

Thank you for coming to this service in memory of my brother John Urbancsik. My name is Isabella and I am John's sister. Regrettably I am not here at this service. My eulogy to my brother John has been recorded for this service. My husband John Heenan is here and will gladly pass on messages for me. I felt I lost John as a brother decades ago and it would be very difficult for me to re-live the loss of my brother by attending this service.

Our father Gustav had a remarkable stabilising influence on John and could also match John's remarkable strength. When our father died in 1971 John became lost to his rages and lost as a brother.

Our mother Ilona visited John every day when she was alive. Her first and only job in Australia was at Rozelle so she could visit John. She continued to work there until forced to retire. After retirement she still visited John every day.

I am aware that spending time with my brother John meant that bonds formed with him. I am aware that these bonds meant a lot. Grudges against John could be forgotten. Legends would form and a funny side could be seen. John would become respected because he could beat the system and still keep those bonds with those who represented the system. He could win battles. He could wear out the best people. The system would change and John changed also. I am specifically referring to an exhausting time many years. An example of one change was replacing glass windows with perspex windows. Staff at one stage were on two hourly rotations with John. Yes John could be terrifying. Surely his rages would have been worthy of an Olympic medal, if such an award existed.

Attempting to get John to position his arms correctly for a chest X ray was not going to be easy. An X ray machine at Westmead Hospital Emergency Department came out badly from its encounter with John. It was out of action for three days.

John was cheeky. John smiled. John bonded. Those bonds forgave everything. I am happy to ensure John is remembered as he is. All I wanted for John was that he be accepted as he was, to be respected and treated with dignity and humanity. I remember with delight when informed about progress with John, even recently. It was more than that progress was made. John still mattered. John was being treated with respect and dignity.

My husband John has told me that he never recalls me saying a bad word about John. My husband informs me he felt I recalled his spectacular achievements with amusement.

John became a legendary escape artist on walks and outings and even with an eight foot fence.

In Callan Park/Rozelle John scaled an eight foot fence and just ran. Benches had to be moved further from the fence. A few months later the fences were removed altogether. I wonder if John had anything to do with this.

In Rozelle he ran away from his park walk group and tumbled down a steep embankment. He

needed surgery.

John's running speed was legendary. He was not easy to catch.

In Rozelle, on a trip to a cafe, he caused a driver to end up in hospital with a heart attack after jumping onto a road. The driver recovered.

Such was his legendary status that it was assumed that if John could not be found that he must have escaped. Two Police officers knocked at the door of my mother and myself stating John had escaped from Rozelle. Well this time he had not escaped. He had fallen asleep under a table.

He became highly skilled at both hunting for and concealing cigarette butts in his mouth. This became a big issue. For example he would push his way into offices and make a beeline for bins. Normal ashtrays had to be abolished and staff were given pocket ashtrays.

John liked to both gulp food and retain food in his mouth.

We have accepted John's mouth was likely damaged. This damage made it very difficult for John to recover from illness later in his life as damage progressed.

John was born at home in Lidcombe, Sydney in 1951, because a hospital nearby was full. He survived a difficult birth and lived for 62 years until 2014. There are few to whom the term 'Rest In Peace' is more applicable.

Again thank you for coming to this service in memory of John.