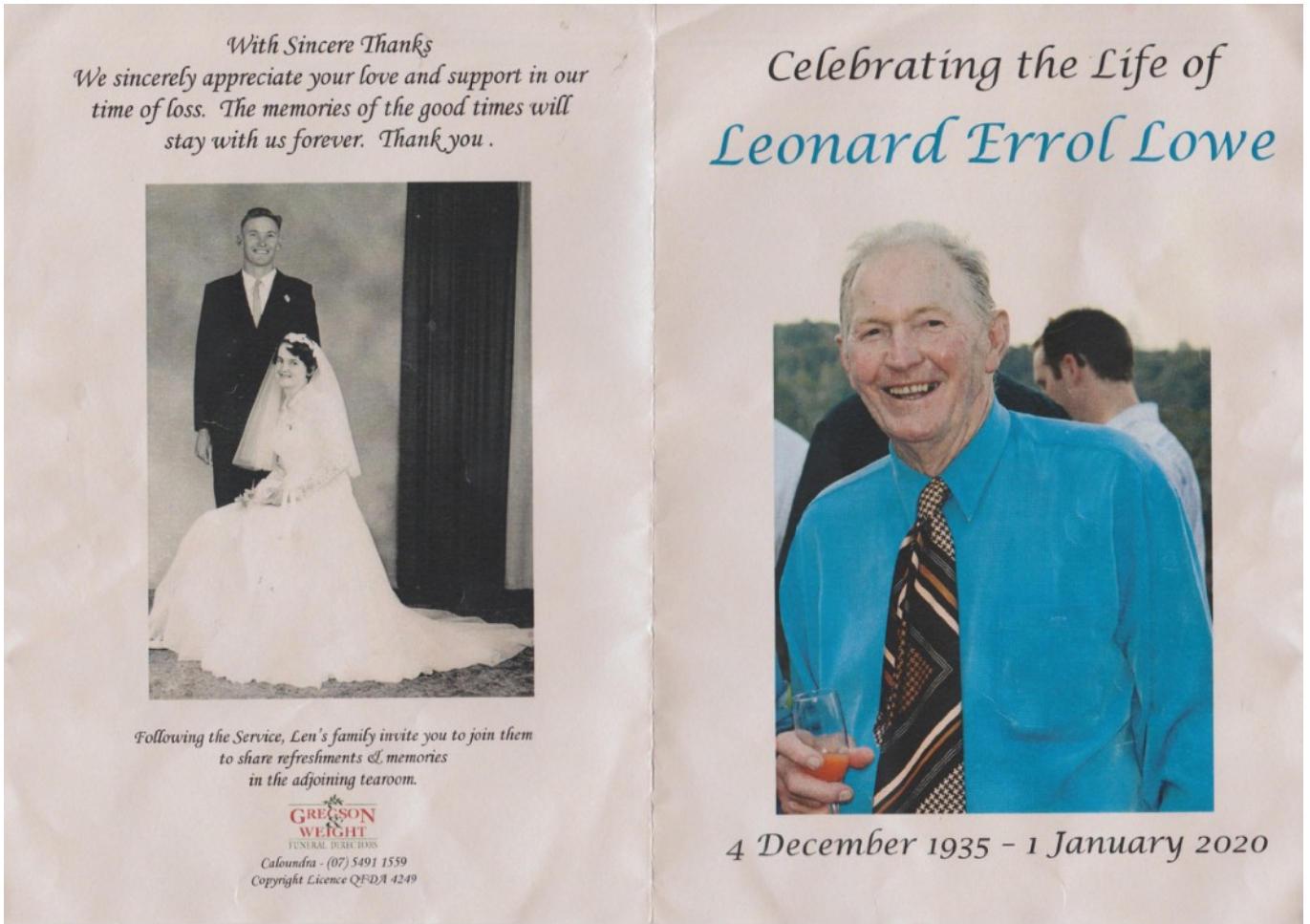


Eulogies presented at Len Lowe's funeral



Presented by Vince Carbery

04/12/1935 01/01/2020 Len Lowe

04/12/1935, What a significant date, the day Len came into this world, here in Maleny. As an eight day old in Eumundi, I did not comprehend the importance of those numbers until the second world war had ended and I was spending my childhood at Witta. Len and I first met at the Witta Sportsground about 1946. Cricket had returned to the region, and many matches were played at Witta. Len's mother and my mother, along with some other ladies of the district prepared the lunch for the cricketers. Len and I, along with many other children of the area amused ourselves by playing cricket just outside the boundary. At one stage a rather large tree stump took the place of wickets. Possibly some of our international cricket stars of today would appreciate bowling at stumps of that magnitude.

