

Dad is gone, gone but not forgotten.

The atoms of star-stuff he was made of are dispersed,
gone to form clouds, other creatures,
other rocks, other stars.
Never will those same patterns form again.

The process that orchestrated those atoms to project his
identity is finished.

It has no archetype, no secret nature, no second life.
The music from which it played was never written down,
and now all that remains is pixellated snapshots,
and echoes in the memories of we who knew him.

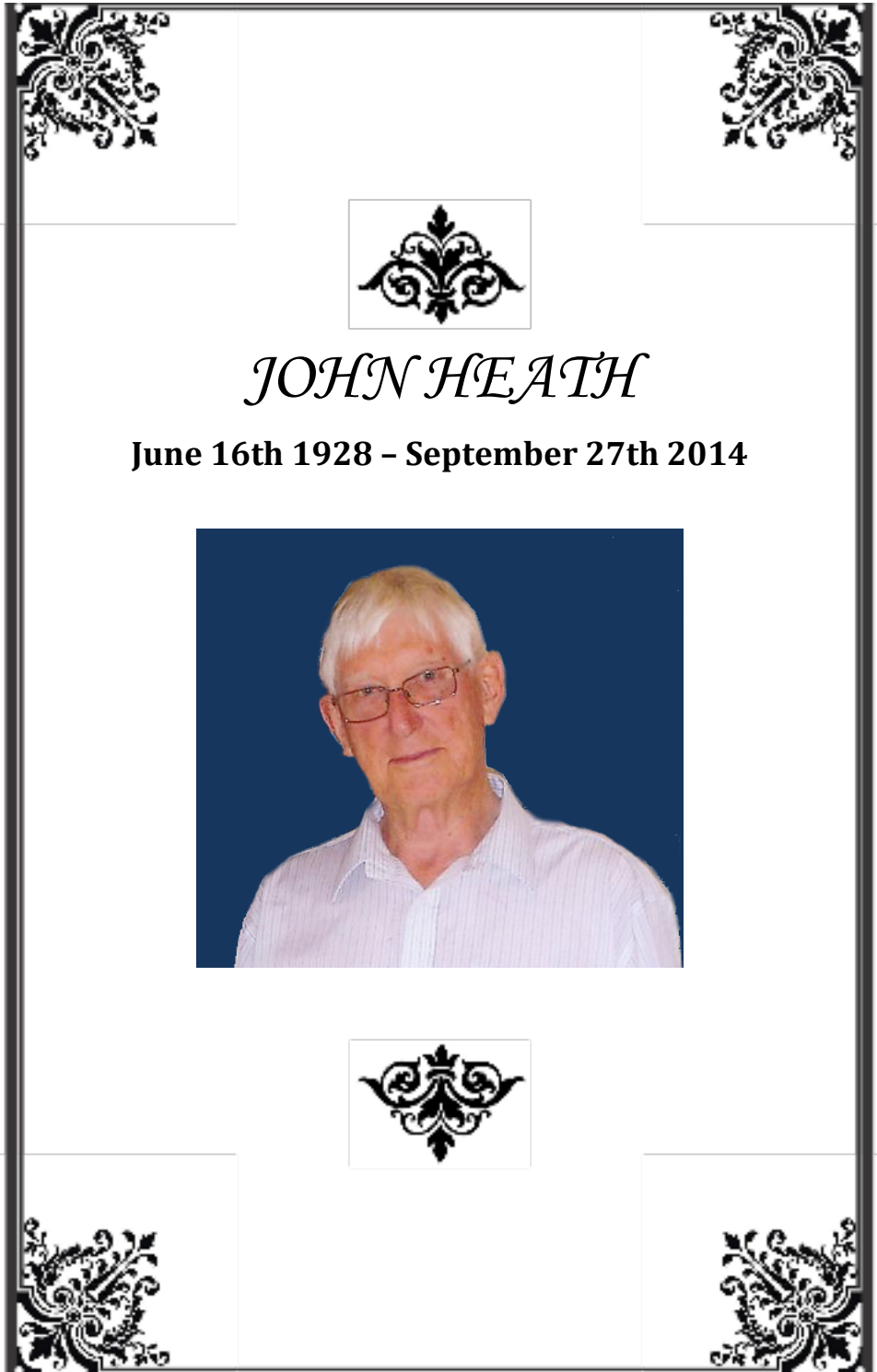
He is engraved upon our psyches, as we recall his
gentleness and reason,
curiously searching out the hidden patterns of life that
create such resonance,
amplifying and magnifying them to ring out a delicate but
thunderous symphony.

The music has stopped, and though there is no chair, there
is no-one needing to sit in it.

This dust will settle, merge with the soil, nourish new
grapes, flavour new wines,
spark new conversations and love affairs, and survive all
wars, to the end of the world.

Who are we, that we would presume to wish it otherwise?
How else could it be?

Clifford



The family would welcome you to join us for refreshments at the end of the ceremony.

Penny, Deb, Aurin, Sam and Steven (Green)

Philippa & Ian, Sands, Bron, Fiona (Coull)

Clifford & Laura, Dan, Joel, Roland (Heath)

Shelley, Joe, Angie (Heath/Moon)

If you would like to view the slideshow or Dads 80th birthday book, please go to:

<http://john.robert.heath.cc>

Special Thanks

Rosalind Burns – *Violin*

Elizabeth Hemming – *Viola*

Anna Daniel – *Cello*

Kylie Cook - *Flowers*

Proceedings

Welcome

Penny

**String Quartet No. 2 in D Major 1st Movement
by Borodin**

Shelley and friends

Tribute

Phi

The Story of Johns life

Penny, Phi, Clifford and Shelley

Slide Show

Compiled by Ian and Clifford

A chance to share some memories

A farewell

Clifford

Air on a G String by J.S.Bach *Shelley and friends*