



Mrs Hui May Yee

March 12, 2023

Mrs Hui May Yee passed away peacefully on 12th March 2023,

Beloved wife of the Late Quock-On Yee,

Adored mother of Pauline, Ying, Kit and the family,

Aged 95 years. Will be sadly missed and forever in our hearts.

If you would like to send your condolences through floral arrangements, please contact our florist directly to organise:

Contact person: Vanessa from Quay Moments

Email: hello@quaymoments.com.au

Last order by Thursday, 24/03/2023

If you are not able to attend the service in person, live-stream service is available. Please revisit this page on Friday (17/03/2023) for the live-stream service login details.

Link: <https://streaming.naoca.com.au/e/7fce88a6-3a15-46d7-b4c4-b900ce8e9d09>

PIN: 5305

Previous Events

Funeral Ceremony

MAR 25. 10:15 AM - 11:00 AM (AEST)

Macquarie Park Cemetery and Crematorium (Palm Chapel)

Delhi Rd & Plassey Rd

Macquarie Park, NSW 2113 (AU)

<https://nmclm.com.au/locations/macquarie-park/>

Burial Service

MAR 25. 11:15 AM (AEST)

Macquarie Park Cemetery and Crematorium

Delhi & Plassey Rd

Macquarie Park, NSW 2113 (AU)

+612 9805 0499

<https://nmclm.com.au/locations/macquarie-park/>

Chinese Monumental Section, Row 19, Lot 31

Tribute Wall

KY

“ There is no better word I can find to describe my mother, than the word, *Sacrifice*.

My mother was a paragon of virtue. A shining example of what a woman and a human should be. She cooked, she cleaned, she worked, she tended to the garden as was her natural gift, being a farmer back in rural China. She looked after my Dad's needs and all of her children, and she never complained.

But more than this, she gave her life to others. When I was born, I was a sickly child, inflicted with asthma at a time when there was no medication, a life-threatening illness from which I saw many of my school friends succumb.

Each day that I awoke was almost my last. And each day, for every day of my life, as a child she saved me. At all times, at great despair, each day she thought she might lose me. I recall a vivid moment in my childhood, just before I fell unconscious, tears streaming from her eyes as she rushed me to hospital. How many of those days did I, and she witness.

My mother, and my dutiful dad, with their daughter Po Lin, came to Australia in 1958, towards the last years of the White Australia policy, before it was dismantled by the Holt government in 1966, and legally quashed by the Whitlam government in 1973. Through no fault of any, but due to historical circumstances, in those years, our family endured a barrage of discrimination from society.

Often at the end of vile vitriol, my parents, my mother and father, were their children's shield, their guardians, their shepherd and shepherdess through those harrowing years. They protected us by their own abilities and capacity, divorced from their own homeland back in China, with no other support than the small community of fellow Asians that also lived in Sydney. Although not always successful, nevertheless they afforded us some peace, and comfort during those years. Those were not easy years, and we all, from our

experiences, came to understand and appreciate what they did for us. What they sacrificed for us, at great expense.

My mother's generation, and even my generation, myself, my brother and my sister, have paved the way for future generations, of Asians and immigrants, and those of foreign heritage born into this democracy, to enjoy and to prosper.

Hence, for all that my mother sacrificed, I cannot stress enough, it is the categorical imperative, the absolute moral duty, of those generations to follow, that they instil within themselves, and pass onto their sons and daughters, an understanding of, and empathy for, the suffering and the sacrifices of those that stood before them.

My mother was the paragon of service, of sacrifice. And for her unconditional sacrifice we love her dearly and will miss her forever.

My mother passed away, peacefully, 1.58pm Sunday 12th March 2023. I was with her at the hospital watching over her. I witnessed her last breath. May she rest in peace now, forever.

Amen.

Kit Yee, Her Loving Son

Kit Yee - March 26, 2023 at 01:12 AM