

A service of thanksgiving for the life of

Moya June Adams

29 June 1935 - 25 June 2023



Thursday 6 July 2023
St James Anglican Church Turrumurra

Moya June Adams

Moya was born at home in Roseville on 29th June 1935 to parents Marion and Bert (Albert) Dakin, joining beloved siblings Ruth, Bill (Clarence), Helen and Neil. At age 3, Moya's younger brother Robert was born, and when Moya was 5, the family moved into the lovely new house they had built in Wahroonga.

Moya enjoyed the newfound freedom of playing in nearby bushland with brother Neil and neighbourhood friends, growing gardenias in her own section of their garden and family cricket games led by her Dad.



She recalled fondly the family's Sunday afternoon singing sessions gathered around the piano, improvising harmonies to familiar hymns. Playing the piano and singing continued to be a pleasure and solace throughout much of Moya's life, something she shared with her children and grandchildren.

At first Moya attended the tiny local school at Waitara, moving to Artarmon Opportunity Class for 5th and 6th grade, where her world expanded. Moya continued to flourish at Hornsby Girls High School, performing in school plays, debating, playing hockey, and becoming Captain of Brewster House in her final year.

Following high school, Moya contracted polio while studying at Kindergarten Teachers College. Confined to her bed and unable to turn over without assistance, Moya was cared for at home by her mother. With physiotherapy, Moya built up her strength, learning to walk again with the aid of calipers. Unable to continue with kindergarten teaching, in 1955, she commenced a Bachelor of Arts at the University of Sydney, studying English, History and Psychology.

At university, Moya was on the organising committee of the Evangelical Union, where Economics student Robert Adams first noticed her as a remarkable person. It wasn't until after university however, once Moya had begun teaching English and History at Ravenswood School for Girls, that Robert found the courage at a church tennis social event to ask Moya out.



Moya and Robert got married at Waitara Gospel Hall in January 1962 and moved into 3 Hasting Road Turramurra which became their family home for the next 60 years. Moya stopped teaching a year later to prepare to become a parent, studying child development books to become the best parent she could be. First came Stephen in 1963, then Prue in 1965.

Once Stephen and Prue were at preschool, Moya enrolled in painting classes at the Willoughby Workshop Arts Centre, and over the next few years the family home came to house a striking collection of Moya's paintings, from bold abstracts to contemplative still lifes. Moya also creatively led the redesign of Hastings Rd to make room for a larger family and gatherings of family and friends.

In 1972, Moya and Rob's third child Rachel was born. At the end of 1973, Moya and Rob embarked on an adventurous journey, taking the whole family on a 6 month trip to Europe. Moya was thrilled to spend time with her dear youngest brother Robert and family, and to see and introduce her children to historic places and art galleries.



In 1975 Moya and Rob left the open Brethren church to join St James Anglican Church Turramurra, believing it to be a good environment for their growing children.

Once Rachel started school, Moya returned to study, undertaking a Research Masters with Honours in Education at Macquarie University, exploring the impact of drama on social development for high school students.

Following graduation, Moya began her career as a research academic at Macquarie University. Later as a senior lecturer Moya created and taught a ground-breaking course designed to improve the teaching standards of the university's lecturers. This work was internationally recognised.

At the end of 2001 at the age of 66, Moya retired from full-time academic work.

Moving from the intensity of her academic work to a less structured home centred life was not an easy transition for Moya. In time however, she returned to painting, embarking on a new phase of mostly abstract landscape paintings. Moya also began to delve into her family history, write segments of memoir, and enjoyed spending more time with her four grandchildren, Zerrin, Xanthe, Jasper and Aislin. Moya also joined the post-polio network and was the convenor of the Hills District Support Group for many years.



This chapter of Moya's life was marked by a long, tough struggle with the post-polio effects of ageing, and in her final years, the slow onset of dementia. Moya remained fiercely independent to the last, showing great courage and force of will in battling through falls, illnesses and a major operation to recover her mobility. Through it all, Moya continued to value and celebrate the beauty of creation in each day's gift of sky, trees, flowers and birdsong, and the company of her dear husband Rob, their cat Biggles, and the visits of her children, grandchildren and old friends.

Order of Service

Welcome and introduction

Rev. Robert Jones

Opening Hymn

Be Thou my vision

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art
Thou my best thought, by day or by night
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light

Be Thou my wisdom, and Thou my true word
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord
Thou my great Father, and I Thy true son
Thou in me dwelling and I with Thee one

Riches I heed not, nor vain, empty praise
Thou mine inheritance, now and always
Thou and Thou only first in my heart
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art

High King of heaven, my victory won
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's sun
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall
Still be my vision, O ruler of all

*Old Irish hymn, translated into English by Mary E. Byrne (1880-1931);
versifier: Eleanor H. Hull*

Tributes

Tributes from friends and family

Visual Tribute

Accompanied by *Deux arabesques, L. 66, No. 1* by Claude Debussy, a piece Moya loved to play on the piano.



Lillies by Moya Adams

Singing item led by extended family

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost, but now I'm found
Was blind but now I see

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come
This grace that brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home

When we've been here ten thousand years
Bright, shining as the sun
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun

Amazing grace how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost, but now I'm found
Was blind but now I see

Words by John Newton, 1779

Readings

James 3:17
Melissa Webster

Ephesians 3:14-21
Helen Dakin



by Moya Adams

Reflection

Rev. Robert Jones

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.
thy kingdom come,
thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power, and the glory
for ever and ever. Amen.

Other Prayers

The Committal

The Blessing

Closing hymn

Tell out my soul

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord!
Unnumbered blessings give my spirit voice;
Tender to me the promise of His Word;
In God my Savior shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of His name!
Make known His might, the deeds His arm has done;
His mercy sure, from age to age the same;
His holy Name, the Lord, the mighty One.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of His might!
Powers and dominions lay their glory by;
Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight;
The hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of His Word!
Firm is His promise, and His mercy sure.
Tell out my soul, the greatness of the Lord
To children's children and forevermore!

Timothy Dudley Smith, 1961



The family thanks you for coming today to share this time of celebration and thanksgiving for Moya, and for your memories and many expressions of sympathy and love.

Please join Robert Adams and family afterwards in the church hall for refreshments.