

IN LOVING MEMORY OF



Lea Ingulis

22ND APRIL 1958 - 12TH SEPTEMBER 2023

ALAN HARRIS MCDONALD CHAPEL
TUESDAY, 19TH SEPTEMBER 2023, 1PM



CELEBRANT
Michael Peacock

OPENING SONG
"The Prayer" by Celine Dion & Andrea Bocelli

INTRODUCTION & WELCOME
Michael Peacock

POEM
"She Is Gone"
Read by Lily and Summer

You can shed tears that she is gone
Or you can smile because she has lived
You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left
Your heart can be empty because you can't see her
Or you can be full of the love that you shared
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday
You can remember her and only that she is gone
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back
Or you can do what she would want:
smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

POEM
"My Mother, My Teacher"
Read by Tara

Mum. You wanted to be a teacher when you were all grown.
What you don't realise is that's exactly what you are, to your own.
The best teacher, best mother, best yiyia, best sister, and best wife.
Let me tell you some of the ways you've brought lessons and light to my life.
You taught me about work ethic and what you put in is what you get out.
It's got me to a point in life where I can say "it's my shout".
You taught me it's never too late to do what makes you happy
and change up careers.

From the ministers office, to "gossip columnist",
owning a shop, and pouring beers.

You taught me how to enjoy the spotlight, and light up any screen or place.

From The Sullivans to Hot Seat and The Merger,
you're still even getting chased by The Chase.

You taught be how to be organised and disciplined, from how you manage
paperwork to learning Taekwondo.

Now I can fill out a 10-page form or arrange a pantry better than Marie Kondo.

You taught me how to laugh and not take life too seriously.

"If you don't laugh you'll cry" you'd say.

I want to always surround myself with people like you
and try to live my life that way.

You taught me how to speak. Not just to speak but to say the right things,
and to make sure I have a say.

I listened to you tell me stories as I fell asleep, talk to customers, and care to ask
questions of strangers. It's because of you I "put things the right way".

You taught me to be curious, to ask questions of others, and genuinely want to
listen to them and have them share.

I'm constantly amazed at how much everyone instantly loves you -
then I remember, it's because you care.

You taught me how to be competitive in a healthy-ish kind of style.

From quiz shows to guessing your temp,
we can make a game out of anything, any time.

You (and Tony) taught me what love and respect ought to look like,
to find the right match.

And not to settle for anything less in order to find the perfect catch.

You taught me how to muster more strength than anyone I've ever known,
including Thor.

Your will, determination, and fight is enviable,
we couldn't have asked for anything more.

You taught me good things come to those who wait.

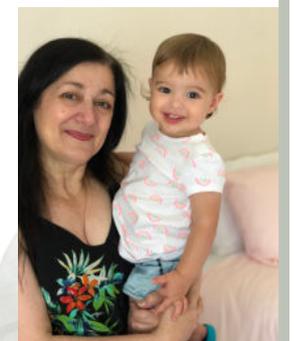
Nah that's bullshit, neither of us are overly patient
so let's just say we're both still working on that state...

