Eulogy given by Mr Scott MW Charles
Senior Student 1989; Director of Advancement, Trinity College

On 13 January 2014 at Trinity College Chapel

For Frank Henagan, 28 November 1933 – 6 January 2014

Ladies and Gentlemen,

As expected a huge turn out. Frank would have been happy, but as is his way he would also have been humbled by it.

Frank!

How can you possibly do justice to a legend like Frank Henagan in a short eulogy?

I have known Frank for 28 years. A third of his life but significantly for me, well over half of mine.

I first met Frank when I entered Trinity College as a fresher. I was a naive country boy and knew only a few people in Melbourne, let alone Melbourne University or Trinity College and Frank took me under his wing.

Frank was a friend and a mentor.

He was there during training sessions for various sports (A testament to his persuasiveness was the fact that there were always people willing to get up early and be punished by Frank on the running track regardless of how seedy we felt)

He was there for 'Black Tie Dinners' and other great college celebrations

He was there the morning after those college dinners and celebrations

He was there for sporting triumphs and in the case of college footy, sporting disappointments

He was there for new girlfriends and break ups and exam results both good and disappointing

He was my referee when I returned to College in the mid 90's as a resident tutor

He was at my wedding just here to my right on the bulpadock, 10 years ago

In the last year I have had the joy of watching my two young sons, Oscar and Hamish become very attached to Frank whilst attending College sporting events Frank has been coaching.

And last Monday, Frank and I were together in the hospital just hours before he passed away.
Over this period Frank has shared:

- words of advice
- consoling words
- encouraging words
- sometimes stern words
- and often, just words that formed part of the stories that gave an insight into the amazing and fascinating life he had lead.

Frank has left behind many friends and a trove of memorable and amusing stories and quotes.

College footballers would remember being asked to "pair up in threes" for running drills or to arrange ourselves into "3 groups, one on each point of the square"

And there were many other tales, like the time Andrew Tulloch was performing the duty of "Runner" for Frank during a college football game. For once Trinity was within striking distance of Newman in the last quarter. The ball got kicked deep into the Newman forward line and Trinity's ruck man, Simon Bromell unfortunately spilled a mark and Justin Coburn the whippy Newman rover, sharked the ball and snapped a goal giving Newman a bit of breathing space on the scoreboard. Frank took a deep, frustrated, breath, realising that the game had probably just slipped away. He turned to Andrew Tulloch, The Trinity Runner and asked him to convey the following message, "Tell Broms not to do that again"

There was also the time when Frank singled out Rob Heath for some well earned praise.

Trinity was getting belted by Ormond and Frank was annoyed by the apparent lack of endeavour his side was showing, with only Rob Heath really trying. At half time Frank addressed the team and said "Take a look at Heefy, he has got absolutely no talent at all but he is having a real go"

But this last story really gives an insight into Frank, because as much as he loved sport and talented sportspeople, what he really loved and admired was "heart" and "having a go" and "sportsmanship".

His own sporting achievements, of which there were many and which Taffy outlined earlier, were a result of not just Frank's talent, but also lots of hard work and they were always underpinned by fairness and sportsmanship.

Despite the fact that Frank could once run a mile in just over 4 minutes, it used to take him 15 minutes to walk across the Bulpaddock - a distance of only 120 metres. This was not because Frank was still not fit. I think we all know that he could put Tommy Hafey to the sword if he wanted to, but rather that Frank never actually mastered the art of being able to walk and talk at the same time.

His enthralling stories therefore were punctuated by a few steps, a stop, the placing of his hands on his hips, and some internal laughter as he thought of the punchline that he'd eventually get to.

Frank was not only generous with his stories but also his time and whatever money he happened to have. I bet 90% of you here have been shouted at least one coffee or lunch or beer by Frank at some stage.
Frank symbolised to me that magic of belonging to a club or a community.

Although he was not part of the physical infrastructure of the College, he meant as much to the students, parents, staff and alumni as the Bulpaddock and interactions with Frank and banter with him was how you defined your time in College.

Trinity and the Melbourne University sporting teams will be a very different place without him and a better place as a result of him.

Frank, I will miss our walks across the Bulpaddock.

I will miss our lunches and dinners at Naughtons, Cafe Royale and Trotters,

I will miss you just dropping into my office for a chat during your mail run,

And I will miss looking out my window at about 4:30 every afternoon and seeing you doing sprints and push ups with those unique styles of yours.

Congratulations on a wonderful life my dear friend.

Farewell.