



Vale
Kalvin Dean Buffett

Kalvin Dean Buffett was born at the Norfolk Island Hospital on the 23rd June 1962. The youngest son of Lona and Goldie Buffett, their seventh child and a loving brother of Steven, Melinda, Brent, Shane, Leanne, Richard, and Tane. He might have been born Calvin Dean Buffett, but was known as Dean from day one.

Being one of eight kids you'd reckon to get noticed you'd have to be quite loud but obviously he was one of the quietest of the siblings, despite Nan always counting the kids as they piled them into the back of the station wagon, he was the only child ever left behind out Steels point. He was obviously one to never make a fuss.

Dean was not a good scholar in-fact he only attended NI Central School because it was illegal for his parents for him not too. But he did spend his fair share of days wagging. It was a relief for him when it was finally over, the only thing he missed from those days was his school mates. Like most of his generation he played football on the Island, following his brother playing for the Blues, I've heard that this caused quite a stir as the family barracked for the greens.

From a very young age Dean had a way with the English language, a very colourful way with it in fact. Not a conversation was had with him that didn't include a few 'f' and 'c' bombs. I reckon it would be unfitting if I didn't let a couple of f*^#ets out. Actually that was probably his second favourite word. Yorley all know what his favourite one was but I'm not gunna say that one in front of myse nan.

After school he began his building trades with Nobby Bruce, and although he did not excel at school he certainly did his trades and skills proud and was highly regarded amongst his work colleagues for his meticulous craftsmanship.

He excelled at concreting and in his words 'no other sullen was as f*&@ing good'. He had a very particular way and jobs had to be done perfectly and efficiently. Not a lot of sullen could meet his requirements. You'd know if you had. Dean was well respected by all sullen

that he worked with and quite often Dean would go out of his way for his work mates, doing favours and never asking for anything in return.

Dean has left a legacy of his craftsmanship all-around Norfolk Island, when you visit Foodland, the piers, waste management his presence will remain always.

Dean was one for not always doing things the conventional way, once after scaling the convict wall down gallows gate, Dean decided the quickest way down was to jump, it was definitely the quickest but perhaps not the smartest way and Dean ended up crushing his ankle. This was perhaps the start of his bad run with his health. But perhaps also the start of those bloody Voodoo hands.

Talking of voodoo hands, Dean was not a particularly religious man but he was deeply spiritual, as anyone who got those voodoo hands from him would remember. Perhaps a throw back from his Polynesian heritage no doubt, in fact he probably would have been a spiritual natural healer back in the day.

Dean lived for Norfolk but like most he decided to spread his wings and spent quite a few years living in Brisbane. But he was never far from Family spending time living with all his brothers and sisters, he had a great love for his brothers and sisters. He got this love of family from his mum, he loved every member of his family equally and in his own special way and all of us feel an empty space in our heart with his passing. Dean travelled to Canada and just recently decided to trace his mothers side of the family with a trip with his brother down to Tasmania.

(continued overleaf)

I BUY LOCAL

I invest in my community

I CAN SOCIALLY INTERACT WITH LOCAL BUSINESSES

I EAT FRESH

I choose quality over quantity

I worry about future generations

I LOVE HANDMADE

I buy from a family over a corporation

I like knowing who grows my food

I'M SAVING THE ENVIRONMENT

I support independent artists & crafters

I choose tasty veggies over pretty ones

**I AM PROUD TO KEEP OUR LOCAL
ECONOMY GOING STRONG**

Kalvin Dean Buffett - continued

As anyone whose had a feed with Dean can a test, he was a great cook, his use and love of herbs had to come from some were, not a meal was cooked without a few good doses of herbs included.

He had a great green thumb, probably got that from his dad, his garden always included a good mix of herbs and his pantry had a massive collection too just in case. Like I said Dean loved his herbs.

Dean never married but he loved his family and friends, he was incredibly proud of his nieces and nephews achievements, to him we were all his children he loved everyone one of us to death. He lived for beers and chats with his mates down the local, he was a private, gentle and quiet man, well at least until he got a few beers into him and then man didn't those bloody voodoo hands get a good run then.

He loved his movies and music, every time I'd come home or even if we caught up in Oz he'd say "Hey Kimmy, you got one movie for me not", I was only just downloading a few movies for him the other week. It was one of my favourite ways of spending time with him, he'd cook me a feed, I'd download a dozen or so movies for him and then fix his bloody computer so that he could watch movies again on his tv.

And music, man didn't he just love country and western.

If you went up to his house at a certain time, you'd hear the Highwaymen playing and depending on the amount of beers he'd had, the volume would increase. It would increase to the point where everyone was listening to the Highwaymen if you liked it or not.

Dean loved fishing and like his father and brothers, man he was good at it, like a mountain goat you would find him scaling up and down those cliffs to go fishing and get a feed of hihi. I never once heard of him getting skunked.

On Thursday the 26th September, Dean decided to go and get himself and his dad a feed of hihi, he didn't need to go, he still had plenty at home but he just loved doing it. He climbed down the cord, went and got a bag full of hihi's, not one small bag either and it was bursting at the seams it was that full. He decided to take a seat on a rock and look out on the suff. And like everything he did, he left this world peacefully.

I like to think that as he was looking out over the water, he had one beer in his hand and he could hear the Highwaymen playing in the background and as he gently closed his eyes that bloody music was cranked full bore.

Dean was a simple man and lived his life his way, if you were family, you were family, if you were his friend, you were his friend, if you worked good, you worked good.

Messages from family

From Jane Buffett

Deano, a loving caring brother in law, uncle and great uncle. We were shocked and deeply saddened to hear of your sudden and unexpected passing. You were always willing to lend a helping hand without complaint and were generous and had a big heart. We

are sorry we can't be there to bid you farewell. You will be sadly missed by many people. Give Shane our love. Rest in peace Deaniebean, love from your Jayniebabe, Paul and family, dion, talae, Jeff and family.

To all yorley from all ucklan a heart felt thankyou and to David thanks for awas.

Thank you.

Kalven Dean Buffett's parents and family would like to thank all involved since Deans passing on the 26th of Sept 2019.

Dean's death was a shock and sorrow that the family has felt immensely; and will take a while to come to terms with, but what has made this tragedy somewhat bearable must be accredited to the compassion and empathy from ukluns community.

We are so conscious of not missing one sole out of all those who have been involved in his recovery and our support, that we list these groups below only as a guide to Thank publicly, because truly if we could thank even the huggers we have encountered while visiting foodies we would like to. Many thanks to you all and especially to ...

Norfolk Island Police, those there on the night and those who support you.

Skipper's and crew of boats, such willingness to respond, amazing.

Volunteer Rescue Association, top job guys and girls.

Parks and Wildlife, thanks Kurt and Joel.

Norfolk Island Ambulance, those there on the night and your support.

Dr Bishop and Nurses at the hospital, all those who cared for Dean.

Members of the Community who just jumped in the instant you heard.

Shane and All the Grave diggers.

Tardy for driving the hearse.

Pall bearers who laid him to rest.

Ladies making wreaths, those who donated flowers and supplied food at the shed.

Jodie for Service sheets and organising printing.

David Buffett for excellent timing of Service!

Family and friends for all the heartfelt words, calls, visits, messages, food, love and support that was and still continues.

Es yorlye who maek awas loss somewhat bearable, Thanks fe uklun.

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