

eulogyai.com.au

Family and friends,

We gather here at Arthur James Riley's resting place with gratitude for a long life well lived,

and with tenderness for the ache that his leaving brings.

Arthur — Art, as he was lovingly known — was born in Newcastle on 30 January 1934.

He passed from us on 10 March 2026, ninety-two years of age,
a span marked not by fuss or fanfare, but by steady, faithful service.

He began as an apprentice electrician, then answered the call of national service with the RAAF in the 1950s.

When his uniform years were done, he returned to the work he respected:
decades maintaining regional power lines, travelling back roads, righting faults,
keeping the lights on.

He became a master of his craft — meticulous, exacting, the one others turned to when it had to be done properly.

In retirement at Port Stephens, he did not put his tools away;
he simply put them to new use — for neighbours, at the local men's shed, and
wherever a quiet fix was needed.

Art was the widower of Margaret, his steadfast companion.

He was father to Susan and Peter, and proud Pop to five grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

He guided them not with speeches, but with example —
integrity shown in small decisions, promises kept, and a calm word when
tempers ran high.

Many of you will miss the same things: his steady counsel, his precise
handiwork,

and that gentle leadership that never needed to raise its voice.

Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.com.au

Those who knew him well will picture him at the Sunday roast,
carving with a kind of ceremony, the knife glinting, the grin beginning,
and then the yarns — country jobs in the summer heat,
a storm rolling in, a pole that wouldn't cooperate,
a young linesman learning to respect the craft and the weather.
There was a wry twinkle in his eye that said, "Yes, it was hard — and yes, it was
worth it."

He found pleasure in simple, well-earned joys:
lawn bowls on a bright afternoon,
the smell of sawdust in the shed,
the satisfaction of getting an old radio humming again,
and adjudicating backyard cricket with the seriousness the game deserves.
He showed that you honour life by paying attention — to the job in your hands,
the people at your table, the place you call home.

Art's circle was wider than family.
A long-time member of the RSL, he honoured mateship not with big gestures,
but with quiet support —
checking in, driving someone to an appointment, ensuring no one was left
behind.
At the men's shed he passed on know-how and patience,
teaching the younger blokes that a straight cut begins with a straight eye,
and that keeping your word is the first tool out of the box.

Today, at the graveside, we stand between memory and hope.
We commend Art with thanks for a life that lit the way for others,
and we take comfort in what endures because of him:
a family knit together by decency and love,
friends who learned reliability at his elbow,
and a community made safer and kinder by his hands.

To Susan and Peter, to the grandchildren and great-grandchildren:

may the stories at Sunday lunch continue,

may the roast be carved with care,

and may the lessons he lived — integrity, service, respect for craft, keep your word —

become the inheritance you carry with quiet pride.

Farewell, Art.

You have run your course as you lived it — steadfast, humble, dependable.

The lights you kept burning in homes and hearts will not go out.

They shine in those gathered here,

and they will guide us on.

This speech was created with eulogyai.com.au. Answer a few questions and generate your own personalised speech now at eulogyai.com.au

Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.com.au