded by such great people.

Katie and Uncle Brendy have touched on some special moments of mums life, and I would like to try to add to this just a little. From a brother's perspective to that of a son's.

Life as a single parent is one of the greatest challenges life will present. Throw three inquisitive, stubborn and yet crafty boys into this and what you have is a hectic roller coaster ride that eventually becomes known as everyday life. I'm not kidding, mum had her work cut out for her and as far as we're concerned, deserves a medal.

When I look back I think of a life dedicated to family. Whether it was the countless number of Km's driving us around the country side for sport when we were younger, or the hours baking her famous chocolate cakes and anzacs for anyone and everyone to enjoy. Mum was our rock, the one that we would always depend upon and who was always there for us, without hesitation.

Mum was a talented person. I know this not only from what I've witnessed over the years but also because mum would kindly tell us herself every opportunity she had. Growing up, whenever my brothers or I (or now my kids for that matter) would do well at sport or ace a test, we could bank on two things - mums sincere congratulations followed shortly by an equally sincere "you got that from me you know, I was an athlete and I was dux of the school". You know I say this a little tongue in cheek but the reality is we know our mum was a fabulous person, with strength and determination that at times left us wondering what her secret was.

As kids we were witness to so many good friendships as mum navigated her way through a range of jobs before settling into her most recent for just over ten years. For the first time in her working career mum had begun talking about long service leave.

This signals to me that mum had finally found a career that was a good fit. When I look back at this now I realise why. Mum worked in a call centre for an insurance company as most of you would know. This meant she got to talk to people for a living, and we know she was good at that. Such an infectious and vibrant personality it was no wonder mum had settled in well.

I have never met anyone that could take so much pleasure from the smallest of things in life. Mum was such a proud person especially when it came to two things, her garden of orchids, and her grandchildren. The grandkids helping in her garden was mums idea of a great time. We received an sms from mum a couple of weeks ago (I suspect she may have sent to many) with a picture of an orchid of mums that had just flowered.

With it came a short note.... Clever aren't I ..... not a question but a statement. This was no doubt rhetorical but I responded in agreement none the less.

Going on fifteen years ago I brought my 'wife to be' to Bribie to meet mum. Mum and Kinga hit it off from day one. Mum would then proceed to sing her old 70's songs as loud as she could in the car everywhere we went. I think with no intent to embarrass us, but simply because she would take any opportunity to show off her lovely voice.



Ten years ago, on mums own birthday, as nature would have it, the first of three grandchildren were born. A heck of a coincidence and I can remember being so eager to tell mum the news, a granddaughter for her birthday. Mum was chuffed. Mum always used to say "I'm too young to be a grandma" but without doubt these little ones were the pride of her life. Mum would always ask how her babies were (which included Kinga) and I am grateful that each of the kids spoke to their Grandma last Tuesday night, the eve of her passing.

I could hear them yabbering away and the occasional laugh down the line from mum. I know mum went to sleep very happy on her last night here with us.

Ant and Mitch, my words today are your words. We have leant on mum all of these years. We must now lean on each other and stand tall in honour of her. Little do we realise sometimes, just how much we learned from mum over the years but we have each other to remind us.

Mum. You were taken from us far too early, but you have gone to a better place. We will never forget you, and we will do you proud.

We love you mum.



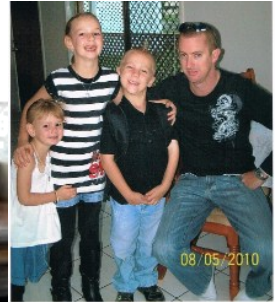


**We were blessed to have a  
mum like you.  
The most kind, caring and  
loving person we will ever  
know.  
The sunshine in our day, our  
rock on a hard day.  
We will miss you more than  
you will ever know.  
Love you so much mum.**





# The Beloved Grandbabies



## *"Whispering Hope"*

*Soft as the voice of an angel  
Breathing a lesson unheard  
Hope with a gentle persuasion  
Whispers a comforting word.*

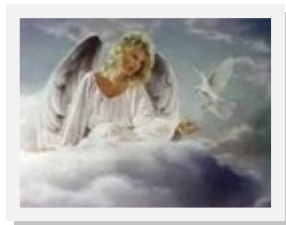
*Wait, till the darkness is over  
Wait, till the tempest is done  
Hope, for the sunshine tomorrow  
After the darkness is gone.*

*Whispering hope,  
Oh how welcome Thy voice  
Making my heart  
Any sorrow rejoice.*

