




Speech By
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MEMBER FOR MOUNT OMMANEY

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MOTION OF CONDOLENCE

Pegg, Mr D

 **Ms PUGH** (Mount Ommaney—ALP) (4.15 pm): I rise to speak to the condolence motion and the shattering sadness that many in this place, both in the chamber and in the gallery, share at the passing of our good friend Duncan ‘Peggy’ Pegg. I was lucky to go to uni with Duncan and, indeed, with the current member for Stretton. I started at Griffith University a few years after them in 2003, so I am blessed to have almost 20 years of memories and milestones in that time. I thought about sharing some stories from our uni days which, as anyone who has ever met Duncan could imagine, are incredibly funny.

I could tell the story of how we used to play touch football together in our mixed touch team. The team was called ‘The True Believers’. Of course Duncan named us. None of us were any good, to be clear. We all played in the team because Duncan used to write these hilarious post-match reviews of our performance. We peaked one spring afternoon. We made the grand final and then we unexpectedly won this grand final against an all-male team of NRL wannabees who seemed to have no idea they were playing mixed grade touch. Duncan dubbed them ‘The Long Lost Minichiello Brothers’. They were gutted when they lost and they walked off the field five minutes before the grand final ended, but we took the win. A win was a win and we took it. These are really funny stories to me and they are treasured memories. They are the stories of things that Duncan did. Today I want to talk about who Duncan was.

Duncan’s relationships with his friends and family were without artifice. He engendered a strong loyalty in many here today, and I think that is in large part due to his beautiful family who were always there for him and each other in good times and in bad. I remember helping on his election campaign in 2012. I had a newborn at the time, Heath, and I remember speaking with his mum, Lindsey, on election night. She was so proud, even though the result did not go Duncan’s way that night. I know that he woke up the next day, he put it behind him and he got ready to go again.

Of course we know he ran again in 2015. Even though he was busy on his campaign, he was not too busy to provide advice to his mate Jess, encouraging me to put my hand up to run for preselection too. I remember many conversations but one afternoon he even came over to my house to screw together A-frames while we talked strategy, but he never sugar-coated anything. I remember clearly his advice when I said I was thinking about nominating for Mount Ommaney and that I would nominate if nobody else did. Pegg, ever the realist, replied firmly and clearly, ‘Jess, you have to know that no-one is going to stand aside and let you have something worth having. If you want it, you have to be willing to fight for it.’ It is advice that I have repeated to many young people over the years because it is exactly right.

Despite his blunt manner of delivering advice, he had such a way of making you feel worthy. He had this way of conveying a belief in you that made you believe that you were as good as he thought you were. When I lost in 2015, Duncan encouraged me to draw a line under it, just as he had in 2012: to take the learnings and focus on 2017. He had every confidence that the next time the outcome would be different and as a result so did I.

The last time that I saw Duncan was the day of the first State of Origin game this year. Despite being from regional Queensland, curiously, he had been a proud Blues supporter since childhood—something about sticking it to his brothers I recall him saying. As I said goodbye that day, waving on my way out the door, I said, 'Mate, we are going to give you an absolute pasting tonight. You are going to cop an absolute flogging.' He smiled at me with his cheeky Pegg grin and he said, 'Don't count your chickens before they are hatched, Pugh.' Of course, we know how it worked out. That night the Pegg boys piled into his room to watch the game where the Blues marched to an historic victory. I want it on record that that is the only time in my entire life I will ever be happy to see the Blues win.

Duncan took the same mischievous spirit to everything that he did, from his service to his beloved Stretton community, to his parliamentary sparring, to his great love of his family and his friends. Shortly, after Duncan passed, I was talking to my son, Heath, who has known Duncan since he was an infant, about Duncan's beautiful family, who are here with us in the gallery today. I was talking about how strong their love and their support was for each other at this time and how even in their time of greatest sadness, they embraced Duncan's friends, family and colleagues and they made us all feel so welcome when we went to visit with him. Heath said to me with perfect clarity, 'Well, Mum, that makes absolute sense, because when you think about it, that's what pegs do. They stick together.' So to the Peggs I say: thank you. Thank you for sharing your precious son and brother with us and never once making us feel like we were intruding. Can I just say: Peggy, thank you.