

Remembering Patrick Anthony Rowe



17th March 1950 – 17th October 2019

Pat was a child of the Macleay Valley growing up in Gladstone where his father was the operator of the ferry between Gladstone and Smithtown (before the bridge was built in 1973). Pat was the only child of Patrick and Vera. Whether a quirk of fate or an act of providence, both Patrick Snr and Patrick Jnr were born on 17th March, St Patrick's Day! Moreover, both Patricks had the Irish gift of being able to tell a good yarn or a tall story at the drop of a hat!



Patrick Rowe
(Captain of the School)

After his primary schooling at St Joseph's Smithtown, Pat went to St John's College, Woodlawn, in Lismore for his secondary education being, in his final year, the School Captain. After a year working in Sydney, Pat entered the Marist Seminary where he studied theology, played and coached football, and obtained his BA from Macquarie University prior to being ordained a priest at Kempsey in 1976. He subsequently taught in Australian Marist Schools prior to moving to Chicago USA for his Masters' Degree at Loyola University, graduating in 1983.

Pat's life then took new directions resulting in his decision to remain in America, develop his career as an international consultant in leadership and professional development, move to Durham, North Carolina, and most importantly of all, to marry his American wife, Wendy, leading to the adoption of their Guatemalan-born child, Adelaide. Pat, Wendy and Adelaide made a number of trips back to Australia together to meet up with Pat's aging father, extended family and life-long friends. On one such trip, young Adelaide was baptised at Star of the Sea Church, South-West Rocks.



Adelaide's Baptism, South West Rocks

More particulars of Pat's life are included in the reflections and eulogies below. The final five or six years of Pat's life were very challenging as he struggled with an acute form of Parkinson's Disease and increasing Dementia leading to his death in a Durham Nursing Home. A Cremation and Memorial Service was held for Pat in Durham on 23rd November 2019. However, Pat's Australian family and friends were also keen to celebrate his life – and mourn his death – “back home”. So, a [Memorial Service was arranged for 3rd February 2020 at Star of the Sea, South-West Rocks](#). Almost a hundred people from Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and many places in between gathered for the occasion.

After the Service, some of Pat's Ashes were spread in the Pacific Ocean; another set of Ashes has since been interred in the grave of his Mum & Dad, Vera & Patrick Snr, at the Frederickton Cemetery. After the spreading of Patrick's Ashes, those who were able attended South West Rocks Country Club for a final celebration of his life. May he truly rest in peace.

Memorial Service Introduction – Gerard Hall, Celebrant



Pat always seemed to us “larger than life”: confident and self-assured, but never arrogant; a leader who didn't dominate or impose, but used his many gifts to bring the best out of other people; a tried, true and trusted friend to so many; for a period of his life a priest and marist committed to people through his ministry; a devoted, loving son, husband and father. While Pat's life journey took him in multiple-directions and, as with us all, had its moments of suffering and heartache, he somehow retained the qualities of a simple, Aussie country lad which even his later developed American accent could not hide!

However, what we do not doubt is that Pat was a multi-talented human being. We have all heard the parable in the Gospel story where the master hands out talents to his servants (five, two and one). Pat was the recipient of the full five talents which he did not hide under a bushel, but shared generously with others. As in the Gospel story, the master says to him: “Well done good and faithful servant, as you have been faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many things. Enter into the joy of your Lord”.

So, Pat, we are praying for you and with you today, praying indeed that you are entering the joy of your Lord. Like so many others here, I give thanks that I am privileged to have been your lifelong friend. As Pat's cousin Helen said to me just recently, it is hard to actually believe Pat is dead – precisely because he always seemed so much “larger than life”. Yet, Pat's demise over the past five or six years has given us all time to come to terms with his eventual passing. And yet, to this we need to add: ‘Pat, it is hard to know we will grow used to your not being around’. Part of each of us dies when those we know and love are taken from us.

Memorial Service for Patrick Anthony Rowe
Our Lady Star of the Sea Catholic Church
3rd February 2020



Celebrant: Gerard Hall SM

South West Rocks Choir
Organist Brian Cox

Liturgy of the Word:
Paul Borger & Bob
Barber SM

Prayers of the Faithful:
Paul O'Brien, Mary O'Brien,
Bernadette Fraser, Ruth Usher,
John Kelly

*And all shall be well and / All manner of things shall be well /
When the tongues of flame are in-folded / Into the crowned knot of
fire / And the fire and the rose are one*
T. S. Eliot, *Four Quartets*

Blessing & Spreading of Patrick's Ashes Pacific Ocean, South West Rocks



After the Blessing of Patrick's Ashes on the Shore, his Cousin Helen Borger & Life-Friend Paul O'Neill spread Pat's Ashes into the Sea.



