



FUNERAL SERVICE
FOR
ROBERT
LOCKHART
JOHNSTON

13th March 1966 - 5th September 2016

“The flame that burns twice as bright burns half as long.”

- Lao Tzu -

Pittville Pump Rooms
East Approach Drive, Cheltenham.

Monday 19th September 2016
At 12pm.

Order of Service

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC

Cello Concerto in E minor, Op. 85 Adagio-Moderato -
Edward Elgar

Played by Rebecca McNaught

Accompanied by Helen McNaught

This was Rob's favourite piece of classical music.

Please remain seated until indicated to stand.

WELCOME

Ian George

POEM

My Heart is in the Highlands - Robert Burns

Read by Robert Lockhart Johnston - Uncle

TRIBUTE 1

Given by David Johnston – Brother

POEM

Calico Pie - Edward Lear

Read by Archie Johnston – Eldest son

REFLECTION

Summa - Arvo Pärt

Played by the Carducci Quartet

TRIBUTE 2

Given by John Ferris – Friend and Best Man

POEM

Ithaka - Constantine Cavafy

Read by Genista Toland – family friend

SONG

Daddy Cool - Boney M

Introduced by Angus Johnston – youngest son

TRIBUTE 3

Given by Jeremy Drew – friend

CLOSING WORDS

Ian George

RECESSIONAL

Nimrod - Edward Elgar

from Variations on an Original Theme

(“Enigma”), Op. 36

Played by the Carducci Quartet

Please stand as the coffin leaves and follow the family outside.

A private committal will take place after the service at
Cheltenham Crematorium at 1.30pm

Poems from the Funeral

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS - Robert Burns

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of Valour, the country of Worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Preface to Ithaca

Since Homer's Odyssey, Ithaca symbolizes the destination of a long journey, the supreme aim that every man tries to fulfill all his life long, the sweet homeland, the eternal calmness and satisfaction....

The most famous poem about Ithaca has been written by the renowned Greek poet Constantine Cavafy and is entitled "Ithaca".

In it he compares the legendary journey of Ulysses to the journey of every man through life and suggests that each person is looking for his own Ithaca, his personal supreme goal.

However, in the end, it is not the goal but the journey that matters, because this journey makes us wise and gives people the richest good: experience, knowledge and maturity.

ITHAKA - Constantine Cavafy

As you set out for Ithaka
hope the voyage is a long one,
full of adventure, full of discovery.
Laistrygonians and Cyclops, - angry Poseidon,
don't be afraid of them:
you'll never find things like that on your way
as long as you keep your thoughts raised high,
as long as a rare excitement stirs your spirit and
your body.

Laistrygonians and Cyclops, - wild Poseidon,
you won't encounter them
unless you bring them along inside your soul,
unless your soul sets them up in front of you.
Hope the voyage is a long one.
May there be many a summer morning when,
with what pleasure, what joy,
you come into harbors seen for the first time;
may you stop at Phoenician trading stations
to buy fine things,
mother of pearl and coral, amber and ebony,
sensual perfume of every kind—

as many sensual perfumes as you can;
and may you visit many Egyptian cities
to gather stores of knowledge from their
scholars.

Keep Ithaka always in your mind.
Arriving there is what you are destined for.
But do not hurry the journey at all.
Better if it lasts for years,
so you are old by the time you reach the
island,
wealthy with all you have gained on the way,
not expecting Ithaka to make you rich.

Ithaka gave you the marvelous journey.
Without her you would not have set out.
She has nothing left to give you now.

And if you find her poor, Ithaka won't have
fooled you.
Wise as you will have become, so full of
experience, you will have understood by then
what these Ithakas mean.

CALICO PIE - Edward Lear

Calico Pie,
The little Birds fly
Down to the calico tree,
Their wings were blue,
And they sang 'Tilly-loo!'
Till away they flew, -
And they never came back to me!
They never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back to me

Calico Jam,
The little Fish swam,
Over the syllabub sea,
He took off his hat,
To the Sole and the Sprat,
And the Willeby-Wat, -
But he never came back to me!
He never came back!
He never came back!
He never came back to me!

Calico Ban,
The little Mice ran,
To be ready in time for tea,
Flippity flup,
They drank it all up,
And danced in the cup, -
But they never came back to me!
They never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back to me!

Calico Drum,
The Grasshoppers come,
The Butterfly, Beetle, and Bee,
Over the ground,
Around and around,
With a hop and a bound, -
But they never came back to me!
They never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back to me.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thank you for attending the funeral service today to say goodbye to Rob

Alice, Archie, Ollie and Angus wish to thank the following people:

Rebecca McNaught (Gloucestershire Young Musician of the Year 2015) and her mother Helen for playing the Elgar Cello Concerto.

Helen teaches Ollie and Angus the piano, and her husband Anthony teaches Archie the violin. It is a privilege to have them all here today.

The Carducci Quartet for playing the reflection and recessional.

The Carducci have been family friends for several years. Today you heard Eoin playing the viola which formally belonged to Alice's grandfather Robert Braga.



Esther for providing the beautiful floral tributes, incorporating flowers grown by Rob in our garden.

www.flowerstyleco.uk

Laura Eperjesi, photographer, for capturing precious memories for our family over many years and for providing the photographs used today.



If you would like to remember Rob with a donation,
your gift will go to 'Gloucestershire Eye Therapy Trust'

Gloucestershire
Eye Therapy Trust
Looking after the vision of your community
Charity Number: 1105051



Alternatively, please send your donation to:

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