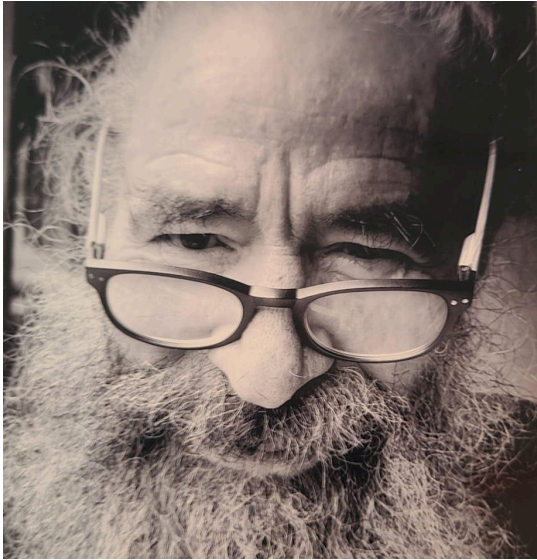



Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.
(from **Hamlet**: Polonius, Act 2 Scene 2)



John Sugata Armstrong

12.04.1955 - 05.06.2025

I can see the history of the human race
It's all right there, it's carved into your face
- My own version of you, Bob Dylan



Please keen over my corpse, only as long
As you hear the vajra bell and drum sound
A warning to the three realms that I have gong
From the earth in glory's blaze, heaven bound

If when you read this line forget about
The hand that drew it; I have loved thee
In such a way that I'd hope you'd let go
Of remembrance that saddens thee.

So, again if you look upon this po
Beyond the day that I've been turned to ash
Recite not my name with a tone low
But burn your love up at pyre bash
Thus smarties who should read your moan
Can't tease you with my name at some grave stone

- by John Sugata Armstrong





'The times they are a changing' by Bob Dylan
(sung by Oliver Moore)

Acknowledgement of Country
Andrew Holborn

Reflections from Family
Ian Armstrong-Orr (Son)
Luke Armstrong (Son)
Imogen Armstrong-Orr (Daughter)
Maggie Shaw (Sister) &
Lachie Shaw (Brother in law)
James Armstrong (Brother)

Invitation to share brief stories of John
(Please be aware that we do have limited time due to our
live stream so save your longer memories to share at the
gathering at the end)

**My Own Version of you by Bob Dylan &
Slideshow**

Guru Yoga Mantra (sung by Purnami) as John
is transported to hearse

Gather over coffee and cake





When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewEEP my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

-Sonnet 29 William Shakespeare