

Celebrating the life of

# *Glen Groat*



*8th July 1933 ~ 24th January 2022*





# Glen Irvine Groat

**Much loved husband of**

*the late Phyllis Groat.*

**Loved father and father in law of**

*Robert & Marea Groat, Helen & Nayce Dalton,  
David & Carolyn Groat, Margie & Gary Fuller.*

**Adored Grandad of**

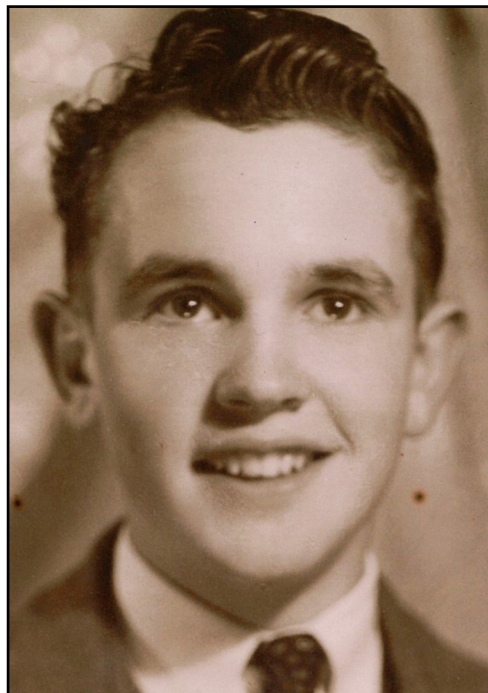
*Paul, Andrew, John, Campbell, Jessica, Elizabeth,  
Alexandra, Sarah, Rendall, Bonnie, Jordie, Camryn and Andre.*

**Great grandad of**

*Lola, Emilia, Frankie, Darcy, Archie, Xander and Jack.*

**Beloved brother of**

*The late Geordie Groat, Faye Walker and Elizabeth Thornton.*



# Order of Service

**Bag Pipes** *by Jock Munro*

**Music:** *Andre Rieu Waltzing Matilda*

**Welcome**

**Prayer**

**Eulogy:** *Read by Helen Dalton*

**Tributes from Friends:** *Jock Munro and Don Smith*

**Family Photo Presentation**

**Homily**

**Prayers of Thanksgiving**

**The Lord's Prayer**

Our Father, who art in Heaven,  
hallowed be thy name,  
thy kingdom come, thy will be done  
on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive those who trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the Kingdom,  
the power and the glory,  
for ever and ever. Amen

**The Farmer's Creed:**

*Read by Rendall Groat and Campbell Dalton*

**Blessing**

**Music:** Johnny Cash *Highwaymen*

## Ecclesiastes 3: 1-13

Readers:

*Sarah Groat, Jess Dalton*



There is a time for everything,  
And a season for every activity under heaven:  
A time to be born and a time to die,  
A time to plant and a time to harvest,  
A time to tear down and a time to build,  
A time to cry and a time to laugh,  
A time to grieve and a time to dance,  
A time to search and a time to quit searching,  
A time to be silent and a time to speak,  
A time to love and a time to hate,  
A time for war and a time for peace.



What do the people get from all their hard work?  
I have seen the burden God has placed on us all.  
Yet, God has made everything beautiful in his time.  
He has planted eternity in the human heart, but even so,  
people cannot see the whole scope of God's work from  
beginning to end.  
I know there is nothing better than to be happy and to enjoy  
ourselves as long as we can.  
And people should eat and drink and enjoy the fruits  
of their labour,  
For these are the gifts of God.

# *A Farmer's Creed*

*Read by Rendall Groat and Campbell Dalton*

I believe a man's greatest possession is his dignity and that no calling bestows this more abundantly than farming.

I believe hard work and honest sweat are the building blocks of a person's character.

I believe that farming, despite its hardships and disappointments, is the most honest and honourable way a man can spend his days on this earth.

I believe that farming nurtures the close family ties that make life rich in ways money can't buy.

I believe my children are learning values that will last a lifetime and can be learned in no other way.

I believe farming provides education for life and that no other occupation teaches so much about birth, growth, and maturity in such a variety of ways.

I believe many of the best things in life are indeed free; the splendour of a sunrise, the rapture of wide-open spaces, the smell of freshly ploughed soil and the exhilarating sight of your land greening each spring.

