



In Loving Memory

Major General Alan Lindsay Morrison,
AO, DSO, MBE (Retd)



15 August 1927 – 9 May 2008

*Margaret, David, and Jenny
John, Gayle, Tim, Sam, Clare, Ben and Nick
thank you for your friendship and support.*

The memory of Alan lives on in you.



MEMORIAL SERVICE

Music as people gather:

Make Me a Channel of Your Peace

1. **Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me bring your love.
Where there is injury, your pardon, Lord,
And where there's doubt, true faith in you.**

2. **Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there's despair in like, let me bring hope.
Where there is darkness, only light,
And where there's sadness ever joy**

- Bridge: **Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console,
To be understood as to understand,
To be loved, as to love with all my soul.**

3. **Make me a channel of your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
In giving of ourselves that we receive,
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.**



How Great Thou Art

1. O Lord my god! When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds they hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed.

Refrain: Then sings my soul, my saviour God to thee:
How great thou art, how great thou art!
Then signs my soul, my saviour God to thee:
How great thou art, how great thou art!

1. When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze,
2. And when I think that God, his son not sparing,
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.
3. When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration and there proclaim,
My God, how great thou art!



Gospel: John 14: 1-6: Father Tony Frey

Jesus says:

'Do not let your hearts be troubled.
Trust in God still, and trust in me.
There are many rooms in my Father's house;
If there were not, I should have told you.
I am going now to prepare a place for you,
And after I have gone and prepared you a place,
I shall return to take you with me;
So that where I am
You may be too.
You know the way to the place where I am going'.

Thomas said, 'Lord we do not know where you are going,
So how can we know the way?'

Jesus said:

'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.
No one can come to the Father except through me.
If anyone loves me he will keep my word,
And my father will love him,
And we shall come to him
And make our home with him.
Peace I bequeath to you,
My own peace I give you,
A peace the world cannot give; this is my gift to you.
Do not let your hearts be troubled or afraid.'

Eulogy: General Peter Cosgrove

Reflection: "Panis Angelicus"

Tribute: Lieutenant General Laurie O'Donnell



Prayer: Father Tony Frey

Lord,
Alan is gone now from this earthly dwelling
And has left behind those who mourn his absence.
Grant that as we grieve for our brother
We may hold his memory dear
And live in hope of the eternal kingdom
Where you will bring us together again.
We ask this...

All: The Lord's Prayer

Thank you from the family: David Morrison

On Eagles Wings

1. You who dwell in the shelter of the Lord,
Who abide in his shadow for life,
Say to the Lord: 'My refuge,
My rock in whom I trust!'

Refrain: And he will raise you up on eagle's wings,
Bear you on the breath of dawn,
Make you to shine like the sun,
And hold you in the palm of his hand.

2. The snare of the fowler will never capture you,
And famine will bring you no fear:
Under his wings your refuge,
His faithfulness your shield.

3. You need not fear the terror of the night
Nor the arrow that flies by day;
Though thousands fall about you,
Near you it shall not come.



4.

For to his angels he's given a command
To guard you in all of your ways:
Upon their hands they will bear you up,
Lest you dash your foot against a stone.

Final:

And he will raise you up on eagle's wings,
Bear you on the breath of dawn,
Make you to shine like the sun,
And hold you in the palm of his hand.
And hold you, hold you in the palm of his hand.



Service History

Royal Military College, Duntroon (Cadet)
66th Australian Infantry Battalion
2nd Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment
3rd Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment
Headquarters British Commonwealth Forces, Japan
Headquarters Australian Army Component, Japan
Headquarters 28th Brigade, Japan
51st Infantry Battalion, The Far North Queensland Regiment
Royal Military College, Duntroon (Instructor)
British Army Staff College, Camberley (Student)
Australian Army Staff, London
1st Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment
Australian Army Staff College (Instructor)
Commanding Officer, the 9th Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment
Military Assistant to the Chief of the General Staff
Army Headquarters
Royal College of Defence Studies, London
Commander, 1st Brigade
Commandant, Royal Military College, Duntroon
Assistant Chief of Personnel - Army



