




Speech By
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MEMBER FOR PINE RIVERS

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MOTION OF CONDOLENCE

Pegg, Mr D

 **Ms BOYD** (Pine Rivers—ALP) (4.04 pm): In many ways I feel this is the most important speech I will give in this place. When Duncan shared with me his regrettable fate he asked me to make this speech. After he got my agreement he made me promise it would be humorous. I must have displayed some kind of trepidation but I was told, 'If you don't make it funny I'm coming back to haunt you. I'm not kidding: I will haunt you.' With this looming threat hanging over my head and with your forbearance that this may not be a traditional condolence speech, we begin.

Duncan had an ease about him. He was quick to make friends and long kept them. He would often amusingly recount that our friendship formed in some of his first days here in the Members Dining Room. You see, when provided with the buffet Duncan immediately dived in and returned with a dessert to start his meal. This was to my glee and instant admiration, and I told him delightedly that I thought we would make great friends. Duncan self-identified many of his endearing traits in an early adjournment speech in this place when he said—

People born in the Year of the Monkey are said to be witty, intelligent and have a magnetic personality. Having been born in the Year of the Monkey myself, I am not going to dispute that assessment.

After interjections from honourable members he continued in his trademark style—

I take all of those interjections, because it is also true that people born in the Year of the Monkey are considered to be very naughty due to personality traits such as mischievousness and curiosity. They are also considered to be masters of practical jokes.

I think that many honourable members can recall being on the receiving end of Duncan's practical jokes. As the Labor class of 2015 found its feet in this place, many of us conquered our fears and, with our newly found confidence, decided to adapt our speeches to our own personal styles. For many, this meant delivering our speech from an electronic device. Duncan seized on this opportunity straightaway. It was not uncommon for Duncan to observe a colleague delivering a speech from a device, turn to a friend immediately beside him with a cheeky grin and a 'watch this' before running, in many cases catastrophic, interference with the speaker's device.

One of his boldest tricks happened when the Queensland State of Origin team came to the Speaker's Green. Along with the NRL I had worked out a way to get our paraphernalia signed. Part of the setup, which I organised after much back and forth, was to have a line of tables so the players could move quickly from piece to piece signing them. It came to pass that a few of us friends were standing there chatting together when Duncan, very coolly and in plain sight, moved off with a marker pen in hand and proceeded to adorn all of the merchandise laid out on the table with his own autograph.

Some of my most cherished memories in this place come from an iteration of the legal affairs committee of the 55th Parliament that included Duncan, the member for Capalaba and myself. The universe was kind to us not only because we had the ability to work together on some important legislation but also, thanks largely to the Katter MPs, we had the opportunity to travel through remote

and regional Queensland together and share some really special experiences. We placed our marriage equality vote together in Hope Vale. We had a beer with Duncan at Australia's most northern pub. We went on a mission to resurrect the Betoota pub. We joined together under the Tree of Knowledge. In Longreach we discovered that he barracked for the Blues in the State of Origin. He educated us on the benefits of being a Hilton Hotel member, shared with us his love of sport and travel, good food and drink. We shared ideas, assessments and stories—but, most of all, so many laughs.

When the member for Maryborough surprisingly decreed that he would henceforth only drink out of crystal glassware, we three formed our beloved champagne club. It was the antithesis of us, and I think that is why we loved it so much. The member for Capalaba came along to what I recall might be the inaugural meeting, ordered a glass of red wine and was promptly thrown out. Duncan delighted in blocking the admission of the member for Lytton, despite her lobbying to gain entry, until our last meeting, his farewell drinks, where he relented and she finally, gleefully, was admitted. He used to joke preceding her admission that she had formed a rival sav blanc club instead.

Duncan was ultimately a good human. He delighted in his family. He was an immensely proud older brother. He could often be heard boasting that he was a godfather many times over, but I have heard some of his dear friends joke that it was because Duncan was the only Catholic friend they had.

Duncan's faith was important to him, his humility undisputed. He was a warrior for his beloved community. As a local member, he quickly established a reputation for someone who would take up the fight and go the extra mile. You saw this many times: in his relentless campaign to reopen Illaweena Street with the champagne mums of Stretton; in his fight to get Hazem Hamouda home; in his fierce advocacy for tolerance and community cohesion in the face of hatred and racism. For many, they will remember Duncan zipping around the electorate in his old Kevin07 ute. Perhaps it will be his legendary 24 hours in Stretton when he campaigned around the clock, leaving no minute wasted, preceding the 2017 election day.

Whether he was in this place, at the Gabba, in Central Queensland or in his beloved electorate, you always got the same relatable, witty, funny, intelligent and incredibly kind soul. He leaves behind a proud legacy and a Queensland that is better for having him in it. Rest gently, my friend, and please put your time to good use and haunt Pauline and the Tories instead.