

Jack Francis Ryan

Parents

Jack's father, Harold Ryan, was an Engineer & Boiler maker.

Harold had a number of jobs, including a job every 'bloke' in the church would want - working at CUB Breweries – and at the time pre OH&S, when all workers received 2 cold beer's each day.

Jack's mother Annie, was a Milliner & Homemaker

Harold and Annie had 3 children, Jack, Leo and Peter.

Whilst we always associated our heritage with the North Melbourne/West Brunswick areas – a little known fact is that Jack was actually born in Geelong whilst Harold took a job there for 3 years.

Dad attended St Joseph's primary school, then North Melbourne College and the final two years at St Kevin's College.

He achieved the No 1 score in the State for Latin, A skill that hasn't been very useful to him over the years...

Jack married Lorraine in 1948, at another St Josephs Church, this time in Brunswick. Mum was a great support to Jack and it can be said they shared a very traditional relationship. Mum at home raising the kids, Jack the breadwinner and in charge of the family finances.

They had 4 children - in order of oldest to youngest, just in case there is some confusion... Peter, Karen, myself, John and Maureen. and two grandchildren, Ken & Diana.

When Mum passed away 21 years ago...Jack made a decision to remain alone and dedicate himself to family, friends and living life.

Linda Street, Coburg

Mum & Dad built a house at 57 Linda Street, Coburg which became the family home through our formative years.

Dad's parents, Harold and Ann lived with us in a granny flat at the rear of the family home in their later years.

I do remember, that unable to get a permit from Council for a granny flat, Jack told the council he was building a community centre for the local youth to keep them off the streets...

That little white lie is possibly the reason we have 5 of the best sitting behind me today...Jack leaves nothing to chance. (5 priests officiated the funeral)

Dad joined the air force in 1943, as an 18 year old, attached to the 460 Squadron

Flying sorties in the Lancaster Bombers over Germany.

He was a Wireless Operator & Air Gunner.

His time at war is something that Jack didn't speak of, at all...and recently, a few months ago before Xmas he wanted to watch the movie, Dunkirk – no sooner had it started, he was adamant that it had to be switched off.

70 year on, those scars still run deep but he certainly didn't share those stories with others.

Jack joined the State Bank in 1941 at their Elizabeth St branch, his first job was filling the ink wells.

Taking leave from '43-'46 for the war, resuming with the Bank on his return.

He took on an Accounting Degree – post the war at night school – a free study incentive offered at the time to assimilate returned servicemen back in to the workforce.

Jack again topped the State with his Accounting degree scores.

1967 – 1970 - London

Jack accepted the post as manager of the Bank's London office from 1967-70.

These were great years for the family with trips through England, Ireland and Europe – an amazing opportunity for us all.

Part of Dad's role whilst in London was to conduct roadshows across England, drumming

up immigration opportunities for settlement in Victoria – some of you will remember the term, 10 pound Poms.

In Birmingham one night, he talked his colleague into dropping in to a pub that he frequented when he was stationed nearby during the war. Upon entering the bar, the barmaid looked up and recognised dad, saying, “Jack Ryan, as I live and breathe, is that you!” - 24 years after he last set foot in the pub!

It wasn't just war stories that Jack didn't like to share...

Coming home on a ship from London to Melbourne in 1970, a 6 week journey, there was a family in the cabins next door...Kay Miller and her kids. Kay's husband, Johnny was a jockey and had stayed on in the UK a little longer. Lorraine & Jack took a shine to the family and another lifelong friendship was born.

Life long friendships was something Jack valued immensely, something I will touch upon later...

On returning from London, Jack rose through the ranks at the Bank, holding many executive level positions over a distinguished career - to be 2nd in charge at the time of his retirement.

Post Retirement

Jack took on directorship's on a number of Board's after his Banking career, serving as a director at;

- State Trustees
- Construction Industries & Long Service Leave Board
- Fenchurch Insurance, and
- Marsh & McLennan

Always very Social

Jack was extremely social, loved a party and was always last to leave...