Services Member Repatriation Commission
Vice Chairman Calvary Hospital Board
President of Legacy Canberra
Life Member, Duntroon Society
Life Member, RAR Foundation
Life Member, The Commonwealth Club

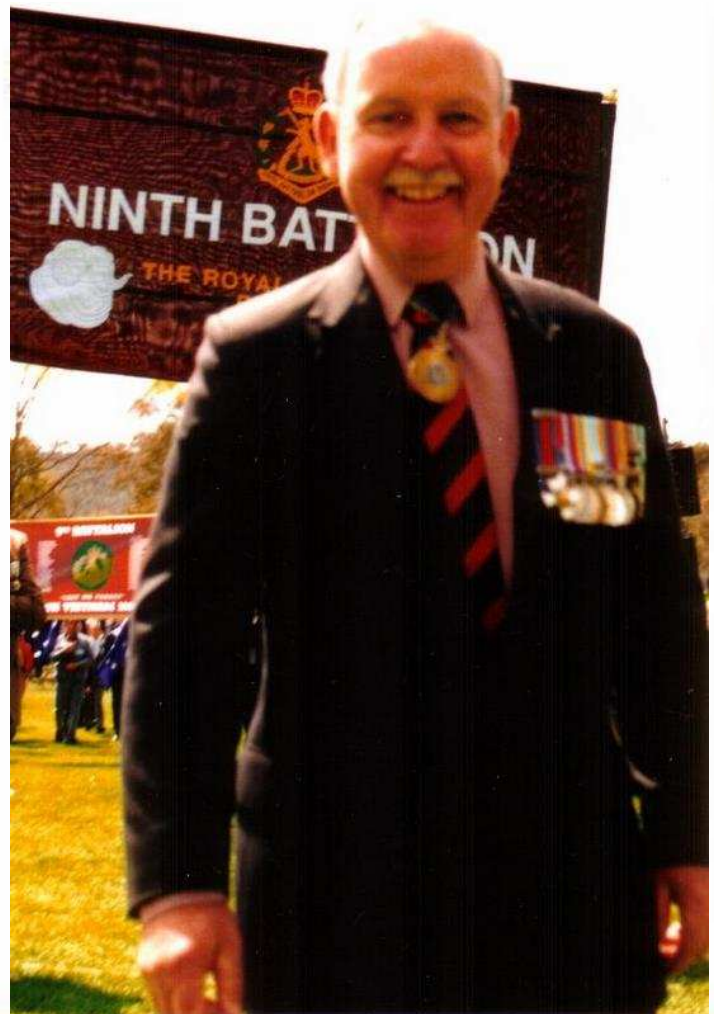


*His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, this was a Man!*



Lt Col A.L. Morrison.