Tribute by Noel Purcell: What a great man Pat was across all fields of life – sporting, academic, business and family. He was always special to Sue and me. We were very privileged to have him marry us in 1976. And we were lucky to stay with Pat, Wendy and Adelaide at their home in North Carolina and spend time with them several years ago, as well as see them when they came back on visits to Australia. Please pass on my apologies to all attending and may it be a loving celebration of Pat's life.



As Patrick has touched
all our lives with
inspiration and
friendship, we have
celebrated together
today to take
something of his spirit
with us on our forward
journeys.



EULOGY FOR PATRICK ROWE

Cousin Helen Borger

It was a couple of days before Xmas 1992. I had recently moved to the US from Sydney. A large white box tied with a bright blue ribbon had arrived in the post. Opening the box, I was greeted by a treasure trove of Australian comfort: Violet Crumble Bars, Caramello Koalas, Freddo Frogs, Twisties, Vegemite, the list goes on. The bearer of this joy was my cousin Pat Rowe. Pat was thoughtful and kind and knew what it was like to be many thousands of kilometres from home.

As most of us here today know, Pat grew up in Gladstone on the Macleay River not far from here. Pat was my mum's first cousin. Although that made him a second cousin to me and my brothers and sisters, he always felt like a first.

Visiting Pat and his parents – Vera and Pat senior – was always on the itinerary when my family drove from Sydney to the Macleay River during the Xmas school holidays. While Pat was with his parents in Gladstone, we stayed with our mum's parents – Eileen and Jack Watson, Pat's aunty and

uncle – across the River in Smithtown. family drove from Sydney to the Macleay River during the Xmas school

My older brothers and sisters have fond memories of playing with Pat at Nanna and Pop's place, going to the beach at South West Rocks with Pat and playing darts with Pat at his parent's place, among other activities.



Patrick Snr & Vera Rowe

When I was old enough, I remember Pat's father, Pat senior, joining in the fun and games that we had with Pat. As most of us know, Pat senior had a penchant for telling tall, hilarious stories.

On numerous occasions Pat senior would be regaling us with his unbelievable tales, while Pat junior – always the truth seeker – perfected the art of smiling through grimaced teeth. This scene played out many times over – not just when we were young, but also when we were adults.



Young Patrick & his mother, Vera

Pat junior was very good at playing Rugby League. He revelled in representing Woodlawn College and enjoyed watching all forms of Rugby from local derbies to the World Cups. In fact, he was great at most things he did, and everyone who knew him admired him. He excelled as a school administrator and football coach, and was a wonderful priest.

As most of us know, through the priesthood, Pat landed the opportunity of doing a master's degree at Loyola University in Chicago. I remember taking Pat's Dad and my parents to farewell Pat at Sydney Airport on New Year's Eve 1981. He was only meant to be gone for a few years, but he never lived in Australia again.

After Pat finished the master's degree and left the priesthood, he went on to become a successful business leadership consultant. I always enjoyed talking with Pat about the Human Resources world. He had a mind of his own and no problem telling clients where they were going wrong and could do better.



It was great fun visiting Pat when he was in Chicago. He was a fantastic tour guide, leading the way to places off the beaten tourist path and the usual haunts. Same thing when he moved to Durham. Each time I visited, he had new places lined up to explore. It was apparent that anywhere he went, he made the effort to gain a deep knowledge of the people and their culture and was always keen to share it. If his leadership gig had gone pear-shaped, he would have made a great tour guide.

Pat was a large presence who walked on the earth softly and calmly. He sat, listened and empathised. No brass bands or cheer squads required.

He never forgot home and came back to Australia many times to visit. We have fond memories of joining Pat, Wendy and Adelaide at family gatherings in Sydney and for holidays at South West Rocks.

Pat's thoughtfulness and kindness never went unnoticed. He cut an imposing figure of goodness and intelligence wherever he went. He is sadly missed.

Below see Helen's Poem for Patrick on his 60th Birthday



EULOGY FOR PATRICK ROWE

Life-friend Jim O'Brien

It is an honour and a privilege to have the opportunity to pay tribute to our great friend and relative to many others here this morning. This eulogy was to be delivered by one of Pat's closest friends, Jim Soorley. Unfortunately, Jim was unable to make the trip as he is recovering from a recent heart operation. He has, however, emailed

some thoughts about Pat and the journey they shared. These thoughts will be conveyed by another of Pat's great friends, Rod Harding.

As a final act of love, kindness and friendship we gather here this morning to say our farewells, to celebrate Pat's life, to remember with gratitude the friendship and good times we shared together, to pay out tributes to Patrick and to offer prayers for the repose of his soul.

