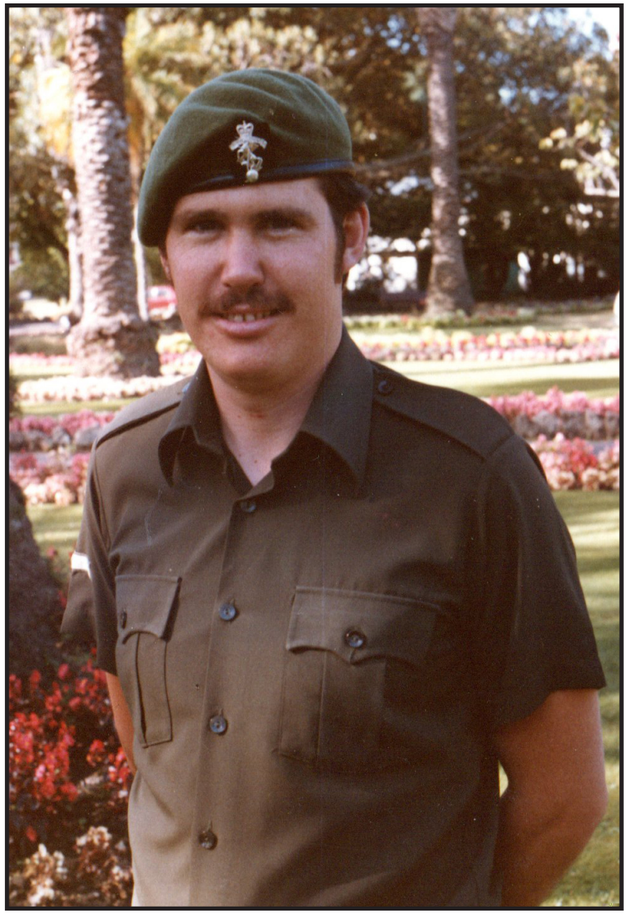

Dunstall's
Where no two farewells are the same

Dunstall's Funeral Services
Corner of Edwardes & Bower Streets, PO Box 1055, Napier 4140
T 06 835 7196 **E** office@dunstalls.co.nz **www.dunstalls.co.nz**

Clive Allan Johnston

7 January 1957 - 14 November 2022

Celebrating the Life of

Clive Allan Johnston

Napier Baptist Church
36 Riverbend Road, Napier

Friday 18 November 2022 at 1.00pm

Master of Ceremonies
Des Sullivan

Piper
Liam Reid

Bugler
Cameron Boyle

Funeral Director
Neil Earnshaw

Pall Bearers - Procession

Melissa
Shaun
Ngaraiti
Ashleigh
Lisa
Jason

Pall Bearers - Recession

Des
Robyn
Andrew
Deborah
Jill
Mike
Megan

Melissa, Ashleigh and Clive's extended family sincerely thank you for your kind words and acts of support, care and help given to Clive and the family in recent times. Your presence here today is also very much appreciated as we farewell one of life's true characters.

An invitation is extended to you all to meet with family at the Napier RSA, Vautier Street, Napier, from 4pm today to continue the fellowship and story-telling of Clive's extraordinary life.

A donation in Clive's memory to Cranford Hospice will be valued and can be left at the entrance to the venue or via www.cranfordhospice.org.nz

Please sign the Memorial Register.

Entry - Theme to the movie 'Top Gun'

Welcome

Eulogy
Given by Des

Tributes
Ngaraiti Gray, Mark Collett, Ashleigh Collett

Photo Tribute
See You Again - Tyler Ward

Tributes
Melissa Johnston, Ashleigh Johnston, Jill Johnston

Photo Tribute
Fathers and Daughters - Michael Bolton
How Do I Say Goodbye - Dean Lewis

Armourer's Ode
Des

Clive's casket is Piped from the venue

MASTER LOCKSMITHS
PROFESSIONAL GUARANTEE

NZLA

johnston Locksmiths
LIMITED

The Armourer's Ode

They were present at Agincourt, excelled at Waterloo,
served with distinction at Rourkes Drift, trod in the mud of the Somme,
indispensable in the Battle of Britain and the Falklands War.

Their feats were legend, their strength and endurance amaze normal men,
they like strong beverage and women, and lots of both.

They curse long and hard, using words not found in any dictionary.

Their capacity for trouble is surpassed only by such an air of
innocence when caught that butter would not melt in their mouths.

Not for them the air-conditioned comforts of the 'Fairy Queer Trader' empire,
nor the snug life.
They thrive in the open air.

When snow lies heavy on the ground and the wind blows fierce from the south,
they bare their chests, laugh and dare the gods to do their worst -

Who are these mighty men?
They are Armourers!

To recognise these super-humans:
they blink in daylight from being nurtured as mushrooms,
after a fracas the last man standing and smiling is an Armourer,
and six hours after the exercise is finished the Armourers work on.

Affectionately known as 'gun plumbers', they are the butt of many jokes:
'Preserve wildlife, Pickle a Plumber.'
They are above such jibes, and smile tolerantly as they kick the living hell
out of the hapless sod who made the joke.

A word of advice for mere mortals:
If you see an Armourer running – Run like hell with him!

By an Ancient Armourer