*William Shakespeare
Julius Caesar*



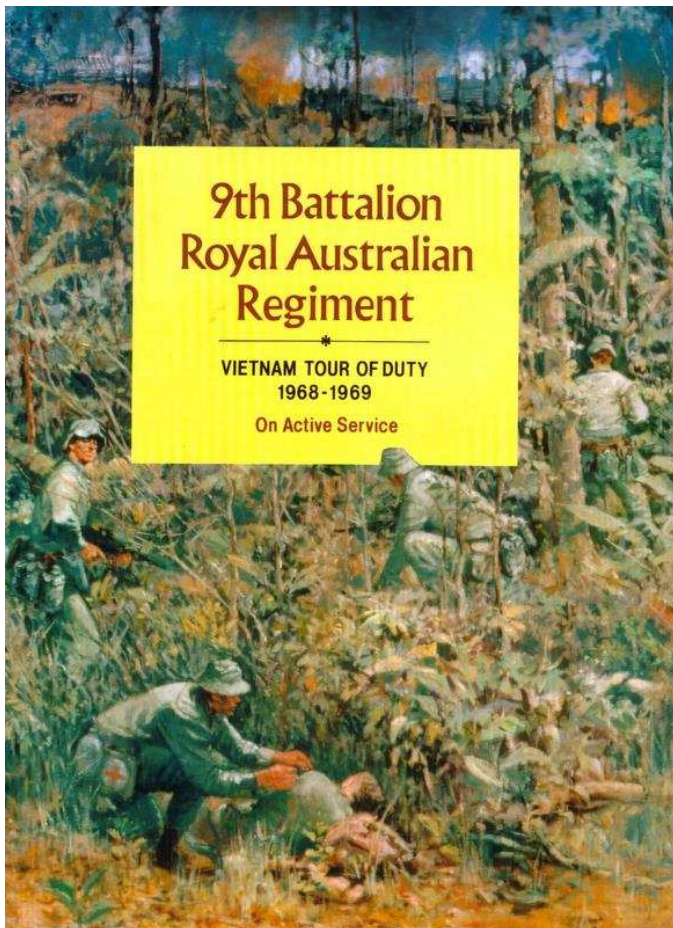
Adelaide May 14, 2008



Anne Bonney listens as Adrian Craig leads a tribute to Alby at the 9 RAR Memorial on the Pathway of Honour for a gathering of 9 RAR Family members to coincide with the Memorial Service being held at Duntroon.



Duntroon honours Alby



Above: Duntroon House hosted a wake for more than 500 mourners, including the CO of 8/9 RAR, Lt Col Simon Stuart (third from left) flanked by 9 RAR Assoc. branch Presidents (from left) Stan Sutherland, Vic.; Barry Stalder, Qld.; Doug McGrath, NSW; and Warren Featherby, SA.

Below: The 9 RAR Family owes a huge debt of gratitude to former A Coy Medic, Peter Snell MM (left), for his dedication to the Morrises, pictured with SA Vice Presidents Mick Mummery (right) and David Stacey (centre).



A Tribute to Major General A.L. “Alby” Morrison AO DSO MBE, the “Father” of 9 RAR

Not all of us leave footprints. Not all of us leave a legacy. Not so Alan Lindsay Morrison. “Alby”, as he was affectionately known, was the Commanding Officer of a battalion in the days when we sought permission of our CO to get married – it was an era where the CO was the father figure of a battalion, a title that Alby wore with ease and wore well.

His was a long journey from the 15 August, 1927, in Sydney to the completion of his journey on the 9 May, 2008, in Canberra. Within that time Alby had graduated from Duntroon, in 1947, and in 1948 experienced his first overseas trip to Japan as a member of the British Commonwealth Occupation Force.

In 1951 he was posted to Korea with 66 Battalion, later to become 2 RAR and returned there in 1952 as a member of the 28 Commonwealth Brigade. It was some time during this period that he met and married his wife and soul mate, Margaret.

Alby was to experience life in a battalion with 1 RAR before he joined us in 1967 as the first CO of 9 RAR and our founding father.

Alby and Margaret now have a son and daughter and I believe 5 grandchildren and have made their home, since retirement, in Canberra.

It would remiss of me not to mention that Alby, amongst other things, also served as the Honorary Colonel Commandant of the Regiment, was a past national president of the Royal Australian Regiment Association and it was he that established the Royal Australian Regiment Foundation of which he was the Inaugural Chairman.

In between all his other interests he never lost interest in us. This is the man who was always interested to know who was doing well, who needed a hand. Yes, a father figure and a man of deep compassion. His mortal remains will leave us, but his legacy will live on. Whenever the name of Alby Morrison is mentioned it will be with great pride and respect. Long will we remember the cheeky grin and the happy smile.

