

POPPY AND POHUTAKAWA

In Flanders Fields where poppies grew, the seeds
of our young nation flew.

Up from that blood soaked foreign soil, born on
the winds of world

turmoil and settled halfway round the world,

To forge our nation at its birth

Since then in growing nationhood,

Our warriors have proudly stood,

Many times in foreign soil.

Cradling freedom in their hands,

In land and sky and on the sea,

Shaping our identity

And thus our history has been told,

What will our future now unfold,

Should be called in peace and war.

To play our part as those before

Whose memories rest in Tane's boughs,

Of red, Pohutakawa flowers

And yet, in Flanders poppies sigh

While our young men lie still nearby

Who gave their lives that we may be

Forever safe, forever free

In the land of the Pohutakawa Tree

Based on a poem by Mr Chris Mullane

AN INVITATION

The family thank you for your care and support today. Following this service
you are warmly invited to join them at the RSA Palmerston
for refreshments and a time to share more memories.

TRIBUTES

If you would like to send the family a message, share a story, or pay tribute to Mervyn,
please do so in the online tribute book at www.tributes.co.nz

WITH LOVE WE REMEMBER

MERVYN MATTHEW HATTON

1928 - 2012



33380 S/SGT 16 FIELD REGIMENT NZEME K-FORCE

Graveside at Palmerston Cemetery • 10 May 2012
Celebrant Lynne Greer

One At Rest

Think of me as one at rest for me you should not weep,
I have no pain no troubled thoughts for I am just asleep.
The living thinking me that was, is now forever still.
And life goes on without me as time forever will.

If your heart is heavy now because I've gone away,
Dwell not long upon it friend for none of us can stay.
Those of you who liked me I sincerely thank you all
And those of you who loved me I thank you most of all.

The answer to life's riddle in life I never knew,
I go with hope that now I will and even so will you.
Oh, foolish, foolish me that was, I who was so small,
To have wondered even worried at the mystery of it all.

And in my fleeting lifespan as time went rushing by,
I found some time to hesitate, to laugh, to love, to cry.
Matters it now if time began, if time will ever cease?
I was here, I used it all and now I am at peace.

*They shall grow not old
As we that are left grow old
Age shall not weary them
Nor the years condemn
At the going down of the sun
And in the morning
We will remember them*

Welcome

Eulogy

Tribute

Gary Hatton

General Sharing

An opportunity to share a
memory of Mervyn

Poem

One At Rest

Returned Services Tribute

Maj Rtd. Fred Daniel

Closing Words

Committal