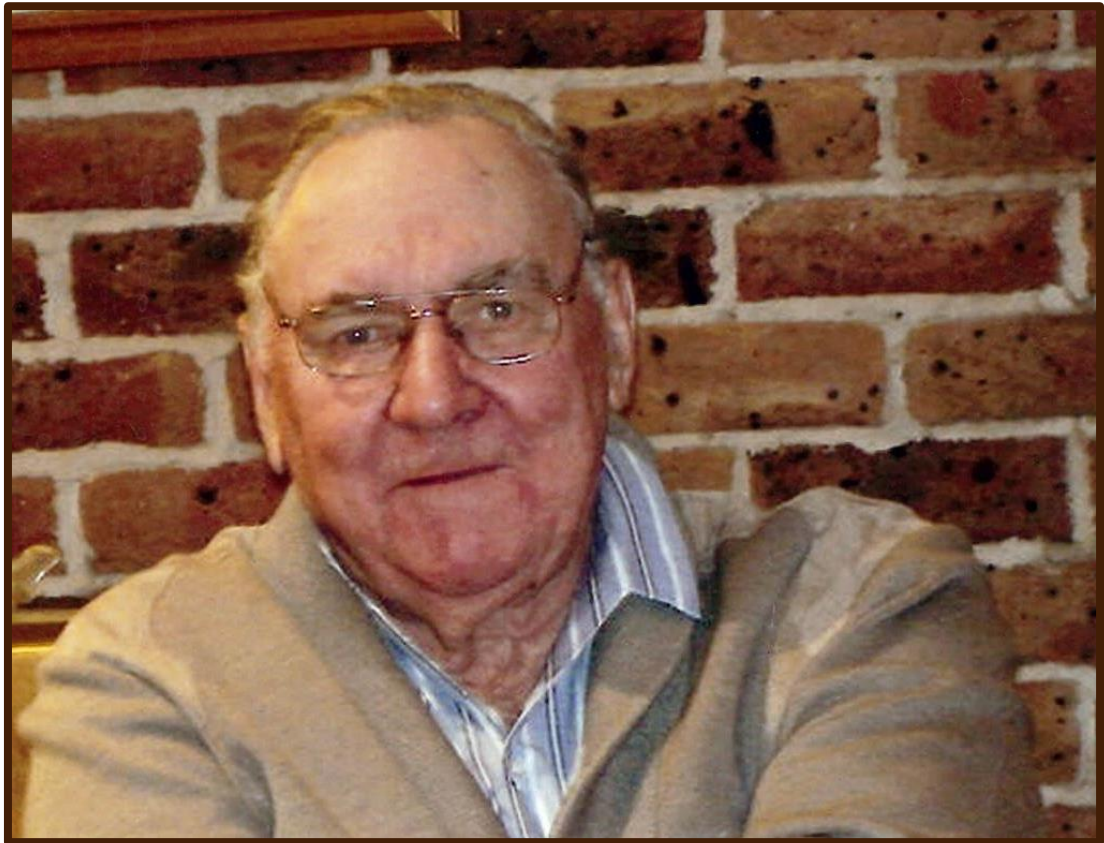


A celebration of the life of
Douglas Sutcliffe



15th Nov 1929 ~ 11th July 2020

Goolgowi Lawn Cemetery

Monday 20th July 2020

at 11:00am

Douglas Arthur Sutcliffe

Beloved husband of

Margaret (dec)

Much loved father and father-in-law of

Marilyn & Pud Matthews

Arthur & Diane Sutcliffe

Greg & Elizabeth Sutcliffe

Floyd Sutcliffe & Sandy Newman

Cherished Grandpa of

9 grandchildren and 13 great grandchildren



Order of Service

Welcome

Opening Prayer

Eulogy

read by *Arthur, Greg and Floyd*

Family Tribute

from *Granddaughters*

“So God made a Farmer”

Reflection

Sting – “Fields of Gold”

Ecclesiastes 3:3-13

read by *Arthur*

Homily

Prayers of Thanksgiving

Commendation

The Lord’s Prayer

Reading

Troy

“A Farmer’s Creed”

Committal

Blessing

So, God Made a Farmer

On the eighth day, god looked down on his planned paradise
and said, "I need a caretaker."

