




Speech By
Michael Crandon

MEMBER FOR COOMERA

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PRIVATE MEMBERS' STATEMENTS

Gordon, Mr B

 **Mr CRANDON** (Coomera—LNP) (2.56 pm): I rise to inform the House of the sad loss of a great man. On Thursday morning, 30 August, Barry Norman 'Flash' Gordon suffered a cardiac arrest. Beverley, his wife of more than 52 years, having become aware that something was wrong, woke grandson Zac, who at just 12 years of age performed CPR whilst paramedics were in transit. There is no doubt that young Zac's actions gave his beloved grandfather a chance to survive.

Despite all efforts, Barry passed away peacefully surrounded by close family on Monday, 3 September, just 16 days short of his 77th birthday. Barry was laid to rest last Wednesday, 12 September. Confirmation of the respect for this man is the attendance at St Mary's Catholic Church, where well in excess of the 500 expected were there—many resplendent in tartan. I wear this tie today, the tartan of the parliament of Scotland, in his honour. The bagpipes were abundant as well. The service was followed by a funeral procession to the historic Pimpama Uniting Church, where he was laid to rest.

Barry Gordon was a unique individual who achieved much in his life. His interests were far ranging, but most important among them were his family—yes, his close family, but also the whole Gordon clan, the forebears of whom originally settled in Milbong 150 years ago. Barry was larger than life and never missed an opportunity to give advice—and I mean good advice—to members of his family, the many people who called him a mate and the acquaintances he met along the way. He used to delight in talking to young and old alike, making people laugh, giving them sage advice or perhaps reciting one of his own poems—just one of his many talents.

Barry was intimately involved in my last three election campaigns, two of them as campaign manager. I recall us being summoned to attend a meeting with LNP management on one occasion. Some of the first words out of Barry's mouth were that he was not an LNP member but the good news was that he was a member of the human race. At the end of the meeting, Barry recited one of his poems, the one he had especially written for politicians. It was not particularly flattering.

The seeds Barry planted in the minds of those he touched will grow in them and, at the very least, make their lives just that little bit better. I often recite the poem *A Philosophy to Live By* by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Now when I think of the words of this poem, I can think of no person that is better reflected by them than Barry Gordon. The poem states—

To laugh often and much;

To win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children;

To earn the appreciation of honest critics ...

To appreciate beauty, to find the best in others;

To leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch or a redeemed social condition;

To know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived.

This is to have succeeded.

That is Barry Gordon. He absolutely succeeded in life.

I will close with Barry's last words on anything that was not quite going according to plan. He would say, 'Listen, it's okay. Tomorrow morning, the sun will rise again,' and he was right. Rest in peace, old mate. Your body has been returned to the earth, your soul has ascended to heaven, but you are not gone. You will live on inside the hearts of all those you have touched. You will never be forgotten.