

JOHN - A TRIBUTE

RAISED IN PIOPIO, MUCH LOVED SON OF PHILIP AND ELSIE TARRANT,
LOVED HUSBAND AND LIFE LONG FRIEND OF LORRINA,
LOVED FATHER OF VERONICA, PRISCILLA, TRUBY AND TERESA
LOVED BROTHER TO ELEANOR, BERNICE, MONA, GRACE, NORA,
LEN, PEGGY, MARY, KATHLEEN AND BRIAN.
LOVED GRANDFATHER TO SOPHIA, ELTON, KATRINA, VONNIE,
JOSEPHINE, PETRICE, PHILIP, MARGO, CHRISTINE
ROWAN, SIMON AND ALBERT, LOVED GREAT GRANDFATHER TO
CURTIS, FRIEND TO MANY

THE KING COUNTRY/MANIAPOTO WAS JOHN'S HOME TURF,
HE LOVED THE LAND AND ALL ITS PEOPLE
AT THE OUTBREAK OF WW2 JOHN SERVED HIS COUNTRY OVERSEAS
IN THE AMMUNITION COR AS A NO 1 DRIVER AND GUNNER. HIS
FEARLESS NATURE
EARNING HIM THE TITLE OF TIGER TARRANT.
AFTER WW2 JOHN WORKED AS A SAW MILLER IN PIOPIO,
OTHER WORK INCLUDED WORKING AS A FARMER, DROVING
STOCK, BUILDER, TAXI DRIVER,
HARROW AND PLOUGHMAN BRIDGE ENGINEER AND WILD HORSE
WHISPERER.

JOHN LOVED THE GREAT OUTDOORS
AND MEMORIES OF THE NATIVE BUSH AT PAEMAKO WERE HIS SOLACE
DURING THE WAR YEARS.
WILDLIFE AND NATURE WERE AMONG HIS PASSIONS.
HE WAS AN EXCELLENT SPORTSMAN IN MANY FIELDS INCLUDING
STEER RIDING, HORSEMANSHIP, CHOPPING, ROWING, RUGBY,
ATHLETICS,
CYCLING, SNOOKER AND THE HIGH JUMP, IN LATER LIFE OUTDOOR AND
INDOOR BOWLS
HE EXCELLED IN THE ART OF TRAINING HORSES AND DOGS.

HOBBIES INCL. PLAITING LEATHER FOR WHIPS AND TYING KNOTS WITH
ROPE, AS WELL AS HAVING AN ABILITY TO CARVE
JOHN ENJOYED PLAYING THE ACCORDIAN, HARMONICA AS WELL AS
SINGING AND POETRY RECITAL.

ALSO JOHN WAS AMONG THE GREATEST OF TRUE STORY TELLERS
HE WAS A MEMBER OF THE LIGHT HORSE CLUB, AND SERVED ON THE
PIOPIO SPORTS CLUB.

JOHN VISITED THE LOCAL MARAE OFTEN AND ENJOYED THE COMPANY
OF THE MAORI PEOPLE

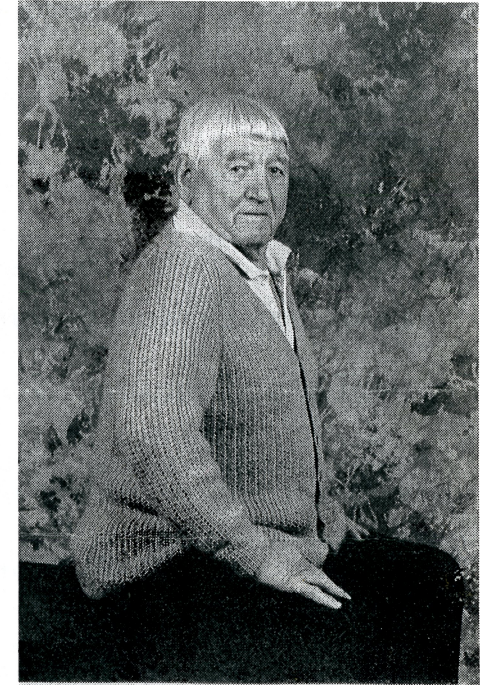
HE WAS AN ENTHUSIASTIC MEMBER OF THE BUFFALOE LODGE AND
IN 1987 EMBRACED THE TEACHINGS OF THE BAHAI FAITH
IN WHOSE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE HE HAD ESPOUSED THROUGHOUT
HIS LIFE.

