

The Letter from Peter Halloran's Sister

When Peter aka Harry was 8 years old Our family moved to Arnhem Land in the NT to build the township of Gove.

We lived in a donga with fluctuating electricity, had no communication with the rest of the world, and depending on the weather our food / essentials came via boat or plane as there were no roads in or out.

Wet seasons, cyclones, weather hot and hotter, sandfly attacks and the odd croc have become much more interesting to our family in retrospect

However Peter loved every minute of it! And could not comprehend why anyone would want to go back home to Sydney By this time he had discovered the site of WW2 Catalina base and had collected his first memorabilia. The love of Army history and memorabilia had been planted! So when Peter joined the Royal New South Wales Lancers and found the museum he had found his Nirvana.

I think he was a good and generous Brother and Uncle to their children. And as an animal lover took great interest in their pets especially the horses who passed through the family.

While it is true that Peter was not particularly religious, since his death we have been overwhelmed by the stories of his kindness and generosity to so many people. And the beautiful Koran he purchased for me while working in Brunei, the teachings of the Dali Lama from his time in Thailand and the magnificent bib he found in some obscure country bookshop and gifted to me are some of my treasures from a special son.

The last occasion we shared with Peter was at our Diamond wedding party some two weeks before his death. He enjoyed looking at the photo montages constructed by Beth and the girls and after the caterers and guests had gone home, he sat down with our former neighbour-from his childhood , Aunty Beryl and they had a cup of tea together whilst Peter gave her the riveting detail of recent Police operations at Mascot Airport where he had been working nights

As he left to go home, he said he had had a good time, was pleased to catch up with Bridget (his niece) and had eaten and learnt a new word "quinoa" pronounced kee wan.

For some time Peter had been losing weight and had not been looking well and I had wanted him to come home and let us build him up again. He said he would, but always had something he had to do first and we made a date for him to come home in a fortnight's time.

In the early days after Peter's death I constantly worried if the outcome would have been different had I managed to persuade him earlier. Of course, I will never know the answer to that, but some things I do know. I know that Peter is at peace and I know he will rest here enfolded by the power and love felt by our family when we walked into the arms of the Lancers Guard of Honour at his funeral.

. And I know that although we are not physically together, we have lots memories to sustain us until we meet again in God's love.

Thank you