

my privilege to give tribute + Michaels
let continued + thanks ATTENDANCE
FOR MESSAGE, CONDOLENCES
+ FROM TRIBUTES - GREAT COMFORT
TO FAMILY

Freda

First we would like to express our sincere gratitude to Father Harrison, and Father Mark for their attentive responses and prayer and blessing for Freda. We would like to thank the staff of Highview Rest Home who treated Freda with tender love and care, and Presbyterian Support for their assistance to Frank and Freda at home. I also want to thank each and every one of you for your support today.

Her life was a lesson to us and was marked by her humility, her love and her contentment. ~~SEA~~

From humble beginnings she was the second eldest child of Fred and Rosie.

Rosie was the first Lebanese woman born in New Zealand.

Freda was born in Dunedin. We cannot say when as this is a national secret. Soon after she started school here Fred and Rosie decided to go Lebanon to live for some years with the children then born.

Freda spent some of her formative years in the beautiful hills among the cedars and in the village of Becharre. The family had a small vineyard and house which is still in the family name. Becharre was the birthplace of Khalil Gibran the world famous poet and philosopher who was a contemporary and school mate of my grandfather.

After some years the family returned to New Zealand where Freda finished her schooling and started her working life as a tailor and

seamstress. A job she became very skilled at and a talent she continued with all her life including repairing all our clothes and shirts after the Friday night scraps.

In 1948 she met and fell in love with the handsome Frank Nidd, a young returned soldier doing his accountancy papers and working in the railways at that time. They were married in 1949 in this very cathedral and in 1950 after a considerable struggle I was born followed in quick succession by John, Katherine, and Paulette.

We had a most joyous and happy childhood. We experienced extraordinary unconditional love, not just from the family but from our great extended family. We had the good fortune of living in a communal house at 191 Carroll Street with our Grandparents, Aunts and Uncles until 1958 when Frank and Freda bought their own house at 181 Carroll Street, the house they have lived in since that time.

Our memories of our glorious upbringing in that huge rambling house and garden are everlasting. There were constant extended arms from adoring parents, uncles, aunts and grandparents who enveloped us with the joy of life. That is not to say that there were not times with fantastic fights, great arguments, and great times of hilarity and passion, contributed to largely by Uncle Ray, otherwise known as Butch, Aunty Shirley, Beautiful Aunty Rona, Bert, and Uncle Nuss. There were constant fits of laughter.

To get the house at 181 and spread our wings by moving five doors down the road was regarded as a major saga, but Nana Rosie and Freda would treck up and down the road several times a day sharing food, clothes and family management for want of a better

word. Some may call it matriarchy. The one fault Lebanese families seem to have turned into an art form.

To buy the house was always a great memory because to get a mortgage in those days you had to borrow from a lawyer and the family lawyer, one Fred Smith of Smith, Lousley and Smith was revered in the family and bribed with copious quantities of Kibbie, and other delicacies until he arranged the loan. He was a great influence on my life when I realised what great powers these lawyers could wield. Regretfully that is no longer the case.

Freda and Frank also imbued us with the importance of great respect for our Parish Priest, (then Father Hussey, Father Fenton, and Father Gantley), our doctor Tom Jenkins, and anyone who had a car.

Our home became an absolute institution and still is to this day. Freda made sure that our home was our anchor and no matter what we faced in life we could turn up at any time for wisdom, comfort, solace and fantastic food. Our friends were always made welcome with traditional Lebanese hospitality and Freda would host lots of card games, gatherings, and community get togethers. She loved meeting up with the Hannah girls, the Michaels, the Georges and the Coorys and they all shared the most wonderful community spirit and warmth of that quite unique Lebanese Community. Her hospitality like all Lebanese mothers was legendary. It was so engrained in her that even in the last weeks of her life when she was barely cogniscent of what was going on around her she always asked if I had anything to eat or would like a cup of tea.

We will always be grateful for the lessons Freda taught us but we haven't quite achieved namely her humility, her gratitude and

contentment. She gave thanks to God, and her Holy Mary every day for every thing she had including her children and grandchildren and even her great-grandchildren. I don't think any of us have learned to be as grateful or contented as Freda, but I can promise you Freda we are still working on it. One of the other great lessons she taught us was how to communicate, empathise, and show compassion for everyone. An example of this was some years ago when they closed the Mental Hospital institutions and opened what was affectionately known as half-way houses in our neighbourhood and the streets began to be inhabited by some pretty special characters. I was concerned for their welfare and safety and tried to persuade to shift but Freda's response was they have to live somewhere and this is a good area to live.

Her most valuable gift to us was her unquestioning faith and whilst she may not have been a rigid follower of all the rules she knew absolutely where her truth lay and where she was heading and I have no doubt that is where she is today. She prayed the Rosary every day, but was also a fair critic of some of the old rules which offended her sense of justice. Not eating meat on Friday was sometimes a struggle. She longed for the day when all the churches would unite so that she only had to wander down to the corner church in Carroll Street which was St Andrews Presbyterian Church, later became a Pentacostal Church and is now a Coptic Christian Church. She felt God was in all of them.

She had the George sense of humour but probably laughed more at jokes and pranks than practised them.

The other great lesson she taught us was the Importance of love and devotion to your life partner. Frank and Freda were an example of love for us to model our lives on. They were truly devoted to

each other and literally worshipped the ground each walked on all their lives. In later life when she became frail Frank struggled with having to part with her when she had to go into a home. He upheld his promise to her to never be responsible for putting her into a home. Only the doctors compelled us in the end after the first of her heart attacks. We are very fortunate to have my Sister Katherine to have taken care of them so well. Kathy, they could not have lived at home together for so long without her help. The rest of the family are eternally grateful for what you have done Kathy and continue to do for Frank.

My Sister Paulette had a special relationship with Freda. A bit like a Queen and a Princess but we were never quite sure who was the Queen and who was the Princess. Paulette took her on wonderful holidays and dressed her like a fashion icon in Dior, Prada and Chanel, and Freda loved it. People would stop me and comment on my glamorous Mother even well into her 80's.

With John and I she reminded us of our strict duties to her. This simply meant I had to call on her or phone her every day, and if I didn't she would ring me the next day and insist on talking to me whether I was with a client or in a board meeting and demand to know what was wrong because I had not been in touch the previous day. I think John got away with a bit more in that regard. But in fairness she gave us total freedom and space to be ourselves and live our own lives with an imprint of the values she had imbued in us at an early stage.

She welcomed into the family and loved her daughters in law Liz and Jane and her son in law Michael and she simply adored and worshipped her grandchildren and great grandchildren and this was reciprocated and each of them had a special relationship with her.

For all her humility and contentment she was very determined that we succeed in our endeavours but she always insisted. Make sure you have time off to have a rest.

And now it is Freda's time to rest. She is in a better place having struggled over recent times but has lived a full and contented life and has done her duty to her family and her community she leaves behind.

Rest easy our beautiful Mother.