

WITH LOVE WE REMEMBER

## THE MAN IN THE ARENA

It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better.

The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, who comes short again and again, who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat.

*Theodore Roosevelt*

## INVITATION

*Following the service, you are warmly invited to share further memories of John, over light refreshments in the Lounge, after which the family will leave for a private committal at the Southland Crematorium.*

*Margaret, Nevill and Jo-Anne, Mel and Deanne, Nan and Michael and families sincerely thank you for your attendance and support – it is greatly appreciated.*



*John*  
**Melvin Sutton**

**5 November 1931 - 29 October 2020**





# WELCOME TO THIS SERVICE FOR JOHN

Held in J Fraser and Sons' Chapel, 1.30pm on Thursday, 5 November 2020

## CORNERS

I can only remember  
a few cold christmases spent in Surrey as a child the rest were warm  
held nineteen hours away  
in a corner of the universe someone had decided to call tanner street  
there you resided in your own corner at the far end of the couch closest to the window  
with a good view of the tv  
for when the news comes on  
with a small pile of Lee Child  
by your side to enjoy  
in your cosy little corner  
with the heat pump  
slowly warming the end of the world that is Invercargill  
for there is a corner  
in the foreign fields of memories tended by Mnemosyne herself who takes your shadow  
from your shoulders  
and with delicate hands  
hangs it in the cupboard  
next to your square and compass and ushers you to a corner  
that is forever yours  
where you sit comfortably  
with Nana knitting opposite  
and crumpled newspapers  
from the evening's fish and chips and I'll visit from time to time  
and know that when i've hair  
as ashen as your own  
I'll come join you in your corner and sit beside you on the couch  
enjoying some belgium biscuits in our own little corner

*Charles*

## COMMITMENT

Until one is committed,  
there is hesitancy,  
the chance to draw back,  
always ineffectiveness.  
Concerning all acts of initiative and creation.

There is one elementary truth,  
the ignorance of which kills countless ideas  
and splendid plans:  
That the moment one definitely commits oneself  
then Providence moves too.

All sorts of things occur to help one  
that would never otherwise have occurred.  
A whole stream of events issues from the decision,  
raising in one's favor all manner  
of unforeseen incidents and meetings  
and material assistance  
which no man could have dreamed  
would have come his way.

Whatever you can do, or dream,  
you can, begin it.  
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.  
Begin it now.

*Goethe*