He was always being told off by Mum, “you said we were leaving 2 hours ago”. We are, get your coat...on return, she'd find that he had refilled his glass, “We'll get going after this one...”

Either that or he was coming home late and bringing people home with him, Mum would

have to find ways to share a meal for people she didn't expect...meals that had been in the oven for hours waiting for Jack to arrive home.

I love the story Jack coming home rather late for dinner, again - in December 1972, wandering in behind him was the Taxi driver. Jack mumbled, I've asked him in for a drink, he was a Messerschmitt pilot, we were probably shooting at each other during the war.

What would you want to drink?,
Where were you from again?...Dusseldorf.
I have very fond memories of Dusseldorf, the last time I saw it, we were on a bombing raid and it was lit up like a Christmas tree!
Cheers mate.

The weekends, apart from many dinner parties, BBQ's entertaining guests and friends, Jack used to play squash every Saturday morning. Two courts, 5 players in a round robin format for 2 hours...

Saturday afternoons were spent watching Carlton, both home and away games – and then driving home with Brian, Leo, Myles & Bill – listening to the radio analyses, caller's feedback and then discussions on which player excelled, who failed to fire a shot – he's bloody useless and what moves the coach made or should have made...it was the same thing every Saturday through the footy season.

Jack moved the family again across the Nullarbor to Perth for a few years in 1977/1978 having been seconded from the Bank, to head a Merchant Bank that the State Bank had an interest in.

This gave mum and dad the opportunity to again rekindle friendships and form new lasting ones.

Reacquainting themselves with Johnny & Kay Miller and forming new friendships that still endure today, the Reynolds...Graham was over from Perth having lunch with Jack about 6 weeks ago, and posted a notice in this mornings newspaper.

After Mum passed away, Jack made a number of commitments to himself – rules if you like, to live by;

The first one, as Diana has mentioned, was to read and remain up to date and relevant, what was happening in the news, politics and the economy – and he certainly did that.

He had an opinion on everything...

His second RULE, as Ken has stated, was that he would never knock back an invitation.

This is a 'life skill' that really enriched his way of life and a good lesson for everyone...

He achieved his wish to live alone and end his days at the St Kilda Rd apartment. He never wanted a retirement village, that simply wasn't on his radar.

Goal Setting

Jack was a great goal setter, more so in that last 5 or so years, but Jack would set himself short/medium term goals. Even though he was in & out of hospital, he would always have a goal in mind that he wanted to get to.

A trip to Sydney for Xmas, a trip away with his mates to Noosa, a special dinner that was coming up... he always seemed to 'will himself' to get there

Once achieved, he would set himself a new goal to keep himself focused.

If he set his mind to it, he would always get there.

Jack loved life, loved a party and valued his friendships...

From the weekend footy following Carlton with Leo Brophy, Brian Tregillis, Bill Smyth and Myles Whelan

To friends such as Des & Therese Ryan, Joe & Julie Cahill, George & Cath Wilkinson, Liz Ryan, Barry & Terry Weir, Geoff & Carmel Case, Trevor Craddock and many, many others...all great friends...

We are thrilled that we have some of these people in the church today, or their sons and daughters representing those families.

A special and long lasting bond across generations.

Love of Family

Jack's love of family was the centre piece of his life. The joy and pride that he received in seeing or hearing from Ken & Diana was evident for all to see.

In fact, family get togethers were especially important to him.

Jack's planning was meticulous, his brain so sharp...I'll just touch on a couple of things that have come to light in recent weeks. Some of you haven't seen Jack recently but his mind was switched on until the end

Jack left a five page list of things that needs to be done after he passed, who to call, bank account numbers, newspapers to cancel (don't forget to ask for a refund for unused portion of the quarter), Utility company details, where to find documents, etc – a 'to do list' to clean things up...

If you have an elderly person within the family – just get them to do the same – it's very helpful and extremely thoughtful.

Today's event...Jack sat down with Maureen some years ago and planned his funeral, the readings he wanted, who would speak, who would sing, the songs...you don't question Jack – he got what he wanted... well most of the time...I didn't share this with him...

