

ARTHUR

Funeral Ceremony – Arthur Harold Clutterbuck

2pm Tuesday 1st March 2016
Simplicity Osborne Park Chapel

Celebrant: Anthea Halliday (0407 755 223)
Funeral Director: Samantha Turner

Notes:

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Entrance (time for everyone to be seated etc)

Music: *Gentle on My Mind* by Glenn Campbell

TURN ON MICROPHONE

Introduction and welcome

Thank you family and friends for joining us today.

My name is Anthea Halliday, I am a civil celebrant, and together with Samantha Turner and Simplicity Funerals, it is our privilege to welcome you as you join together to farewell Arthur Harold Clutterbuck. We thank you for being here today to honour his life.

Can I respectfully ask that if you have a mobile phone at this time, please switch it off or turn it to silent mode if you haven't already? And while you do that, I would like to invite you to join Arthur's family after today's ceremony at OP's Tavern, next door, if you would like to spend some more time sharing memories of Arthur over a drink or coffee. I would also like to request that if you haven't yet had a chance to complete an attendance card, please do so before you leave today, as Arthur's family would love to know who has spent today with them.

I know all of you here today are either family, or close friends – and because of that, you will know that his wish for today would be for no fuss, a simple service without pomp or overt ceremony. In fact, he

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would probably have a few choice words to say about having to be the centre of attention!

So today's service, is the coming together of you all to say your final farewell to his physical being – especially for those of you who didn't have a chance to say goodbye to him before he passed.

It is to honour his life and the legacy he leaves with you all, and to commence the journey you all have of coming to terms with his passing. But most importantly, to start that journey together – with each other's love and support.

I would like to take a moment to acknowledge Arthurs immediate family – children and grandchildren – who are here today and who are understandably feeling his passing the most.

Arthur's family has asked me to thank all of you for being here today to pay your respects and honour Arthur's life.

In this time that you share today, you come together to start the process of making peace with the loss of Arthur and consider what his life, and also his passing means to each of your lives. As you may know, Arthur has been unwell for sometime, however his passing has come fairly unexpectedly and is understandably a huge shock for you all.

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When we lose someone we loved in this way – there are often a myriad of emotions that come with it. You may be finding some comfort that Arthur is now free from the frustration and pain of his declining health, and that he is now at peace. But this does not necessarily lessen the pain and grief you are feeling. I would like to remind you today, that all your feelings and emotions are valid – you will all grieve differently, and feel different emotions. There are no right or wrongs. But know that you have the love and support of everyone gathered here today to help you on your journey.

As you join together today in farewelling Arthur – your dad, grandad and friend - try to remember that while he lived simply, he lived a meaningful life and try to focus on your happy memories and times together. Comfort and support each other, share your memories and help each other heal.

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Poem

I would like to read for you now a poem entitled “Life is But a Stopping Place”, which Arthur’s family have chosen in his honour.

*Life is but a stopping place,
A pause in what’s to be,
A resting place along the road,
To sweet eternity.*

*We all have different journeys,
Different paths along the way,
We all were meant to learn some things,
But never meant to stay ...*

*Our destination is a place,
Far greater than we know.
For some the journey’s quicker,
For some the journey’s slow.*

*And when the journey finally ends,
We’ll claim a great reward,
And find an everlasting peace,
Together with those passed before.*

(Anon)

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Eulogy

Now I am sure that you all have your own personal memories and recollections of Arthur that you are no doubt recalling to your memory and minds eye today.

Option 1: I would now like to invite Arthur's brother Ken to share some highlights and memories from Arthur's life story.

Option 2: It is now my privilege to share with you some highlights of Arthur's life story and I would like to thank Ken for preparing this eulogy and to him and Janet, and Linda and Ian for sharing their thoughts and memories of Arthur with me, so we could in turn share them with you today.

Although this is a sad day for everyone here, this is also a day for us to celebrate Arthur's life.

Arthur was the second eldest of four brothers – Peter, Arthur, Roy and then myself. We were all born in London, went to Alexander Park Primary School, and then went on to Bounds Green High School. Yes we all went to the same schools, which meant when you followed your brothers, as I did because I was the youngest, you were labeled. In Arthur's case he was very good at school – he was very brainy, skilled at metal work and also a very good runner (although I suspect most of his training look place running after girls!) so all the teachers presumed the rest of us were also as talented.

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By 1966 at the age of 24 Arthur had a lovely wife, Sheila and 4 lovely children Carol, Linda, Paul and Mark and that was when they migrated to Australia. It was here that their youngest son David was born and he was our first true Aussie in the family.

