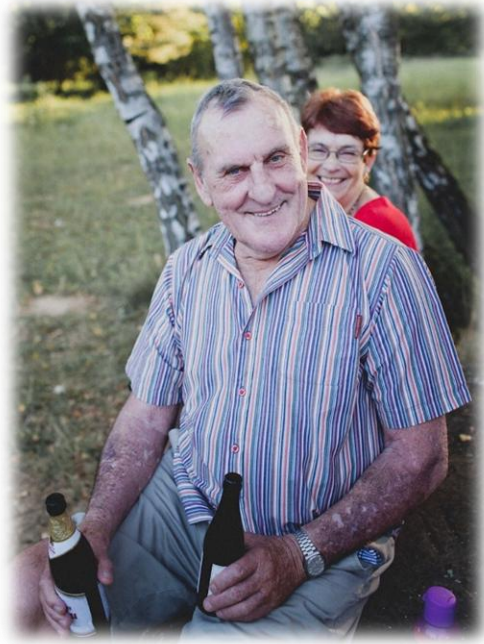


In Loving Memory of
Alan Edward Rentsch

9th February, 1949 – 17th July, 2025



Celebration of Life: 25th July, 2025

Bethlehem Lutheran Church, Tabor

Officiating Minister: Pastor Joshua Pfeiffer

WELCOME AND INVOCATION

P God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ give you grace and peace.

In the name of the Father and of the Son † and of the Holy Spirit.

C Amen.

REMINDER OF BAPTISM

P As we come here in our grief to farewell Alan, St. Paul comforts us with these words:

"Don't you know that all of us who were baptised into Christ Jesus were baptised into his death? We were therefore buried with him through baptism into death, in order that, just as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, we too may live a new life. Since we have been united with him like this in his death, we will certainly also be united with him in his resurrection."

CELEBRATING ALAN'S LIFE

Read by his children Alaister, Meagan, Breanna and Emily

P Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, has destroyed death and brings immortal life through the gospel. Let us remember with thanksgiving what God has done through Alan.

Alan Edward Rentsch - Born 9th February 1949

Dad was the fourth son of Albert and Edna Rentsch, and grew up on the family farm at Malanda. He was a much-loved brother to John (dec), twins Marie and David, Ruth, Marcus and his youngest brother, Peter. Faith was an important part of his life from the beginning — he was baptised, confirmed and worshipped at Tabor throughout his life.

Dad's schooling got off to a colourful start. He began at Burnbrae, though he only lasted a term before the school shut its doors for good — coincidence or not, we'll leave that up to you. He moved on to Gray Street Primary, where he made a name for himself early on by sparking a full-blown police search after hiding behind his Aunt Lily's couch in Hamilton... and falling asleep. His father Albert (embarrassed) was less than impressed which resulted in the enrolment as a day student to Hamilton College.

While attending Hamilton College, it's fair to say he focused mostly on extracurricular activities. Where he finished, what is now known as Year 11. He then took a GAP year, where his dad gave him the prestigious task of hand-cleaning the farm spring drains — this was motivation enough for him to go back to College and repeat the year.

After school, Dad's first big adventure took him on a train ride to Scone, NSW, helping move drought-stricken cattle from Malanda. It wasn't glamorous — sleeping in the guard's van and tending to dying stock — this was an eye-opening experience for 17 year old lad, already tough, resilient, and up for a challenge. This is no surprise then that when it came to his passions, nothing would stop him. On returning home, he had no car and little support for his sports, so he became a regular on the side of the road, thumb out, hitching rides to football training and games in Hamilton.

In classic Dad fashion, when it came time to get his licence, he drove himself (unlicensed) to the police station — only to be told he needed an appointment and a licensed driver with him. He got that sorted the next day, of course.

Love came along in the form of Ann — after Dad's sister Marie married Mum's brother John. Sparks flew when Dad and Mum were seated next to each other at the wedding reception. From there, Dad kept the roads busy between Penshurst and Gatum. When Ann moved to Portland Dad put in the extra miles to keep their love strong. They married in Portland at Scott's Presbyterian Church on 18 September 1971 and honeymooned overseas before returning home to build a life together.

Their early years were spent in the cottage what they fondly called "The Love Shack" at Batesworth. Dad began his farming career alongside his brothers in a partnership called Batanda Pastoral Company. The four of them had each other's backs and worked hand in hand through every farming challenge. Amazingly, this tradition continues with the next generation — a true tribute to the strong family ties that have always been at the heart of the Rentsch legacy.

From here, Dad transformed a bare paddock into a thriving farm and family home — Yalimba. What began as a treeless block grew into a fully functioning farm with a house, sheds, workshop, laneways, fencing, and yabbie dams — all brought to life by Dad's own hands and vision.

Dad took his role as 'farm stud' seriously, and together they raised four sporty and lively kids — Ali, Megs, Bree and Ems — all born in the space of just five years and 363 days.