We are all here this morning because we knew Patrick in some capacity. Some of you are his relatives and have known Patrick all his life. Others have known him from his childhood days growing up in Smithtown and Gladstone and here in SWRs, some went to primary school with Pat. Some of us come to know him at boarding school (St. John's College, Woodlawn), while others have known him since he left school when in the Marist seminary or while at Macquarie University. Others here knew him as a teammate playing rugby league in the University Cup Competition and as the coach of the Catholic College of Education team in that same competition. Others came to know Patrick later in life. Despite living and working overseas for most of his life Pat maintained contact with so many here in Australia. Irrespective of how or when we came to meet and know Patrick, how very fortunate are we to have known and shared special time with such a wonderful human being.



The Rector congratulating Pat Rowe, Captain of the winning Kennedy House, after the Annual Athletics Carnival

Like many others I first met Patrick at Woodlawn. We were not in the same class or year group. He was in the cohort a year ahead. At Woodlawn Pat was a very good student and sportsman. He was a member of the 1st X111 and the 1st X1 cricket teams. He was involved in all major aspects of College life such as the band, musicals and was Head Prefect in 1967. After leaving school Patrick moved to Sydney in 1968 where he worked and started studying a Law Degree. He then decided to join the Marist Fathers and commenced studies for the priesthood in 1969.

A group of us who were studying at the Marist Fathers' Seminary in Toongabbie were given permission to play rugby league for Macquarie University where some were studying. I played with Pat for Macquarie in 1971. I subsequently helped establish the CCE RL Club in 1972. When our coach was not available for the start of the 1973 season, I asked Pat if he would help out with pre-season training and team selections. Long story short, Pat took over the coaching and eventually became captain/coach. Pat proved to be an outstanding coach and player helping the first division team to a



UNIVERSITY CUP REPRESENTATIVE TEAM 1974

grand final and two premierships. He displayed an amazing ability to get the best out of the young men he coached. I have no doubt that, if Patrick wanted to pursue a coaching career, he could have been a very successful coach for the National Rugby League. However, that was not to be; that was not his priority.



Patrick's priority at the time was to become a Priest. He was ordained in and celebrated his first Mass in Kempsey in 1976. Pat was then posted to Marist College in Burnie, Tasmania, where he taught for four years before spending a year teaching at St. Paul's College, Bellambi. He was then given the opportunity to do post-graduate studies in Chicago. Patrick flew out for the States on New Year's Eve 1981 never to return to live in the country he loved. I am sure that was not his plan at that time. Patrick obtained a Masters' Degree at Loyola University. He subsequently left the priesthood and pursued a career in business consultancy. Pat had an extremely successful career in business, consulting for some of the biggest banks and firms in the US, Asia, the Middle East and Europe.

One of the great highlights of his life was marrying Wendy in October 1994, and the adoption of their beautiful daughter Adelaide in 1998. Pat was such a devoted husband and father. Despite his busy work schedule, he made involvement with Adelaide, her sport and schooling a very high priority.



Pat made many visits to Australia, sometimes for holidays and sometimes for work. He would even slip down here for a quick visit when he was working with clients in Asia. Whenever he could, he would return to this lovely part of the world. It carried for him so many special memories and it was his favourite place for rest and recreation. I guess it was also in a sense his spiritual home. Patrick was especially devoted to his father after his mother passed away when Patrick was only in his early 20s. He brought Pat snr to South West Rocks for holidays with Wendy and Adelaide right up until just before his dad passed away when aged in his 90s. Patrick also made regular contact with family and friends a priority and included trips to Brisbane to catch up with his great friends Jim and Mary Soorley. He also included regular trips to Melbourne to catch up with other great friends, Rod and Judy Harding. Rod and Judy have made the trip from Melbourne to be here today.



Wendy, Adelaide & Pat on one of many trips to Australia

When Pat visited Australia in 2011 to celebrate the 44th anniversary of his class' graduation, his friends became aware of the fact that he had lost weight and some of his vitality. Mary and I visited Pat and Wendy in 2013 and we could see the decline in Pat's health. Shortly afterwards he was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease and a related form of dementia. Despite this he was still working full time when we were there. Even after being diagnosed with a terminal illness, Pat retained a good sense of humour. When we were staying with him, he was having trouble getting the key in the front door. When I rang him some weeks later, I inquired how he was going. He said: "You know how I was having

trouble opening the front door when you were here". I said I remembered but reassured him that it was not too bad. He said: "Well now I've turned putting the key in the door into a five-minute performance"!

Pat made his final trip ‘down under’ in 2014. He flew into Brisbane where he was met by Jim Soorley. I remember him telling me that he caught up with classmate John Kelly and his wife Ros and had dinner at the home of Pat and Kathy Twohill where they celebrated a home Eucharist. Jim drove Pat to Port Macquarie on his last trip and he met with some of his family and friends in Kempsey and dealt with things he had in storage at Williamson Bros. I then drove him to Sydney where he caught up with other family members and friends while staying at the Marist Fathers in Hunters Hill before he returned to his home in Durham, NC. I think deep down Patrick knew this would be his final trip to Australia.

