



*Vale*  
**Kenneth Lunn**

Kenneth Lunn was born on November 25th, 1925 in Yorkshire England.

When he was 2 years old his Mother died and shortly after, his Father remarried. Ken didn't like his Stepmother because she made him drink the water the cabbage was boiled in.

He never ate cabbage again in his life.

At age five, when he started school, one day after school he walked to his Mother's, Aunt and Uncle's house and told them he wanted to stay with them. So Uncle took a suitcase and collected all Ken's clothes (Ken's Father was happy to cooperate it seems) and from then on he lived with Auntie and Uncle and was loved by them.

Ken was an altar boy in the High Church of England and sang in the choir at Leeds Cathedral, he always loved singing.

After he finished school he did an apprenticeship at John Fowlers and Co, engineering works making engines.

When he was eighteen his friend from work was going to try and join the Air Force and was very nervous so he asked Ken to go with him. By the end of the day his friend failed to qualify but Ken had joined the RAF. This was in 1944.

After training in England he went to the USA and did further training before being stationed in Ceylon where he stayed until the war ended. They were flying officers and supplies from Ceylon to Christmas and Cocos Islands in a Liberator.

He told me how they had to maintain radio silence and fly with no lights so the enemy wouldn't spot them. They navigated by maps and landmarks, which must have been difficult as I see from his logbook that they also did lots of night flights.

At the end of the war he was stationed in Singapore for a while and then the Bahamas before flying their plane, now a Lancaster, back to England.

During his last year in the Air Force stationed in England, he was a very keen cyclist and he and a

group of mates cycled from Yorkshire down to South Wales where, while attending a dance, he met Phyllis Bristow, she said she thought at first that he was a toffee nosed snob but changed her mind when she got to know him. They married in 1946.

After resigning from the Air Force in 1947, Ken attended the University of Leeds, studying aeronautical engineering.

Ken and Phyllis had two children Alison and two years later Gareth.

Ken's first job was with British Aircraft Company, working on the first long haul plane, the Britannia. They test flew it from England to South Africa which in those days was a great milestone as the trip was completed faster than any other plane had ever flown it.

The family moved to Canada in 1957 where Ken worked for Avro Aircraft Company. His first plane there was the Avro Arrow, which was a super fast plane for those days. When the Government scrapped this program he worked on a surveillance craft called: the "flying saucer".

During flight-testing of the craft, which was remote controlled, they lost control and the saucer veered sharply hitting my Father on the head, knocking him over. He wasn't hurt badly but from then on he was known as the first man on earth to be hit on the head by a flying saucer.

In 1961 my Sister Sian was born, Ken and Phyllis separated before the birth and were divorced in 1962.

Alison and Gareth stayed with Ken, Sian went with Phyllis.

*(continued overleaf)*



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### ***Kenneth Lunn - continued***

Dad did a great job of looking after us, cooking, cleaning and working full time, not an easy task.

In 1962 the three of us moved to the United States where Ken had a job with Boeing Vertol in Philadelphia, Boeing's helicopter division. He worked there until retirement in 1994, 33 years later. He started on the Herbies and Chinooks and finished with the Osprey.

In 1969 he married Sandy Rogers and adopted her seven-year-old Daughter, Hayley as his own.

He worked his way up in Boeing and had top-secret security classification as he often worked with the Air Force and the Navy.

He stayed working at Boeing well past retirement age, as they wanted him to see out the Osprey test program.

The last four years of working for Boeing he did quite a bit of lecturing on Vertical Flight at Universities around the world. He was so proud to go back to the University of Leeds as a lecturer. Back to where he started.

One of my best memories of our time in the States was my Father, Gareth and I driving around in an Austin Healy with the top down, the three of us singing along with the radio at the top of our lungs. Gareth was a brilliant blues guitarist and had a great voice.

In 1995 Sandy and Ken were divorced and Ken moved to Norfolk Island where he built his DREAM house at Anson Bay.

Here he lived a quiet life, planting flowers in his garden, working on his computer, taking photos, listening to music and cooking fantastic meals for all of us.

He was a very generous man and loved giving presents.

In the latter years he loved going to the Olive for a coffee and cake, he loved his coffee. In 2014 a Doctor in Sydney told him to abstain from coffee, wine and chocolate, his three favorite things.

Coming out of the office he said, "well no hope of that."

In later years he developed dementia, a disease that stole his independence and his brilliant mind. His last years were spent on Daa Randa where he was so well cared for by all the staff of the hospital.

Phyllis, my Mother, died in 1992 after living on Norfolk for eight years.

My Sister Sian died in 2001 in an accident here on the island; she is survived by her son Dylan.

My Brother, Gareth passed away in 2015 after a long illness.

He is survived by his son Emery.

Ken is survived by his Daughters Alison and Hayley, his Grandchildren, Jamie, Emily, Emery, Jack and Max and their partners, Devnie, Zach and Michele and his Great Grandchildren, Charlie Finn, Marley June and Ellie Rose.

There are family that were unable to be here with us today.

Jamie, Devnie and Marley are in Vanuatu.

Hayley, Jack and Max are in the United States.

And Emery, Michele and Ellie are in Canada.

Dad you are free once more to soar the skies, no more boundaries or limitations.

Emily read the messages from family who not be here on Norfolk...

*From Hayley...*

I have been blessed to have Ken Lunn as my Dad since I was seven years old. I never thought of him as my Stepdad or my other Dad. He has always been Dad.

As an adult I realized how special that made him and how lucky that made me. He has always been Grandpa to my sons Jack and Max, the only one they ever knew. We loved him very much.

*From Jamie...*

Grampa Ken or GPK, as he became known to us, was a very generous man who always encouraged me and supported me through my studies. He loved Marley's visits as much as she loved to visit him.

I am sorry that I cannot be there with you today. We will be thinking of you all. I hope that Ken finds deep peace now that he is free of the limitations that he has faced.

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## **Thank You**

Ken's family would like to thank everyone for their kind words and love.

Thank you to Rev David Fell for his support and for leading this service.

Thank you to the Doctors, nurses and all the staff at the Norfolk Island Hospital for looking after Ken so well for the last few years. You became his world and you did such a brilliant job of care.

Thank you to the pallbearers, to Tardy for the hearse, to Shane and the gravediggers, to the coffin makers, to Sim and Milton for the music and to Lilli and Cassidy for handing out the service sheets.

Thank you to the wreath makers Robyn and Edi and all that helped.

Thank you to the Uke Band,

your music makes this day so much better.



# **When driving.... be considerate SLOW DOWN FOR HORSES!**

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