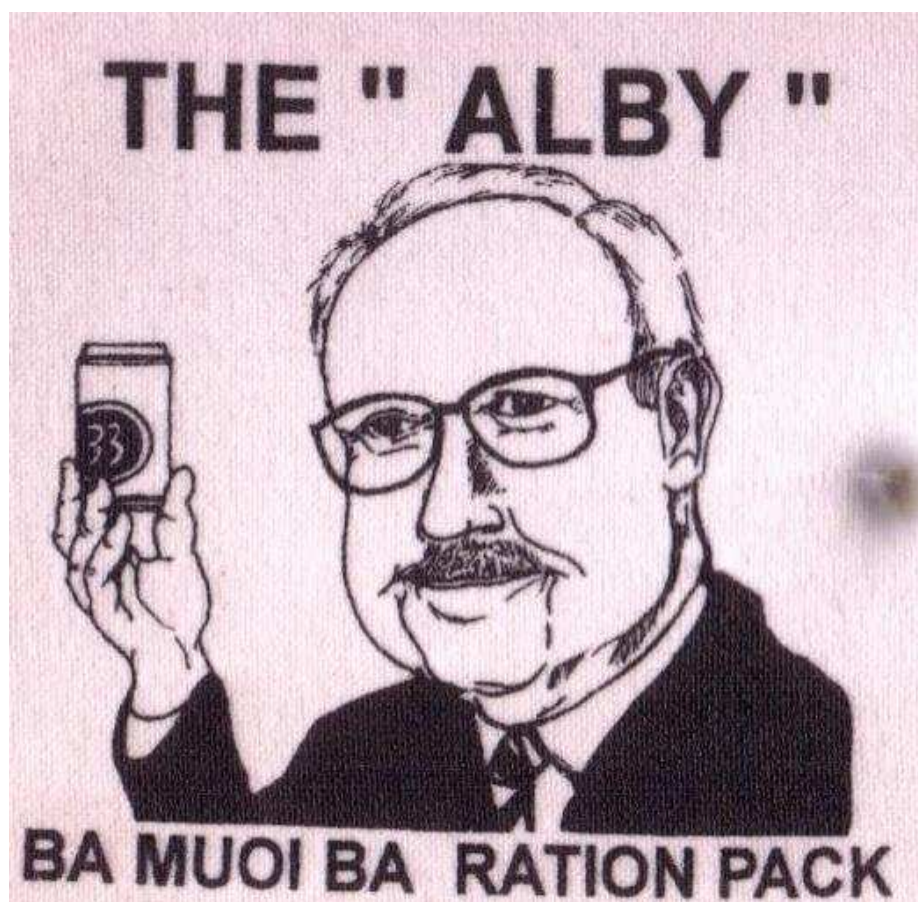
To Margaret and the family you have our deepest respect for the life of a man well lived. – *Warren Featherby OAM, President, 9 RAR (SA), on behalf of the 9 RAR Family.*

Reflections of Alby









**A EULOGY FOR
THE LATE MAJOR GENERAL ALAN LINDSAY MORRISON AO, DSO, MBE
BY GENERAL PETER COSGROVE (RETD)
AT THE CHAPEL OF ST PAUL, DUNTROON
14TH MAY 2008**

There is such a spirit of Alan Morrison in the chapel today that we might subtitle my remarks today as ‘a chat with Alby’.

Alan Morrison was that sort of person - eminent Australian, very senior Army officer but first, last and always, beloved by all, husband, father, grandfather, brother friend of all.

That’s why today we are here, why we gather, men and women from the highest station in the land to those from so many different backgrounds and walks of life - united under that great and privileged banner upon which is written our rallying cry –“I knew and loved Alan Morrison”.

Alan began his gentle departure from his most precious and beloved family and his legion of friends some time ago but so typically of him, as the vibrancy of him quietly diminished, the innate kindness and good humour and courtesy which always made him so special remained to comfort us all: to comfort his beloved Margaret and Jenny and John and David and Gayle and the grandchildren, Tim and Sam and Ben and Clare and Nick, and his brother John and Pam and sister in law Monica and all the rest of us.

It was almost as if this wonderful part of our friend remained here to say to us all, to re- assure us in that special way he had, “Don’t worry, everything’s fine. We’ll all be together again by and by.”

His parents were John and Eileen Morrison, both born in 1898. John Morrison was born in the UK but brought up in Brisbane (he was a WWI veteran who served in northern France in 1918) and Eileen grew up in Grafton in northern NSW.

