

A Celebration of the Life of

Andrew Gary Thorpe



17th December 1946 – 18th June 2024

Andrew Gary Thorpe

Beloved Husband of:

Monica Thorpe

Loving Son of:

Margaret Millie and Thomas Linus Thorpe

Loving Brother and Brother in law of:

Noel & Bev Thorpe

Jean & Allan Pattison

Dale & Bob Chapman

David Thorpe

Much Loved Father and Father in law of:

Yvette & Keith and Donna & Jason

Adored Poppy of and Great Grandfather to many.

Pallbearers:

Rodney Chapman

Brent Chapman

Keith Coates

Jason Ross

EULOGY:

Given by Dale Chapman

REMEMBRANCE:

Given by Katelyn Darlow, Savannah Stewart and Angela Chapman

Songs:

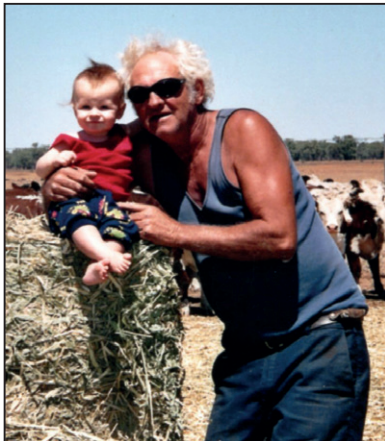
One Life Times Not Enough – Tom Mawell

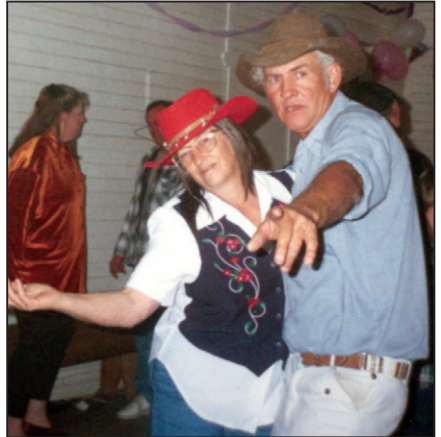
Walk a Country Mile – Slim Dusty

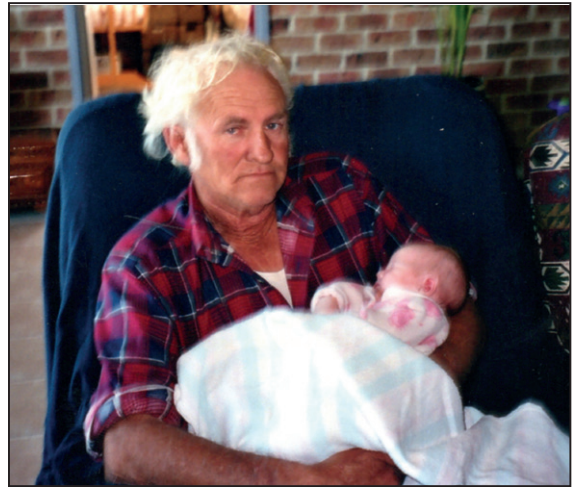
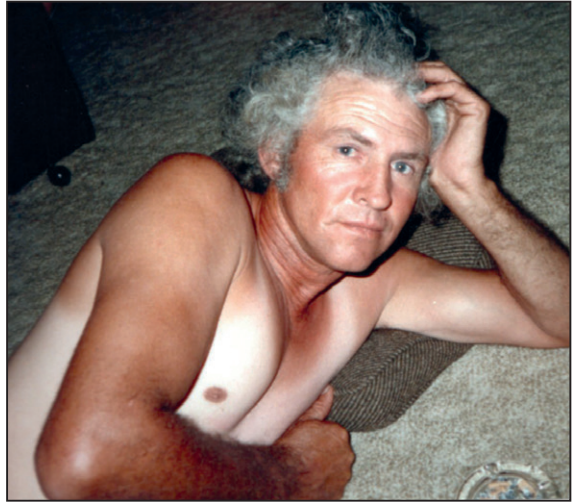
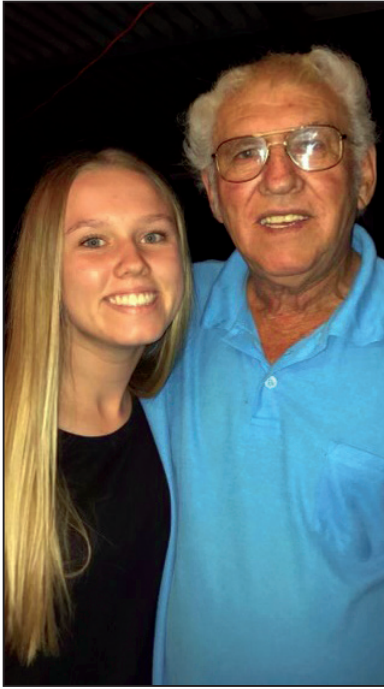
Where Country Is – Slim Dusty

