

Thank you very much for being here today, with us, and with each other

Although, I have to say, Dad might not have approved. One thing he couldn't abide was funerals. He would avoid going to them if at all possible. If he had any choice, he wouldn't be at this one.

As he explained it to me many years ago, what he didn't like about funerals was the focus on sorrow, and grieving for what we've lost.

But I believe there are some positive emotions to be found and shared and enjoyed, things that Dad would have encouraged and would have been pleased to see - the opportunity we have been given to join together and share each other's company, to share our love for Dad and for each other; the opportunity to reflect on a life fully lived; an opportunity to accept that we have all been an important part of that life.

So, who was Philip Dunn? He grew up in a tiny forest town in Queensland called Blackbutt, the son of a blacksmith who appointed himself as the town mechanic.

His childhood tennis opponent was Blackbutt's other claim to fame, Roy Emerson, who went on from consistently beating Dad to become one of the world's greatest players.

His school was one room and one teacher. His formal schooling finished at the end of primary school. He never went to high school. Instead, he did 3 years of an apprenticeship to become an electrician. Before he was finished, his family packed up and moved to Perth, where he found that the West Australian authorities wouldn't recognise the time he'd done in Queensland and he'd have to start his apprenticeship again. This may well have been the source of his enduring disdain for bureaucracy and petty empires.

So, what to do? At the age of 16 he joined the Air Force and began a career that went for 26 years, taking him in directions that he never dreamed. He started as an apprentice engine fitter, qualified and transferred to the electricians course.

He found that he couldn't stand flying. His apprenticeship was in Wagga and his family was in Perth so the Air Force would fly him back and forth across the

country, awfully airsick the whole way there and back, sometimes even before the plane left the ground.

The Air Force seized on this potential and appointed him to pilot training. He discovered a talent he didn't know he had and he was very good at it. Being at the controls certainly cured his airsickness. Frank Cox has already spoken about Dad's stellar career as a pilot, but I have to say that for an 8 year old boy, seeing my Dad flying aerobatics with the best in the world was Pretty Good Stuff.

His Mum was very proud to see pictures on the telly of her boy from Blackbutt being introduced to the Queen.

At the same time he loved fly fishing, the tranquility and solitude of a stream in the bush or a quiet stretch of lake in the high country. He cherished spending time with friends, telling stories and sharing jokes until tears of laughter were rolling down his cheeks. Megan has written a beautiful poem that really captures that part of Dad's spirit.

It might be best that Dad didn't become an electrician. Our family dining table bore the scars from him re-wiring a lamp after a few too many beers. He plugged it in and it went BANG, leaving scorch marks all over the table top as a constant reminder: - just stick to flying the aeroplane.

In many ways his life was lived in 2 parts. An Air Force career spanning 26 years and then 30 years living with Parkinson's Disease. He was married to our dear mother Margaret for the best part of 40 years, then in his mid-60s and with quite advanced Parkinson's he took on the challenges and rewards of another marriage to Barbara, for the final 14 years of his life.

Barbara will probably be quite cross with me for giving her praise, but I am certainly not alone in appreciating the marvellous way that she kept Dad engaged with life, involved and stimulated, still learning new things and discovering talents that he didn't know he had, like painting. I have no doubt that Barbara's devotion and care extended Dad's life and enjoyment by many years.

Dad's attitude also played a big role. I was continually amazed by his determination not to dwell on what he couldn't do, but to get on with what he could do. And that's the message I want to convey today, that we can all take with

us from Dad's leadership - not to mourn what we've lost, but find the good things and enjoy those.

Speaking of good things, Dad was very fortunate to have his brother Ross by his side when things got tough. Ross has been Dad's legal guardian for the last 25 years, a task that has not been easy, doing battle with every manner of bureaucracy on Dad's behalf and having to deal with the more challenging aspects of Dad's illness as his mind changed through a range of sometimes difficult characteristics. Thank you Ross for your love and devotion to Dad and your tenacity in protecting his welfare.

Ross and Frances have also made all the arrangements for this afternoon's celebration of Dad's life so please join us to make sure we send him off in the style he would enjoy the most.

Farewell Dad. We're proud to be your family. It's been a pleasure knowing you and an honour to be a part of your life. Thank you for what you've taught us and for sharing the adventure with us.