

A Celebration For The Life And Love Of

COLT PARKER



30th August 2002 - 23rd December 2021

Saturday, January 8, 2022 | 10:00am

COOLAMON LAWN CEMETERY

Celebrant
Michael Peacock

OPENING SONG
"Tops Drop" by Fat Pat

INTRODUCTION & WELCOME





EULOGY

Given by Shayne Bradley

POEM

Ready by Kayce Parker

PICTORIAL REFLECTION

"Bam Bam" by Sister Nancey

"Tribute" by Tenacious D

POEM

Written and read by Tom Goss

The miracle of life is the brain,
no two are quite the same.
And Colt was of a different mould,
the world could never tame.

He was unique and special
and for that we should rejoice.

He had no on/off switch
between his thinking and his voice.

Some teachers never realised this,
he often copped the blame.

When the class was once in uproar,
the teacher yelled his name,

'Colt, outside now, I've warned you not to shout.'

'It wasn't him', his mate implored,
please don't kick him out'.

Leave the room immediately,
good riddance and goodbye.

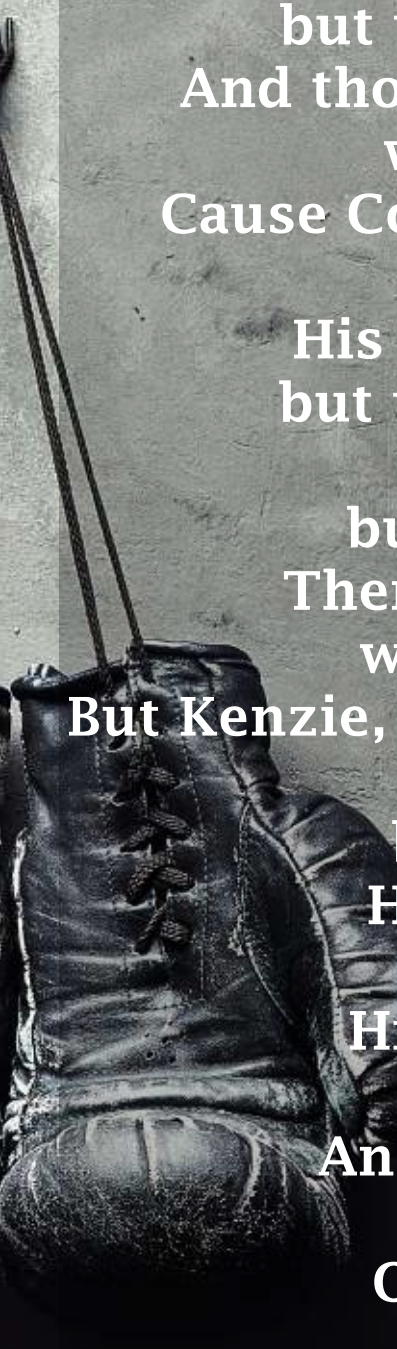
Should have gone to specsavers,
was the Colter's swift reply.

But underneath the humour
was a sad and lonely soul.

The anguish of rejection
caused a deep despairing hole.

But as he grew,
his friendship crew raised him from the ground.

Acceptance led to confidence,
and turned his life around.



He loved his time in football,
he always played his part.
Not with dazzling skills and flair,
but toughness, strength and heart.
And those who teased and laughed at him
were dicing with their luck.
Cause Colt could smash that punching bag,
with the power of a truck.
His mum and dad both loved him,
but their love was tinged with fret.
He wasn't always easy,
but they loved without regret.
There were battles with his sisters
when Colt was copping flack.
But Kenzie, Kace and Shayna always had his back.
His path was often thorny,
but the boy became a man.
He'd planned to visit Canada
reuniting with his Nan.
His time on earth was special,
but sadly all too brief.
And those of us now left behind
are deep in crushing grief.
Our youth are not immortal,
in vain we strive to teach.
Their triumphs are denied us,
the heights they'll never reach.
So Colt your life was like a meteor,
a bright and blinding light.
And now your song is sung,
go gently into that sweet night.



FAREWELL TO COLT

THE COMMITTAL





CLOSING WORDS

CONCLUDING SONG

**"Good Riddance" - (Time of your Life)
By Green Day**



It is with love and gratitude that Colt's family thank you for your kindness and expressions of sympathy at a time when it is needed and deeply appreciated.

Following the service, you are invited to the Coolamon Sport and Recreation Club, 71 Lewis Street, for light refreshments and to share the many wonderful memories you all have shared with Colt.



ALAN HARRIS MCDONALD
EST. 1928