

GLADYS ANNIE WHITTEN

31/7/03 - 22/3/87

On behalf of the family I take this opportunity to thank you for your thoughts and expressions of condolence following the passing of my mother, our mother-in-law, grandmother, great grandmother, sister and friend.


To her, perhaps the most precious thing in life was her family and friends, but in regard to the family of Whitten and Newcombe and all their descendents she had a thorough knowledge of almost every detail and her great interest and knowledge was called on regularly by family members who were interested in compiling their own particular family connections and her record of both families on which she spent a considerable amount of time, will probably be used by those who were able to obtain them for many years.

A few months ago, Roma Betts gave my mother a photograph of a wedding group taken outside the home of one of our ancestors Richard Whitten at Gowrie about 1906 asking if she could identify anyone in the photograph which consisted of about ten adults and five or six children - she was able to name every person in that photo which included Aunt Maud as about an 18 year old and Alice Whitten (Reading) at about 5 years of age - just before her passing I insisted that she sit down while I took down all the names so that they would not be lost forever.

Last January we were discussing various things and the matter came up about mum "snuffing it" and I told her that I had decided what was going to happen when she eventually did. I told her that she would be cremated and that I would take her ashes to Tamworth and place them in her mother's grave with a plaque on top - she said that she thought that would be nice. I feel that it is fitting that this be done as a symbolic reunion with all relatives and friends with whom she was so closely associated.

It is anticipated that her ashes will be interred in the grave of her mother Annie Florence Whitten on Saturday 18th July next at 1130 am and if possible, we would be pleased if you could join with us on that occasion - from memory, I think that my grandmother's grave is next to that of her brother Percy Newcombe, however it is in the section where all the oldies of the family rest.

Once again, thank you for your love for my mum.



No matter how much we try to mentally prepare ourselves over a number of years for the ordeal of seeing one of our loved ones depart, it never seems to work and when we come to the time where we have to face up to the unavoidable destiny of us all, we have to come to grips with ourselves and see the situation through and so to-day I have arrived at the point that I have been anticipating for some time. It is now almost 2 years since I had to tell some of our family of mum's condition and so I have been continually concerned about any early morning phone calls where the STD pips had sounded.

We had the pleasure of having her with us for around ten weeks only recently and even though she was going through a lot of pain with a leg ulcer, she always came out to the kitchen full of smiles.

Mum and I had a very special relationship about which very few may have been aware - there was never any kissing in fact she often referred to herself as "old kissless" however that did not alter the fact that she was my mum and it did not need any outward expressions to show it.

She has had a hard life and how she coped with some of the situations I do not know, but I did know of quite a few of them which I will not speak about, but she was determined, a bit headstrong and in many cases was always concerning herself with others. Quite often when she would be visiting us, she would notice things like the time the man next door left his clothes on the line for a couple of days - she wanted to go and tell him and was not really satisfied when we told her that he sometimes left them out for a week or only during the last visit when looking out the window she saw some paint flaking off the house next door and should we not tell our neighbour about it - she did not see the other side which was probably ten times worse.

Always one for neatness and cleanliness, some years ago, she got stuck into cleaning the cupboards out the back of this hall after Home League only to find after she had finished that everyone had gone and she was locked in the Hall - it took some time for her to attract attention of a passer-by by calling through the door to eventually get someone to come and let her out.

She had some quaint ways of making her point and I recall one night when I arrived home very early in the morning after missing the last bus from Dee Why. I used to go down the side of the house, take off my shoes and sneak into bed - this night was different for just as I got through the door I was horrified to see something in the doorway of the kitchen - there was mum shrouded in a white sheet !

She always insisted on doing her spring cleaning and all efforts to discourage this activity were to no avail. Christine told her that one of these days she would fall and injure herself but she said that it would not matter as the house must be clean. Sometime later she

phoned and told Chris that she had had a fall and when asked how and why, said that it was during spring cleaning and she had fallen off her dressing table.

There was of course another side of her character which showed itself many years ago when we were living in Bathurst and she was asked by one of the men who worked around the area if he could take her to the pictures and eventually after several requests she agreed to go - he used to bring me a block of chocolate. The first visit to the pictures went off alright and after a few more episodes to the pictures and blocks of chocolate for me, he got a bit serious and proposed marriage - he was a German, and he was promptly told what he could do but he got very annoyed and told her that if she did not marry him, that he would go into Machattie Park across the road and hang himself. Her reply to that was that he should tell her when he was going to do it and she would go and help him with the rope - no more chocolate for me!

I could go on and on with many stories but I know that she was very proud of me and the things I have been able to achieve and I am pleased to think that she was satisfied with me and I will close these few remarks by, on behalf of her family, thanking you all for your friendship over the years, and a special thank you to Mr. & Mrs. Harmalink, Mr. & Mrs. Dover and other people in the close vicinity of 90 Crown Rd., for their concern, kindness and understanding of this quaint little old lady who was my mum.

Do you believe in Prayer ? for more than 12 months now, I have prayed that when it is time for God to take my mum from this world, that he would do it quickly without any frills - I believe in prayer and I have many instances of its effect.

NOTE: On going through mum's things, we found all her music examination certificates and contrary to my statement that she got her Cap & Gown at the age of 20, this is not true, she obtained it in 1919 at the age of 16 years.

15 Alban St.

Jan 2430.

28th July '87.

Dear Phyl,

I am enclosing the copy of Eulogy read by Rex at Glad's funeral service, sorry to be so long in getting it off to you but the days fly past as I mind my grandaughter few days per week & shop - visit an old Quinindi lady in a nursing home here - & a thousand other things on Fridays sometimes feel very stifled here at home but I offend to have Jana to help the young ones save - so here I am - next year she can go to pre-school.

I trust you & Ross are both well - I imagine you are looking forward to Spring - it has been a cold winter - but up here we have had our share of lovely warm days.

With much love

Jean