A forward-thinking and often progressive farmer, Dad wasn't afraid to challenge his brothers or try something new. Over the years, he ran Angus cattle, prime lambs, and even experimented with the (less lucrative) negative gearing of goats — something brother Marcus could certainly relate to!

Dad was deeply committed to his faith and the Tabor church community. He served in many roles — on the Works Board, Finance Committee, and Building of the teachers residence — he even drove the Tabor school bus. Dad played a key role in the difficult decision to close the small Tabor primary school, which then naturally shifted his support toward Good Shepherd College.

Dad was also a proud and active member of the wider community. He played footy for the Penshurst Football Club, winning multiple Premierships. He also threw himself into tennis, rifle shooting, table tennis, and CFA duties. As a golfer, he was well-known for maintaining the Penshurst course — and equally well-known for his famously *straight* drives (allegedly!). When the golf club closed, Dad helped revive the Penshurst Bowls Club, maintaining the grass green and helping install a new synthetic surface. He threw himself into every working bee and committee role and was later awarded Life Membership for his contributions.

Once his wayward son returned back to the farm, Dad and Mum opened up a new era of travel (with the help of some good lamb prices)— and they certainly made the most of it. With one daughter in Adelaide and the other two living overseas, it kick-started a wonderful season of adventure. They visited over 25 countries, reconnecting with family, births, weddings, and collecting countless stories and treasured memories with loved ones along the way.

At heart, Dad was a tinkerer. He loved the “innovations” section at Sheepvention, often scribbling mental notes before heading home to build his own version in the shed. He had a passion for growing and cooking — Sunday lunch was always a paddock-to-plate meal. His veggie patch was legendary, and his grandkids loved following him around, sneaking strawberries or pulling up the perfect carrot. His pickled onions have gone down in our family as some of the best made. One of our favourite images of Dad is him sitting in front of the air-con on a stinker of a summer's day, shelling what felt like a thousand peas. Calm as ever.

Dad was also a passionate Geelong Cats supporter — despite not loving the four-legged version. The family banter was strong when it came to footy results and team wins. And in recent years, Dad surprised everyone by

becoming quite the tech whiz on his phone — often dishing out live updates on the West Coast Eagles women's team.

Dad was a man of few words — but when he spoke, you listened. Not because he was loud, or commanding, but because you knew whatever came out of his mouth would be worth hearing. His stories, his observations, even his quiet little one-liners... they always landed. He didn't need a lot of words to leave an impression. He just had that calm and steady presence. That calmness carried through everything he did — from life on the farm, to wrangling us as rowdy kids, to his famously patient response when things went missing (remember hiding those Suzuki keys Ali?)

Now, puzzles... they were a bit of a love affair for Dad. The harder, the better. Jigsaws, brain teasers, Sudoku — you name it. But he wasn't one to let a simple mistake ruin his fun. He came up with his own permanent Sudoku grid on a whiteboard, so he could wipe off mistakes without starting over. Classic Dad — always solution focused.

And then there was the workshop. His sanctuary. If you ever told Dad something was broken, or couldn't be fixed, he'd quietly disappear out there. No fuss, no announcement. Next thing you know, he'd be back giving that trademark nod and saying, "Huh... fixed it," or "That works better now." Even towards the very end, he was still tinkering. Still finding a way. Modifying the ride-on mower so he could get back outside to his veggie patch. That was Dad to a tee — stubbornly independent, endlessly practical. Thumbs up to Dad.

P We give thanks to God our Father through Jesus Christ our Lord
for our brother Alan.

TREASURED TIMES TOGETHER

LITURGY OF THE WORD

GREETING

P The Lord be with you.

C And also with you.

PRAYER

P Let us pray.

Eternal God, the Father of our Lord Jesus, as you raised your dear Son from the grave, keep us always faithful to him, so that not even death itself will snatch us out of your hand or separate us from your love; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

C **Amen.**

PSALM 23 – *Granddaughter Jessica Rentsch*

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He makes me lie down in green pastures.

He leads me beside still waters. He restores my soul.

He leads me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; you anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

FIRST READING – *Granddaughter Jayde Rentsch*

Romans 8:38-39

For I am sure that neither death nor life, nor angels nor rulers, nor things present nor things to come, nor powers, nor height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

R This is the word of the Lord.

C **Thanks be to God.**

GOSPEL READING

Luke 14:15-24

When one of those who reclined at table with him heard these things, he said to him, “Blessed is everyone who will eat bread in the kingdom of God!” But he said to him, “A man once gave a great banquet and invited many. And at the time for the banquet he sent his servant to say to those who had been invited, ‘Come, for everything is now ready.’ But they all alike began to make excuses. The first said to him, ‘I have bought a field, and I must go out and see it. Please have me excused.’ And another said, ‘I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to examine them. Please have me excused.’ And another said, ‘I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.’ So the servant came and reported these things to his master. Then the master of the house became angry and said to his servant, ‘Go out quickly to the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in the poor and crippled and blind and lame.’ And the servant said, ‘Sir, what you commanded has been done, and still there is room.’ And the master said to the servant, ‘Go out to the highways and hedges and compel people to come in, that my house may be filled. For I tell you, none of those men who were invited shall taste my banquet.’”

