

**EULOGY FOR RAY FARR – READ AT HIS FUNERAL,
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27TH, 2018**

“Shrimp – they were the WORST cabbage rolls I have ever tasted”

That was what my dear Uncle Butch said to me less than four weeks ago, after my sister Katherine and I decided to make one of his favourite dishes and take it over to him at Lynton Lodge for his Sunday night dinner.

Good morning – my name is Paulette Snowden. My mother was Freda, Uncle Butch’s older sister.

Mum loved and adored her baby brother Ray. And I know the feeling was mutual.

I feel that Uncle Butch was born, wanting to make the world laugh – with his quick wit, sharp brain and that wicked sense of humour that we all grew to love.

I understand from Uncle Butch, that when he was a youngster and living at 191 Carroll Street in Dunedin, Mum would pop him into the bath and scrub him until his ears were almost bleeding and his feet stung. He told me that often – so it obviously resonated deeply.

During WWII Uncle Butch was chosen by the NZ Government to train in Trentham to learn Morse code. He often spoke of this experience. He graduated **first** in his class while also **being the youngest**. I think he loved his time in this role. It was an achievement that he was truly proud of and it was his way of contributing to the War effort while his two brothers, Bert and Victor were overseas serving our country.

Uncle Butch had a heart bigger than Texas and he loved, adored and cherished his beautiful family more than anyone could ever imagine. He lived every moment of every day for his two children, Joanne and Stephen. In fact, if they hadn't made contact with him at least **three** times a day, he would call either Seba or me to find out if we knew where they were and would they please let him know that they were alive and well. A true Lebanese parent!

Joanne and Stephen – your care, commitment and love has been absolutely outstanding, particularly over the past few years, following the debilitating stroke that Uncle Butch suffered.

Jo, your daily visits and sometimes, *twice* daily visits to Lynton Lodge, your delicious home-cooked meals, your special drives and outings – that you made so interesting and fun, your bedside vigils, your ten thousand phone calls throughout the day and night from your Dad and you smiled your way through it all. You have been a truly fabulous and loving daughter. Your Dad was SO proud of you. He loved you deeply!

Stephen, (Jack or Hudson as your Dad often called you). I know that it isn't easy when you live so far away from your parents, especially when they become ill, but your many trips across the Tasman to be with your dad and spend special precious time with him was something he cherished. Your love, commitment, care and kindness was relished by your

Dad. Your bedside vigils, particularly over the past fortnight have been exemplary.

Joanne and Stephen, your father's love for you both was deeper than the ocean. Please carry it with you forever!

Uncle Butch has always been in my life from his first home in Maitland Street in Dunedin and then later on at his very beautiful home at **45 Melville Street**, which was kind of my second home, where his one true love, Moira made it a mansion – I remember her as being one of the most amazing cooks on this planet and a wonderful home maker.

I think I used to eat dinner at least three nights a week at 45 Melville Street. We all have **great** memories and we really did laugh until we cried, with Uncle Butch's rapid fire responses to every line uttered by all.

Joanne, Stephen, Katherine and I travelled together to and from school at St Patricks, South Dunedin every day. Life was fun. I can remember Uncle Butch being overly generous with the nuns (even though the four of us didn't consider them our *favourite* people in life). I remember that one of the nuns once complained of a cold class room while enduring the bitterness of a brutal Dunedin winter. Uncle Butch took it upon himself to have a gas heater installed in every class room throughout school. It failed to make that much difference to the nuns though, because the four of us somehow still managed to endure our very regular round of corporal punishment from them.

The Cedar Club, which was also situated in Melville Street was a very proud icon for the Lebanese community The Lebanese

men met at the magnificent two story mansion, with its dark timber stained walls and lush carpets to exchange their stories of the day, to make up their stories of the day, to reminisce about the old country and of course play cards in the upstairs rooms. Uncle Butch loved his club and loved the companionship of the community.

My father, Frank Nidd, was the manager of the Cedar Club during the 1960s. I always remember a story that he told me – apparently one evening at around 9pm, Uncle Butch arrived at the club dressed in his pyjamas and slippers. Dad, feeling rather puzzled with Butch's attire, asked him "what on earth are you doing at the club dressed for bed", to which Uncle Butch replied, "*I told Moira that I was just putting out the milk bottles*" –

And then of course he ascended the stairs to play cards (Zonks and Poker) in the upstairs rooms. Uncle Butch loved his club and loved the companionship of the community.

I think we can safely say that he was never going to make it as an altar boy.

My brother John remembers sleeping in the same bedroom as Uncle Butch when he was very young at 191 Carroll Street (I think that they called it "the sunroom"). John could never understand why he always slept with his clothes on, including white shirt and bow tie – but as John recalls – Butch was a bar man by trade and always came home late and probably just fell into bed! John remembers that Butch had a distinct dislike of his next door neighbours in Carroll Street, because they chopped wood in the morning when he was trying to sleep (*you can only imagine the words*).

John reminded me that Butch once borrowed Auntie Shirley's Mini to go to church, but changed his mind on his way to Church and drove to Tapanui instead!

I spoke to Auntie Shirley in Melbourne yesterday. She is feeling so very sad that she is unable to be here today, but at this very moment she is attending a special mass in Melbourne for her dear brother.

Shirley said that one of the last things that he said to her was...

Shirl, do you realise that we actually have FOUR hip replacements between the two of us?

Shirley, said that she'll ALWAYS remember him as being NAUGHTY AND NICE!

To all his nieces and nephews, Uncle Butch loved you all.

Seba, you have been wonderful. With your constant visits with his delicious treats and the beautiful meals prepared by you and Karen – he loved and appreciated them enormously.

Anglea – your bitleewee – he craved it and you feed it to him, at Lynton Lodge.

Delia Rose, the fabulous hospitality and love that you always showed him over the years. He loved you very much.

Ricky, you were always there when he need you and he knew it.

Lucy, your precious visits and all his wonderful stays in Invercargill, which he spoke of often. He loved your beautiful face and your radiant smile.

Gerard, with your adoring daughters, who visited him regularly – he loved you all SO very much.

I have with me today a special tribute written by my brother Michael, who unfortunately could not be in Auckland at this time. Michael and Uncle Butch were extremely close.

This will also be read by Michael, in Dunedin, at a special memorial service to Uncle Butch, which will be held later in the month.

It reads as follows:...

(Read Michael Nidd's eulogy to Butch)

SO (as he often like to be known) -

RAYMOND JOSEPH, ALOUISHIS CUCUMBER BUTCH FARR REST
IN PEACE.

WE WILL MISS YOU.

