IN LOVING MEMORY OF

LESLIE JOHN JOHNSON



18TH DECEMBER 1945 ~ 23RD MAY 2021

Wagga Wagga Lawn Cemetery
Friday, 28th May 2021



CELEBRANT

Beverley Shaw

OPENING SONG

"We'll Meet Again" by Johnny Cash

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

Beverley Shaw



EULOGY

Read by Stephen Johnson

POEM

"A Limb Has Fallen From The Family Tree"
Read by Alicia Johnson

A limb has fallen from the family tree
I hear a voice that whispers, 'Grieve not for me'
Remember the best times, the laughter, the songs
The good I lived while I was strong
Continue my heritage, I'm counting on you
Keep smiling, the sun will shine through.
My mind is at ease, my soul is at rest
Remembering all…how I was truly blessed
Continue traditions, no matter how small
Go on with your lives, don't stare at the wall
I miss you all dearly so keep up your chin
Until that fine day we're together again.

TIME OF REFLECTION

"My Way" by Frank Sinatra
































POEM

"What Is A Farmer"

Read by Emily Johnson

A farmer is a bloke who can spot a flyblown sheep in a mob at 100 paces, yet can not see a pot plant wither and die before his eyes.

He can remember he put his rams in with the ewes on the 10th of November, on the same day that Keith Cox got 473 cents for his 22 Micron Wool, sold through Wesfarmers, but he can not remember his wife's birthday or their wedding anniversary, yet he can remember definitely and distinctly closing the gate before those sheep got into the crop.

He can spot an old fanbelt or a wheat bag in the gutter, while whizzing along at 90km per hour but can not see a pair of dirty socks left on the bathroom floor for a fortnight.

He will notice one radish plant in a 40 acre crop but will not notice that his wife has changed her hair colour from greyish to red.

In his head, his memory bank, are super prices, how much diesel needed for this year's cropping season and the most competitive dealer to buy it from. He can recall without effort the good year of 81, the bad year of 03, but don't ask him to post the mail.

He can see a shearer nick a sheep while skirting, bailing and classing but doesn't notice his dogs digging a hole two feet deep in the garden. And while on the subject of dogs, you can insult anything at any time, but not his crop or his sheep and never, never, his dogs.

He can work for three days straight on the tractor at seeding time, stay up to the early hours of the morning drinking with his mates but nods off every night before 9pm in front of the TV.

He reads the Harness Studbook and Trotting Weekly – all other magazines are rubbish.

His motto is if you can't pay for it, you can't have it and if you can't eat it why grow it".



FAREWELL TO LES

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
Forever and ever.
Amen.

COMMITTAL

THE IRISH BLESSING

LES

May the road rise to meet you
May the wind be always at your back
May the sun shine warm upon your face
The rains fall soft upon your fields and,
Until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of His hand

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

"Drink A Beer" by Luke Bryan



IT IS WITH LOVE AND GRATITUDE THE FAMILY THANK YOU FOR YOUR KINDNESS AND EXPRESSIONS OF SYMPATHY AT A TIME WHEN IT IS NEEDED AND DEEPLY APPRECIATED.

THE FAMILY WOULD LIKE TO WELCOME YOU TO THE THOMAS BLAMEY TAVERN, 55 MAIN STREET, LAKE ALBERT FOR LIGHT REFRESHMENTS AND TO SHARE THE MANY WONDERFUL MEMORIES OF LES' LIFE.

ALAN HARRIS MCDONALD
EST.1928