

Simon-Peter Kolibac (Lost in Action) ANZAC Day 25/4/2006

**The Adventures of The Great Don Simon and his Faithful Sidekick – Schatzy.
An Epic Tail of Stubby Proportions.**

On a daily basis the great Don Simon waged war against the mighty D. If on waking he found the battle too furious he did the only sensible thing that any great warrior like himself would do; he would roll over, pull the great shield “pillow” over his head, hang onto “Shatzy the Fierce” and promptly go back to sleep. Only when there was a lull in the fighting would the great Don Simon emerge from his secret lair, encase himself in his armour and ride off to do battle with the mighty D.

Ever super critical of his appearance the great Don Simon would invariably over polish his armour making it so bright that instead of it defending him from the demon D it would blind both his friends and himself.

Like any great general Don Simon cared greatly for his troops. His magnificent war birds were always well fed and watered with their housing monitored continuously too perfection. On the faithful Schatzy he lavished the most favour, grooming her for hours and conferring on her special privileges like sharing his private quarters and the daily shower. Time was always set aside for long walks so that they could privately discuss those very important battle plans. Her droppings, on the other hand seemed to be an entirely different matter!

With great trepidation and sword in hand the great Don Simon would step out to face his enemies. Unfortunately the nature and outcome of a battle were most often determined by the direction in which his blade was pointing. Sometimes the windmills were small and slow and he managed to despatch them with ease and aplomb. On other occasions they towered high above him with their great arms flayed away at him often bringing him to his knees for weeks and even months at a time.

Being a superb tactician and clever campaigner Don Simon found that his belligerent and beguiling nature were more than a match for any opposing force, he could easily charm them into submission. If that failed you were in line for the most intense, protracted and annoying verbal barrage that could ever be contemplated. As a last resort his gym build arms were brought into play first crushing you and then infusing you with every last piece of his being. Love and affection flowed from him freely and totally regardless of how much ever flowed in the reverse direction.

In order to sustain him in his battles against the mighty D, Don Simon was provided with anything and everything necessary to support him from the rear. Unfortunately for his front line he refused any help. No chink in that armour was allowed to show! Of the clandestine help very little ever managed to get through to the front line.

For over 5 years Simon fought a war that was every bit as real and dangerous as that which the ANZACs had to face at Gallipoli. On the faithful Anzac day 25/4/2006 his demons, under cover of darkness overwhelmed him and carried him away. But in their great victory they themselves were lost.

For Simon, just as with Australia, ANZAC day was never identified with defeat but rather the celebration of spirit, after all every other day of his life had been a victory.

A Beautiful, Beautiful, Beautiful, Beautiful Boy

Baby Kolibac was first made available to us on the 6th of February 1984. We were so excited that we completely forgot to read the accompanying note; "returnable 25/4/2006".

His birth was a hospital event, all the trainees in the hospital had been invited to witness the birth. And he made the most of it!

As he slipped into the world with his massive penis rigid and erect baby Kolibac proceeded to shower the entire astonished audience. With pure contempt he had proclaimed: "I, am here!"

We sat with this child in our arms for days trying to come to terms with this ungainly gawky nipple guzzling intruder. Up to now we had had 2 beautiful children. But this one was different.

Then it suddenly struck me,
How stupid could I be,
I had been looking at him from upside down.
Now longer an ugly duckling I saw,
But a beautiful swan with no flaw.
Unfortunately with all his intellect, Simon-Peter was never able to see this.

A name he had to have, not different, but rather, special.
The name "Simon-Peter" had from a young age always stirred my soul but I had never ever contemplated using it. At that point however they became one. Unbeknown to me I had done the deed. I had sealed his fate. I had nailed him to a "t". I held the littlest saint.

A Beautiful, Beautiful, Beautiful, Beautiful Mind

Simon-Peter was a beautiful person not in spite of his problems and imperfections but because of them; as we all are. Simon-Peter tried desperately to hide an integral and important part of his character; his severe depression. To him it was as a blemish, an imperfection and he was embarrassed by it. He was so careful that most friends were totally oblivious to his plight, others thought him cured and those that did know were sworn to secrecy on pain of death. Unfortunately, by trying to cover it up, it made it impossible to truly appreciate him and as a result he was easily misunderstood.

We must believe and love ourselves exactly as we are, although some improvement should always be on the cards. Simon-Peter could easily appreciate the validity of these arguments but refused to apply them to himself.

Initially, in an attempted to recapture Simon-Peter's essence for his eulogy I began looking through his picture album for inspiration. It turned out to be no help at all. Pictures were unable to give me any sense of him often making it even more difficult to recognize him. You see; I had never actually looked at him with my eyes.

So as briefly as possible;
Simon-Peter was:

Charmingly disarming
Love so vast it was both unfathomable and unquenchable
Passion that was overwhelming
Despair that was often absolute
Adorable as a Schnauzer puppy
Humility impersonated
Annoying as that uncatchable fly buzzing around your head
Fragile as glass
Belligerent as only Simon-Peter could be
Gentle as a lamb
Happy as a Clown
Forgiving of absolutely everything
Devious as a fox
Smart as a Chemistry Student
And much, much more

A Beautiful, Beautiful, Beautiful, Beautiful Human Being

Simon-Peter had so many great attributes that most of us could only dream about having them. He was basically a very private person who only desired one thing: to feel socially comfortable. Unfortunately it is not an item stocked at any shop. Believe me, we looked for a long time.

Simon-Peter's life has been transformed into a beacon for our own lives. It has shown us many wonderful things. He was not "too beautiful for this world". His life here on earth may have past but it will continue to be an integral and valuable part of it.

Blemishes define us not condemn us. They are neither good nor bad just our own personnel watermark. After all humanity is essentially the product of 4 Billion years of evolutionary mistakes not successes.

Everything in our lives is important. We should dwell on our achievements not disappointments. We must never sum life's disappointments without also subtracting all its achievements. Life exists because of its diversity so it should be cherished and never set up as a yard stick. Our differences make us unique, beautiful and irreplaceable.

History has never valued worth based on life span. Our tickets have all been issued with random lengths of time. Simon-Peter's life was a celebration of all life.

Unlike the rest of us who will probably be remembered as doddering old grandparents, Simon-Peter can only be remembered as a vibrant, wonderful loving young adult. That's what he wanted us to see. The reality of course was entirely different. It has only been in these last few days that we have all been given a tour of his own private hell. How he ever endured it on a daily basis we can only guess. But believe me it has made his life that more wondrous to us. He's cast off his burdensome chrysalis now and is free to fly away.

Simon-Peter was a Perfect human being who really wanted to make a difference. So let's all please make sure that his life really does.

Simon-Peter,
I know my words cannot do you justice.
It was an honour to be your father,
It was honour to be your friend,
It was an honour to know you,
It was an honour just to see you.
It would be an honour if you remain part of our lives.
We will try not to wallow in your sorrow but bask in your love.

Signed
All of Us

