I will never forget receiving the phone call from the police about Luke. It was a Tuesday at 14.02 in the afternoon.
Having to tell a mother and a son that Luke had been killed, then family and friends. Packing up his things. Cleaning and selling his car that I had helped him buy.
Trying to help a devastated wife and son.
Now on special family occasions the three of us sit down with 4 chairs, 4 glasses and a photo of Luke. This is now our family celebration.
Heath (our oldest son) has a boat and holidays to Exmouth and constantly rings us with updates of the trip and this highlights Luke as gone. Luke would do the same thing. I do things with Heath and one of the first things that comes to mind is I'II never get to do them with Luke. Seeing the devastation on the faces of all the young ones that came to the house and were at his service are just one of the many things that haunt me. Seeing the hurt and devastation in Janice every time there is a reminder, is something I will have to live with for the rest of my life.
He was 22 years and 7 months to the day. We never get to spend another Christmas, birthday, anything with him.
There are constant reminders everyday of the loss, both from inside the family and outside. Our health has suffered greatly due to the stress of Luke being killed. I suffer continuously with headaches, tiredness, lots of flashbacks, agitation and anger. Janice and I were always on the same page and knew what each other was thinking and about to say. Now we are like strangers. I wake up and try to see how Janice is going to be. She hasn't sleep through the night since Luke was killed. She doesn't like sleeping tablets so she wakes up during the night and lays there for hours. She is tired when she gets out of bed to start the day. Then I try to get a feel for how she is and try to just get us through the day. I can't remember a day in the last 2 and a bit years where she hasn't cried at least once some time through the day or night. I look at Janice a once vibrant, happy, optimistic, full of life, conquer the world mother and wife. Now I see a totally devastated, defeated, grieving mother, who I can't help. It's destroying me. You just can't escape it. Every time I do something with Heath or with my father I know it is something I will never do with Luke. These occasions are always bittersweet. It hurts like hell. How are you

supposed to get over a tragedy like this? It wasn't an illness or anything like that, it was a workplace fatality.
Luke had done the hard yards in growing up. Adolescence, finding out who he was and what career path he wanted. The hard work was behind him and a full and exciting life was ahead for him. His friends had told us not to be surprised at the amount of people that would attend his service. They were right. Bowra & O'Dea told us that it was the largest service that they had held at the South Street venue. The venue was full to capacity and the overflow of people were in the car park in the rain. This was such a true testament to the person he was.
Unless you have lost a child like this you cannot image the pain. Everyday you know he is gone. I can't concentrate anymore and have trouble staying focused.
He was always telling us how much he loved the job. He was going to stay there and when he got too old for rigging, was going to be a Tower Crane operator.
How are you supposed to put a loss like this into words? His music, his favourite songs come on the radio. There are industrial fatalities reported on the news. There are certain scenes in movies that we try to help each other through or pretend that it is alright, which it isn't by any means. We play CD's in the car or at home and one of his songs will come on, so I hit skip to try and spare Janice. I don't know if this helps or hurts. I am gutted and devastated.
They say time heals. We were a very close and tight knit family. We will never recover from this. Twenty five percent of our family is gone.
Take a wheel off a car and try and drive it down the road. He had the right to come home from work safely.

Mark Murrie (Father)