JOHN SAW ALL PEOPLE AS HIS EQUAL AND WAS WELL LOVED.
HIS SENSE OF HUMOUR UP THERE WITH THE BEST OF THEM. HE WAS BIG
HEARTED AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

WE THANK YOU DAD FOR YOUR GREATEST INPUTS TO THE WORLD
- A FAMILY, HARD WORK, AND AND HOW YOU CARED ABOUT THE
PLIGHT OF OTHERS.

JOHN PHILIP TARRANT

(affectionately known as 'J P, Tiger, and Jack)



01-07-1913 - 28-06-2001

O SON OF JUSTICE!

*Whither can a lover go but to the land of his beloved?
and what seeker findeth rest away from his heart's desire?
To the true lover reunion is life,
and separation is death.
His breast is void of patience and his heart hath no peace.
A myriad lives he would forsake
to hasten to the abode of his beloved*

Baha'u'llah

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

JOHN PHILIP TARRANT

WELCOME :HAERE MAI: TENA KOTOU:

BY FATHER KINSELLA

SONG-WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING (SEE
PAMHLET)

PRAYER:FATHER KINSELLA

READING: ISIAH 25 :
VERSES 6A, 7 - 9 (READ BY D HEGGLIN)

BAHA'I HIDDEN WORDS (SUNG BY PRISCILLA)

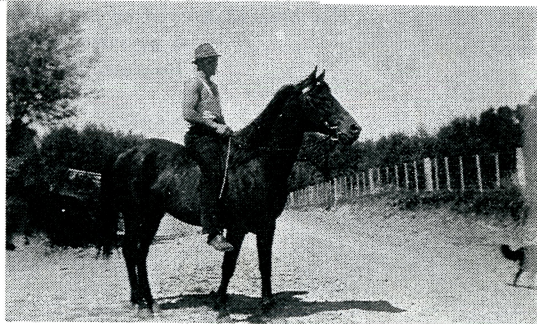
PSALM 23 - (READ BY D TARRANT)

*The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.*

*He restoreth my soul ;
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for His name's sake .
Yea, though I walk through
the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
Thy rod and staff they comfort me.*

*Thou preparest a table before me
in the prescence of mine enemies;
Thou annointest my my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.*

*Surely goodness and mercy shall
follow me all the days of my life;
and I will dwell in the House of the Lord
for ever.*



GOSPEL READING: JOHN 14:VERSES 1 - 6

HOMILY- FATHER KINSELLA

PRAYERS - ANYONE OF FAMILY AND FRIENDS WHO MAY
WISH TO DO SO.

BAHAI READING TO MUSIC:'LOVE IS THE SECRET'

EULOGY - ERNIE SYMONS

TRIBUTES - ANYONE WHO WISHES TO PAY TRIBUTE
TO JOHN MAY DO SO HERE.

(I.E. CAN BE A SONG, POETRY,STORY, OR A SPECIAL MEMORY
OFJOHN)

FAREWELL PRAYERS

SONG- HOME ON THE RANGE (SEE PAMHLET)

PALL BEARERS TAKE POSITION AND WAIT

FINAL MELODY 'THROUGH THE EYES OF A CHILD'

*PALL BEARERS CARRY OUT JOHN'S CASKET TO THE
ACCOMPANIMENT OF 'IRISH SOLDIER BOY '*

HAERE RA

THE FAMILY ON BEHALF OF JOHN THANKYOU/KIA ORA /FOR YOUR
PRESENCE

TODAY TO FAREWELL OUR DEARLY LOVED HUSBAND, FATHER, BROTHER,

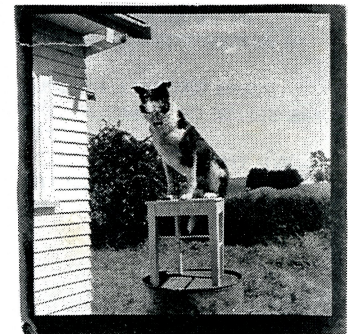
GREAT GRANDAD,GRANDFATHER,UNCLE AND FRIEND.