P This is the word of the Lord.

C **Thanks be to God.**

SONG In Christ Alone

- 1 In Christ alone, my hope is found
He is my light, my strength, my song
This Cornerstone, this solid ground
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm
What heights of love, what depths of peace
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease
My Comforter, my All in All
Here in the love of Christ I stand.

- 2 In Christ alone, who took on flesh
Fullness of God in helpless babe
This gift of love and righteousness
Scorned by the ones He came to save
'Til on that cross as Jesus died
The wrath of God was satisfied
For every sin on Him was laid
Here in the death of Christ I live, I live.

- 3 There in the ground His body lay
Light of the world by darkness slain
Then bursting forth in glorious Day
Up from the grave He rose again
And as He stands in victory
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me
For I am His and He is mine
Bought with the precious blood of Christ.

- 4 No guilt in life, no fear in death
This is the power of Christ in me
From life's first cry to final breath
Jesus commands my destiny
No power of hell, no scheme of man
Can ever pluck me from His hand
Till He returns or calls me home
Here in the power of Christ I'll stand.

Keith Getty & Stuart Townend (2002-)

WORDS OF COMFORT

APOSTLES' CREED

P In the face of death, let us confess our faith in the one true and living God, in whose name Alan was baptised.

**I believe in God, the Father almighty,
maker of heaven and earth.**

**And in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord,
who was conceived by the Holy Spirit,
born of the Virgin Mary,
suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, dead, and buried.**

He descended into hell.

The third day he rose again from the dead.

**He ascended into heaven,
and sits at the right hand of God, the Father almighty,
from thence he will come to judge the living and the dead.**

**I believe in the Holy Spirit,
the holy Christian church,
the communion of saints,
the forgiveness of sins,
the resurrection of the body,
and the life everlasting. Amen.**

PRAYERS

LORD, HAVE MERCY

P Lord, have mercy.

C Lord, have mercy.

P Christ, have mercy.

C Christ, have mercy.

P Lord, have mercy.

C Lord, have mercy.

P Let us pray.

Eternal God, heavenly Father: You have promised to take care of us until we are old and our hair is grey; you have made us and have promised to save us. We thank you that you have taken care of Alan throughout his life: You have brought him to an old age and have let him enjoy the fruit of his work; you have helped him in his need and sustained him in all his troubles. Help us to remember how short our life is and how soon we are gone. Give us time to reflect on your kindness and to drink deeply from the spring of eternal life in Christ Jesus. Grant that we may die in peace and receive the crown of eternal glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

C Amen.

LORD'S PRAYER

**Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your name,
your Kingdom come,
your will be done,
on earth as in heaven.**

Give us today our daily bread.

Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us.

Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

**For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours now
and forever. Amen.**

A FARMER'S FAREWELL *by daughter Meagan Broadbridge*

BLESSING

P The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with you all. Amen.

SONG – CHRISTMAS BLESSING

May the feet of God walk with you,
and his hand hold you tight.
May the eye of God rest on you,
and his ear hear your cry.
May the smile of God be for you,
and his breath give you life.
May the Child of God grow in you,
and his love bring you home.

Aubrey Podlich 1946- (1983)



The Rentsch family would like to sincerely thank you all for your kind thoughts, prayers, and support during this time. Your presence here today is a true comfort and a reflection of the love and respect so many held for Alan. We warmly invite you to join us in the Tabor Hall after the service for a light luncheon — to share a meal, tell stories, and remember the wonderful man Alan was, with all the laughter and love he brought into our lives.

Ann (Grannie Annie), Alaister and Nicole Jayde, Duncan and Brooke, Jessica and Cooper Rentsch; Meagan, partner Duane and Nicholas Broadbridge; Breanna and Thomas, Jack and Mathilda Fuchslocher; Emily and Hardi, Lani and Elsie Fichardt.

John (dec) and Annette, Marie and John (dec), David and Leonie (dec), Ruth, Marcus and Val, Peter and Annette Rentsch
Lloyd (dec) and Ethel (dec), Elsie and Ted (dec), Max and Doreen (dec), Ivan (dec) and Netta and Colin and Helen Rees.

Forever in our hearts ❤️

With Grateful Hearts

We would like to extend our deepest thanks to the dedicated ICU staff, nurses, and doctors at Hamilton WDHS. Their compassionate care, tireless support, and gentle presence during Alan's time in hospital meant more than words can express. They treated him with dignity and kindness, and supported our family with grace through incredibly difficult days.