Len and I would sometimes venture upstairs and play cricket on the dance floor. The banging of a hard cricket ball on the floor directly above the heads of those dedicated ladies was no doubt very annoying and I can assure you, not always appreciated. In those long gone days dances were held monthly at this venue. In those days sawdust mixed with some other substance was spread on the floor so that it was easier for the dancers to move gracefully. As you can imagine some of this

product went into the cracks in the floor boards. Boys playing cricket on this surface forced some through onto the food preparation area as well as the ladies. If my memory serves me correctly this upstairs cricket field was closed for such activities.

One important event that did take place in this upstairs venue was the day Len learned to bowl a wrong'un. Those of you with some cricket knowledge will understand what is a wrong'un. For some very unexplainable reason I could bowl one but Len couldn't. At the end of play Len had mastered the art and I have never been able to bowl it since. It became one of Len's most renowned deliveries, and became second nature to him throughout his cricket career.

Those of you with some knowledge of cricket have heard the name Marcus Labuschagne. His recall to the Australian Test team last year where he took over from the injured Steve Smith has been well documented. He not only took his place as a fielder but as a batsman also. This was not the norm. However, turn the clock back about seventy years to a match at Maleny Showgrounds. I thought I would be the 12th man but Len claimed that honour. A short while after the game commenced, I was fielding at a very close mid-off, when the batsman belted a ball head high at me. Somehow I managed to get a hand up, the ball hit my thumb and ricocheted onto my head. I went to ground. If my thumb hadn't made contact with the ball I possibly wouldn't be standing here now. I left the field and was replaced by Len who not only fielded for me but batted and bowled also. A man before his time Len was a great all rounder, making a highest score of 174no at Country Week. In the 1960/1 season he scored the fastest fifty taking 30 mins. In 1962/3 his bowling average was 8.7. 1964 saw him return figures in one innings of 7 /27. Twenty-three years later playing against Maroochydore in 1987/8 he took 7 for 69. As a fielder he rarely let his team down. I often thought his team just needed one slips fielder as Len could cover so much ground. I can only remember one occasion when he failed to attempt a catch and I was the beneficiary. The game was at Elaman Creek, between Witta/Elaman and Maleny. Ike Lowe was the bowler, I was batting. Len and Albert were fielding on the boundary about 20 metres apart at square leg and backward square. I lofted the ball right between them. In unison they looked at each other and said, "yours". I was very grateful.

While I played a lot of cricket with and against Len, tennis was a different situation as he was in the upper echelon, while I struggled in lower grades. I really enjoyed watching Len play his two favourite sports. In tennis his ability to take control with that great reach was outstanding. Len won many tennis trophies over a long and illustrious career. He was the local singles champion for about ten years and won many doubles events also.

He was always willing to pass on his skills. He made sure that his children Raymond, Karen and Marilyn inherited his love of sport and the ability to play at a higher level. This they achieved.

He was always ready to assist, whether it be the individual or the community as a whole, and he belonged to many community organisations. MOW and the Historical Society just to name a couple. Not long ago there was a rough spot outside the Maleny Hospital. One night it was mysteriously filled with gravel and not long after the council rectified the problem. Need I elaborate?

Val and I would receive a visit from Len on a regular basis. His greeting, "Is the kettle on?" We looked forward to these get togethers immensely. We introduced him to Japanese biscuits which he really enjoyed.

A couple of weeks ago Len helped Val and I celebrate our 60th wedding anniversary. When it was opened for anyone to speak it was obvious he wanted to but apparently wasn't up to it. Len was a great friend and we had over seven decades of this friendship. This is something Val & I will cherish forever. You will never be forgotten.

R.I.P. Len.

Vince Carbery

Presented by Grant Thorne

Contribution to Eulogy for Len Lowe **Offered by Grant Thorne at ceremony on 9 January 2020**

As far as my memory extends, I knew of Len and Albert Lowe. They were young men at Conondale of whom my father Jack spoke frequently and well. Len soon became Jack's righthand man, sharefarming on the "top" farm at Curramore; Len's parents Ike and Isobel were still sharefarming on my aunt's "bottom" farm on Cedar Creek.

The Lowes and the Thornes were working partners in dairying but also had a special friendship that could not be found in similar circumstances today. In our early teens, my mate John Ekert and I were not only tolerated in the nuisance that we provided at Conondale to a family running a dairy farm, but often joined and encouraged: Isobel taught us to shoot, any Lowes on hand would join in an hour of cricket played on a mown pitch in the paddock that months earlier grew corn, Ike spent hours without success trying to teach me to bowl his prodigious type of leg spin. But for Isobel being on hand to wade in and drag the boy from a flooded Cedar Creek, I would never have reached my teens.