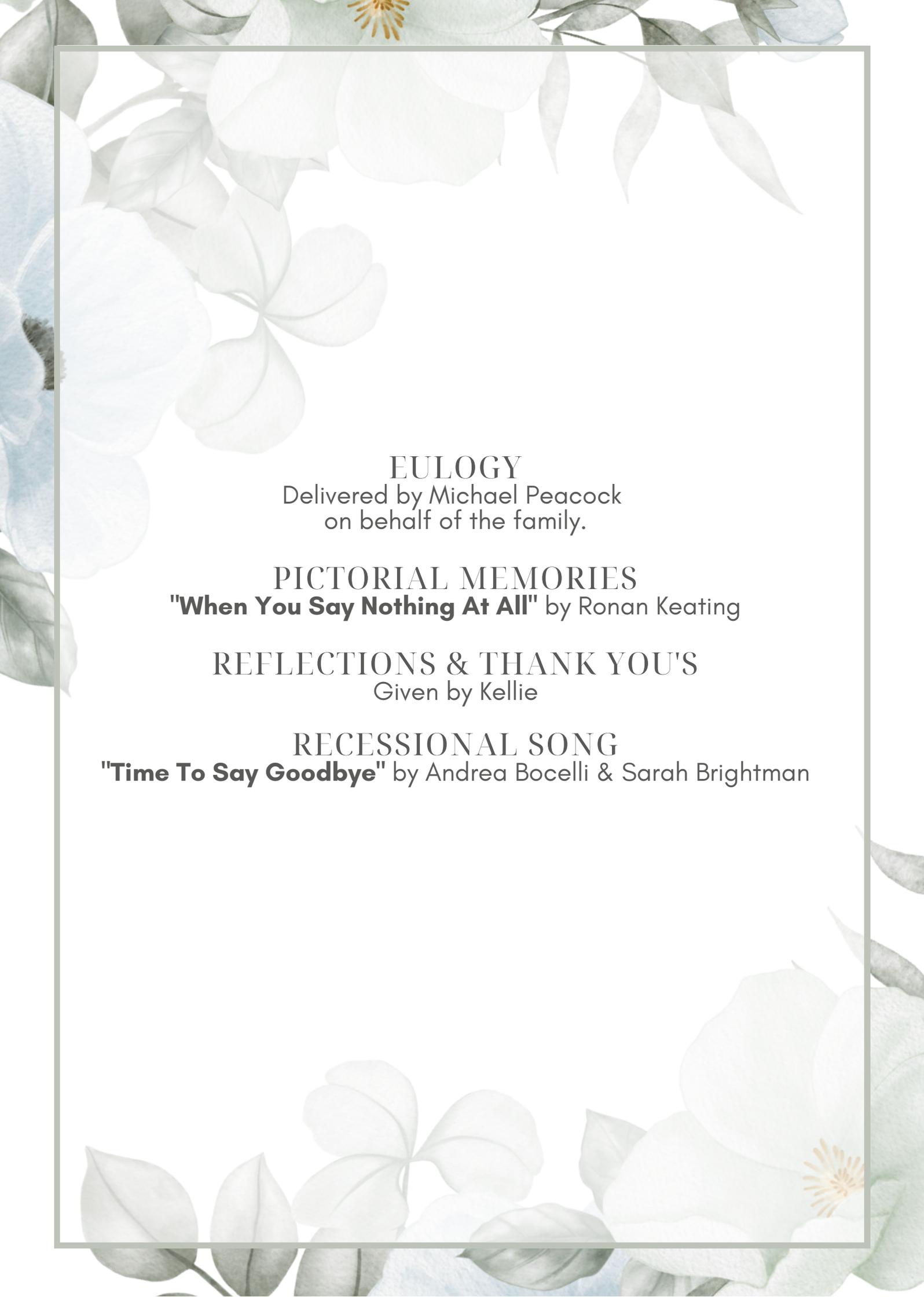
In all seriousness...

No one knows everything, no "teacher" is always right,
and no one ever stops learning from others.

What I do know though, is that I couldn't have asked for a better mother.







EULOGY

Delivered by Michael Peacock
on behalf of the family.

PICTORIAL MEMORIES

"When You Say Nothing At All" by Ronan Keating

REFLECTIONS & THANK YOU'S

Given by Kellie

RECESSIONAL SONG

"Time To Say Goodbye" by Andrea Bocelli & Sarah Brightman



Thank You



It is with love and gratitude Lea's family thank you for your kindness and expressions of sympathy at this time when it is needed and deeply appreciated.

Lea's family invite you to join them at the RSL Club, 30 Dobbs Street, Wagga Wagga, for light refreshments and to share the many wonderful memories of Lea's life.



ALAN HARRIS MCDONALD
— EST. 1928 —