

My Grandfather, Francis Hay, was a godly man. I did not know his wife Edith but I am sure she was a fine Christian woman. Converted at an early age in a small church in Herbert in the South Island, my grandfather early on threw in his lot with the new Salvation Army and was a stalwart soldier to the day of his death, even when he was ill, having his uniform hung on the wardrobe door 'in case' he could get up and wear it.

He passed his fervent brand of Christianity and love for The Salvation Army on to his 4 children, the two youngest of whom became officers. My Uncle Ivan Hay was a godly man, a dedicated missionary in India where he, with his wife, spent most of their service.

Which brings me to my father, FRANCIS WILLIAM HAY.

I was still quite young when I realised that my father was different from other men. It happened this way – One of my young friends said, "Why doesn't your Father work?" I was most indignant, "of course he works," I said. "he..." and for the life of me nothing came to mind! "He goes to the pubs," I at last shouted triumphantly! What my young friend made of this I don't know but what I meant was that he regularly sold "The War Cry" in the hotels.

We children saw little of Dad when we were young. His priorities were God, the Army and then the family. We occasionally felt him when he thought the discipline was a bit lax. The words "Come here, Lady Jane" or "Come here, Sonny Jim" always spelt trouble for Laurence and me. I well remember the trouble I was in when I dared to wear my first pair of trousers or when my uniform skirt crept up over my knees!

Our Grandfather Hay told us a great story about Dad when he was young. Granddad had whitewashed the garden shed. Dad came home from school and saw the wonderful white wall. Before he knew what he had done he had written his name Frank Hay on it. Realising then that he would be found out he went back and wrote 'is mad' under his name, figuring that no-one would then attach the blame to him. However, Granddad recognised his writing and punishment followed.

When I heard that story it helped me greatly in realising that my father was actually a person not just an officer of The Salvation Army.

Even if I didn't know him very well in those early years (Glenys and Lynette, coming later knew a slightly different father), we were proud of him. How I loved walking down the street with him, hopping and skipping to keep up, and see him raise his cap to the ladies and give the Army salute when greeted with "Hello Skipper". I was so proud at school. Everyone wanted to be in his Bible in Schools class, they sang great choruses – no-one else did. My Bible in Schools teacher used to get very annoyed and expressed his annoyance for the singing 'disturbance' from Dad's class.

Dad was a man of self-discipline, very hard on himself, which often spilled over to those closest to him. He often said to us "Work first, play afterwards",

and another favourite was "Do something that is hard for you every day" along with "For goodness sake, be quiet Daphne" for by this time the oldest was a great chatterbox.

He never allowed us to over-rate ourselves or feel sorry for ourselves. Once complaining to him that the school kids followed us calling out "You're balmy, you're balmy, your Mother's in the Army", he encouraged us to be glad we were suffering for Christ.

Dad was a man of prayer. Many times I have come in at night and found him asleep on his knees in front of the fire. It is told that he slept on his knees through a fire alarm at the Training College. The cadet who went to check up on him didn't like to disturb him! By telling you this I don't mean to minimise his prayer life. He began and ended each day with sessions of prayer. Prayer was a major part of his life. Many of you are on his extensive prayer list.

He was a man who cared for his people. He visited regularly always reading and praying. I remember the slim New Testament always in the breast pocket of his uniform. If anyone made a decision Sunday night Dad would be around to see them before work on Monday. He visited parents of my school friends if I mentioned they were in hospital. He kept in touch with all the corps comrades visited the hospitals and prisons and all this on a bike. His sermons are long forgotten but his personal visits are still remembered by many many people.

He was a man of resounding voice and reverberating clap. He never needed to use a microphone and to sit next to him when he was clapping was to risk damage to your eardrums.

He did not possess a great sense of humour himself (he once paid Laurence and I 1d for every joke we wrote in his joke book) but he appreciated humour. How I loved his infectious laugh, latterly when he was watching re-runs of 'Dad's Army' or "The Last of the Summer Wine" while staying with us.

He was a generous donor. In retirement he was able to support causes close to his heart, missionary projects, Christchurch City corps, The Bible Society, Save our Sundays, two sponsored children and many others.

To be a delegate to the International College for Officers in 1953 was a highlight in his life. He absolutely reveled in the experience, loving seeing the historic Army places and valuing the fellowship with officers from around the world. The trip there and back took almost 6 months. I missed him keenly so did Mum who had to run the corps (with some assistance) in his absence. The only serious row I ever remember my parents having was sometime after Dad returned and Mum discovered he had given a large sum of money away to 'a good cause' leaving him not even enough to pay the Customs and they had had to borrow money already for his expenses while away. Mind you Dad kept a detailed account of all money spent even down to one shilling for

lollies and his accounting for of the Army money was meticulous and detailed. He was honest through and through.

