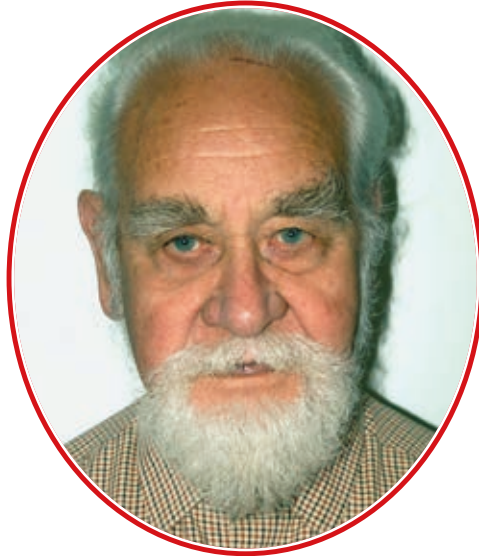


*To Celebrate the Life
of*



**Robert Vincent Peterson
'Pete'**

17th September 1920 - 20th May 2019

Mansfield Crematorium

Thursday 13th June 2019 at 2.00 pm





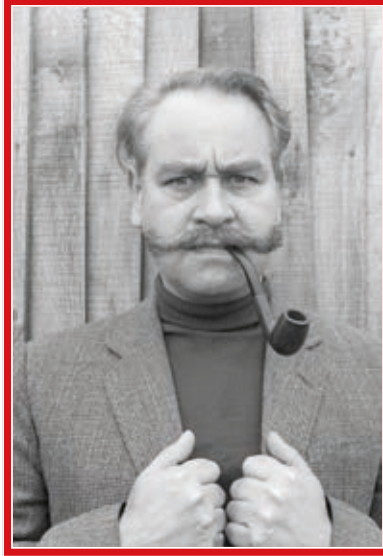
Order of Service

Entry Music

Cello Concerto - Elgar

Jacqueline Du Pre





Opening Words

‘The Octopus’

Tell me, O Octopus, I begs,
Is those things arms, or is they legs?
I marvel at thee, Octopus.
If I were thou, I’d call me Us.

by Ogden Nash

During my lifetime, I have dedicated my life to this struggle of the African people. I have fought against white domination, and I have fought against black domination. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society in which all people will live together in harmony and with equal opportunities. It is an ideal for which I hope to live for and to see realised. But, my Lord, if it needs to be, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die.

by Nelson Mandela





Eulogy

Reflection

Music: Ballad Of Accounting by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger

In the morning, we built the city.
In the afternoon, walked through its streets.
Evening saw us leaving.

We wandered through our days as if they would never end;
All of us imagined we had endless time to spend.
We hardly saw the crossroads and small attention gave
To landmarks on the journey from the cradle to the grave,
Cradle to the grave, cradle to the grave.

Did you learn to dream in the morning?
Abandon dreams in the afternoon?
Wait without hope in the evening?

Did you stand there in the traces and let 'em feed you lies?
Did you trail along behind them wearing blinkers on your eyes?
Did you kiss the foot that kicked you, did you thank them for their scorn?
Did you ask for their forgiveness for the act of being born,
Act of being born, act of being born?



Did you alter the face of the city,
Make any change in the world you found?
Or did you observe all the warnings?

Did you read the trespass notices, did you keep off the grass?
Did you shuffle off the pavement just to let your betters pass?
Did you learn to keep your mouth shut, were you seen and never heard?
Did you learn to be obedient and jump to at a word,
Jump to at a word, jump to at a word?

Did you ever demand any answers:
The who and the what and the reason why?
Did you ever question the setup?

Did you stand aside and let 'em choose while you took second best?
Did you let 'em skim the cream off and then give to you the rest?
Did you settle for the shoddy and did you think it right
To let 'em rob you right and left and never make a fight,
Never make a fight, never make a fight?

What did you learn in the morning?
How much did you know in the afternoon?
Were you content in the evening?

Did they teach you how to question when you were at the school?
Did the factory help you grow, were you the maker or the tool?
Did the place where you were living enrich your life, and then,
Did you reach some understanding of all your fellow men,
All your fellow men, all your fellow men?

Farewell



Closing Words

with

Poem

If I were deaf and could not hear
Sarcasm's tone cast at me,
A better man I'd surely be.

I would have journeyed on my way,
Not turned to have my little say,
Unruffled still, uncharged in court
With grievous bodily assault.

If I were blind and did not see
The winsome smile she turned on me,
A richer man I'd surely be.

I could have kept my single state,
Not spent long years with heartless mate,
Estranged, then parted and, of course,
The courts again - but no divorce.

If I were dumb and could not speak
Of thoughts my conscience bids me say,
I'd have a host of friends today.

I would have shunned the speaker's notes,
The gestures, stance, the endless quotes
On peace and war and general news;
Not one agrees with my set views.

If you were this, if you were that,
If you were tall, if you were fat,
Use well the gifts that you possess,
For ifs do not bring happiness.

Unattributed



Exit Music

All You Fascists Bound To Lose by Woody Guthrie

I'm gonna tell all you fascists, you may be surprised:

People all over this world are getting organised.

You're bound to lose,

You fascists are bound to lose.

Race hatred cannot stop us, this one thing I know;

Poll tax and Jim Crow and greed have got to go.

You're bound to lose,

You fascists are bound to lose.

All you fascists are bound to lose,

You fascists are bound to lose,

You fascists are bound to lose,

You're bound to lose, you fascists

Are bound to lose.

People of every colour marching side by side,
Marching across these fields where a million fascists died.

You're bound to lose,

You fascists are bound to lose.

I'm going into this battle, take my union gun;
Gonna end this world of slavery before this war is won.

You're bound to lose,

You fascists are bound to lose.

All you fascists are bound to lose,

You fascists are bound to lose,

You fascists are bound to lose,

You're bound to lose, you fascists

Are bound to lose.

by Woody Guthrie





Robert's family would like to thank you
for your kind messages of support and love at this sad time
and for attending the service here today.

Donations in memory of Robert will be going to
The Gurkha Welfare Trust.

Donations can be left in the box provided
at the end of the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn The Family Funeral Service
at the address below or with Gift Aid,
where appropriate, at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries.

A.W. LYMN

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