THE SERVICE WILL BE FOLLOWED BY REFRESHMENTS HERE AT

PIOPIO MEMORIAL HALL FOLLOWED BY INTERMENT AT ARIA CEMETARY

AFTER WHICH YOU ARE WARMLY INVITED TO SAY FINAL FAREWELLS OVER
FURTHER

REFRESHMENTS AT ARIA CLUB. *HAERE MAI*



O SON OF SPIRIT

*The best beloved
of all things in My sight is JUSTICE;
turn not away therefrom if thou desirest Me,
and neglect it not that I may confide in
thee.*

*By its aid thou shalt see with thine own eyes
and not through the eyes of others,
and shalt know of thine own knowledge
and not through the knowledge of thy
neighbour.*

*Ponder this in thy heart; how it behooveth
thee to be.*

*Verily JUSTICE is My gift to thee and the sign
of My loving-kindness.*

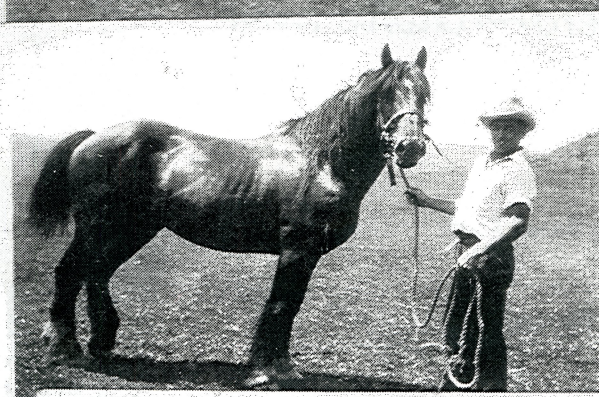
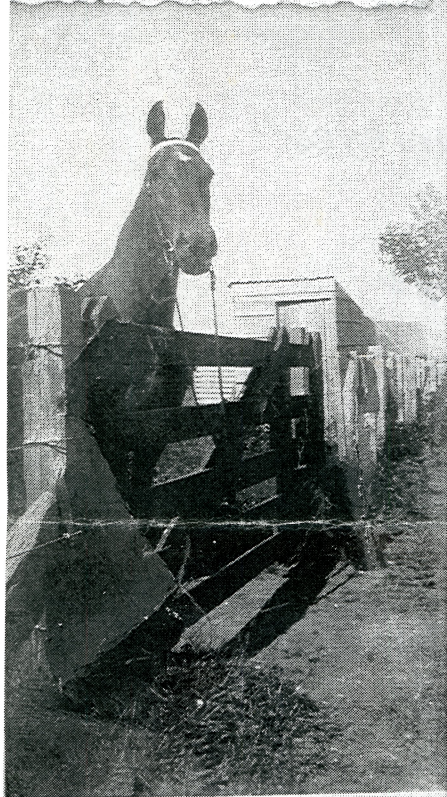
Set it then before thine eyes.

BAHA' U' LLAH

*Taken from
(The Sacred Writings of the Baha'i Faith)*

*In memory of John Phillip Tarrant
Paemako
PioPio*





WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING (SING CHORUS)

There's a tear in your eye, And I'm wondering why, For it never should be there at all.....

With such pow'r in your smile, Sure a stone you'd be-guile, So there's never a teardrop should fall....

When your sweet lilting laughter's like some fairy song, And your eyes twinkle bright as can be

You should laugh all the while, and all other times smile, And now smile a smile for me.....

SING CHORUS

When Irish eyes are smiling.....

Sure its like a morn in Spring.....

In the lilt of Irish laughter,

You can hear the angels sing.....

When Irish hearts are happy.....

All the world seems bright and gay.....

And when Irish eyes are smiling

Sure they steal your heart away.....

For your smile is a part, Of the love in your heart, And it makes even sunshine more bright

Like the linnets sweet song, Crooning all the day long, Comes your laughter so tender and light.....

For the springtime of life is the sweetest of all, There is neer a real care or regret

And while springtime is ours throughout all of youths hours, Let us smile each chance we get

SING CHORUS

When Irish eyes are smiling.....

Sure its like a morn in Spring.....

In the lilt of Irish laughter,

You can hear the angels sing.....

When Irish hearts are happy.....

All the world seems bright and gay.....

And when Irish eyes are smiling

Sure they steal your heart away.....

HOME ON THE RANGE

SING ALL

O Give me a home where the buffaloe roam
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

CHORUS

Home home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

How often at night when the heavens are bright
With the light of the glittering stars
Have I stood there amazed and I asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours

CHORUS

Home home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

No 6 List St
New Plymouth
067591220
2/8/2001

Dear Shirley, Hi & how
is life at Omakara guess
you are busy with your
residents at the Rest Home
There is a home just up
the road from me it has
a bed occupancy of 26.
but there is always a bed
or two vacant. I was
shown through before John
passed away, and whilst
there they said I could have
a midday meal for \$5
some other residents from
the near-by masonic Village
also come, and the meals
are very nice so I go there
4 times a week. Have
joined a couple of bowling
clubs, & met quite a few
people. Have just rang
mo & had a chat & for

2

the quite bright.

