

## **Words to remember for Loch**

I hope that in a small way I can capture the essence of Loch. He was a great husband great dad, grand-dad, son, brother and mate to many. He loved his wife & family with everything he had and nothing less!

His energy and passion for life were truly remarkable. He was always willing to help others out, loved a chat and meeting people.

### **Rockhampton**

Loch was born in Rockhampton 5 March 1951. Our childhood was very much influenced by dad's job with the Post Office. The family moved around rural Queensland to Mount Morgan, Monto, and Tambo in the 50's. From these experiences and holidays at our uncle's properties in the Central Qld that Loch developed his love of the country life.

The family moved to Grafton in the 1960. It is here that Loch learnt to ski and developed a life long passion for the sport.

In 1964 the family moved to Rockhampton where Loch completed his secondary education. He was quite bright at school but he found the confines of the class not really to his liking. I remember a short and colourful musical career in the school cadet band as cornet player and drummer where he nearly drove us mad with the din!

He was impatient with the educational process and left school to go Jackerooing, firstly at the CSIRO in Rocky and later to the King Ranch north of Clermont. It was here that he met his great friends Noel and Margie Medhurst. He worked with them in clearing scrub. He was in his element living in a tent and operating a bulldozer and in the company of mates.

When mum and dad moved to Brisbane at the end of 1973 Loch decided come to the city with us. He had a career change from scrub pulling to van salesman with QUF selling all manner of frozen goods to corner stores and cafes.

I remember this as a very happy time for us as Loch was living at home again. We both joined a ski club at Long Pocket. It rekindled his passion for skiing and was a catalyst for developing lifelong friendships.

During this period in Brisbane, Loch met Suzanne who was nursing with Donnita at RBH the time. After a whirlwind courtship they married in 1974. Photos Groom and Best Man dressed in daggy brown suits at the wedding are testament to Loch's ability to get things done rather than sartorial elegance! I believe the suits were chosen in world record time.

### **Charleville**

Very soon afterwards Loch and Suzanne moved to Charleville to run a depot for QUF. They settled into the town very well. Never the one to be shy he quickly introduced himself to the Linehams next door. He offered to come out to help out with mustering at Graham & Marita Bakers (in laws of the Linehams). I think they were all surprised when Loch and Suzanne actually turned up on their two little motor bikes to help out.

His love of a good yarn earned him the nick name of have a chat with locals in Charleville. This ability to make friends saw him take the new dentist in town Keith Sanders under his wing. Loch was never one to see a bloke go lonely or unfed.

Loch was always resourceful. When trapped between flooded creeks while driving for QUF with a few other travellers he took charge. In no time, he had dragged a log from the bush, had a fire going and had fed the crowd with defrosted frozen pies from truck. Drinks for all

were cadged off the soft drink man who was also trapped. Desert was ice blocks courtesy of QUF.

Loch always loved a fire! His grandson Isaac woke up one day went outside and said “I smell a fire. Where’s Pa?” You often woke up after a night with Loch smelling like a log fire.

### **Longreach**

When Loch and Suzanne moved to Longreach, he quickly made friends with the Slade family. Loch loved to pitch in and help and helped Doug build his new shed impeded by Doug’s tape that was missing 100 mm. “It’ll be alright we’ll just add 100 mm to all the measurements”!

Loch’s response was “You know what you do with things like this and don’t you?” and proceeded and chucked it into the bin. If Loch thought you needed something he didn’t procrastinate.

This attitude saw him buy his first ski boat. He always saw the boat as a reason to get together with friends and family. Skiing holidays became a regular feature of their social calendar for the rest of his life. Long after leaving Longreach, Loch arranged skiing weekends and Easter breaks in Rocky and Grafton. He loved to get a crowd of his mates from various parts of QLD along for a few days away. He loved to ski and loved to teach people, especially kids to ski. The proximity the Lismore farm to the river was a big influence on the decision to buy the farm.

