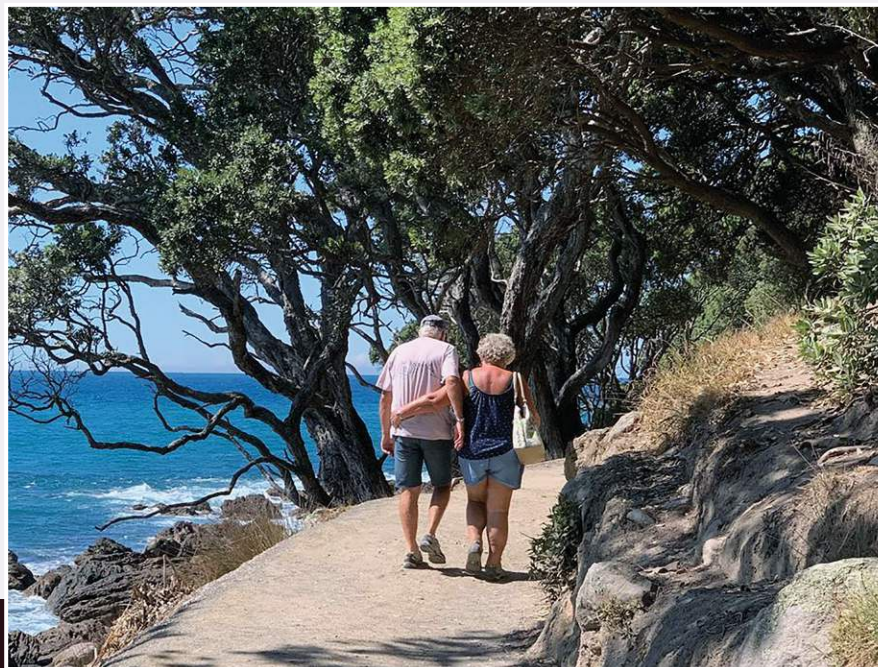


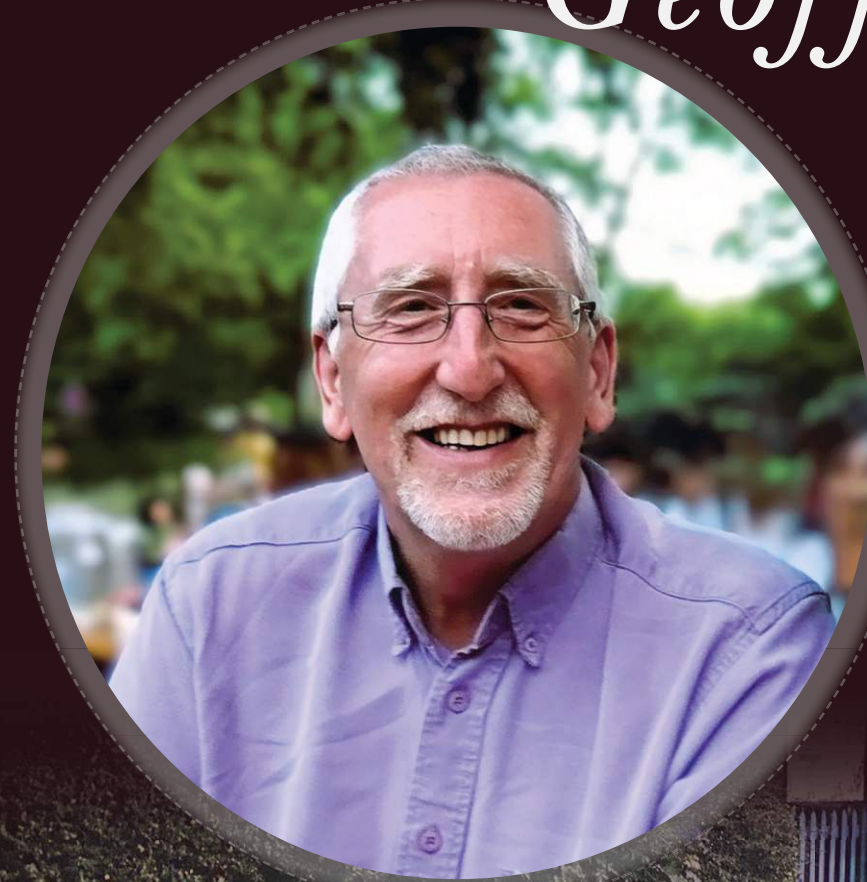
With Love We Remember

# Geoffrey Ronald Farmer

27 February 1945 - 8 November 2024



# Geoff



## An Invitation

The family invite you to join them for a celebration of Geoff's life on Thursday, December 5th at the family home in Katikati.

In lieu of flowers the family would appreciate donations to Motor Neurone Disease support and research charity.

Please use links as below:

NZ - [www.mnd.org.nz](http://www.mnd.org.nz)

UK - [www.mndassociation.org](http://www.mndassociation.org)

*Elliott's*  
FUNERAL SERVICES



**Elliotts Funeral Services**  
**Friday, November 22, 2024**  
**at 1.00pm**

Celebrant: Mike Lewis  
Funeral Director: Leah Kelly-Frith

**Entrance Music**  
'Tonight' by The Shadows

**Welcome**

**Eulogy and Photos**

**Poem**

When Great Trees Fall by Maya Angelou

**Pictorial Memories**

'Albatross' by Fleetwood Mac

'Wonderful Land' by The Shadows

'Wild Theme' (Local Hero)

by Mark Knopfler

**Farewell**

**Recessional Music**

Fly past of Lancaster Bomber - Audio

'The Chain' by Fleetwood Mac

'Simply The Best' by Tina Turner



*When Great Trees Fall*

When great trees fall, rocks on distant hills shudder,  
lions hunker down in tall grasses,  
and even elephants lumber after safety.

When great trees fall in forests, small things recoil into silence,  
their senses eroded beyond fear.  
When great souls die, the air around us becomes light, rare, sterile.

We breathe, briefly. Our eyes, briefly, see with a hurtful clarity.  
Our memory, suddenly sharpened, examines, gnaws on  
kind words unsaid, promised walks never taken.

Great souls die and our reality, bound to them, takes leave of us.  
Our souls, dependent upon their nurture, now shrink... wizened.  
Our minds, formed and informed by their radiance, fall away.  
We are not so much maddened as reduced...  
to the unutterable ignorance of dark, cold caves.

But... when great souls die... after a period, peace blooms,  
slowly and always irregularly.

Spaces fill with a kind of soothing electric vibration.  
Our senses, restored, never to be the same, whisper to us...  
They existed... They existed. We can be. Be and be better.  
For they existed.