Today I went up to Bone
Hospital for some exercises
in the heated pool to
strengthen leg muscles.
as I am not walking as
well as should or could be.
always have got out of pool
ones also. I am still
receiving cards & letters
so have really been
busy with pen & paper
w/ all Shirley I will
love & hope you are
feeling well, if ever
down South don't for-
get to call or phone.

Lots of love

Lorraine

Poem by Debbie as requested
enclosed Truly & Love are
loving a break in Ogo

A Story to tell

I have a story to tell of a kiwi bloke
His name was sometimes John or Jack
Or when in Egypt at the war
'Tiger', was what he was called

When in his prime – sharp, strong and bold
He sold his business, we are told
In order that he'd be accepted
To serve his country, as expected.

Off to the Ammunition Corps he went
The Middle East is where he was sent
Their job? – to get the men at the front line
Supplies and ammo – in good time.

He loaded trucks and drove them too
Conditions dry, - and sleep hours few
A sitting target from the air,
It took brave men, there to dare.

Sometimes Tigers mates, with lesser luck
Aboard the convoys next-door truck
Would take a hit, and all would dive
For what little cover they could find.

He saw men die, he heard them cry
It broke his heart, and all for why?
For British justice, liberty
For freedom in society.

Back home, election time was near
The people were so pleased to hear
That the first Eschelon of soldiers
Were back for three months leave, they told them.

Tiger came back in '43
And headed to the King Country
To be with friends and family
But how it was, could now never be.

He wasn't now, who he had been
The tragedy of loss he'd seen
Though limbs still strong, and will of steel
His soul was hurt, his pain was real.

He heard the birds, at last felt no fear
And breathed a dust-less earthy air
He smelt the bush and knew, - could feel
That home was where he'd start to heal

The other soldiers felt the same way
They met together one day
And realised then that they could not
Return to Egypt, dry and hot

And since the war was nearly done
Only mopping up left, before they'd won
Why send them back away from home
With so many others ready to roam.

Grade one men who had not been
Were pleading for a chance to seem
As heroes, to do their thing,
So why send us? – they asked enquiringly.

They took a stand against the flow
Said "No way, - we will not go
Until all grade one men have been
To serve their country as a team".

So one day when Tiger was playing snooker
The cops came down, to arrest this "deserter"
Deserter? – rubbish, he'd done more
Than they could ever count or score

Tarrant, we've come to arrest you," they stated
"I've just got to pot the black first", he related
And when it sunk, he calmly knew
What he was now destined to do.

He walked across to place his cue
And when the door way was in view,
He darted out with lightening speed –
On these coppers he would get a lead.

He leapt the fence with awesome power
To where his mare Rosemary waited
And as the Bobby climbed the gate
John and his mount jumped clear – they made it.

John wasn't caught – he hid out bush
It wasn't what John wanted or wished
Until those in charge declared an amnesty
Then out he came – to return to calamity

Now what was he – a hero to be?
No – they discharged him dishonourably
For all he'd fought – four years of hell
They kept his pay, no rehab, nothing to tell.

This hurt our man immeasurably
He cut all ties with what he'd been
He realised how authority
Had no heart, or sense it seemed.

So through the years his hurt he harboured
It changed the way he thought and laboured
How could one go from high to low
Because of such an evil blow

But even so, this man of honour
Held his head high and kept his mana.
He raised his children to understand
How freedom matters, and – what it demands.

His passion for justice, truth and right
Saw him take up many a fight
Not the least of which we saw
Was the Arthur Alan Thomas war.

His efforts here, were bold and tireless
Ten years of endless battling
Until Muldoon, at last saw fit
To pardon Thomas – the truth was re-lit

But all this conflict took its toll
And his handsome awesome youth grew old
His memory became none too clear
And for all of us – he became more dear.

His partner through this whole great saga
Stayed faithful to her childrens' father
She loved him, gave him all she had
And helped him through, until the end.

John, you have shown us what it takes
To stand for truth and what it makes
John Tarrant, now they know part of
your story
Here, we honour you, with glory.

Debbie Tarrant.
(Daughter-in-law)