



Irma Esler (Verrall) YHS 1947 passed away peacefully in her sleep at home in Foster on Sunday, 10th October 2004. Irma's passing was very sudden and totally unexpected, even though her health had not been good for a number of years.

Irma was very proud of her Yallourn Old Girls' Association and didn't miss too many reunions over the years, and as far as husband, Geoff, is concerned, she was the best thing ever to come out of Yallourn High School.

Following is a poem Irma wrote some years ago and requested it be read at her funeral:-

Perhaps

I'd like to be an elephant
For its memory is supreme
To remember all the lovely things
Of which I sometimes dream
But then I'd have to have a trunk
And one I could not pack
I'd have to tote things with my nose
And not upon my back

No, I think I'd be a rabbit
When I come back again
All nice and warm and cuddly
My softness not to wane
For bunnies are so soft and small
They really are quite cute
But then, there are those hunters
At me they'd want to shoot.

No, I think I'd better be a dog
To bark and leap and play
To chase the cats and butterflies
Or to sleep the day away
But then, such joyful nonsense
May be for me a drag
As whenever people patted me
They'd want my tail to wag

No, I think perhaps I'll be a bird
And sit upon a limb
And if my mate should upset me
I'd really henpeck him
But then, birds have a peck line
I'd have to stand and wait
To wait and have to take my turn
Is something I would hate.

No, perhaps a deer or bear or such
One thing I'll tell you now
When I come back I only hope
It won't be as a cow
Cos farmers sometimes can be cruel
Their manners far too bold
I wouldn't like my you-knows touched
With icy hands so cold.

I think I'd best return as me
And this is not a whim
But I guess that big decision
Will all be up to HIM
I really mean it from my heart
When to my God I say
Please make the changes only small
When I come back this way

My pleasures have been many
My joy has been to share
This life HE kindly gave to me
With the folks for whom I care
My kin & friends are so precious
From these I'd hate to turn
So God could they be with me
When I come for my return.

By Irma Esler