*If in the dusk of the twilight  
Dimmed be the region afar  
Will not the deepening darkness  
Brightin' the glittering star.*

*Then when the night is upon us  
Why should the heart sink away  
When the dark midnight is over  
Watch for the breaking of day.*

*Whispering hope,  
Oh how welcome Thy voice  
Making my heart  
Any sorrow rejoice...*









# *Sister*

*You're a sister we can depend on  
In the times we need you most,  
You're someone we can laugh with  
and share an inside joke.*

*You're a sister to be proud of  
For all the wonderful things you've done,  
You're a beautiful person inside and out -  
It's with you that we have the most fun.  
And in the times when we need advice  
You have the loudest voice  
You may be our sister by chance  
But you're our best friend by choice.*





## *Kathy's Spirit*

*This morning  
On a May Mother's Day  
From the top of lighthouse hill  
Scrolling out downhill an azure sea  
Tranquility overcoming me.*

*Kathy's spirit  
Is with me today  
A voice without a face  
A voice I know from somewhere  
Further than just a call away.*

*Her laughter so contagious  
No evidence of times apart  
Through her laughter I glimpse an aura  
The aura of a loving heart.*

*Mischievous friends are rampant  
To promote an unlikely meeting  
Has an invisible hand opened a window  
Life's crossroads are so rare and fleeting*

*But we're not privy to see  
The journey that might be  
Then why is my spirit soaring  
On this Mother's Day?*

*RJL 14/05/00*

These verses I penned when I first met Kath. She cried when she read them. I was right, I had found a loving heart and our loving partnership blossomed and grew stronger over the twelve years we spent together. It was too short.

Words cannot express how much I will miss my darling Kathryn. Goodbye my sweetheart. You will live in my heart forever.

Ron 22/11/12



## *Vale Kathy*

I first met Kathy in the lead-up to her marriage to my brother Paul in January 1978, and I was best man at their wedding. I grew up in a family of six boys (me being the youngest by 11 hours!), so Kathy became my first real “sister” – strictly “sister-in-law”, but we bonded immediately as brother and sister; and although their marriage was to last less than ten years, we remained close until her untimely death on Wednesday, 21<sup>st</sup> November, 2012.

Kathy had a big, caring heart – and some of my most fond memories are of going to her, Paul’s (and their growing little family’s) place at Morayfield for dinner. She and Paul would prepare a great roast on the Weber, and Kathy would make my favourite dessert, caramel syrup pudding. We’d then play silly games for hours, and there was lots of laughter.

Their marriage produced my only nephews - three beautiful boys, who I have watched grow up into fine young men. Kathy loved her boys, as well as her extended family – her mum and dad, her sister ‘s Colette and Bronwyn and brothers Kerry and Brendan; as well as her “acquired” family, the Frasers. This nurturing quality continued on into the next generation with Luke and Kinga’s children, her grand-children Chloe, Zacary and Zoe. She also had many friends - attracted to her by her friendly, bubbly, easy going nature.

More recently, Kathy also found happiness with her soul-mate Ron, and they have shared their lives for the past dozen or so years. Being a dedicated mother to her boys, while at the same time also filling the role of a loving partner to Ron proved a bit of a juggling act, but they managed to “ride the waves”, and undoubtedly spent many happy times together.

Kathy’s departure from this mortal world was a sudden a tragic loss to every-one who loved her, and she cannot be replaced. But we can draw comfort from the fact that she did not suffer, and her love will continue on through her boys and her cherished grand-children. They say that “only the good die young”, and Kathy’s untimely death at such a young age is ample testimony to that. May she rest in peace.

Your loving brother-in-law,

Michael (or as Kathy would fondly call me, “Mickey Drippin”).