So, God made a farmer.

God said, I need somebody willing to get up before dawn, milk cows,
work all day in the fields, milk cows again, eat supper and then go to town
and stay past midnight at a meeting of the Farm Bureau.

So, God made a farmer.

I need somebody with strong arms to wrestle a calf, yet gentle enough to
deliver his own grandchild. Somebody to call hogs, tame cantankerous machinery,
come home hungry and have to wait until his wife is done with feeding visiting ladies,
then tell the ladies to come back soon.

So, God made a farmer.

God said, I need someone willing to sit up all night with a newborn colt
and watch it die and then dry his eyes and say, 'maybe next year'.

I need somebody who can shape an axe handle from a persimmon sprout
and shoe a horse with a hunk of car tyre.

Who can make a harness out of hay wire, feed sacks and shoe scraps.

Whose planting time and harvest season will finish his 40-hour week by Tuesday noon.

Then, with the pain from 'tractor back', he will put in another 72 .

So, God made a farmer.

God had to have somebody willing to ride the ruts at double – speed
to get the hay in ahead of the rain clouds and yet stop in mid-field and race to help
when he sees the first smoke from a neighbour's place.

So, God made a farmer.

God said, I need somebody strong enough to clear trees and heave wool bales
and yet gentle enough to wean lambs and pigs and tend the pink-combed pullets.
And who will stop his mower for an hour to splint the broken leg of a meadowlark.

So, God made a farmer.

It had to be somebody who would plough deep and straight and not cut corners.

Somebody to seed, weed, feed, breed, and rake and disc and plough
and plant and tie the fleece and stain the milk and replenish the self-feeder and finish a hard week's
work.

Somebody who would bale a family together with the soft-strong bonds of sharing.

Who would laugh, then sigh and reply with smiling eyes....when his son says
'he wants to spend his life doing what Dad does!'

So, God made a farmer.



A Farmers Creed

I believe a man's greatest possession is his dignity
and that no calling bestows this more abundantly than farming.

I believe hard work and honest sweat are the building blocks of a person's character.

I believe that farming, despite its hardships and disappointments,
is the most honest and honourable way a man can spend his days on this earth.

I believe that farming nurtures the close family ties
that make life rich in ways money can't buy.

I believe my children are learning values that will last a lifetime
and can be learned in no other way.

I believe farming provides education for life
and that no other occupation teaches so much about birth,
growth, and maturity in such a variety of ways.

I believe many of the best things in life are indeed free;
the splendour of a sunrise,
the rapture of wide-open spaces,
the smell of freshly ploughed soil and the
exhilarating sight of your land greening each spring.

I believe true happiness comes from watching your crops ripen,
your children growing tall in the sun,

your whole family feeling the pride that springs from their shared experience.

I believe that by my toil I am giving more to the world that I am taking from it,
an honour that does not come to all men.

I believe my life will be measured ultimately by what I have done for my fellow man,
and by this standard I fear no judgement.

I believe that when a man grows old and sums up his days,
he should be able to stand tall and feel pride in the life he's lived.

I believe in farming because it makes all this possible.

Ecclesiastes 3: 1-13

There is a time for everything,
And a season for every activity under heaven:

A time to be born and a time to die,
A time to plant and a time to harvest,
A time to cry and a time to laugh,
A time to grieve and a time to dance,

What do the people get from all their hard work?

I have seen the burden God has placed on us all.

Yet, God has made everything beautiful in his time.

He has planted eternity in the human heart, but even so,
people cannot see the whole scope of God's work from beginning to end.

I know there is nothing better than to be happy

and to enjoy ourselves as long as we can.

And people should eat and drink and enjoy the fruits of their labour,

For these are the gifts of God.



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.