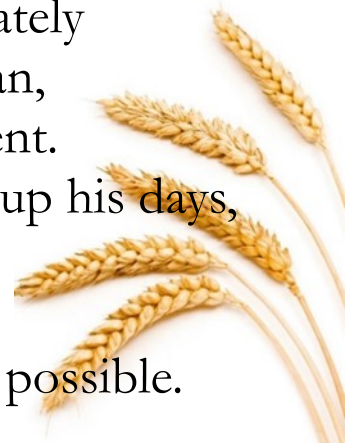
I believe true happiness comes from watching your crops ripen, your children growing tall in the sun, your whole family feeling the pride that springs from their shared experience.

I believe that by my toil I am giving more to the world that I am taking from it, an honour that does not come to all men.

I believe my life will be measured ultimately by what I have done for my fellow man, and by this standard I fear no judgement.

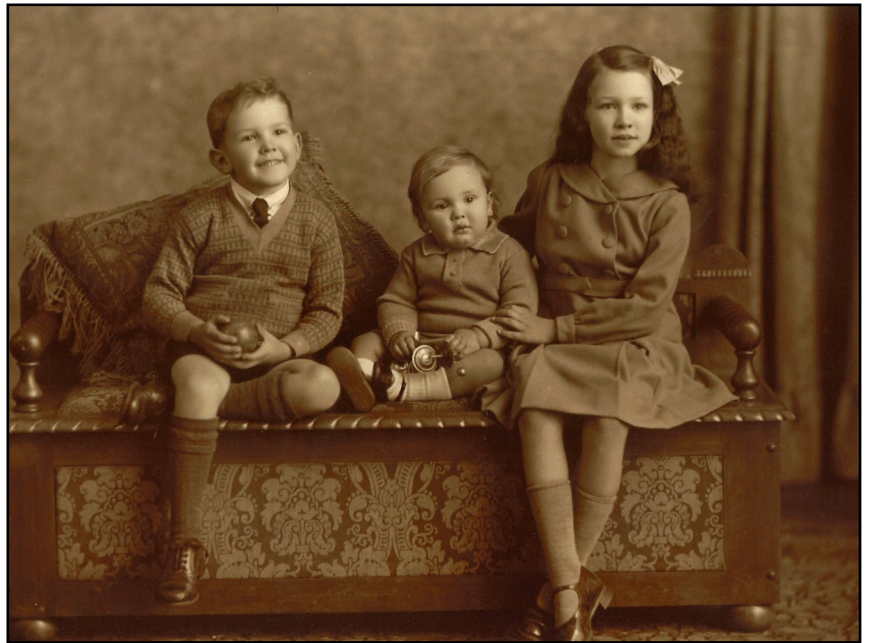
I believe that when a man grows old and sums up his days, he should be able to stand tall and feel pride in the life he's lived.

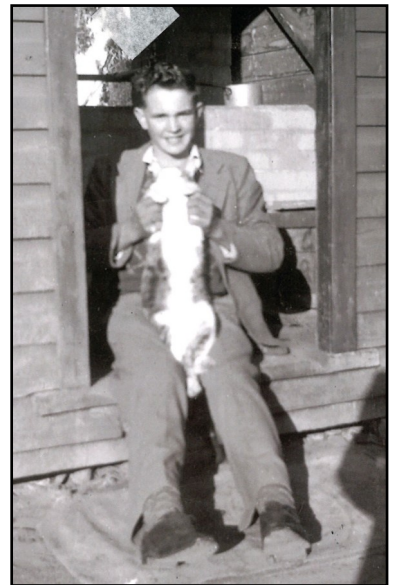
I believe in farming because it makes all this possible.



