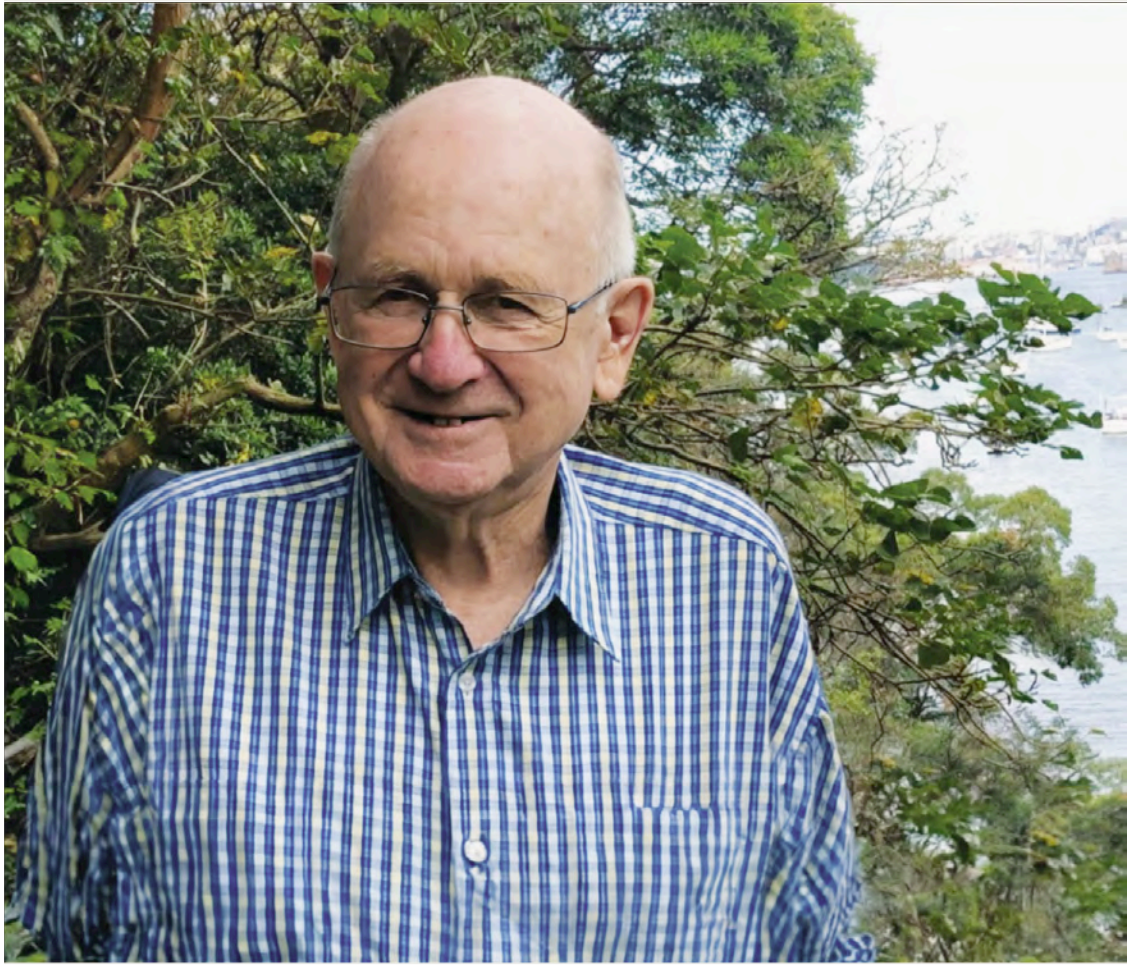


IN LOVING MEMORY OF



BERESFORD ROGER
BLUETT

8th December 1932 – 28th December 2024



ORDER OF SERVICE

~ PRELUDES ~

Grandmother's Dream

Söderlind, Lindborg, Öhman, Rabson, Fadera

All Through The Night

Brubeck

~ WELCOME ~

Rev Michael Thomas

~ EULOGY ~

Roger Bluett

Cynthia Bluett

~ REFLECTIONS ~

Gabrielle Bluett read by her daughter Ashley Loder

Roslyn Bluett
Lesley Bluett

Adrian Bluett

Ben John and Gabriel Bates on behalf of
Lucian, Silvan, Alison, Hugo, Hazel and Finlay.

~ PHOTO MONTAGE ~

Take Five
Brubeck Quartet

~ PSALM 23 ~

The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want.
He makes me lie down in green pastures;
he leads me beside still waters;
he restores my soul.
He leads me in right paths for his name's sake.
Even though I walk through the darkest valley,
I fear no evil;
for you are with me;
your rod and your staff – they comfort me.
You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies;
you anoint my head with oil;
my cup overflows.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

~ CLOSING REMARKS ~

~ CONCLUDING MUSIC ~

In A Sentimental Mood

Ellington, Coltrane

A Tase of Honey

Desmond

IF - RUDYARD KIPLING 1865 –1936

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run—
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

*The family thanks everyone for being here today,
for celebrating Beresford's life, sharing memories
and for the many expressions of love and support.*

~

*The family invite you to join them afterwards
for refreshments in the Skyline
Lounge at Northern Suburbs
Memorial Gardens and Crematorium.*



 **Unity**
FUNERALS
(02) 9747 4000