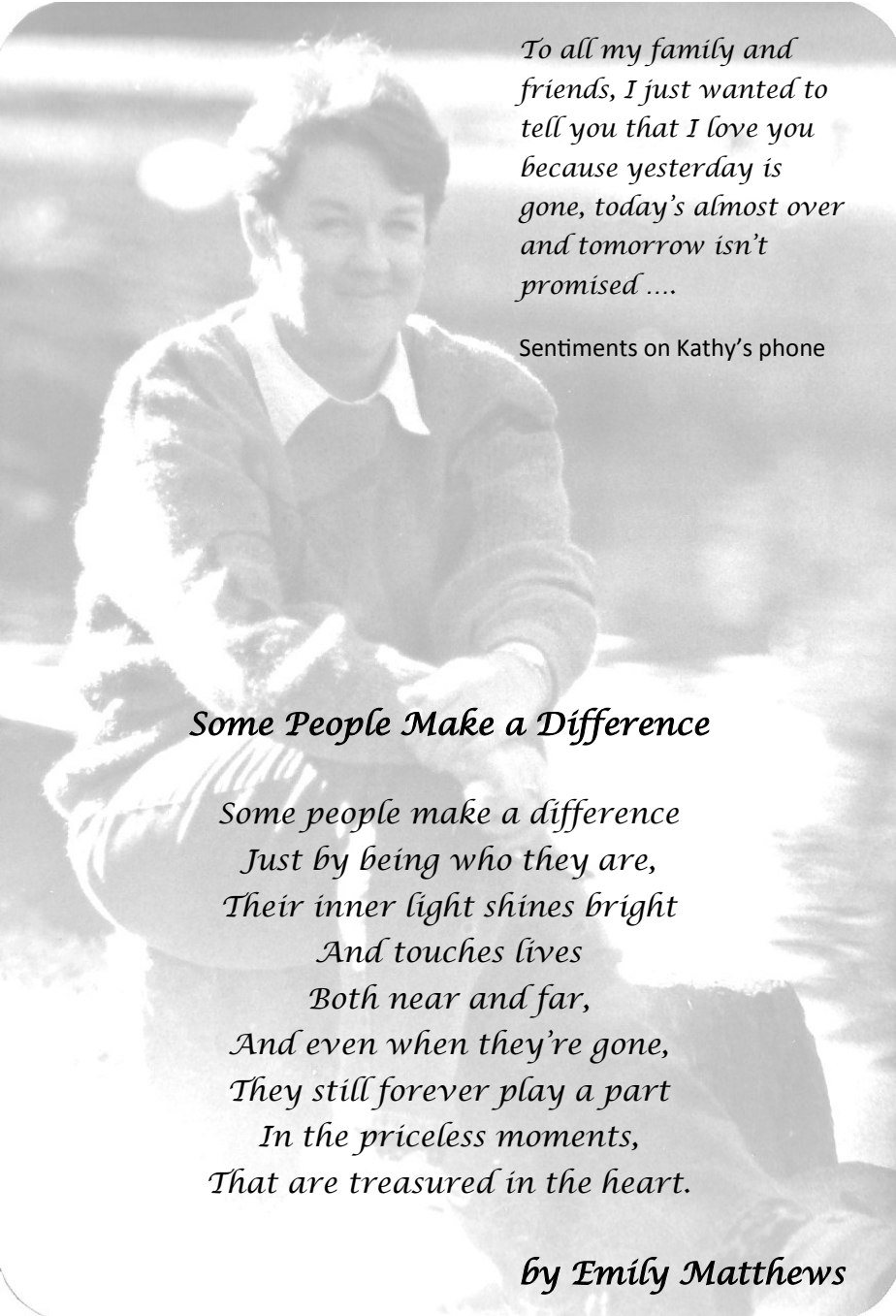
## *To Those I Love and Those Who Loved Me...*

*When I am gone, release me, let me go...  
I have so many things to see and do.  
You mustn't tie yourselves to me with tears,  
Be happy that we had so many years.  
I gave you my love. You can only guess  
How much you gave me in happiness.  
I thank you for the love you each have shown,  
But now it's time I travelled on alone.  
So grieve a while for me, if grieve you must.  
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.  
It's only for a while that we must part.  
So bless the memories that lie within your heart.  
I won't be far away, for life goes on.  
So if you need me call and I will come.  
Though you can't see me or touch me, I'll be near.  
And if you listen with your heart, you'll hear,  
All of my love around you soft and clear.  
And when you must come this way alone...  
I'll greet you with a smile and "Welcome Home."*

*Author Unknown*



This booklet was put together by the loving hands of Cheryl Smith.  
A close and dear friend of Bronnie's.



*To all my family and  
friends, I just wanted to  
tell you that I love you  
because yesterday is  
gone, today's almost over  
and tomorrow isn't  
promised ....*

Sentiments on Kathy's phone

### *Some People Make a Difference*

*Some people make a difference  
Just by being who they are,  
Their inner light shines bright  
And touches lives  
Both near and far,  
And even when they're gone,  
They still forever play a part  
In the priceless moments,  
That are treasured in the heart.*

*by Emily Matthews*