



Highly respected and much-admired member Francis Victor (Mike) Hopkins, 91, died peacefully at his home in Mina Street Toowoomba on Friday January 9, 2026, in the presence of his wife Fleur and family.

His funeral service was held at Burstow's Funeral Home on Tuesday, January 20, 2026.

The following heart-felt eulogy was presented by the eldest of Mike and Fleur's four children. Paul Hopkins . . .

It is a hard day for we children to say goodbye to our dad. It is a harder day for our mum to say goodbye to the beautiful man she has adored for 60 years.

Dad said he had a great life but when he married Fleur he had a fantastic life.

Francis (better known as Mike) was born in Toowoomba to Olive and Francis, a watchmaker, jeweller and optometrist, the second of seven children. Their home was in Long Street, moving to [17 Godsall Street](#) as the family grew, with Queen's Park as their front yard.

Dad's father was a "Quaker". A kind, gentle, loving gentleman. Like Father, Like Son.

Dad did his schooling at South Girls and Infants, Churchie in Brisbane as a border, Toowoomba Grammar and Gatton Agricultural College.

On leaving school he spent three years jackarooring at Bando Station, near Wyandra, and Boatman Station, south of Mitchell, a 500 square mile property carrying 28,000 sheep and 800 cattle.

He returned to study at Gatton Agricultural College, obtaining a degree in Farm Management and Animal Husbandry. He then returned to his love of the station life as overseer at Hughenden Station.

After being unsuccessful in the Land Ballots, he accepted a position with the Irrigation and Water Supply Commission as surveyor and soil tester for farm dams, setting up the Toowoomba office with a staff of 10 and an area covering from Gatton to West of Condamine, whilst at the same time farming his 300 acre cattle and orchard property at Lockyer, where he was able to put all his irrigation knowledge into practice.

The situation arose where it was necessary for dad to retire from the irrigation commission to manage the family business, Francis Hopkins Jewellers, the third generation since the business was established in 1908.

Dad met our mum in 1964, whilst enjoying a water skiing weekend. Mum and her friends were celebrating their graduation from nursing.

Mum said he was a very tall, extremely good-looking man but a terrible flirt as every time she saw him he was winking at her. He also drove a lovely red sports car. We are not sure if it was the red car or dad's facial tic that won her heart.

Dad was a gift to our family. We are so grateful we shared such a large part of his life. A thorough gentleman. A kind, loving, caring father - never short on discipline, always generous with his love and hugs.

Dad's way of teaching us social graces and necessary essentials required to be a good person was through example.

Our dad did not wear a flowing red cape or wear his undies on the outside but he was our super hero. He was simply the best.

Dad always encouraged and supported us in our every endeavour. He gave us 4 children a fantastic family life. We were offered a great education and our homes have been filled with music, love and laughter.

We have witnessed a truly beautiful marriage. Our parents' deep love for each other was a beautiful thing to see. Dad never stopped flirting with mum.

When we 4 children chose to follow our paths, dad sold the family home in Wirra Wirra Street and the family business in 1987. Our parents retired to a 20 acre property on Buderim, where they pursued an exhausting life of fishing, surfing and tending to 2 poddy calves and 10 chooks.

Dad was able to join a hobby sailing boat club and sail his beautiful self handcrafted boat. He even turned his hand at pottery and owned his own kiln.

Time to enjoy long awaited travel, backpacking Greece and motoring through Europe for 6 months, caravanning around Australia for 12 months and visiting children working overseas in Borneo, Thailand, Dubai, America and South Korea.

Dad loved his music and enjoyed making CDs for his friends. He played a mean harmonica, loved crosswords, sudoku and of course the family wordle challenge. He loved the movies, fishing, Probus and bowls. He was never idle.

Moving back to Toowoomba in 2002, dad was introduced to bowls and anxiously awaited each bowling day and the company of his mates at the Toowoomba Bowling Club. Dad had a bowling team, "The 3 amigos".

According to rumour, the team caused fear, terror and trembling to all challengers - apparently!

Thank you to you all and his 2 coffee groups, whose care and friendship helped him through his last hard journey.

On behalf of mum and we 4 children, we say thank you to those people who were part of dad's life. You are important because you made his life richer and fuller for knowing you.

Thank you dad for teaching by example the value of hard work, good judgement, courage, respect and for the sacrifices you made to let us have the very best and for the simple things like laughter, smiles and times shared.

If we children grow to be such wonderful people as our dad we would have led a worthwhile life.

In dad's own words:

“Fleur always said our life together was like a magic carpet ride. I am grateful for the fantastic adventurous, fun filled life I have shared with my beautiful, incredible wife, my marvellous children, Paul, Andrew, Angela and Michael, who have given me so much love, joy and pride, and my 7 wonderful grand children.

I completed my bucket list and probably have only one regret - I cigarette too many!”.

We miss you dad, you wonderful man.

Grief is the price we pay for love.