Arthur, Sheila and the children lived in a railway house in The Crescent Midland – a 2 bedroom 1 bathroom home, which was fine until the rest of the family decided to come to Australia, with our mum, dad, Roy and myself also living with them for a couple of months - things were a bit more of a squeeze. It would have been worse if our oldest brother Peter was there too, but due to his somewhat checkered past, he was not able to leave the UK with us! Soon our house in Lynwood was built and off we went.

Arthur was a tool maker in England – in Australia it was referred to as a fitter and turner. He came to Australia with a job at the railways and he continued to work at the railway workshop until he retired. By the time he retired he was the supervisor of the workshop, but for some unknown reason his retirement came just short of his eligibility for a Gold Card for the railways. Something he continued to be cranky about for a long while. Linda recalls telling her friends that “Those trains wouldn’t run if my dad didn’t make the wheels”

Arthur had a good work ethic, but possibly even more so when it came to completing “home jobs” at work. One job I remember Arthur undertaking was completely rebuilding my gearbox for me. Thanks Arthur and I guess thanks Westrail. During this time Arthur also was a

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regular donator of blood to the Red Cross clinic – in fact he was even awarded for donating the most blood. We suspect his real drive to donate was the couple of hours allowed away from the workshop and the free tea and biscuits.

Arthur was very good and very precise at his job. And throughout life he would teach himself and complete renovations and fix almost anything on his own and very precisely.

Arthur moved from The Crescent to Kerwin Way where they all lived until Arthur moved to Bayswater where he remained until he retired. Lucky because his home was situated between the Maylands Hotel and the Bayswater Hotel – so he had a few options. Combine with his home brew and there was not much chance to dehydrate.

And we have a few more memories of Arthur and his home brew. Besides everyone commenting that his was the best beer – and meaning it! Arthur has his recipe down to a fine art. On bottling night, all the kids had a job to do, washing the bottles, adding the sugar and the brew into the bottles and then topping them. Then they were stored under Arthur and Sheila's bed. That was until some bottles started exploding and Sheila put her foot down and the bottles were then stored in the shed. Arthur always enjoyed cooking and he always cooked the Sunday roast. Later in life he became very good at curries, and always put on a big feast. Arthur also loved music – country style music – and the more home brew he drank the louder the music generally got. His preferred drink had recently changed to green ginger wine I believe.

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Not long after retirement Arthur relocated to Beverley in the wheat belt where he lived a simple life on his property, happy with his chooks – or “his girls” as he called them - as company and assorted fruit trees. This reminds me that Arthur always had chooks in his life, in particular when we were younger we had a rooster called Sampson. No one could get close to this rooster – it was vicious, but Arthur could pick it up and carry it under his arm like a baby. He was always kind natured to animals and always had a dog too. Arthur enjoyed Beverley – he liked the quiet and the solitude. He had always loved gardening, so this was an opportunity for him to have the garden and veggie garden of his dreams – most of us also benefitted from this too. Recently, Arthur loved Beverley even more as the bakery opened in town. He was delighted that his doctor told him he needed to put on some weight, so he took it upon himself to indulge in his favourite chocolate éclairs – every day. He would go to the bakery to get a loaf of bread and a cake (or two).

Arthur enjoyed his own company but had a few good friends. When he had visitors all were welcomed and you would never leave hungry, thirsty or without full egg cartons and fresh fruit and vegetables when in season.

I shall remember the times with our brother Roy, like fishing trips to Dwellingup, Madora Bay and Timms Thicket. If the fish weren't biting there was always a flagon of wine and a yarn to pass the night away. Arthur always enjoyed fishing, ocean fishing, reef fishing, marronning and crabbing. We had great family holidays to Dwellingup at Easter,

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Roy would play guitar and we would have campfires and all join in singing. Arthur also enjoyed holidays to Kalbarri – he would book a railway house for a couple of weeks and head up to fish. Linda and Mark would often join him for a week also.

I love Arthur and Roy very much and both are now sadly missed, as well as our brother Peter. I'm sure we will meet again, and there will be many more tales to tell.

^

Thank you Ken.

I am sure you will all remember Arthur for many qualities and memories – he was a quiet man, comfortable in his own company – who loved his garden and his chooks. Saying Arthur was stubborn would be an understatement, and possibly part of the legacy he leaves – but his advice was always appreciated by those close to him.

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Tribute – Janet

I would now like to read for you a message from Janet, Arthur's sister in law.

Will I miss my brother in law?

Yes I will, I will miss the conversations we had not that he had a lot to say unless we got on the subject of doctors ripping off Medicare.

I will miss all the advice he would give me, he use to always say to me "don't let Ken bully you" – just kidding of course!

I will miss him coming down from Beverley to see us and having Chinese for lunch.

I will miss him bringing eggs and his oranges off his fruit trees at Beverley.

I will miss him being here at Christmas time.

I would like to give my love and condolences to the rest of the family.

