

IN MEMORIAM

TOM CARNEY 1923-2019



It is with profound sadness that we learned that our good friend Tom Carney has passed away on Monday August 5th. He was 95 years old. Tom was an active member of our Wing as its immediate past Vice-President and Chair of the Honours and Awards Committee. He always had an opinion about what the Wing was doing or how he saw it being accomplished, which was appreciated. Tom was a Second World War veteran, who was proud to tell of his involvement during that war, and was to have been our guest speaker in September to talk about the Battle of Britain. His speech will still be given as a tribute to him at that meeting.

Tom was born on December 7, 1923, in Glasgow, Scotland. He served with the Royal Air Force from December 1941 to December 1946. After training as a pilot in Rhodesia (today Zimbabwe), he flew 56 missions on Wellington bombers over Sicily, Italy, and other areas north of the Mediterranean. He later served in Iraq and Persia flying Sunderland flying boats. Tom came to Canada after the war in 1951.

Tom was the cherished husband of the late May (nee Horn), and loving father to Tom and Lorraine. A Funeral Service will be held at Adams Funeral Home, 445 St. Vincent Street, Barrie, on Thursday, August 8, 2019 at 1 p.m., with visitation one hour prior. Memorial donations to Sleeping Children Around the World would be appreciated by the family. Messages of condolence may be forwarded through adamsfuneralhome.ca

We Will Remember Him.



Tom Carney
December 7, 1923 - Glasgow, Scotland
August 5, 2019 - Barrie, Canada

You'll Never Walk Alone

performed by **Gerry and the Pacemakers**
written by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers

When you walk through a storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark

At the end of a storm
There's a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of a lark

Walk on through the wind
Walk on through the rain
Though your dreams be tossed and blown

Walk on, walk on
With hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone

You'll never walk alone

Walk on, walk on
With hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone

You'll never walk alone

What a Wonderful World

performed by **Louis Armstrong**
written by George Weiss and Bob Thiele

I see trees of green, red roses too
I see them bloom for me and you
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world

I see skies of blue and clouds of white
The bright blessed days, the dark sacred night
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world

The colours of the rainbow, so pretty in the sky
Are also on the faces of people going by
I see friends shaking hands, saying: How do you do
They're really saying: I love you

I hear babies cry, I watch them grow
They'll learn much more, than I'll ever know
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world
Yes, I think to myself, what a wonderful world



Thomas "Tom" Carney

Passed away peacefully at home on Monday, August 5, 2019 at the age of 95. Cherished husband of the late May (nee Horn). Loving father to Tom and Lorraine. Sadly missed by his brother Ron (Julia). Uncle to Brenda Edmiston. Also missed by relatives in Canada and Britain. Tom was a member of Barrie Kiwanis Golden K ; 441 (Huron) Wing RCAFA and served in the RAF in WW11. Friends may call at ADAMS FUNERAL HOME (445 St. Vincent Street, Barrie) on Wednesday, August 7 from 7-9 p.m. A Funeral Service will be held in the Chapel on Thursday, August 8, 2019 at 1 o'clock p.m. with visitation one hour prior. Memorial donations to Sleeping Children around the World would be appreciated by the family. Messages of condolence may be forwarded through adamsfuneralhome.ca

High Flight

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunwards I've climbed
and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds - and done a thousand things
You have not dreamed of - Wheeled and soared
and swung High in the sunlit silence.

Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air,
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept
heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle flew--
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of god.

In Loving Memory of



Tom Carney
December 7, 1923 - August 5, 2019

A Man's A Man for A' That - Robert Burns 1795

(performed by Sheena Wellington at the opening of Scottish Parliament, July 1st 1999)

Burns Original Scots Version

Is there for honest Poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that;
The coward slave-we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that.
Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;
A Man's a Man for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that:
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's abon his might,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that;
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that,)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

English Translation

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and all that?
The coward slave, we pass him by -
We dare be poor for all that!
For all that, and all that,
Our toils obscure, and all that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for all that.

What though on homely fare we dine,
Wear rough grey tweed, and all that?
Give fools their silks, and knaves their wine -
A man is a man for all that.
For all that, and all that,
Their tinsel show, and all that,
The honest man, though ever so poor,
Is king of men for all that.

You see that fellow called 'a lord',
Who struts, and stares, and all that?
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He is but a dolt for all that.
For all that, and all that,
His ribboned, star, and all that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at all that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and all that!
But an honest man is above his might -
Good faith, he must not fault that
For all that, and all that,
Their dignities, and all that,
The pith of sense and pride of worth
Are higher rank than all that.

Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for all that)
That Sense and Worth over all the earth
Shall take the prize and all that!
For all that, and all that,
It is coming yet for all that,
That man to man the world over
Shall brothers be for all that.