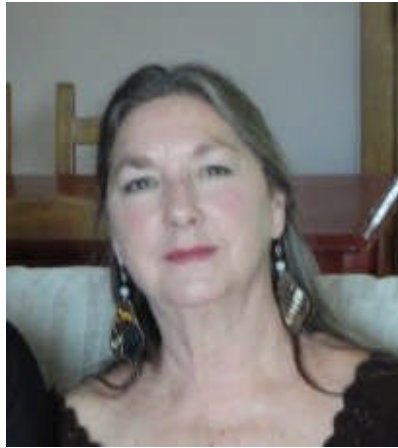


A Eulogy
for
Elizabeth Glover

Spoken by Rosie Reid



I thought my Mum was wonderful.

As a little girl I watched as she made dresses, smocked, knitted, made the best fancy dress costumes, cooked fantastic cakes, gave us the best birthday parties and swam with us on her back to introduce us to swimming. She could beat up a meringue by arm power and let me lick the beaters and bowl! She could sing. She could dance. She could swim (lots of mums couldn't back then). She played tennis.

She could open the jaws of a steel trap with her bare hands to release our poor, caught puss.

She could cut off the puppy dog tails with aplomb.

She went on nursing us on her knee long after we were too big and read us stories long after we could read. She knew everything - she was the person you went to if you wanted something done - well.

She made me violet toffee (real violets) when I was sick and lovely egg flips

when I wouldn't eat anything else.

She made sure I had my heart's desire, ballet lessons, which actually involved a lot of travel arrangements.

I knew there was nothing she would not do for me. And that did not change when I grew up.

I am now the same age as Mum was when she started a fine arts degree at the University of Tasmania.

She had new beginnings. So I can too.