

Charlie Pack Saddle - High Country Man
Take me back to the high country,
that's where my heart will be.
With my stick and my sugar bag pikau
and a mug of billy tea.



Don't call us - we'll call you.

Bruce's family would like to thank you for being here with them today and warmly invite you to share with them in a time of refreshments and fellowship in the East Pier lounge after the service.

A donation in Bruce's memory can be made to Cranford Hospice and left in the donations box at the service.

Please remember to sign the memorial register.



Celebrating the Life of



Bruce Fergusson
Milner

4 April 1935 - 1 April 2016

A Funeral Service For

Bruce Milner

Held at

EAST PIER - NAPIER

on Friday 8th April, 2016 at 2.00pm

Celebrant: Brian Frost

ORDER OF SERVICE

Welcome and Announcements

Reading

When Those Hills Get Higher

Eulogy

Read by John Milner

Tributes

Reflection Time

Photographs of Bruce's Life

Reading

It Is Not The Critic Who Counts

Committal

Commendation and Blessing

Recessional Music

Pall Bearers

Stewart Milner

Hamish Milner

Ben Milner

Jane Allison

Fergus Milner

Chris Scannell

WHEN THOSE HILLS GET HIGHER

The babbling brook, the rippling rill, the smiling stream entice me still,
but yet I find them getting colder, each time I wade, now I'm older.

The breakneck banks, the slopes of slime, the rugged rocks
I used to climb so easily, but how they differ,
they're mighty steep now that I'm stiffer.

The stinging sleet, the scorching sun,
the wailing wind, are not much fun.
From each of them in turn I suffer, now that I'm an ancient duffer.

The portly pigs, the chewing cows, the staring sheep,
all make such rows, did that blare come from bull or heifer?
I'd better mind, now that I'm deafer.

The kinking knot, the fiddling flies, the nylon noose all try my eyes.
In foiling them I once delighted, they're just plain hell
now I'm short sighted.

What joy do I still find therein?
I must confess, the nearby inn, the path to it I'll
once more follow, for thanks be, I still can swallow.

IT IS NOT THE CRITIC WHO COUNTS

It is not the critic who counts.
Not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles,
or where the doer of deeds could have done them better.

The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena.
Who's face is marred by the dust and sweat and blood.

Who strives valiantly, who errs, who comes short again and again,
because there is no effort without error and shortcoming.

But who does actually strive to do the deeds;
who knows great enthusiasms; the greater devotions;
who spends himself in a worthy cause.

Who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement,
and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly.

So that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls
who neither know victory nor defeat.