Relatives and friends of Patrick, you don’t need me to tell you what a talented, thoroughly decent, and inspirational man we are honouring here today. Many of you have travelled long distances, from Melbourne and Sydney in the south, to the Sunshine Coast and Brisbane in the north, Tamworth in the west and many other places in between, to be here this morning. We are all here because Patrick Rowe enriched each of our lives and made our world a better place.

The great Irish poet William Yeats was spot on when he wrote: “Think where man’s glory most begins and ends and say my glory was that I had such a friend”. Our glory was that we shared in Patrick such a wonderful friend.

May our dear friend rest in peace



Patrick Junior in Primary School, 2nd row, first left



Tribute by David Timbs: I was a fortnight older than Pat; he was one of the best men I was ever privileged to have known. We go back to school days, and we spent time together in Sydney and also Armidale. I well remember a wonderful holiday we had together, two teenagers travelling to New Zealand; it was a great adventure. I have been aware of Pat’s illness from the outset and he was often in my thoughts and prayers, as you are now. Words are inadequate to describe the unique qualities of Patrick Anthony Rowe, a great man, a leader, a friend to so many. Here in Australia you (Wendy) and Adelaide, whom I met at her Baptism, will always be welcomed as family; we share your loss and our love for Pat will endure.



Jim Soorley and Pat Rowe

EULOGY FOR PATRICK ROWE

Life-friends
Jim Soorley (author)
&
Rod Harding
(deliverer)



Rod Harding and Pat Rowe

At Woodlawn, where many of us went to school, Pat was big. He was big in every way. He was big and strong physically. He was big in the Firsts rugby league team, big in the Firsts cricket team, even bigger in the school operas. And let's not forget band Drum Major. He carried bigness with him throughout his life, all the way to the USA.

Pat was College Captain or Head Prefect as it was then called. Sure, he was a leader, athletic and musical. But Pat had other qualities in abundance: he was kind, generous and big-hearted. And old-fashioned gentleman.

Pat and I spent many years together after school, first in the seminary and then in America. We shared digs, went to the same university and we ended up leaving the priesthood at about the same time. Pat showed his vulnerability and humanity during these difficult days. He was a romantic searching for love.

Pat and I studied for our Masters in Organisational Psychology at Loyola University in Chicago. Before he had finished the course, the Professor had Pat working with him in his consulting business, such was Pat's charm.

Pat's search for romance led him into two marriages, first with Patti which did not however last. Then Pat met Wendy, a New Yorker with tons of personality. She and Pat made a life for themselves in Durham, North Carolina. Pat's marriage to Wendy went the full distance, with both Wendy and their daughter Adelaide caring for Pat throughout his time of care.



Patrick with daughter
Adelaide, his Princess

Pat's love for their adopted daughter Adelaide never wavered. Adelaide is about to graduate from University, a credit to herself, Pat and Wendy. Pat would be so proud of her. Adelaide gave back to her father in bucketloads as his health declined, regularly visiting the Care Facility with laughter and treats.

After working for a few years in international recruitment, Pat started his own business, the Rowe Partnership. With concepts such as Talent Acquisition and Leadership, or Leadership Selection and Performance, Pat not only tackled the corporate world of America, but became successful internationally including Asia, the Middle East and Saudi Arabia.

Pat's early onset Dementia was relentless. Before it captured him totally, he had one last visit home to see this village he loved, South West Rocks. Pat spent a couple of weeks catching up with friends from Brisbane to Melbourne. What a tragedy for such a good man, a big man with a giant heart, to be laid low by a devastating brain disease. Pat had an uncanny ability to bring people closer together. Pat, you will be remembered and missed; you lived an exciting life; you loved and were loved; and you are now at peace.

AN AUSSIE FAREWELL FOR PATRICK

Gerard Hall

I find myself amazed at the manner in which Patrick touched the lives of so many people. This Australian tribute to Pat is all the more amazing in view of his almost-forty years living in the United States. And yet, for his Australian memorial, we have family and friends from school, seminary, university and ministry days going back well beyond those forty years.

Here I acknowledge the strong presence of **Pat's Australian family** as well as local **Macleay families**, many of whom knew Pat's Mum and Dad and, in several cases, were classmates of Pat at the local convent primary school in Smithtown. Particular thanks to Pat's cousin, **Helen Borger**, who worked with **Jim O'Brien** and myself for the organisation of the ceremony. As noted in the booklet, we also wish to thank **Father James Foster PP** for providing use of the Church (as also attending the ceremony) as well as the **South West Rocks Choir** and local organist **Brian Cox** for the singing and music.



Pat's Woodlawn Classmates at Memorial

B: Pat Twohill, Paul O'Brien, Kevin Channells, John Mahony
F: John Kelly, Paul O'Neill, Gerard Hall [Also Chris Purcell]

A large contingent who attended the Memorial were Pat's former classmates from Woodlawn. Regrettably, the photo only contains seven of the eight members of his own class [**6th Form 1967**] who attended, mostly with their wives. There were also seven members of **6th Form 1968** in the persons of **Jim O'Brien, Rhett Smyth, Merrick Worthing, Patrick Cassegrain, Owen Smith, Graham Bible** and **Joe Moore** also including wives and family members.