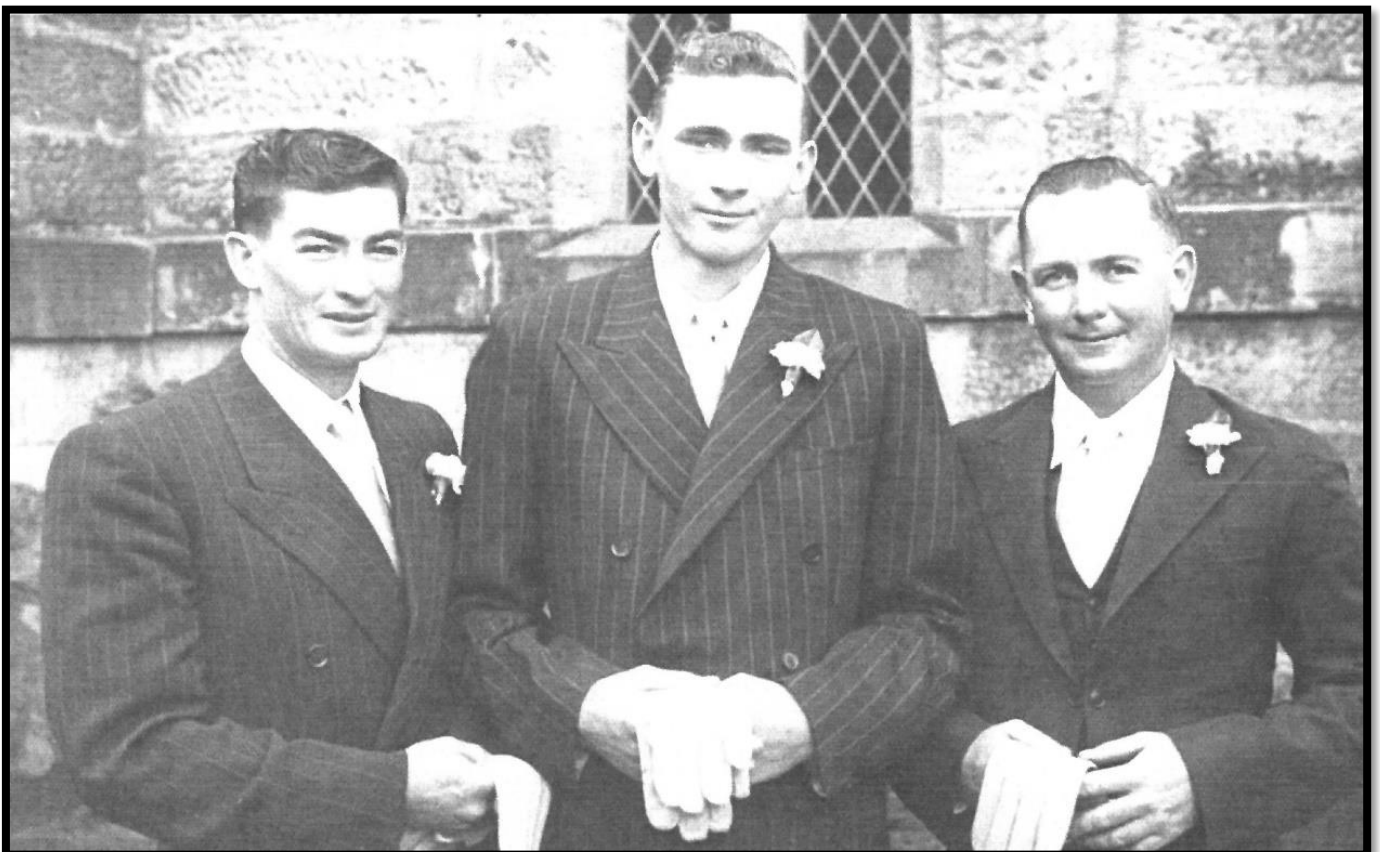
Give us this day our daily bread.

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,
for ever and ever.

Amen





The Sutcliffe family wish to thank you for your kind words of sympathy, love, support and friendship.

Your expressions of shared grief are of great comfort to them.



Griffith Regional Funeral Services

Phone (02) 6964 4473