

Eulogy – lady ashley



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

I come before you today as a son mourning his adopted mother. I acknowledge that I am not the only one feeling this grief and pain for the loss of a beloved friend. Life will never be as colourful as it was without our precious Sarah Ashley. It is truly a tragedy to have lost such a beautiful woman the way we did. Unfortunately she was taken from us earlier than we would have liked. But her cancer was too much for her to bear, and I'm glad that she is finally at rest after a life time of battles. But I still regret not knowing earlier.

Maybe we would have all had a chance to say good-bye for our final times. However, whether here in person or not, today we have the chance to be able to pay our respects to our dearest one. Sarah was a woman who strongly believed in change. She was a woman of integrity, compassion, charity and hope. Indeed we can all agree that she has shown this through her patience and time with me as a child. Not many people would believe it unless they were there, but Sarah was a strong willed person, with her determined mind she was able to drive 1500 head of cattle across the never never when I was only 7.

Sarah single handedly brought the meat business back to life in the Northern Territory and still managed to raise me on her own after my mother died, well with a little help here and there from her favourite person, Drover. Unfortunately, our loved one has left us and she will be a significant loss to our family, friends and our community. She will be sorely missed by everyone that she ever came into close contact with. Although most of us knew her as a stubborn woman, it was her personality that made it easy for her to turn not only her weaknesses, but all our weaknesses into strengths.

Her strong minded persona lead her to greats within our town, she is a valuable asset to loose at such an unfortunate time of life. Lady Sarah Ashley, was in fact, the ultimate example of a someone who embraced change, she was my beacon of light and hope in this dark world that we live in, Sarah Ashley was my life. For as long as I can remember, Sarah had been there for me, she took me under her wing as if I was her own. I remember the first moment that I saw her step of the truck. Her stance was broad, strong and composed, yet she walked with some form of elegance.

Her long strides where pushed with determination, determination that seemed to form in her so effortlessly. Once I had learned from drover who she was an appropriate nickname was given straight away- " Mrs Boss". That same week of her arrival, my own mother died. It was Mrs Boss who came straight to the scene. I recall her finding me curled up on the ground, rocking myself. That night she sang me songs of comfort. One particular song has stayed with me throughout my life - somewhere over the rainbow. She had a beautiful voice even if she did make up most of the words.

Her nurturing nature brought us closer every moment that we where together. Her tea was so good, it even made the coppers 'blind'. I know now, that it was to keep me as safe as possible. One day, she and I where torn apart. I was sent to Mission Island, but she promised to come for me. The next 6 months were the longest of my life. But I sang her to me, like I did when she first arrived, and eventually she came. After going walk about with King George, Mrs Boss was even good enough to send me to school, she helped me get and education. She helped me make something of myself in these hard times.

She refined me to be the man I am today. For those of her immediate family that have been able to join us her today, I give my most solemn condolences to you. I am sorry that you have lost someone so special and so close to you. To Drover, we are a pair now, you and I, we are a team. We will be strong and live on with out her here physically. But we will be strong because we have her spirit living in us, she will always be apart of our soul. And to Sarah, farewell my best friend, you have taught me so much in the time we had together, and because of you I am forever changed.

I'm sure that Mrs Boss would not want to have us mourning over her for a lifetime. But to be excited for her new stage in life. I know she is there, watching and protecting all of us. Even if we cannot say her name anymore, if there is anything that I have learned it would be that , just because it is, doesn't mean it has to be. And in honour of her memory, I would encourage you to accept change as it comes to your life. I am proud to be called your son. Your irreplaceable memory will never be taken from our minds