This is opportunity to acknowledge the reality that our **1967 Sixth Form Woodlawn Class** had a major reunion in **July 2011** at Hunters Hill. This reunion was organised by **Pat Rowe** from the States, ably assisted by our fellow classmate **Tim Walsh** in Sydney.

Then in **March 2014**, which was to be Pat's final trip to Australia, we had another reunion, this time in Tweed Heads, which included a shared Eucharist at the home of **Pat and Kathy Twohill**. The presence of two of our former teachers, **Frs Garry Reynolds and Paul Pidcock**, added to the specialness of the occasion. The strange phenomenon of our Woodlawn Class is that Pat, 'though living half-way around the world, was the one who ensured we got together! This was Pat's remarkable gift as noted by **Jim Soorley**: his uncanny ability to bring people closer together.

Another large contingent at Pat's Aussie Memorial was the group I affectionately call "**Pat's Football Mates**". **Jim O'Brien** has spoken eloquently of Pat's athletic abilities but, even moreso, of his captaining, coaching and leadership skills, especially in football. I was particularly taken by the sight of eight of these once-young men, fellow-footballers of Pat, standing together on the shore of the ocean to farewell their friend, brother, captain and/or coach following the sprinkling of his Ashes. There is something about the human spirit that, even 'midst sorrow and

death, reaches out to find truth, beauty and goodness at the heart of the universe - whether we call that reality God or by some other name. As I reflected in the homily: **"The reason many people cannot see God, in events great and small, is not because God is too distant, but because God is too close. God is the Light by which we see everything; but we do not see the light, only that which the light reveals. And yet, without the light, we could see nothing! May God's light shine on our eyes that we may see that Pat's life has, indeed, 'changed not ended'."**



Pat's Football Mates at Memorial

Michael O'Brien, Pat McLoughlin, Denis O'Brien, Tony Harkness, John McQueen, Jack Sheridan, Michael Watts, Jim O'Brien

My association with Pat begins with our entrance to high school at Woodlawn as eleven year olds. So, **Phase One!** We both came from little rural villages on the NSW North Coast so that heading off to boarding school was a great, if formidable, adventure. Despite the challenges of the changing times of the 1960s, Pat and I, along with many others present at the Memorial, found ways to not only survive but even thrive in the country boarding school experience. Of course, there were the bullies and a few less inspiring teachers, but overall we felt ourselves to be positively challenged by a school that had a highly competent, committed and dedicated staff. The school motto, *"Tenete Traditiones"* [**Hold fast to the Traditions**], was hardly in accord with the rising Hippie Movement in nearby Nimbin at the time! Nonetheless, as we all know deep down, the most profound human traditions remain true for all peoples and ages. I doubt that Pat or I really contemplated the philosophical basis of our school motto, but we did have a sense that the Woodlawn and Marist traditions were important in giving our own lives direction and meaning. How else could we explain the movement to Phase Two?

Phase Two of Pat and my common experience was in the Marist Seminary at Toongabbie and Hunters Hill in Sydney. Again, we found ourselves in a period of transition when seminaries were hesitantly opening themselves to what was then called "the world"! Part of this experience was going to a "secular university" or other places of higher learning that did not necessarily espouse Christian-Catholic values. This was also the period of Australia's most turbulent political history associated with the election of Gough Whitlam's Labor Government in 1972 and its dismissal in 1975. It was probably a period of naiveté as many young people were still joining seminaries or other religious communities in the belief that the "new church" was being born. Within a decade of Pat and my ordinations to the priesthood in 1976, cracks were beginning to appear with the emergence of "anti-reformist forces" in the church. A new phase begins.



Phase Three! Pat is now in Chicago and I am on way to Washington DC. It is 1982 and young priests and religious are being encouraged to study and, if possible, experience life cross-culturally. I meet Pat in Chicago; he comes down to Washington where we spend time together. He shares with me his likely move to leave the priesthood; I learn to accept this and, although disappointed, I sense it is a move he needs to make to be faithful to his deepest yearnings and true self. This is painful for Pat; he needs to tell his dad. Pat engages with the process of coming to a decision over

the next eighteen months before taking the plunge. By now I have left the States and am in Europe prior to returning to Australia and then moving to Papua New Guinea.