I'll just touch on two tales from the hospital that occurred in the past fortnight...

Just over two weeks ago Jack had a 'code blue' event and we nearly lost him – he came around to find 5 doctors and 2 nurses around his bed asking him,
Do you know your name?,
Do you know where you are?...

He looked up at all of them and said, If this a dementia test, you won't catch me out - I'm good at these...

He then said, listen Doc, hand me my phone and nurse, can you get the white pages directory...

What for?

I'm going to call a priest to arrange my last rights and I need to look up an undertaker to organise my funeral.

The family spent long hours, long nights and a few overnights at the hospital in recent weeks...

Dad wanted a roster, so that is what we did...

He knew I had some colleagues down from Sydney last Friday. I was taking them for a hit of golf, followed by dinner – so no hospital visit for the first day in over two weeks.

I arrived at the hospital Saturday morning, Jack was very dopy, out to it a bit on the Morphine – I was a bit out of it after a late night as well...anyway he half opened an eye and acknowledged me, then mumbled, Is this place hard to find?...I said what did you say? He says, Is this place hard to find?... no mate, I've been here every day... he opened his eyes fully and says, you weren't here yesterday... Silence between us for a few minutes, I couldn't tell these priests what I was going through my mind... then he smiled and says, How was the golf yesterday?

Eternally Grateful

People often comment that Jack must be amazing to be able to live unassisted and independently at his age...and they are correct...but he could not of done that without calling upon those close to him to allow it to happen.

I want to acknowledge a few people that allowed Jack for fulfil his wish to remain living in St Kilda Rd.

Firstly, Maureen

What Maureen did for Jack can never be underestimated, the dedication and bond they shared was very special. It was Maureen's devotion to Jack that enabled him to live at home till the end.

The rest of family can never express our thanks and gratitude to Maureen for everything that she did and everything she shared with Jack.

Peter Reid

Peter, it not easy living in Sydney with a family to care for and then have Karen drop everything after a phone call to fly to Melbourne to help out. Thank you for your gracious acceptance and understanding.

Liz Ryan – Your friendship, love and the support that your provided Jack cannot go unacknowledged. We cannot thank you enough for the times when called upon, you simply dropped everything and supported both Jack and the family.

Liz, not you alone, but you and Daryl over the years- we thank you both and think of you today.

I want to also thank Lorraine for the love and friendship she shared with Jack. The times she dropped in to see Jack, run errands, had dinners...you had a special relationship with Jack and I know it was reciprocated.

Scott/Oz/Gilbert/Peter – the concierge team at Yve Apartments

Outstanding support for Jack, and comfort for the family knowing Jack had support.

Nothing was too much trouble for this team and it contributed greatly to Jack being able to achieve his wish of independent living.

The family cannot thank all of you enough...

Close:

I'm representing all of the family today and also talking on behalf of you, the friends and relatives that have come along today to celebrate Jack's life, when I say...

Today we say goodbye to

A great Father...

An even better Mate...

And to my Mentor.

I would now like to call on one of Jack's good mates, Barry Weir to come forward to tell us all about a couple of very special memories...

After Barry Weir's talk...

Immediately after the service the family would like each and every one here today to join us at the

Olympic Room MCG

For a light lunch and refreshments...
we want to celebrate a great life with all of you.

Details of how to get there, car parking and access details I have with me. Each of the family members will hand these out after the service.
Come up and see us.

I have here 70 car spots available under the
MCG

From there lifts 9, 10 & 11 from the car park that will take you straight to the Olympic Room.

You will need one of these – see us after we finish. This ticket gets handed to security and gains access.

For others that can walk a bit further – park at the car park in Olympic Boulevard – right hand side opposite AAMI Park, just before the Collingwood centre.

It is a short walk via the footbridge to the MCG – Enter via Gate 3.

Jack loved a party, and this will be his last one...if you have made the effort to attend this morning- the family would like each and every one of you to join us to celebrate Jack's life.