In Loving Memory

Private Jack Edward Atkinson

Service No. 8648362

23rd November 2001 – 12th July 2022

Myself. Myself.

~ Gary's Words ~

That's the problem. That's the whole problem with the whole thing.
That word, "self". That's not the word. That's not right,
that isn't… How did I forget that? When did I forget that?

The body stops a cell at a time, but the brain keeps firing those neurons.
Little lightning bolts, like fireworks inside and I thought I'd despair or feel afraid,
but I don't feel any of that. None of it. Because I'm too busy.
I'm too busy in the moment. Remembering. Of course.
I remember that every atom in my body was forged in a star.

This matter, this body is mostly empty space after all, and solid matter?
It's just energy vibrating very slowly- Why there is no me. There Never was.
The electrons of my body intermingle and dance with the electrons of the ground below me and the air I'm no longer breathing. And I remember there is no point where any of that ends and I begin. I remember I am energy. Not memory. Not self. My name, my personality, my choices, all came after me.

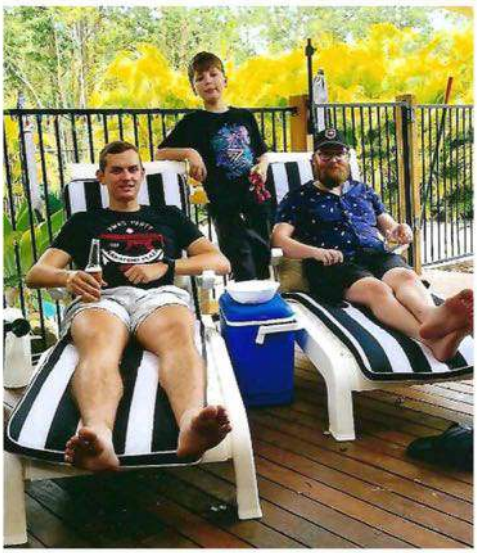
I was before them and I will be after, and everything else is pictures, picked up along the way. Fleeting little dreamlets printed on the tissue of my dying brain.
And I am the lightning that jumps between. I am the energy firing the neurons,
and I'm returning. Just by remembering, I'm returning home.

And it's like a drop of water falling back into the ocean, of which it's always been a part.
All things… A part. You, Me and my little girl, and my Mother and my Father,
everyone who's ever been, every plant, every animal, every atom,
every star, every galaxy, all of it. More galaxies in the universe
than grains of sand on the beach.

And that's what we're talking about when we say 'God'
The cosmos and the infinite dreams. We are the cosmos dreaming of itself.
It's simply a dream that I think is my life, every time. But I'll forget this.
I always do. I always forget my dreams.
But now, in this split-second, in the moment I remember,
the instant I remember, I comprehend everything at once.
There is no time. There is no death. Life is a dream. It's a wish.
Made again and again and again and again on into eternity.

And I am all of it.
I am everything. I am all. I am that I am.

ATKINSON



snatch

CANYON
snatch

~ Order of Service ~

Chapel of Ipswich Crematorium
Thursday, 28th July 2022 – 10:00am
Officiating ~ Chaplain Cindy Waugh

WELCOME SONG
'Without You' by Luke Combs

OPENING AND WELCOME

CANDLE LIGHTING
Family

OPENING PRAYER
Chap Cindy Waugh

Let us pray:

Gracious and Loving Father,
We come before You today just as we are,
For we can come no other way.
We are sad and bewildered,
Confused and shocked.
We still find it difficult to accept what has happened
And we have so many questions to which there are no answers.
We wonder if there was anything we could have done
that would have prevented this awful tragedy,
And sometimes we feel angry at this pointless loss of life.
Somehow Father, speak to us in this service.
Let the light of Your love shine in our darkness.
Fill our emptiness with Your compassion,
Lift the burden that weighs so heavily upon us,
And give us the peace and hope we need to carry on.
We ask these things in the name of Jesus Christ,
our Saviour and our Friend. ***Amen****.*

THE EULOGY

read by Chap's Cindy Waugh & Chris Booth

PHOTO TRIBUTE

SERVICE HISTORY

LTCOL Scott Holmes, Commanding Officer 1 RAR

THE MINISTRY OF THE WORD

SCRIPTURE READING

read by Chap Chris Booth

Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8

There is a time for everything,
and a season for every activity under the heavens:
A time to be born and a time to die,
a time to plant and a time to uproot,
A time to kill and a time to heal,
a time to tear down and a time to build,
A time to weep and a time to laugh,
a time to mourn and a time to dance,
A time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,
A time to search and a time to give up,
a time to keep and a time to throw away,
A time to tear and a time to mend,
a time to be silent and a time to speak,
A time to love and a time to hate,
a time for war and a time for peace.

