



# Rosalie Kay Moran

3/11/58-15/12/08 Succumbed to Breast Cancer in the prime of life

Rosalie Kay was a woman that everyone was proud to call a friend. Strong but gracious, intelligent, funny and beautiful. She had come across this world and become a child of it, a spirit of it.

Rosalie and her husband John had not so much built a place at Misty Mountain, out in the Colorado wilderness, as grown it.

Their little house was a lovingly assembled mainly from the natural features of the landscape. Rosalie had made gardens, sandstone valleys that would make a manor weep with joy. Paths and tracks through the bush places of solitude and contemplation.

Rosalie existed on tea and happiness, monetary things meant nothing to her. Her

great love was to be at home with her John and dogs playing in the garden, bushwalking and having a good time with friends.

Nature with its beauties and fascinations was her world. A butterfly landing on her shoulder in the glow of the early morning, a warbler bird landing on the shovel she was digging with, looking for worms up there at Misty Mountain was a days worth of pleasure.

Rosalie had the power of beauty in her heart. Rosalie was so strong right up to the last. She never com-

plained about her condition.

She was scared, but hardly ever showed it.

We cried together a couple of times. Such a beautiful lady, so natural, at ease with what she had and was.

Lovingly written by her husband

*John Williams*



John & Rosalie

Tributes written by her partner John Williams and many of her friends and family members.

"If others can not comprehend the depths that I reside  
Then Scorpion like me  
Must protect the things I feel inside."  
Rosalie Kay Moran

**Whenever I think of Aunt Rose, I see her doing the Elaine dance off Seinfeld. "Who's the best dancer, who's the best dancer"**

© Love from Justin, Liz & Tyler

If friends were flowers I would pick Rosie!. Didn't get to see her much, but when we did spend time together, it left me with a zest for life. Rosie's down to earth way and her wicked laugh will make me smile forever. Lesleigh

## Sister Chris's Ode

The last couple of years have been very special to me. I have some wonderful memories of our times together. We got naughty together pigging out on junk food and cream cakes. You were there to help me through rough patch when I needed you. Our chat sessions were great, say what you will and who ca-

res what we said. We had plenty of laughs which sometimes brought tears to our eyes, when we couldn't stop laughing. Our shopping trips to Richmond always lead us to Millers where we got our \$5 bargains. I'll make sure I will carry on that tradition. I'll miss you when I go through with our plans we

made for things we were going to do together. I know you will always be there looking over my shoulder. I'll make sure I still stick up for myself with the help of my little blue pill so I don't lose the plot. Well Rose, as we always sang "Be happy, Don't worry" I'll try my very best. I'll miss you heaps and will always love you.



## A Life shared with Rosalie

Rosalie, I remember the 1st Day I met you. We were 9 yrs old, you were standing in the doorway to our garage in Coburg Rd Wilberforce. What a great place to grow up. 2 Skinny kids, we were just good friends. If I was to have known then, what we were to have, I would have cherished those times more.

Remember the time we took Rosalie and friend for a ride in the water tank, we would roll around the paddocks flattening the grass and prickly bushes and anything that got in the way. Once the tank went downhill, they were like 2 girls in a tumble dryer, going head over heels, bark off everywhere, cuts and scratches. Never laughed so much!.

I didn't see much of Rosalie in high school, but after school finished saw her one night at our local pub the Tropp. I saw her there in a black dress, she was so beautiful. I knew right then that she was the girl for me. Though I annoyed and pestered her we finally got together. I loved her free spirit and stunning beauty.

We moved in together 6 months later to a great place we called the Sugar Shack. Our first dog Darkie, was 10 yrs old when we got him, what a great dog he was. We thought we have about 2 years with him, but he lived to 18, and what a 2 day party that was.

We had a huge friend base. One

time Rosie and her friend Jo ventured into the Tshirt business, Rosie would sew them and Jo would paint them, selling at the Circular Quay and other Sydney markets. It was one of the happiest times for her.

Not long after we bought Misty Mountain, from the first night there we knew it would be home. She knew in our hearts we were married, Rosalie didn't need an official ceremony, she knew I just wanted the party to for any reason. Although our home wasn't much to begin with, Rosalie made it beautiful with all the gardens, hand built walls. We'd have so much fun on the weekends there with the dogs, walking through the bush, playing golf and botchie.

## "Ladies don't get drunk" by Shell.

I have so many memories it's hard to write just one. But one good time I remember is when we were at Auntie Rob's. Every one had started drinking at about 4pm (as they usually did). Aunt Rose, Mum and auntie Rob were clearly pissed, but they tried to tell me that they were only tipsy. Apparently ladies don't get drunk. The funniest part was that Josh and I were swearing and instead of get-

ting into trouble and yelling at us, as would normally happen, they all thought it was a crack up and laughed even harder.

It was clear to us that ladies do get drunk.

I loved Aunt Rose heaps always and forever, I hope that she along with Mum, Margie and Brad are drunk up there together.

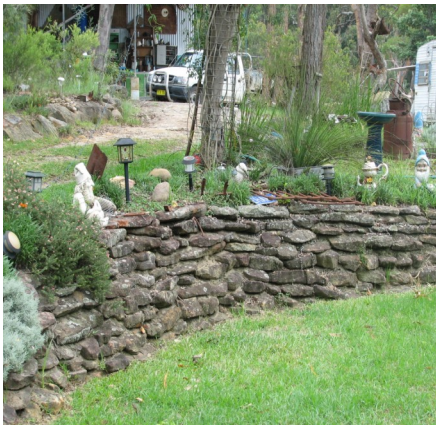
**Sister Rosie Kay,**

**I'll always remember our laughter. What we laughed about I'm not sure, but it was funny at the time and it's still funny now.**

**Rob (sister)**

## Rosalie—Spirit of the Bush.

Rosie was always the life of the party, along with both sisters in law Margie & Janet. The 3 could get anyone enjoying themselves with their contagious laughter, happy and joyful antics. There was never a dull mo-



ment around when Rosie was in party mode. When not partying with her huge circle of friends, Rosie was far more at home in the bush, where she had turned out creating gardens

from the natural order of the land. Many retaining walls and pathways were hand built by Rosie around her and John's home. The idyllic tranquil setting Rosie created was sanctuary to all who came to Misty Mountain. Never one that shied away from hard work and hard partying, Rosie was a character of "true grit", a tenacious zest for life and all things real