

ROTARY CLUB OF PARRAMATTA CITY Inc. DISTRICT 9675

www.parramattacityrotary.org.au

Rotary Four Way Test

The Four Way Test challenges Rotarians, in everything they do, to ask of themselves:

Of the things we say or do:

1. Is it the **TRUTH**?
2. Is it **FAIR** to all concerned?
3. Will it build **GOODWILL** and **BETTER FRIENDSHIPS**?
4. Will it be **BENEFICIAL** to all concerned?

Meeting 29 April 2014

Big Fund-Raising Night

Vandana's Ginger Restaurant in Harris Park put on a superb spread for the gathering turning up at \$50 a head to raise money for the completion of two classrooms at St Peter's Junior School in Uganda. And Vandana put on the meal for free! It was a wonderful gesture by Vandana, the act of a wonderful Rotarian and we thank her for it. The diners, who included our Federal MP and club member, Julie Owens, and their guests had a great time.

President Keith said the club should be able to provide the \$2,500 needed for the District to provide a matching \$2,500 for completion of the school building and furnishings. It would be a very satisfactory completion for the project. It had been eight years since Keith had first met the school's director, Robert Opira, at a Rotary International Convention in Los Angeles, and Robert had outlined plans for the school. Our club had already contributed to the school, including funding of a bus. But now Robert had several classrooms finished except for roofs and windows.

There were a lot of improvements that could be made just in this one corner of the developing world. The villagers had had three-kilometre round trip to collect water in containers. Then they had sunk a bore and it had come up from the ground. The school, with 180 pupils, nine teachers and two cooks, seemed to be prospering, the look of pupils appearing cheerily for photographs.

Robert Opira, the school's director, was employed by The Great Lakes Center for Conflict Resolution and had not been paid for two months due to USAID funds being delayed. As a result he might not have the funds to come to Australia, which would be a great pity because he had been invited to our own function during the RI Convention.

Final result for evening amounted to \$1,510 – a magnificent effort. This together with the \$1,000 already committed by the Club raises the amount required to meet our commitment.

Our President is now is now breathing more easily knowing that the commitment he made can be fulfilled.

Warwick Brammall – Club President 1997-1998



Our club notes with sadness the death of a former president of Parramatta City Rotary, and is happy to publish a eulogy from Warwick's son, Matthew.

Warwick Bramall, my Dad, was born into this world on the 26th April, 1944, the first born child of Francis and Winifred Bramall. He was born at Bennett St Wentworthville, NSW in a private hospital, which at the time was little more than a converted bungalow. Dad was a loving brother to his sisters Narelle (deceased) and Jennifer. He was also a great mate and loving brother in law to Jenny's husband Bob. A great Dad and mate to his boys and our families. To myself and my partner Antonia and daughter Zoe, to Matthew and his wife Samantha, to Joshua and his wife Bianca and to Zachary and his partner Amy. Dad loved family and he loved people.

Dad was a devoted uncle to Lynden and his wife Melanie, to Alethea and her husband Keiran and also to Andrew. He had great affection for their children, Hayley, Layla, Meika, Sharvi and Tao. Dad attended Wentworthville Public primary school for his early education, followed by Blacktown Boys High School where he attained his leaving certificate. Due to his natural ability and diligent study habits, Dad was offered two scholarships, one of which was a Commonwealth scholarship, and the other a Teachers college scholarship. Dad accepted the offer to attend Teachers college; however, after one year found that he could not tolerate the strict and condescending manner and "being told to stand in line over there young man".

At this time in Dad's life, Dad's mother organised an aptitude test for him in Parramatta, the results of which suggested that Dad was best suited to potential careers which included a surveyor, an engineer and a property valuer. After consideration, Dad chose to become a property valuer (Dad also attained an Auctioneers licence during his career), during which time he was a very successful and respected member of his profession. He pursued property valuation for the majority of his working life, both residential and predominantly commercial in the later stages of his career. He was employed at various times during his career by Fuller Flanders, Gilbert and Kennedy, Sallmann's and Egan National Valuers. From 1988 to 1992 he was Managing Director of his own company, Warwick G. Bramall Pty. Ltd. Despite Dad's obvious enjoyment during his career, Dad once told me that with hindsight regarding his decision to become a property valuer - "How stupid was I?"

Dad married my mother, Jennifer, at the age of 24 and Matthew and I were born unto this marriage. Setting out on their journey through life together they established a home together in Winston Hills; Dad would reside in close proximity to this home for most of his life. With time and the change that people experience throughout life, my parents paths diverged and in time Dad began another chapter of his life with Leigh. Dad married Leigh at the age of 37, and together they were blessed with Joshua and Zachary. I can recall Dad recounting stories of the many fun and happy times that were shared during this stage of his life with Leigh, both in Australia and in the many overseas destinations they travelled to together.

