

The death of Jorge has left a great and vast void in my life and those of many others; his children, his grandchildren, aunts, uncles and cousins whom he grew up with, friends he met along the journey of his life, some new and others of his lifetime, those that shared his world of work too. It is a void difficult to describe in dimension.

There are others who unconsciously are affected, those whom he would have met, could have made friends with, could have helped, could have cherished and been cherished by. At aged 54 he had much more of life to live.

He was such a charismatic and dynamic personality, utterly authentic and strong in his convictions. Few forgot meeting Jorge.

One of Jorge's biggest frustrations was people who "don't care". He would come home from work and rave about this person or that who either demonstrated or actually said "I don't care" often, when Jorge was castigating them about some safety breach, possible risk or outright dangerous thing

He was 'eagled eyed' when it came to safety and was naturally a cautious person. He watched out for everyone and was at times so outspoken he would be overlooked for re employment in an industry that doesn't like being reminded of the risks.

He liked his workmates too, in the main, and he enjoyed the satisfaction of completing tasks and projects. He would step up for those around him that he felt were being bullied, or persecuted or harassed in some way, the younger workers, the refugees, those who could not speak the language well or that he felt just needed a bit of friendship and support.

Nearly 500 hundred people attended his funeral

He died. He died in a scissor lift with his head trapped up against a ceiling. No one will ever know how long he remained conscious or what his last thoughts were or how much pain or fear he was registering. No one saw him. I feel that no one was watching out for him in the business of a new day and work to be done.

In the tumult that followed, many did care, but it was too late. His words echo in my head and the vision of him imagined or real is my horror.

The little things are the things I miss the most. At first, the sound of the door on the garage, I would wait for it. I would wait and wait and wait.

The sound of him working around the yard, talking to his beloved little pet parrot, a kiss while I'm making dinner, the kiss good bye in the morning, the soft words, light in his eyes and huge big smile. The love. He was a great dancer and he would dance around the house in a towel after his shower! I

even miss the harsh words, the strong disapproving looks, the things of relationship and everyday life.

I am forever imprinted by his presence and his loss. I think that life takes us along a road whether we are ready or not and I feel like I am learning a new language and am not very good at it yet. I will love and miss him for my lifetime.

The closest thing to justice for Jorge is transparency of what happened, clarity as to how it happened, accountability for what went so very wrong, and legacy to ensure it never happens again and others learn and teach from it.

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