Alan was born in Sydney on 15th August 1927; He was one of three boys, John (here today with his wife Pam), then Alan and Barry (who passed away several years ago. His widow Monica is with the family today).

Alan used to always state that he was the second son, of a second son of a second son.

Alan was born while the family lived at Haberfield in Sydney in 1927, but he grew up in Bronte. Alan spent a great deal of his youth body surfing at Bronte beach (none of that surf board stuff) and playing rugby union - he even hid a broken nose from his parents as it occurred when he wasn't meant to be playing football.

On the subject of football I think he was concussed 3 weekends running when playing at Duntroon (his mother was not impressed). Sounds like the College we knew and loved – no place for the faint-hearted!

Alan was educated at the school I later attended, Waverley College;

He completed the Leaving Certificate in 1944. Today Waverley College joins us in mourning the passing of one of its most illustrious sons.

Caused by the war years, the course at Duntroon was then 3 years. Alan entered the College straight from school, graduating in December 1947 as an Infantry officer. I wonder if then he ever thought he would return to become arguably the most beloved Commandant of its history.

His first posting was to 66th Battalion, 34th Infantry Brigade in Japan. This involved a routine of training as part of the garrison life of an occupying force.

He went back to Australia with the Battalion and it was shortly thereafter re-designated 2 RAR and based in Puckapunyal.

Then in, June 1950 war broke out in Korea. Alan immediately volunteered to go and was posted to 3 RAR which as then part of the occupying forces in Japan, was to be sent urgently to the Korean peninsula.

He joined the Battalion in August 1950 as a reinforcement officer. He became a platoon commander and moved to Korea with the unit in September.

As those who know the illustrious history of 3 RAR will recall, almost immediately the Battalion was pitched into battle against the North Koreans.

He served with the Battalion during the hectic days of combat, advancing up to the Yalu marking the border between North Korea and China.

He served on after China entered the war and during the subsequent withdrawal until a serious eye injury forced his evacuation and hospitalisation. After a difficult recovery lasting more than six months he resumed duty back in the BCOF headquarters in Japan. He returned to Japan working on Tom Daly's staff on 28th Commonwealth Brigade until Alan returned to Australia in 1953.

Alan was awarded the MBE for his service in Korea, a sign that the Army recognised what a fine officer it had in (then) Captain Morrison.

On his return to Australia came a crucial posting in Alan's life: he was posted as adjutant to the 51st Battalion of the Far North Queensland Regiment based in Cairns. For it was there he met Margaret and they married on 18th December 1954 in Cairns. David was born during the young family's time in Cairns and Jenny came along almost exactly two years later.

From 1956 he was an instructor at RMC before heading off as a student at the British Army staff college, followed by two years on the military staff at Australia House London.

Alan started a quite rapid rise in reputation and prominence on his return to Australia. Operations Officer of 1st Battalion (Pentropic) then second in command as a Lieutenant Colonel, then on to staff college as an instructor, a happy posting of two and a half years with his young family until given the task of raising the Battalion he was to command in Vietnam, the Battalion where many in this chapel, me among them, were to serve under him, the 9th Battalion of the Royal Australian Regiment.

I know that those many people here today will excuse me if I pause in my account of Alan's great service to Australia, to dwell for a minute or two on that time we in 9 RAR spent under his command.

You see, it is our conceit, our conviction that after his family, within that great sweep of his wonderful Army career, Alan loved us best of all.

Alan took the Battalion from words on a bit of paper from 1967 until as a very fine Australian fighting unit it concluded its meritorious tour of duty at war in South Vietnam at the end of 1969.

He was truly the patriarch of the Battalion just as Margaret, the Battalion and its families recognised the wonderful role you played in your partnership with Alan to look after the hundreds of wives, partners, girlfriends and children of the men so frequently absent when getting ready for Vietnam and absent for so long and in such danger during the tour.

Alan was not a cheerleader for the Battalion but a task master.