After 15 years of marriage, Dad and Leigh separated. In this phase of his life, Dad focused on managing his body, mind and spirit while continuing to work as a property valuer and devoting time to his lifelong passion of woodwork, sharing this love of his hobby with his father and sons. In 1999, Dad met Helen. A relationship

blossomed and in Dad's own words "I'm gone". They were never married, but the relationship was mutually based on love, respect, devotion and understanding. I can clearly recall the photographs I received of Dad and Helen sharing a picnic lunch (with champagne of course!) on the floor in Helens dining room after the weather had curtailed their original plan. It was a beautiful relationship between two people.

Sadly, Helen was diagnosed with cancer two years after they met. Dad retired from property valuation to nurse Helen during the final stages of her life. Helen succumbed to her illness one year later and sadly, a memorable chapter in Dads life was over. Dad never returned to property valuation during his working life. Dad was however registered with a current real estate licence from 1977 under the Property, Stock and Business Agents Act up until this very day. Dad occupied his seemingly unlimited energy and enthusiasm by initially working at Bunnings, as well as pursuing Homeeasy with his dear friend Bruce Flett, and Motel management with WBT with another dear friend in Philip White. His final official job was at The Northside Group of Clinics as the maintenance man. Dad truly enjoyed his work at Northside, and I know that his creative energy, passion and joy of personal interaction with staff and patients alike were satisfied whenever he was there. Dad also undertook innumerable building and repair jobs for individuals and such was the zeal Dad displayed for life, I could never keep track of who, when, where and how?

In 2003, Dad married Annie. In the then unknown final chapter of his life, Dad travelled extensively with Annie. Dad became an unofficial "local" of London and recounted all the experiences he shared with Annie, Annie's daughter Marnie, her husband Alan and Alan's father. Annie remained his wife until he left this world on April 6th, 2014. My Dad led a rich and varied life, which encompassed people from all walks of life, his passions and numerous achievements. Importantly, Dad touched people wherever he was, both in mind and in heart. I am proud to be his son.

Dad had a passion for World War II aircraft, in particular the Avro Lancaster bomber. It was a passion that Dad and I shared, and consequently, we spent many enjoyable hours together admiring the beauty and engineering prowess of these amazing machines. Dad loved the soundtrack of the Rolls Royce Merlin engines in the Lancaster and Dad's face would light up with awe and enthusiasm when reminiscing of the times he saw them fly and heard their mesmerising song. Unsurprisingly, Dad's interest in World War II aircraft also encompassed the human aspect of war. Dad expressed his gratitude to the young men for their dedication, unbelievable bravery and sacrifice that fought and died in these aircraft (and those who died in all the armed services) for our freedom. Dad was eternally grateful for our freedom and way of life.

Dad not only taught me to fly; but to soar in the upper reaches of the atmosphere. Always to aim high, and do the very best I could do both in my chosen profession and in life. However, I would frequently return to the nest to share the highs and lows of my journey; with Dad there was always support during adversity and celebration in achievement. Dad, while this Eulogy may not be perfect, I have done my very best to honour your memory. I promise you that I will live every day of my

life doing my very best – to treat people with respect, to be kind and loving and an inspiration to those around me, just as you were Dad. You will be with me every day in my thoughts and my actions. You were not only a great father to me, but a cherished friend. I love you Dad.

Dates for Diaries

5 May. Regular club meeting. Our guest speaker will be Sangeetha Bobba, who will talk about mental health.

12 May. Police Officer of the Year.

25 May. Salvation Army Red Shield Appeal.

1 June. BBQ at Sydney Olympic Park – Rotary International Convention

3 June. Special Club Night for Rotary International Convention

30 June. Changeover.

5 July. Bunnings BBQ

Heaven and Hell

A man and his dog were walking along a road when it suddenly occurred to him that he and his dog were dead. He wondered whether the road was leading them and then came upon a place with a high, marble wall broken at the top of the hill with a tall arch broken by sunlight. He saw a magnificent arch with streets of gold. At the gate, he saw a man at a desk who assured him the place was heaven. When the man asked for water, the man invited him in. But when the man asked whether his dog could come too, the man said: "I'm sorry, but we don't accept pets".

Unwilling to leave his dog, the man declined to go in but continued along the road. Coming up a dirt road, he came to a farm gate that looked as though it had never been closed, and there was no fence anyway. He saw a man inside leaning against a tree and asked whether he had any water. "Sure, the man said, there's a pump right over there." After the traveller and his dog had drunk, the traveller asked what the place was. "This is heaven," the man said. The traveller said: "I'm confused. What about the place down the road?" The man said: "Oh that's hell. They're just happy to screen out folks who would not leave their pets behind."

Malcolm Brown