Phase Four: It is now the late 1980s and I am back in the States for further studies. Three of us from school and seminary days – Pat, Tony McCosker and myself – find ourselves in different cities across the East Coast, namely Durham, Boston and Washington DC, enabling an occasional get-together in one or other city. When I defend my doctoral thesis, Pat is there for the event giving me an inscribed gift of T. S. Eliot's *Collected Poems* which I treasure to this day. In the early 90s Pat, ever the master of surprises, arranges to meet many of us at a bar in the Sydney Rocks. He arrives with Wendy, his new love-interest, who was soon to become his wife, life-partner and eventually fellow-parent of Adelaide. Like so many others, I have an ongoing relationship with Pat – as with Wendy and Adelaide – including being privileged to baptise Adelaide at Star of the Sea Church, South West Rocks, in 1999!

Address to Pat: Pat, we appreciate how you retained living contact with all the significant people in your life from family, to school and seminary friends, to those you were involved with in football and ministry. In a sense, Phase Four was both enough and more than you could dream with the gift of Wendy's and Adelaide's love that only deepened your appreciation of all the people who were formative in your life. Yet, it was your generosity in continuing to reach out and keep relationships alive that we continue to treasure. It was your special gift.



What follows is Helen Borger's poetic tribute to her cousin Patrick for his 60th Birthday. It contains a mixture of humour and pathos. **Humour:** knowing Pat's love for rugby league, Helen plays with the notion of the various "thirteens" to circumscribe his life-experiences. **Pathos:** knowing in hindsight that the "great adventure in store" marking much of Pat's future life in his 60s was to be one of physical and mental illness leading to his premature death.

Helen's Poem for Patrick on his 60th birthday!

Your first thirteen isn't a team, but you always take a punt.
Across the Macleay from Gladstone you stray to join the Smithtown bunch.
Billycarts and Borgers are the order as you start the play.
But before too long fulltime has come and you must away.

Your second thirteen has you in a team and fighting for the cup.
Far from forlorn it's all Woodlawn – you're the winners, not runners up.
A lesson here, a lesson there takes your wisdom far.
Being teacher, coach, priest and pal turns you into a star.

Your third thirteen claims the international scene, and you really shake it up.
Priestly powers make way for HR hours – it's more than just good luck.
Moving north to south removes the doubts as you count the ways.
Then a sporting chance leads to romance, and Wendy is in the play.

Your fourth thirteen changes the scene, and you become a dad.
Adelaide places a mark in your heart that makes you more than glad.
Her first thirteen is underway, and you have lots to share.
That teacher you left so long ago is still inside and cares.

Your next thirteen is yet to be seen, but one thing is for sure.
If it's anything like the first 60, you have a great adventure in store!

Lots of love and many more thirteens, Helen XX00



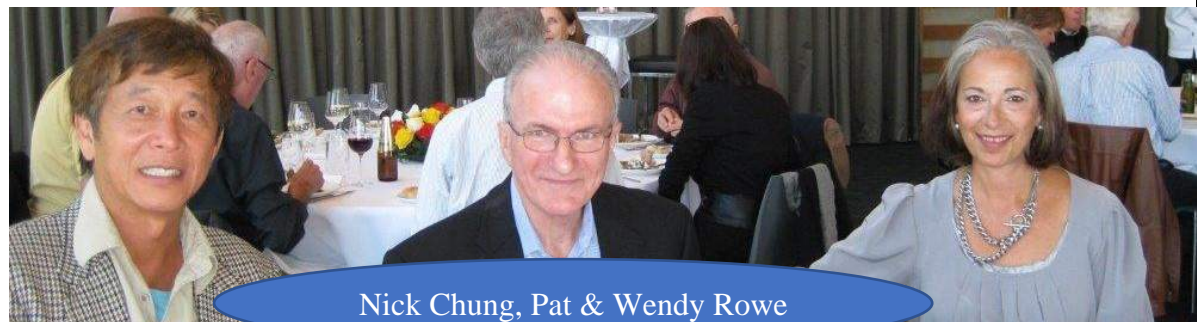
2011 Reunion Woodlawn 62-67 Class Hunters Hill



Back: Peter Kesby, Bob Elsworth, John Mahony, Paul O'Brien, John Kelly, Tim Walsh, Paul O'Neill, Nick Chung, Warren Dewar; **Front:** Kevin Channells, Bill Ryder, Phil Calnan, Norm Corey, Pat Rowe, Noel Purcell, Pat Twohill, Gerard Hall



The Ladies



Nick Chung, Pat & Wendy Rowe



The Organisers
Pat Rowe & Tim (with Helen) Walsh

2014 Reunion Woodlawn 62-67 Class Tweed Heads



Pat Twohill, Gerard Hall, Noel Purcell, Tim Walsh, Paul O'Brien, Paul O'Neill, Pat Rowe, Ernie Bennett, John Kelly, Frs Paul Pidcock & Garry Reynolds, John Mahony