Rest in peace now Arthur, we will miss you.

Love Janet.

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Tribute – Naomi

*We were friends for a short time,
I loved hi and will miss him a lot.
He always had good advice for me.
Until we meet again.*

Reflection

The next part of Arthur's service is known as reflection – and as the name suggests it is the opportunity for you all to take a few moments to silently reflect on your personal memories and the meaning Arthur's life had for you.

Rosemary, as you may know, represents remembrance. During this time of reflection you will also have the opportunity, if you would like, to come forward to say your private farewells and place rosemary on Arthur's casket. You are also welcome to keep your sprig of Rosemary as a token of remembrance if you prefer.

We will invite Arthur's family to say their private goodbyes first, and you will then all have the chance to follow them if I you wish.

I encourage you to use this time to reflect on everything that Arthur means to you – and to say your farewell. You may like to bring to your minds eye the memories you will hold dear in your hearts.

<Rosemary basket>

Music: *I Will Always Love You by Dolly Parton*

(Whitney Houston version as back up)

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Final words of parting

We have been remembering Arthur's life today – with sadness at his passing, yet also with some acceptance that if death must come, as we know it must, we do not wish to prolong it. And we know in our hearts that Arthur is now free from any pain or suffering, after battling long and hard with his cancer diagnosis. Prior to his accident, Arthur was firmly of the opinion that he was going to beat it – even though you knew this wasn't the case, he wasn't ready to give in.

Perhaps the silver lining in his last month in hospital was the opportunity for you to spend time with Arthur. While he had good days and bad days - and days where his imagination convincingly took over from reality, we do know that over this time Arthur came to accept that he wasn't going to return home, he was ready to go to heaven. He was going to meet Roy, and this is something I think may be worth taking some comfort in.

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Committal

<Moment of silence>

With those thoughts in mind, it is now time for us to say our final farewell to Arthur.

Can I ask you to please stand, if you are able, for the committal?

<Pause while people stand>

Arthur's memory is already committed to your hearts. It is now time, with the deepest respect and love, to say farewell. I encourage you to remember the good times you have spent with him, his love for you, and of course, your love for him.

Here in this last act of tenderness, in sorrow but without fear, in love and in appreciation of all that Arthur's life has meant to you; we will commit his body to the purifying elements of nature, from whence we came and to which we shall all one day return.

We give thanks for all he has brought to your lives. The lessons he has taught you, the memories you made with him, the advice he gave and the legacy he leaves with you all.

We remember with gratitude Arthur's love for his family, his determined nature and his unique character.

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May any regrets we feel today be turned into gratitude for the time you have shared with Arthur.

And may the darkness of his death give way to the warmth of his memory that you will cherish forever.

<Curtain to be closed>

Thank you, please be seated.

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Words of Comfort and Conclusion

Over time, may peace and strength grow from your sorrow, as you come to terms with your loss. Amidst your sadness today, I ask you to consider not letting Arthur's passing be without purpose. Perhaps his passing brings with it a reminder and a renewed appreciation for the precious nature of life. And you may leave here today making a promise to yourselves to move forward and continue to live yours in a true and meaningful way. In keeping with that sentiment, I would like to read for you now, a poem entitled "The Dash" by Linda Ellis, as something for you to reflect on your own lives after you leave here today.

The Dash – Linda Ellis

*I read of a man who stood to speak
at the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on the tombstone
from the beginning...to the end.*

*He noted that first came the date of birth
and spoke the following date with tears,
but he said what mattered most of all
was the dash between those years.*

*For that dash represents all the time
that they spent alive on earth.
And now only those who loved them
know what that little line is worth.*

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*For it matters not, how much we own,
the cars...the house...the cash.*

*What matters is how we live and love
and how we spend our dash.*

*So, think about this long and hard.
Are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left
that can still be rearranged.*

*If we could just slow down enough
to consider what's true and real
and always try to understand
the way other people feel.*

*And be less quick to anger
and show appreciation more
and love the people in our lives
like we've never loved before.*

*If we treat each other with respect
and more often wear a smile,
remembering that this special dash
might only last a little while.*

ARTHUR

*So, when your eulogy is being read,
with your life's actions to rehash...
would you be proud of the things they say
about how **you** spent YOUR dash?*

...

I now invite you to take a few moments to quietly gather your thoughts before making your way from the chapel, and I once again sincerely thank you for coming to commemorate Arthur's life today.

We will shortly leave Arthur in peace, but before we do, I would like to remind you that you are invited next door at OP's Tavern if you would like to spend some more time reminiscing with Arthur's family. And I hope you can all find some comfort in the knowledge that someone dearly loved, will always be alive in your hearts and memories.

Thank you.

Music: *Walk the Line* by Johnny Cash