

The entrepreneur bids adieu: Paul Trainor

Nanette Trainor was an intelligent, sophisticated woman. She enthusiastically supported her husband's ambition of developing his own global medical devices company in Australia and didn't argue when he wanted to sell their home to raise capital to fund that vision. She packed their belongings and moved the family to a rented home by the railway tracks, leaving their home in a prestigious neighborhood in the lower north shore suburb of Mosman. She left her wide social circle. She stood by her man and fulfilled all the home duties involved in raising three beautiful boys. But it was difficult. Very difficult. Even though articles in magazines such as the *Australian Women's Weekly* encouraged women to support their husbands, it was hard to cope when there were dinners that had been cooked but that no one turned up to eat. Sometimes, she finished the wine on her own. There were many empty nights when she needed help to get to sleep. Tragically, on 6 September 1986 the Trainors' second son, Benedict, died in a boating accident, and dependence on assistance to get through the days and nights slowly crept up on Nan Trainor. On 11 February 1987, she just didn't wake up.

Paul Trainor was shattered, although he had known that all was not well. Nan had sometimes arrived at functions heavily made up and wearing sunglasses to hide bleary eyes, but Trainor had considered it to be a 'woman's problem' and thought that 'real men didn't ask questions'. He knew that he had not always been there for Nan, but building the company was an enormous job. It was full-on. There were times when a huge number of issues needed immediate attention. There were times when the share price fell to 25c and journalists delighted in calling him a 'one-hit wonder'.