

A service to celebrate the life of

'Pat'



HARRY PIPER

20th August 1923 - 16th April 2023

Rosewood Cemetery

Wednesday, 3rd May 2023, 2:00pm

CELEBRANT

Ian Pratt LLM

ENTRANCE SONG

"**Danny Boy**" Played by Bagpiper

PALL BEARERS

Phill Piper

Ben Piper

Andy Piper

Will Scanlan

Doug Cotterill

David Drum

WELCOME & GREETING

PRAYERS

BIBLE READING: John 6:37-40 (NIV)

Read by Brooke Peterson

37 All that the Father gives me will come to me, and whoever comes to me I will never drive away. 38 For I have come down from heaven not to do my will but to do the will of him who sent me. 39 And this is the will of him who sent me, that I shall lose none of all that he has given me, but raise them up at the last day. 40 For my Father's will is that everyone who looks to the Son and believes in him shall have eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day.

REFLECTIONS ON THE READING

EULOGY

POEM

"The Fire at Ross's Farm" Written by Henry Lawson
Read by Brooke Peterson and Brittany Piper

The squatter saw his pastures wide
Decrease, as one by one
The farmers moving to the west
Selected on his run
Selectors took the water up
And all the black soil round
The best grass land the squatter had
Was spoilt by Ross's ground

Now many schemes to shift old Ross
Had racked the squatter's brains
But Sandy had the stubborn blood
Of Scotland in his veins
He held the land and fenced it in
He cleared and ploughed the soil
And year by year a richer crop
Repaid him for his toil

Between the homes for many years
The devil left his tracks
The squatter pounded Ross's track
And Sandy pounded Black's
A well upon the lower run
Was filled with earth and logs
And Black laid baits about the farm
To poison Ross's dogs

It was indeed a deadly feud
Of class and creed and race
But yet, there was a Romeo
And a Juliet in the case
And more than once across the flats
Beneath the Southern Cross
Young Robert Black was seen to ride
With pretty Jenny Ross



One Christmas time, when months of drought
Had parched the western creeks
The bushfires started in the north
And travelled south for weeks
At night along the riverside
The scene was grand and strange
The hill fires looked like lighted streets
Of cities in the range

The cattle tracks between the trees
Were like long dusky aisles
And on a sudden breeze the fire
Would sweep along for miles
Like sounds of distant musketry
It crackled through the breaks
And o'er the flat of silver grass
It hissed like angry snakes

It leapt across the flowing streams
And raced the pastures broad
It climbed the trees and lit the boughs
And through the scrubs it roared
The bees fell stifled in the smoke
Or perished in their hives
And with the stock, the kangaroos
Went flying for their lives

The sun had set on Christmas eve
When, through the scrub lands wide
Young Robert Black came riding home
As only natives ride
He galloped to the homestead door
And gave the first alarm
"The fire is past the granite spur,
And close to Ross's farm"

"Now father, send the men at once
They won't be wanted here
Poor Ross's wheat is all he has
To pull him through the year"
"Then let it burn", the squatter said
"You shall not take the men -
Go out and join your precious friends
And don't come back again."
"I won't come back," young Robert cried
And reckless in his ire
He sharply turned his horse's head
And galloped towards the fire

And there for three long weary hours
Half blinded with smoke and heat
Old Ross and Robert fought the flames
That neared the ripened wheat
The farmer's hand was nerved by fears
Of danger and of loss
And Robert fought the stubborn foe
For the love of Jenny Ross

But serpent like the curves and lines
Slipped past them and between
Until they reached the boundary where
The old coach track had been
"The track is now our only hope
There we must stand" cried Ross
"For nought on earth can stop the fire
If once it gets across."

Then came a cruel gust of wind
And with a fiendish rush
The flames leapt over the narrow path
And lit the fence of brush
"The crop must burn!" the farmer cried
"We cannot save it now"
And down upon the blackened ground
He dashed the ragged bough



But wildly, in a rush of hope
His heart began to beat
For over the crackling fire he heard
The sound of horse's feet
"Here's help at last," young Robert cried
And even as he spoke
The squatter with a dozen men
Came racing through the smoke

Down on the ground the stockmen jumped
And bared each brawny arm
They tore green branches from the trees
And fought for Ross's farm
And when before the gallant band
The beaten flames gave way
Two grimy hands in friendship joined -
And it was Christmas Day.



SONG

"Take Me Home Country Road" Sung by Brittany Piper

PRAYERS

THE LORDS PRAYER

Our Father in Heaven,
hallowed be your name, your kingdom come,
your will be done on earth as in heaven.

Give us today our daily bread.

Forgive us our sins as we forgive
those who sin against us.

Save us from the time of trial
and deliver us from evil.

For the kingdom, the power,
and the glory are yours, now and for ever.

Amen.

COMMITTAL

FINAL PRAYER

RECESSIONAL SONG

"Amazing Grace" Played by Bagpiper



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

Following the committal, Phillip, Wendy and their families invite you to join them at the Rosewood Golf Club, Kyeamba Street, to share light refreshments and your many memories of Pat.



ALAN HARRIS MCDONALD
EST. 1928