He loved the Army, through the Army he served God. No criticism of the Army was allowed. The General was always spoken about with great awe and his furniture and houses treated with respect. Any damage done to 'the General's house' had to be paid for from pocket money not from corps funds.

The yearly furlough stands out in my mind as a happy time. To see Dad in 'civvies' was so exciting (we didn't notice that the 'civvies' were the same year after year). On holiday he was just a regular Dad, playing games with us, giving us and Mum all his time. Great memories.

He was a lover of flowers. Particularly at Addington our garden was a joy and delight. I will never forget the spring show, or the sweet peas and carnations. Nor will I forget his rage and frustration when his assistant gardener planted all his hyacinth bulbs upside down!

I always felt protective of Dad, even at a young age. Maybe I felt his vulnerability and insecurity. He was an introvert by nature and battled an inferiority complex. He lived outside his comfort zone all his officership. This combination often made him re-act to people or situations in a way that was not understood at the time.

FRANCIS WILLIAM HAY, Soldier of Christ, our DAD.

He set us a great example and saw to it that we followed it! We, his children, are what we are because of our parents. Our Mother loved and cared for us, our Father loved, taught and disciplined us.

I know that I have inherited more from him than any other child's does as my example, so much so that the atmosphere of our home influenced us that it seemed the natural thing that all the children should follow in their parents' footsteps.
Dad left instructions that not much was to be said about him but that any glory should go to God.

Today I give thanks on behalf of Laurence, Glenys, Lynette and our extended families to God for our Father and I give the glory to God.

Our family benediction, a tradition, was "Good night, God bless you, I'll see you in the morning". When I said that to Dad on Friday night after a lovely hour of fellowship and fun little did I realise that it was 'that bright and shining morning' before we would meet again. So now I want to say "Good night, Dad, God bless you, and we will see you in the morning - Hallelujah."

Grandad Hay

by Kelly Burrowes 9 yrs

Grandad Hay was our great Grandad. Not many kids get to know their great grandparents and we were lucky enough to know both Grandma and Grandad. There are 10 of us great grand children in total Joanna, Scott, Isaac, Callun, Breana, Jackson, Montana, Leo, Georgia and me.

I will always remember Grandad and here are some of the reasons why.

He always made time to talk to us and find out what was happening in our lives

We knew he loved us very much and was always so pleased to see us.

He was a cool example of some one who loved and served God and at every chance he got he always encouraged us to know Jesus more ourselves.

He always laughed with us a lot and we are going to miss him very much.

Last year when Grandad came to Auck for a holiday we had a big family get together. After lunch Grandad talked to us all about God and then prayed for us all. When he had finished it was all quiet in the room until one of the grand daughters, which was me said "GOOD ON YOU GRANDAD ". this gave granddad and everyone else in the room a good chuckle.

We know now that Grandad will be looking down on us now and everything we do and he will be saying 'GOOD ON YOU EVERYONE'.

We love you Grandad, have a wonderful Christmas in Heaven.

**LIEUT-COLONEL FRANK HAY:
LAURENCE'S TRIBUTE READ BY JEREMY**

Francis William Hay – plain and simple. My father was well named: if anyone was frank, he was – truly a man in whom there was no guile; what you saw was what you got – unwavering integrity.

And his faith, too, was simple and uncomplicated: God had called him to serve as an officer in the Salvation Army, and to that call and that cause he remained devoted for the whole of his life – never questioning, always committed. 'The General next to God' said it all, even if it meant at times that family, and especially wife, had to bear unchosen hardships. Though a better text for Dad's life would be from the Book he loved above all books: 'He is faithful that promised,' the Bible writer says; my Father's grip on those promises never loosened, and his trust in the faithful One never slackened.

My father had a fervent desire, maintained to the very end of his life, to 'save souls and grow saints'. It was because of his very single-mindedness that I as a young know-it-all teenager and university student often clashed with him. In fact, there was a period in our life together when we disagreed on almost every matter that was of importance to us. But even then it never occurred to me to doubt my father's goodness or his wanting the best for me. I respected and admired him, though I could not then agree with him, and as the years have passed, the deeper my respect and the warmer my love for him have grown.

Now, at the end of his long life, I salute him, and am deeply grateful for those few but central characteristics of my own personality that I trace as my inheritance from Francis William Hay. I thank God for the life of my father, for his care of me, and his example to me. And I thank God for the nature of Dad's dying: he was ready to go – he had long been ready to go – and God took him peacefully. Praise be!