

A portrait of an elderly man with grey hair, smiling, wearing a pink long-sleeved shirt and a red and black striped tie. He is leaning on a wooden railing. The background is dark with some blurred lights.

Celebrating the Life of

Frank Samuel Spilsbury

27th February 1939 - 23rd May 2023

Piddington's Funeral Home & Crematorium
2pm Friday, 2nd June 2023



Frank's Story

Entrance Music

*Panis Angelicus (Bread of Angels) | Luciana Pavarotti Feat. Sting
From the Hymn "Sacris Solmnis" | Written by Saint Thomas
Aquinas for the feast of Corpus Christi.*

Welcome

Jill Spilsbury

*Here I Am, Lord | Colin Raye
Written by Dan Schutte*

*I, the Lord of sea and sky, I have heard my people cry.
All who dwell in dark and sin, my hand will save
I have made the stars of night, I will make their darkness bright,
Who will bear my light to them? Whom shall I send?*

[Chorus]

*Here I am, Lord, Is it I, Lord? I have heard you calling in the night.
I will go, Lord. If You lead me, I will hold your people in my heart.*

*I, the Lord of snow and rain, I have borne my people's pain.
I have wept for love of them, they turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone, give them hearts for love alone.
I will speak my word to them, whom shall I send?*

[Chorus]

*I, the Lord of wind and flame, I will tend the poor and lame.
I will set a feast for them my hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide, 'til their hearts be satisfied.
I will give my life to them, whom shall I send?*

[Chorus]

I will hold Your people in my heart



What A Life

Pip Spilsbury

Reflections

Jon Spilsbury

Wearing the Pink Shirt

Richard Gemmell, Elders Real Estate Manager NSW

The Future Is Bright

Frank's Five Grandchildren Huntly, Nell, Sarah, Laura & Kate

Frank's Life In Pictures

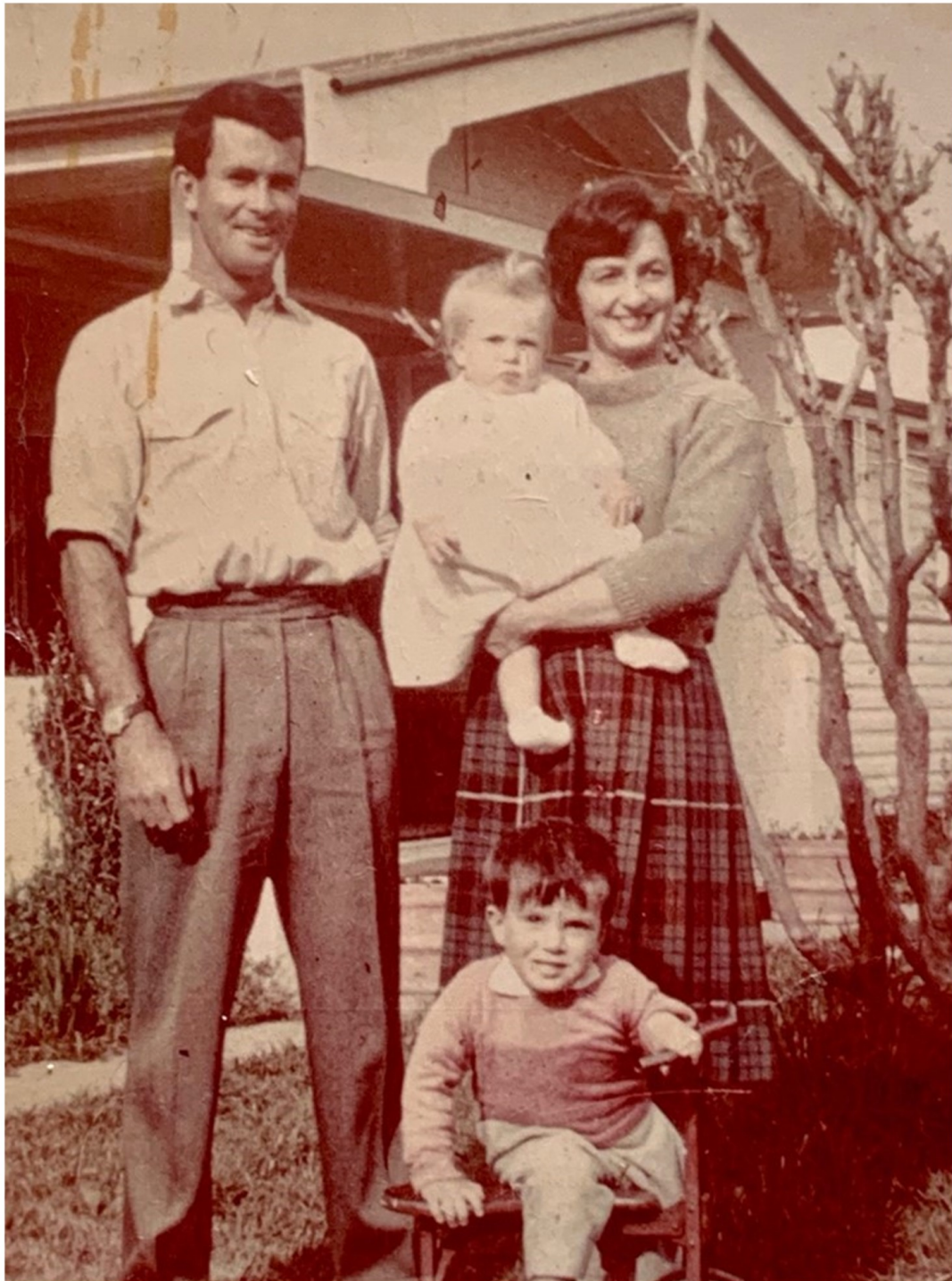
Walk a Country Mile | Lee Kenaghan, Kasey Chambers & Troy Cassar-Daley
Written by Joy McKean



Closing

Jon Spilsbury

The Whole World is Dreaming | Written by and performed by Mark Seymour & The Undertow (feat. Missy Higgins)



Funeral Blues

With apologies to W.H. Auden, April 1936

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dogs from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let the agents be silent, just for a while,
Respecting his knowledge and even his style.
But keep tending the sheep and cattle as ever
That's what he would want, don't you remember?

The stars are not wanted now, put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun.
No driving the tractor, no chain-sawing wood,
No Friday morning coffee, no Friday night pub.

He was our North, our South, our East and West,
Our working week and our Sunday rest,
Our noon, our midnight, our talk, our song
We will miss him forever, but life will go on.



Frank's Shout

*Frank's family are grateful for your support,
and for being such an important part of Frank's life.*

*So, it's his shout! Please join us upstairs at
the Armidale Bowling Club following this service.*

