

# In Loving Memory



## Ron Hemley

10TH NOVEMBER 1927 ~ 19TH DECEMBER 2022



Thursday 29th December 2022

Griffith Lawn Cemetery





# *Ronald William Hemley*

**Dearly loved husband of**

*Judy*

**Loved father of**

*Jan, Robyn and John*

**Adored Pop to**

*his many grandchildren  
and great grandchildren*

## **ORDER OF SERVICE**

**Music:** *Seasons in the Sun– Nana Mouskouri*

**Welcome and Introduction**

**Eulogy**

**Music:** *Over the rainbow– Nana Mouskouri*

**Poem:** *I heard you in the Wind today*

**Reflection**

**Committal**

**Music:** *The wind beneath my wings– Nana Mouskouri*

**Poem:** *Dad*

**Lords Prayer**

**Words of thanks**

**Music:** *The white rose of Athens– Nana Mouskouri*



## **RONALD WILLIAM HEMLEY... his story as told by Ron**

I was born in Stawell, Victoria on 10/11/1927. I was one of three children – a sister Irene and a brother Lindsay. When I was about 3 weeks old, the family moved to Barellan onto a property named LeHarve. There was no electricity, no phones and no town water... just mallee bushes and a lot of dust...but we had a good life, working hard and had a lot of animals. There was a lot of wild life out there too.. Kangaroos, emus, mallee fowl, rabbits etc. We had a 44 gallon drum on the boil 24 hours a day and we shot game to feed the dogs & chooks. We also ate a lot of rabbits and other game ourselves when times were tight. We had no fridge for 4 years, so food went off after 3 days. Bread & mail came from Narrandera three times a week. If it rained, the bread would be soggy. We had a milking cow and ate a lot of custard & junket. Made my bones strong!

I went to school there at Apendoon and there was 10 kids and one teacher...that kept him moving! We went to and from school in a sulky, 3 miles each way. We unhitched the horse, fed him some hay and he was tied to a tree till we went home.

The farms at Barellan were way too small to make a living off, so the government re-joined acreages and a lot of farmers left, for that reason and also because of the draught. I went to Griffith in 1938 when I was 11. Mum & Dad had bought a 25 acre fruit farm 2 miles north of Griffith. We arrived on 5<sup>th</sup> December & started picking apricots the next day! We grew Grapes, oranges, apricots, plums, peaches and prunes. We packed the fruit & sent it by rail to Sydney. We also had 300 chooks for eggs and some turkeys. We had two horses to pull the lorry. In 1945 we got our first tractor.

World War 2 started in 1939 and my brother went into the air force, so I had to leave school and work full time on the farm. I was 15, and not really sad about my education coming to an end! I did like playing football, cricket and tennis though.

In 1938 at the end of the war, Mum & Dad bought a rice farm ..Farm 529 Bilbul, so my brother Lin & I could farm it and also share-farm for others in the area. Eventually Lin drew a soldier's block at Widgelli. My Dad died suddenly in 1950. I had to cope as best I could. Mum got a house keeper to help her with her duties. One of her duties was to milk the cow...we later heard it took a considerable amount of time to milk that cow down in the back shed?...Yes, I fell in love with that pretty young girl and later married her. She was my first and only love. I was a shy fellow.

We moved into another house on the farm and went on to have three children. I am very proud of my children and also very grateful to have spent 69 years with a wonderful wife. She tendered to me throughout my entire life, was my friend, my sweetheart, a terrific Mum to our children, worked shoulder to shoulder with me on the farm, kept the books and was a terrific cook ...a perfect all-rounder.

We made a good life together through lots of hard work, sacrifice and saving. We also enjoyed annual holidays to Manly with the kids at the sea side. Manly was our honeymoon destination years ago so it had a special meaning to us. The farm and my family were all I needed in life. I love my trees and all the birds they bring and my dog Bart..the best sheep dog in the world!

When asked for his philosophy on life he said... smile and let the world go by.....

## **I Heard your voice in the wind today.....**

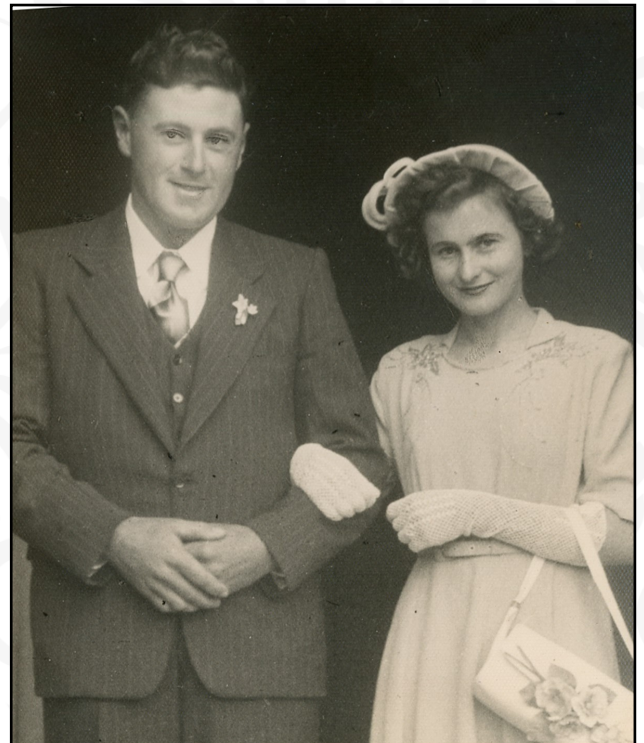
*I heard your voice in the wind today  
and I turned to see your face;  
The warmth of the wind caressed me  
as I stood silently in place.*

*I felt your touch in the sun today  
as its warmth filled the sky;  
I closed my eyes for your embrace  
and my spirit soared high.*

*I saw your eyes in the window pane  
as I watched the falling rain;  
It seemed as each raindrop fell  
it quietly said your name.*

*I held you close in my heart today  
it made me feel complete;  
You may have died...  
but you are not gone  
you will always be a part of me.*

*As long as the sun shines...  
the wind blows...  
the rain falls...  
You will live on inside  
of me forever  
for that is all my heart knows*







*“Perhaps passing through the gates of death is like passing quietly through the gate in a pasture fence. On the other side, you keep walking, without the need to look back. No shock, no drama, just the unclipping of a lock or two on a simple wooden gate in a clearing. Neither pain, nor floods of light, nor great voices, but just the silent crossing of a meadow.”*







*Dad...*

He never looked for  
praises, he was never one  
to boast.

He just went on quietly  
working, for the ones he  
loved the most.

His dreams were seldom  
spoken, his wants were  
very few

And most of the time his  
worries, went unspoken  
too.

He was there..a firm  
foundation, through all the  
storms of life

A sturdy hand to hold on  
to, in times of stress and  
strife.

A true friend we could  
turn to, when times were  
good or bad

One of our greatest  
blessings

The man we called our  
*Dad*















Those we love don't go away  
They walk beside us every day  
Unseen, unheard but always near  
Still loved, still missed and ever dear











Thank you for your attendance here today and  
for your expressions of sympathy,  
love and friendship during this sad time.

*Judy, Jan, Robyn and John*



Griffith Regional  
Funeral Services

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