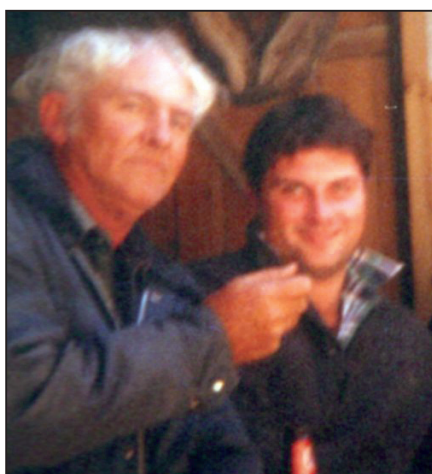
There Goes My Everything – Jack Greene

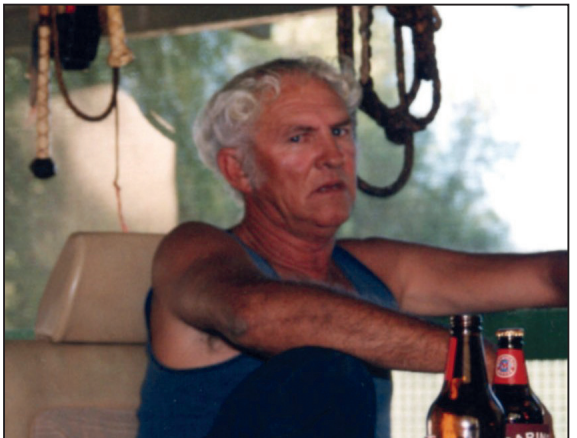




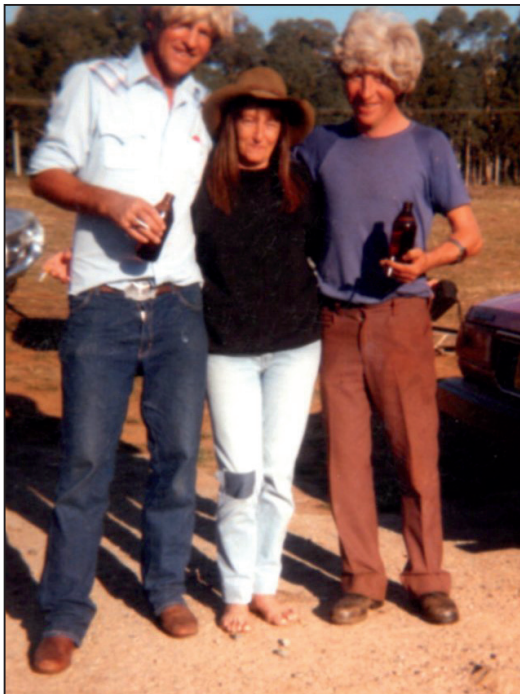












The Lord spoke to the heavy hearts that stood with hats in hand,
Your sadness pains me deeply and I know you'll miss this man.
But, its true what you've been hearing, Heaven is a real place.
That's no small consolation; You should use that fact to face.
The emptiness his parting left that seeps into your bones,
And draw on it to ease your pain, for you are not alone.
You see, all his friends are up here and all his loved ones too,
Cause it wouldn't be a heaven without each one of you.
And heaven for an Overseer is just what you might expect,
It's horses that need tunin' up and heifers that need checked.
It's long rides with a purpose and a code that lights the way,
And a satisfying reason to get up every day.
It's the outback he has always dreamed of and never knew he'd find,
And, if you think about it, you can see it in your mind.
Him, leaning in the saddle with his akubra on his head,
Contentment set upon his face, like blankets on a bed.

The leather creaks a little as he shifts there in the seat,
The bit chains give a jingle when copper switches feet.
And you somehow get the feeling that he's sitting on a throne,
A gazing out on Wyvern just like it was his own.

I can promise you he's happy, though I know you can't pretend,
You're glad he made the journey even if it's too hard to comprehend.
The earthy way you look at things can never satisfy,
Your lack of understanding for the answer to the 'Why?'

So, I offer this small comfort to put your mind to rest,
I only take the top hands 'cause my crew's the very best.
And I know it might seem selfish to friends and next of kin,
But I needed one more Overseer and Gary fit right in.

God Only Takes The Best

God saw you getting tired and a cure was not to be.
So he put his arms around you and whispered “come to me.”
With tearful eyes we watched you, and saw you pass away.
Although we loved you dearly, we could not make you stay.
A golden heart stopped beating, hardworking hands at rest.
God broke our hearts to prove to us, he only takes the best.



Monica and all the family would like to thank those who gathered here today to honour and celebrate Andrew Thorpe better known as Gary and his life that was always filled with love, laughter and happiness.