### **Emerald**

After a few years in Longreach Loch, Suzanne and Naomi moved to Emerald where Loch continued to work for QUF. His hard work and persistence saw him achieve highest sales from a single truck depot ever after he sourced all the mining canteen business himself.

Michelle was born in Emerald and as usual Loch and Suzanne widened their circle of friends. They also enjoyed to opportunity to spend more time with Mum’s family who come from the region. He particularly loved going bush in “Bomby” his beaten up old Nissan to the Loch family’s properties, Fairview and Rutland.

### **Brisbane**

Loch and family moved back to Brisbane in 1982 for Naomi to start school in Brisbane. As always he introduced himself to the neighbours at 55 Wynne Street. His introduction to Ray Gordon was something like “Hi! I am Loch Forsyth. Can you give me a hand lift our steel framed piano?”

Loch and family lived close to mum & dad and Laura & Mark. Loch and Suzanne were a tremendous support when my first wife Irena tragically died in 1985. They were always on hand to lend a hand with minding Andrew and for a shoulder to cry on.

He loved to organise get togethers where ever he lived. I am sure you have all been the guests at one his do’s. I can remember turning up to any number of quick & easy BBQs in Sunnybank. It wasn’t unusual to have 20 to 30 people there when you were expecting to be the only ones coming.

Cameron was born in ???

Loch left QUF and was self employed for a while before taking a job BMG quarries (later known as Boral) working for his old friend Noel Medhurst. He worked his way up the ranks from machine operator to quarry manager. Later he moved into gravel barges and the sand

plant at Jindalee. He finished up with Boral after 20 years in the manager's role at Lytton. He took early retirement to pursue the dream of a move to the country.

### **Lismore**

Loch & Suzanne eventually settled on buying the farm outside Lismore. When they purchased it there was only an old piggery and the dairy which they converted into temporary accommodation until their new home was delivered.

I remember Loch walking around our new home at Ormiston checking dimensions with a tape measure and going back and forward to plans of the Lismore house. Every time he visited he would studiously check room sizes and layouts at our place.

The years on the Lismore farm were a period feverish activity. Loch worked tirelessly to establish the farm and make room for visiting family and frequent visitors. He was very proud of his beloved farm and loved hosting visitors.

Loch always had a full list of projects and this was even more apparent in Lismore. His ability to get things done and work hard are the stuff of legend. He was a keen recycler before the advent of global warming. He hated waste and had no time for lazy people or bureaucracy.

It was remarkable what he managed to re-use in building the Lismore farm. Greg reports that he often heard Loch say "I think I've got one of those somewhere". When re-building the dairy he emerged from the old piggery with three doors he had stored away for later use. He saw value in things where no one else could. I am not too sure about the old spot light from the old river dredge tied to the gum though!

Denis who sold the property to Loch used to marvel at the truck loads of gear that Loch lugged down from Sunnybank. "What sort of place did he have in Brisbane that could fit all that stuff?" The last load out of Sunnybank at Christmas 2005 looked like something from the Klampetts right down to the squatter's chair on top.

Loch was never one to dwell too much on the standard of the finish but was unrivalled in his ability to convert an idea into a completed project. While others would be standing around working out how to do it he would be a flurry of activity. It probably explains why he was happier working in steel and concrete where you always weld or stick something back on if you make a mistake.

The farm is testament to Loch's energy and passion for life and a tremendous legacy for his family. As was usual with Loch's home it was the centre of most of our family gatherings. His last few years on the farm were a very happy time for him. He especially loved having visitors, particularly, his two beautiful grandchildren Isaac and Louisa.

### **Finishing Comments**

Loch faced his illness the way he faced everything else in life. He was courageous and optimistic that he would beat the cancer. When it became obvious this was not the case he accepted his fate buoyed by faith and trust in God. He had no regrets and was at peace.

He will be greatly missed by all. His light burned so brightly and sadly has gone too soon. He told me that he wanted us to keep him in our hearts and celebrate his life. He did not want us be overcome with grief.

Loch, farewell for now.