THE ADDRESS

Chap Cindy Waugh

FAREWELL PRAYERS

Chap Cindy Waugh & Chap Chris Booth

AUSTRALIAN INTELLIGENCE CORPS PRAYER

CPL Hamish Cannon

THE COMMENDATION

THE COMMITTAL

WREATH LAYING & POPPY SERVICE

'Meet Me in the Middle of the Air'
Musician Stuart Fong

***BRIG Kahil Fegan** - Commander 3rd Brigade with*
***WO1 Brian Buskell** - Regimental Sergeant Major 3rd Brigade*

***LTCOL Scott Holmes** – Commanding Officer*
1st Battalion Royal Australian Regiment.

***WO1 Scott Klum** – Regental Sergeant Major*
1st Battalion Royal Australian Regiment.

THE ODE

WO1 Scott Klum
Regental Sergeant Major 1st Battalion
Royal Australian Regiment.

THE LAST POST

ROUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

BENEDICTION

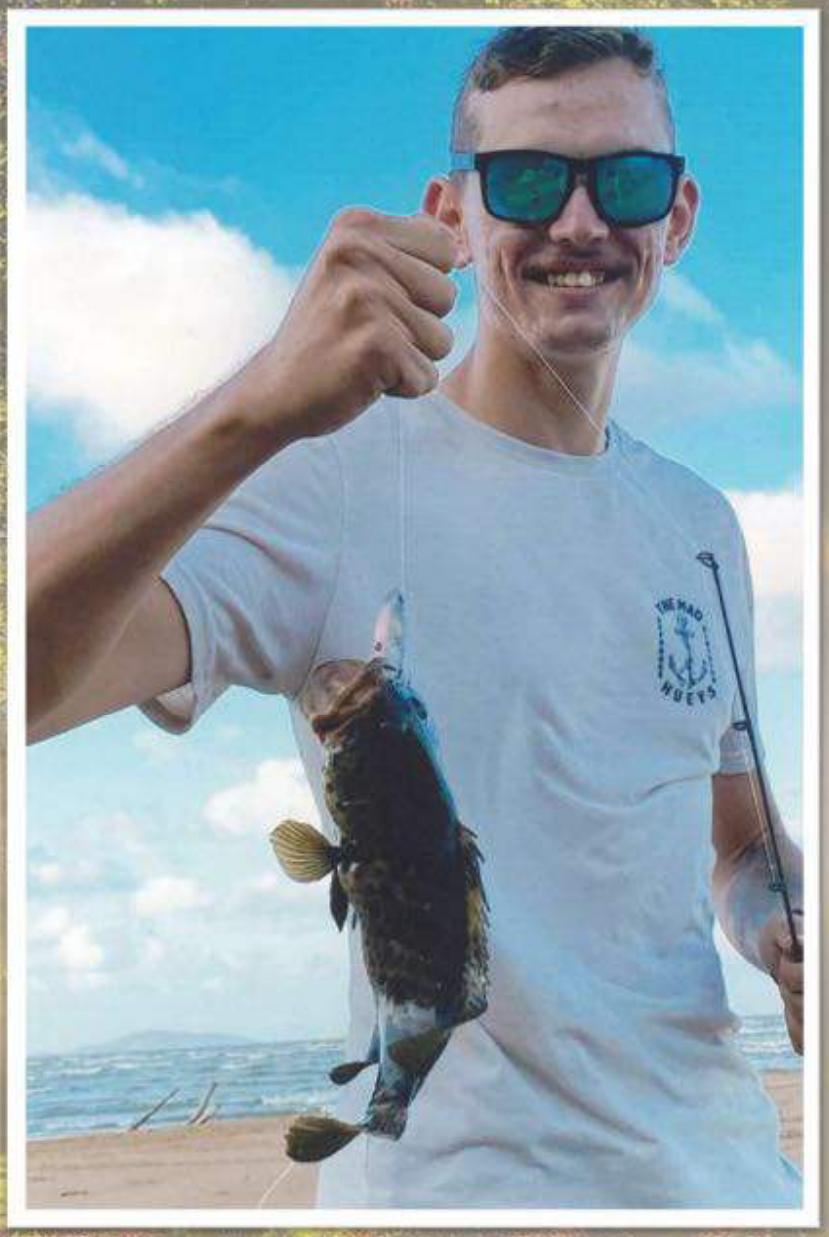
RECESSIONAL

'Drink a Beer' by Luke Bryan

When I'm up here on this stage
The spotlight's on my face
But I see you
Sure it's me behind this mic stand
And it's me strumming this Gibson
It's me they love to give the credit to
But me don't mean a thing without you

I'm just trying to give the credit where credit's due
Because me don't mean a thing without you.

- Luke Combs



Our family wish to express their heartfelt thanks to all the relatives and friends who have come today to celebrate the life and memory of Jack.

Following the service you are invited to join Jack's family at CSI Ipswich (Lowry Street, North Ipswich) for refreshments from 12:00 noon.

SYLVAN FUNERALS

PH: (07) 3812 4000