Jack Thorne had the foresight to imagine the future of our farm at Curramore and in the late 1950s he and brother-in-law Jim Rapp built "the shack" - a three room cottage a few hundred metres from the main house. It was built so Len and his soon-to-come family should not have their privacy disturbed by Jack during his day work on the farm. It also served as our base when Len and family took their annual holidays.

When Len married June Langton in May 1959, things at Curramore took on a different slant. Both were involved in milking there, and only when June was occupied with adding Raymond, Karen and Marilyn to the team was there need for "a boy" to help. A small fibro room was thrown up hastily adjacent to the house as accommodation for "the boy". It survives today. I spent a few one

week stints in it. Cold in winter and hot in summer, I actually looked forward to Len coming downstairs to wake me for a hot drink and the morning milking.

Len was 14 years older than me, and I subconsciously adopted him as the big brother I never had. Why wouldn't I? All 6 feet 3 and 1/2 inches of broad shoulders and rippling muscle. He was very good at all the sports we both played. He should have won more than six Maleny Open tennis singles but, like everyone else, could not do much while an ageing Col Leeding ran off seven straight from 1962. Even the passage of the years never allowed me boasting rights of having beaten Len in singles. At 40, he could still beat me. He had the reflexes of a jaguar in doubles and was always to be watched by the very good players Maleny ran into in regional representative matches.

Jack and Len achieved much at Curramore by hard, physical effort. Jack, 22 years older than Len and seven inches shorter, never shirked the issue. I am sure Len generously took the heavy end of any lift to be shared but that was not available when it involved a couple of coils of barbed wire on a crowbar for fencing over the side.

Len and June and three children made Curramore their home for almost twenty years when June's health dictated that the family needed to move to town. Dad had relied on Len for so long it was a big decision in his life aged 60 to saddle up for the milking himself. Dad called quits on dairying aged 70, leased the farm for fifteen years to Allan and Irene Owen. Now Curramore is home to "Debbie-Doo", as Len would affectionately refer to my daughter.

When Jack died in 2002, our family decided that his ashes should remain on the farm, interred under what would be a newly planted tree on the 150 acres on the northside of Curramore Road. Len shared his thoughts with my mother Margaret, sister Jean and me that that might be somewhat inappropriate since Jack probably spent more of his time on the rougher 300 acres on the southside of the road. There was never any thought of not giving weight to Len's views. When the ceremony was held, ashes were placed on both sides of the farm. Len provided a tree and a plaque which said simply "in memory of mate Jack."

In 2002, we built another house on "Curramore Hills" as we now call the property. We needed to distinguish between the three houses, so names were necessary. The cottage from 1959 carries the name "Jack's shack". The new construction for obvious reasons became "the big house", which left only the naming of the share farmer's house built in the 1930s. It could only be "Len's house". On the family photo wall of our home at Buderim, there is only one non-family face. It is Len pictured holding my granddaughter Jacqui after he had lifted her up to unveil the plaque naming "Len's house". A couple of years ago, the name plate was removed during painting of the weatherboard exterior and the painter had forgotten to replace the nameplate. Len called me with a polite enquiry; the nameplate was reinstated within hours.

Kerrie and I returned early this morning after six weeks in Europe. I missed the chance to call Len at Christmas. If I had been home, I would have known he was unwell because he never failed to

call me at Christmas and on my birthday. He always called on the landline which we never answer but left a message anyway. There would be no callback this year.

But Len, this is the best I can do now. My father Jack was a man of the highest integrity and he knew you for all but the last 17 years of your life. He had no higher opinion of any person, and that is good enough a yardstick for me. You had pride in your family and their achievements but you had to deal with your share of adversity as well. You were strong and resolute. I will remember fondly the farming years, the sports we played together, and the yarns we shared on plenty of occasions since. You were a good man who has gone to a good place, now with opportunity to reunite with your loved ones who have gone before.

Rest In peace, big fella.

Grant Thorne

Service Celebrating the Life of

Len

*Gregson & Weight Chapel, Caloundra
Thursday 9th January 2020 at 1:00pm
Patricia Brennan officiating*

Order of Service

Opening Music

"Patrona Bouriae" and "Lippizanne"

Introduction and Welcome

Special Tributes

Karen and Marilyn

Eulogy

Patricia Brennan

Speakers

Vince Carbery and Grant Thorne

Photographic Tribute

Music - "Mexican Pearl", "Fly like a Bird", "Waltz across Texas"

RSL Tribute

Helen Gilmore-Walsh - Maleny RSL Sub-Branch

Committal and Farewell

Closing Music

"Chicken Dance"



Our Father in heaven,
Hallowed be your name.
Thy Kingdom come,
Thy will be done, on earth
as it is in heaven
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us for our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
The power and the glory,
Now and forever.
Amen

