

I never met my Australian grandfather Dick Murray, for he was born in the 1800s and passed before I had the chance.

I was however blessed to have a great man called Percy Chute who taught me a lot about life, lessons I will never forget, but the most important was how to live.

Some of the great sayings were :

“there’s no doubt about ya”

“truly”

“Is that right!”

“well Ill be darned”

When I first met the great man back in the early 90s, I was terrified to hear his great, deep booming voice sitting in his throne on the porch of the Lennox home peering down on the grass and vege patch watching like a king. A man you wouldn’t want to cross or upset.

One of the first lessons was delivered whilst on a fishing journey up the north end of the beach. The 4 of us jumped in the 4wd and headed up the dunes for some fishing. Percy and Darryl taught me how to catch pippies to use for bait and then fish using beach rods and tackle – very different to the metro experience I had on the Sydney piers. All in all a great day, however towards the end of the day I chose to complain how about how long it took to catch a fish, how far we had to walk and how heavy the equipment was to carry. I continued to drag a towel in the water and wet sand which got heavier and heavier and my whining got louder and louder until BOOM! The great man’s voice hit me like the heavens had opened up and Thor was speaking to me. Everything else was muted – the sound of the waves crashing, the seagulls crying, the sun’s heat didn’t seem to matter. I cannot remember what he said to be exact, but I tell you I never complained again. Fast forward to the next year and he begun to soften. Still to be respected and feared but a little softer like a ripening fruit!

We continued to visit every year around Christmas time. Percy would take me fishing – early mornings, afternoons and bbqs in between. I loved to watch him BBQ and chat about his life experiences and all of the memorabilia in the garage and the garden. He had a way about him – the way he spoke, his words, his accent, his stories (we shared stories about the same clients we had in south Sydney both being reps – different eras of course but same people). I could listen to him for hours and sit with him for eternity.

We had a lot in common (you wouldn’t think so but we did). He was a mate, a grandfather and my teacher.

As we both grew older and I matured, I started to appreciate how sitting and just being was what life is all about – not speeding through life chasing your tail. But reflecting and being in the moment.

Being a city slicker I used to rip through the place with my entitled behavior , buy anything in site at the town and country surf shop and whine when nothing went my way. “Let’s go, when are we going, what’s next, can we go to Byron?” Always looking to the future rather than living in the moment. Darryl used to say “you can chase the dollar Dick , but it won’t make you happy”. And aint that the truth!

Utopia would be what Percy and June had and will always have – they lived and did it so very well. A wonderful family, 60 years of marriage , respected and loved in the community and happy. What more can you ask for.

My dream was to have our son Wesley meet the big man, however we never got there in person and had to meet over the phone. Thank God for technology.

The last time I saw Perc in person was 2 years ago before I moved to Singapore. I remember saying goodbye before we drove to the airport. I got out of the car at the last minute to hug him again and tell him how much I loved him. He began to cry and hugged me back and said “Ill be seeing ya”. The same chair, the same porch, the same home, but a different man. The fruit had changed and so had I.

I leave you with this poem by Dalmar Pepper which I feel is quite fitting for the best angler on the planet, the legend of Lennox and me mate Perc

God bless you and see you at the beach in the sky

Love

Richard, Jacqueline and Wesley

X

Poem on next page

I've finished life's chores assigned to me,
So put me on a boat headed out to sea.
Please send along my fishing pole
For I've been invited to the fishin' hole.

Where every day is a day to fish,
To fill your heart with every wish.
Don't worry, or feel sad for me,
I'm fishin' with the Master of the sea.

We will miss each other for a while,
But you will come and bring your smile.
That won't be long you will see,
Till we're together you and me.

To all of those that think of me,
Be happy as I go out to sea.
If others wonder why I'm missin'
Just tell 'em I've gone fishin'

Dalmar Pepper