

Eulogy for Alan James Boyd 1962-2022

written and delivered at his funeral by Kate Gleeson

I first met Alan when I returned to Marysville in 2006.

Working at the pub in Marysville, Sheppy and Al were regulars, believe it or not, and I got to know them well serving behind the bar. We had many a conversation, a lot of them did not make much sense, but there were also a lot of deep and meaningfuls that did. I had met my Michael in this time also, who they knew from the pub and they both approved he was a good bloke, Michael also had many nights in the Marysville pub with Sheppy and Al, just as many locals had.

The very first thing that was apparent to me was the massive hearts these two little men had, always kind always happy, bouncing off each other they were two peas in a pod and really did become iconic to Marysville. Where there was Al there was Shep not too far behind and Whisky, then Pooie, then for Alan Minnie, little Jack Russells always with either one.

The night before Michael and my wedding I will never forget them both pulling me aside with a bunch of Lily of the Valley, telling me that if I rubbed it on my skin I would smell all day of this beautiful flower, this was to become my favourite. I loved it and Alan knew this, so each year from then on around the time of our anniversary Alan would pop up with a bouquet of Lily of the Valley, because that was Alan, thoughtful, loving and so kind. With the biggest of hearts.

In 2015 Sheppy lost his battle with Leukaemia, life for Alan and Terry would never really be complete again. I was not able to attend Sheppy funeral as I was in hospital with our daughter Eve fighting Leukaemia also.

I adored you both, we adored you both, such characters iconic in time to Marysville.

And it was here in my life when Alan stepped in the most, he would come and garden with me and teach me all he knew about plants. It brought so much joy and peace to me, after hospital trips with Evie, to get in the garden and watch it grow and turn my mind off for a little while.

"To plant a garden really is to believe in tomorrow".

He was always there offering to help in any way he could. And once Evie's treatment was over and I would share stories of her friends, particular Bella, he would always pass on money to donate, or buy the Jumpers supporting the family.

And whenever the kids had something on he would arrive with money for them whether it be MS readathon, Good Friday or something else they were raising money for. Every time we bumped into Al at the shops a chocolate bar for both kids would follow. Teddy bears given to them for Christmas, just always trying to give them something.



We would have Alan over for other things such as kids birthdays, pre-Christmas dinner and he was in his element always trying to teach them something. My fondest memory was the kids teaching him to play tenpin bowling on the Nintendo Wii, he thought it was bloody amazing. But the funniest was watching him play Just Dance with them, lucky for him I could not find the video footage to share today of him dancing around the lounge room to 'girls just wanna have fun'.

You loved our kids, Alan and they loved you back.

You had so much potential Al. Your passion for politics was to be admired... at times lol. Some would argue enough passion to run our country...

Never politics for us though because for one I could never match or even try to match you or understand, we only ever had conversations of life and you shared with me your wisdom through your own life experiences, and your love of gardening, and some personal conversations about your life. I will treasure these and felt honoured you were comfortable enough in our friendship to let me in.

Terry will be lost without his sidekick and best friend, a friendship that lasted through the years, life will never be the same for Terry, but WE all have his back, we will all be fluffing over him and I will keep him on his toes don't you worry and try to tease him with humour the way you did.

Stubborn to the end Alan, even had the last laugh, pretending to us that he had been eating the food Sue and I had made for him, only for Terry to find it later stashed in the bathroom cabinet. I know you would never have wanted to hurt my feelings by not eating it. You knew the end was near and wanted it done your way without troubling anyone.

A rough Diamond was Alan, but was always true to himself with big love to give, he taught many around us to not judge a book by its cover. You were incredibly intelligent, kind and so very knowledgeable, Marysville was a better place with Alan in it!

I will miss your late night phone calls that always started with Kaaatte Matteee!

I knew then I was in for the long haul. It's been a privilege to be your friend Alan, I'm grateful you came into our lives and gave us the lessons we have learnt, grateful we got to laugh, and grateful I got to be there with you near to the end and hold your hand.

You will be so missed Alan, to know you was truly to love you. And you were more loved than you could have ever imagined, I hope you left this world truly knowing that.

See you later Al, I hope you are partying hard up there with the very best of them, until we meet again my friend

BE GOOD, BE HAPPY!