



Speech By
Adam Baillie

MEMBER FOR TOWNSVILLE

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ADJOURNMENT

Baillie, Mrs L

 **Mr BAILLIE** (Townsville—LNP) (9.33 pm): My eyes might leak and my voice might break on this one. With the indulgence of the chamber, I would like to acknowledge the passing of Lauran Baillie. Affectionately referred to as Old Dear, Mama or Mum, Lauran leaves behind a loving, tight-knit family after taking her last breath on 2 September 2025. This was following a weekend filled with family events, including a fashion show with her grandchildren trying on all of her old dresses and a family movie night with home videos of when we were all a lot younger. I will not share her age here as I do not think she would appreciate that, but it is safe to say she was taken from us way too soon.

After a lifetime of being active and enjoying good health, it came as a great shock when, during COVID, a persistent sore lower back was diagnosed as cancer. Initial treatments reportedly went well. With the diagnostic tools available it was understood the cancer went into remission. It was approximately one year ago that some concerning test results indicated the cancer had spread and was extremely active when treatment was ramped up again.

She fought hard over that last year but did not miss any opportunity to celebrate life at any chance. It did not matter how hard she was fighting or how much pain she was in, Lauran celebrated every birthday, Christmas, Easter, performance or award received at school assemblies, even the swearing in of a new government. She made sure she was there. Come to think of it, I do not think Lauran missed an opportunity for any celebration. Even if it was not legitimate, she would make one up and put a celebration in place.

Lauran never went halfway when it came to the celebrations she participated in, with an abundance of food, presents and decorations the norm. Even just snacks—as she called it—better resembled the buffet at a five-star restaurant. Even if she was just visiting for a quick cuppa, you would almost be guaranteed a batch of fresh, homemade cupcakes or honey joys. She was not one for protocols either—famously, or perhaps infamously, leaning in and giving Prince William a motherly hug when he toured Cardwell following the devastation of Cyclone Yasi.

That was what she was—a loving mother and a proud grandmother. Mum once said to my sister, 'Having grandkids makes having kids worthwhile. Look at what you get—all of the joy and none of the discipline.' I know that her nine grandchildren—Jade, Grace, Charlotte, Annabelle, Paxton, William, Sienna, Evelyn and Isla—will miss her dearly. Whether it was the after-school or weekend visits, sleepovers or trips to the Strand for ice cream or just a day in the garden picking flowers, those memories will be cherished. We will ensure her memory lives on and we are so thankful she is no longer in pain. Rest in peace, Old Dear.