

In Honour of



**William (Bill) Hooper
22 June 1950 – 11 October 2003**

**With a twinkle of those sparkling,
devil's eyes he'd have you, lock stock and barrel.
So quick-witted, such a larrikin and joker
- always the centre of attention,
always the life of our party.**

A hopeless romantic, an honest and loyal man who loved his wife, his family and grandkids, his mates and his job. Not to mention his shooting trips, his fishing and his travels. He hated very little except maybe selfishness and dishonesty—and building retaining walls! A simple man, yet a noble soul.

When the demon cancer came calling too soon, too greedily, he touched us all with his spirit, his strength and his character. From him we learnt so much—not only about dying but also about living life, loving life and loving one another. He was our very own hero.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once wrote, 'A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature'. Bill was more than just a masterpiece—he was the very archetype of friendship. Always a friend when in need, truly a friend indeed.

Bill, our lives are so much richer for having known your love, our hearts are so much poorer for not having you here. Your spirit will always be alive within us.

Love from your wife, your family, and your Federation work mates at Oceanic Coal West Wallsend Colliery.