Lads & Ladies

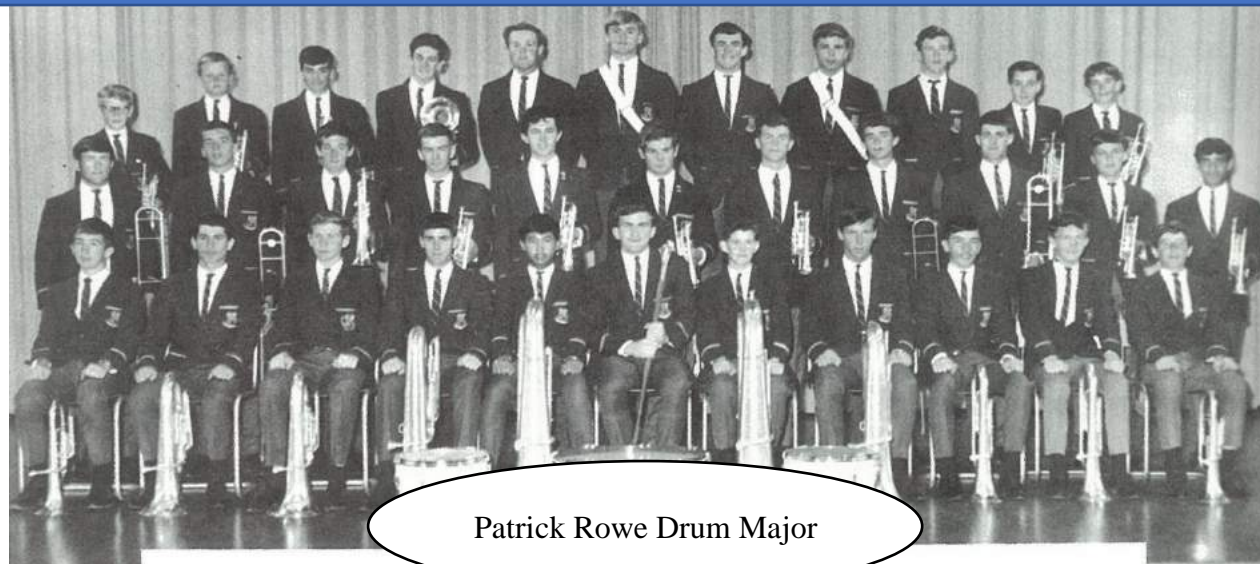


Eucharist celebrated at home of Pat & Kathy Twohill



**Event organisers:
Pat Twohill
(above), Tim
Walsh, Paul
O'Brien, Pat
Rowe and
Noel Purcell.**

A PHOTOGRAPHIC CELEBRATION OF SOME OF PAT'S ACHIEVEMENTS





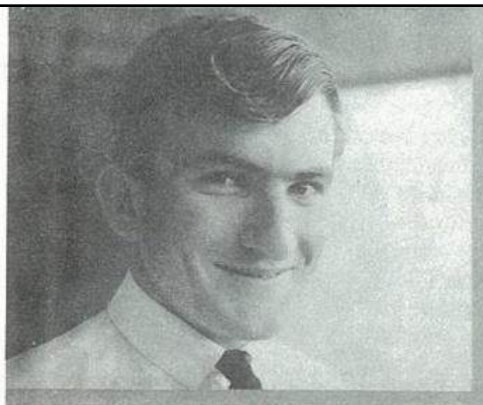
PREFECTS 1967

Back: Pat Twohill, Barry Flaherty, Tim Walsh, Nick Chung, Frank Cahill, Kevin Watts
Front: John Casey, Gerard Hall, John Mahony, Pat Rowe (Head), John Kelly, Paul O'Brien, Paul Bugden



SCHOOL REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

Back: J.O'Brien, R.Gray, O.Smith, J.Bertleson, P.Kesby ; 2nd Back: G.Biddle, J.Dougherty, G.Purcell, P.Worthington, E.Flynn, T.Boyce; 2nd Front: K.Channells, P.Twohill, C.Purcell, J.Casey, G.Hall, D.Timbs, N.Chung
Sitting: P.O'Neill, F.Cahill, B.Flavery, P.Rowe (President), P.Bugden (V-Pres), P.O'Brien, T.Walsh, J.Kelly



WILFRED SHADBOLT,
Head Gaoler and Assistant Tormentor,
PATRICK ROWE.