That said, he showed that quality that Australian soldiers look for and pray for in their leaders – he very obviously and genuinely cared for the men entrusted to his command.

He saw the best in his soldiers, even when from time to time it was very hard to see.

He asked us all to do hard things but that was because he knew that in war success avoids the lazy, the overcautious and the unimaginative.

From a personal viewpoint when I joined as a reinforcement officer in mid 1969, I very quickly realised what a family the Battalion was – a wonderful achievement in a unit so young, greatly due to Alby's leadership.

Being at war is a strange phenomenon in the forming of relationships and opinions about each other.

There's not a lot of leisure time to reflect deeply on such matters but somehow the judgements you reach are emphatic, profound and lifelong.

In 9 RAR, simply we knew that Alby, our boss cared deeply for us all and we cared deeply for him.

In a wry moment at the end of 9 RAR's tour we had a Battalion parade up on our helipad and just before our march past the Task Force Commander, one of the diggers fainted in one of the right flank companies. Things ceremonial were a little rough and ready in South Vietnam, so there was no sudden posse of medics rushing out to bear him away aloft.

I noticed as we strode out to march past, the oncoming files and ranks of soldiers, with a little irreverent murmuring, were stepping over or around this chap still lying unconscious where he fell.

I happened to sneak a glance back towards him as Alan led us past the dais and I saw this chap come to and prop himself briefly on to one elbow and have a somewhat groggy look around.

As soon as he saw his predicament – lying by himself with the whole Battalion marching away, he promptly fainted again! Years later I opined to Alby that the second fainting was his remorse at having disappointed the CO!

For his service in Vietnam commanding 9 RAR Alan was awarded the Distinguished Service Order.

Alby, over the years of our reunions, our ANZAC Days, our casual coming together we hope you knew what it meant to us, your 9 RAR men, to have you and Margaret at the head of the family table.

I hope you knew the word that would whistle around the groups and ranks, "Alby's here!"

Wherever and whenever we meet you will join us through our memories and our toasts. That is how the Battalion will continue to honour its father.

After Vietnam Alan was posted as Military Assistant to the CGS and promoted in the next year to Colonel on the Army Headquarters staff.

In 1974 he was promoted Brigadier and he and the family headed off to RCDS in London. On his return from that one year course he was appointed Commander 1st Brigade, then in Holsworthy.

Then came a posting on promotion to Major General as the Commandant of his alma mater, the Royal Military College, Duntroon and then a brief stint as Chief of Personnel.

Alan retired on 10th August 1981 after 36 years service, one of the most beloved officers of his generation, having served Australia with great distinction.

He was made an Officer of the Military division of the Order of Australia for his service, particularly as Commandant at Duntroon.

After his retirement he was a natural choice to be Colonel Commandant of the Regiment in which he had served since its foundation with such distinction.

He served a long term as Colonel Commandant and was also National President of the RAR Association. He founded the RAR Foundation and was its inaugural Chairman.

After his time in uniform concluded, Alan was immediately back in harness as the Services Member of the Repatriation Commission where he gave shrewd but sympathetic wisdom to the workings of the commission until he retired in 1989.

Thereafter he was Deputy Chairman of the Calvary Hospital board here in Canberra for another eight years until moving into full retirement.

Turning now to Alan's family: his beloved wife of nearly 54 years, Margaret and his son David and his daughter Jenny of whom he was so proud and whom he loved so much and his grandchildren, such a great Morrison and Peachey tribe.

Your bonds with Alan, husband, brother, father and grandfather were so personal to each of you but so obvious to all of us.

Just as we know how you will miss this marvellous man, we know the strength of the family.

Over the last few days within the family there will have been tears and knowing you, some laughter at the remembrance of joyous and humorous times. We, your many friends are uplifted to see your strength and that is as Alan would want.

We join you today in our mourning for his passing but in a celebration of an extraordinary life which enriched and safeguarded and nurtured so many other lives.

We celebrate his life and consign him to the treasury of our memories: Alan Lindsay Morrison, husband and father and grandfather and brother, friend and warrior chief, a great Australian.