

THE LOGGERS DAY George Savige

In the bush where trees are high, Reaching up into the sky. This is where we made our cash, Cutting down the Mountain Ash.

We used no chainsaws in those days, The trees were felled in other ways.

With aching limbs and tortured back, We'd listen for the tree to crack. And there would be a thunderous sound, As it came crashing to the ground.

We'd stop a while, our strength renew. Then we'd have more work to do, Like stripping bark and cutting logs. Then load the truck and tie with dogs.

The work was hard. The job is done. And we're off home with setting sun.

Welcome to this service to celebrate Ray's life held at 1pm on Friday 12th May 2023 at Tuatapere Cemetery

> Gone but neven Forgotten



INVITATION

Darryl and Julie, John (Mog) and Eileen, Yvonne and Richard, along with their families thank you sincerely for your love and support at this time, and for your attendance today. At the conclusion of the service you are warmly invited to share many more memories of Ray with the family and each other over light refreshments in the Waiau Town and Country Club, 41 King Street, Tuatapere.