The Rector congratulating Pat Rowe, Captain of the winning Kennedy House, after the Annual Athletics Carnival



UNIVERSITY CUP REPRESENTATIVE TEAM 1974



Patrick Coach Marist College Burnie
First XI Cricket Team, 1980

Patrick, Wendy and Adelaide



Attendees at Patrick's Memorial, South West Rocks

| NAME | RELATIVE/FRIEND/CLASSMATE ETC |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Jim & Mary O'Brien | C mate (Woodlawn) CCE F ball |
| Queen Smith | Woodlawn |
| GRAHAM BIRCH | WOODLAWN - FOOTBALL |
| Scottie HOBAN | S.W. R. |
| JOE MOORE | WOODLAWN |
| Jack Sheridan | CCE football |
| Pat & KATHY TUCKER | CLASSMATE FRIEND |
| Ruth WISHER | 1ST COUSIN |
| Tish Bates | 2nd Cousin |
| Maureen Johnston | Friend |
| C. Channele | Friend S |
| Patricia WINE BORGER | COUSIN. |
| MARK & MARGIE | NIGHT COUSIN |
| Rob & John Kelly | Woodlawn |
| Pat & Denise M. Touhy | Friends |
| Tony & Shelley Harkness | Friends, CCE FOOTBALL |
| Leanne Shaw | School Days Memory |
| PETER SCOTT | ATTENDED SMITH TOWN COVENANT IN THE |
| John Ben Mahoney | 2nd Cousin Male |
| Mick Waters | Teachers College - Footy Team |
| Sr Carmi | Knew his dad well |
| Frances Pearce | Relative |
| Pauline - Brian Colich | Friend |
| Josef | |
| John Colleen McQueen | Friend |
| Paul & Michael | O'Brien CCE Rugby League |
| Mark Borger | CCE |
| 'Road' Purcell | Woodlawn. |

| NAME | RELATIVE/FRIEND/CLASSMATE ETC |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| GERARD HALL | CLASSMATE FELLOW MARIST FRIEND |
| CHRIS PURCELL | CLASS MATE & PLAT MATE |
| SUDIE WOOD HARRING | FRIEND |
| BERNADETTE FRASER | RELATIVE (COUSIN) |
| TOBY & PATRICK | STANIS (1ST COUSIN) |
| Helen Borger | SECOND COUSIN |
| KEVIN DALEY | SECOND COUSIN |
| Annette (HALL) | Wife of Terry HALL (Dec) |
| Bob Barber | Marist Father friend. |
| RHETT SMYTH | WOODLAWN |
| Merrick Warrington | Woodlawn |
| MAUREEN DALEY | SECOND COUSIN |
| Denise Casagrain | wife of Patrick |
| Patrick Casagrain | woodlawn |
| Patricia Reed | Relative. |
| Paul & Pauline O'Brien | class mate Woodlawn |
| Kevin Channele | Classmate |
| Pat & Kathy Tuckill | Class Mate & Friend |
| Diana & Liz O'Brien | He may my Capt'n / Coach |
| MARTIN MCDOWELL | 2002 LEAGUE COACHES |
| Pauline & Joe Colich | GOOD FRIENDS |
| STANIS STERLING | COUSIN (FRANK REED'S SISTER) |
| Brian & Zelma Nale | SMITH TOWN |
| Ross Lake | Relative |
| Ruth Lake | 1ST COUSIN |
| Patricia Bor | 2nd COUSIN |

Family Photo

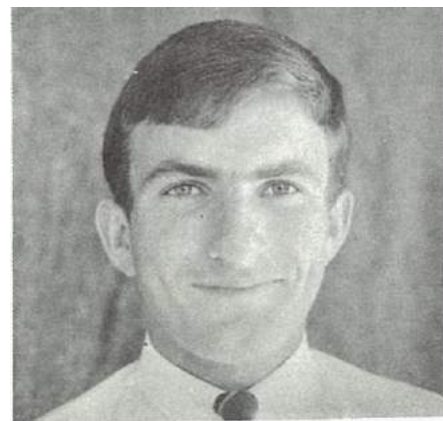


Front Row: Bernadette Fraser, Patrice Stanis, Betty Borger (dec), Helen Reed, Pat Sherwood, Tom Stanis
Second row: Helen Borger, Maria Hackett, Patrick Rowe (dec), Margaret Bates (dec), Margaret Borger 1, Margaret Borger 2, Anthony Borger, Narelle Ryan, Sarah Sherwood
Back row: Robert Ryan, John Borger, Keith Bates, Joshua Hackett, John Golden

Miscellaneous Patrick Photos



Patrick's parents, Patrick Snr & Vera; Vera & young Patrick Jr



Patrick Rowe
(Captain of the School)



Old Front-row Forwards: James Hackett, Pat Rowe, Anthony Borger



Cousins: Bernadette Fraser, Mary Doyle, Patrick Rowe, Helen Borger



Patrick & Wendy on their Wedding Day and with young Adelaide



Gerard, Adelaide & Pat in Brisbane



Mick & Jim O'Brien with Pat in Port Macquarie

A Final Word: My appreciation to everyone who has made this possible with special thanks to **Jim O'Brien, Paul O'Brien, Jim Soorley, John Mahony, Paul O'Neill and Helen Borger** along with **Wendy and Adelaide Rowe** for assisting, encouraging and promoting the occasion as well as providing photos for this presentation of Patrick's life. If you are seeing this elsewhere, please note it will be freely available on <https://gerardhallsm.wordpress.com/> **Life-friend, Gerard Hall SM**