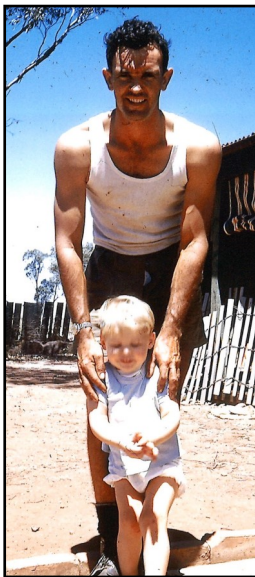
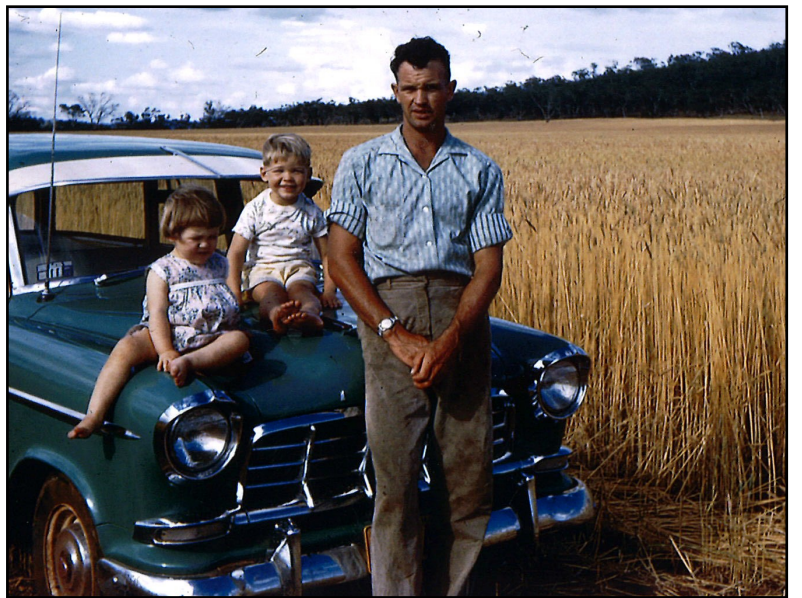


*Geordie inv. Glen and George.*

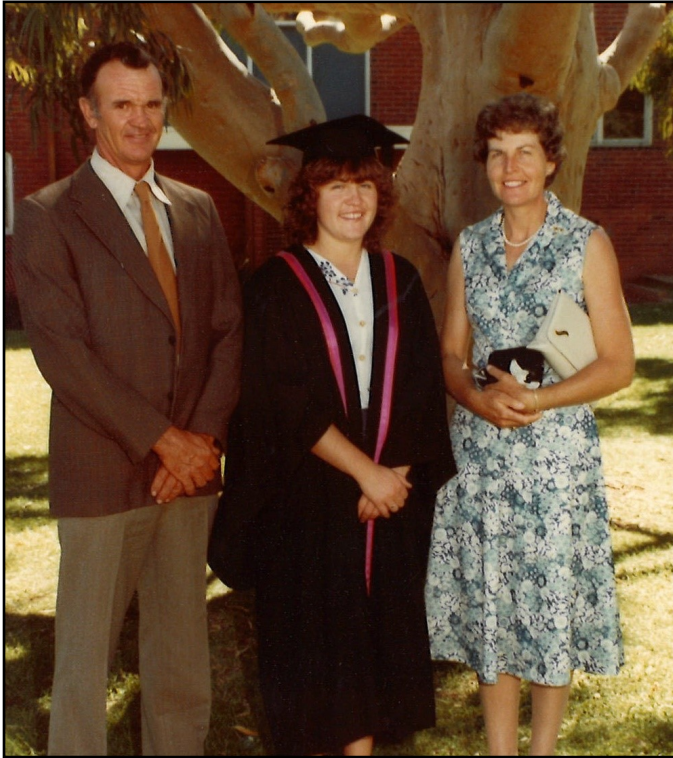


















## HAVE YOU EVER

Have you ever left your old home,  
The place where you were born?  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn?  
Where the breezes stir the waters'  
Where the trees are always green,  
Where you wooed and won your sweetheart,  
Sweetest lady ever seen.

Where little children chattered While laughing at their play:  
Have you ever tried to leave it  
For places far away?  
Wheat and Oats are fondly planted  
Yielding harvest year on year  
Toys and bikes-outgrown-discarded,  
What's a word to rhyme with tear?

Where you saw your children married,  
Laughing eyes and joy complete,  
Life's eternal cycle turning:  
Was honey ne'er so sweet?  
But the march of time relentless,  
Taking all within it's stride,  
The world moves on and we move it  
Old memories hard to hide.

A new day dawns tomorrow,  
Fresh new things in place of old  
Let us not dwell on sorrow:  
For what will future hold?





Thank you for your attendance here today and for your expressions of sympathy, love and support.

Special thanks to the Pioneers lodge Nursing Home for their exceptional level of care.

*Robert, Helen, David, Margie and their families.*



**Griffith Regional Funeral Services**

Phone (02) 6964 4473