

You weren't just my Grandad, We were best mates
You had a laugh that would radiate
But now you're approaching those pearly gates
Your voice still guides me to keep me straight

You were a polite man who hardly eff'd
My heart feels empty it feels like theft
I hear you checking if I'm alright it's not fell deft
But I'm not alright....I'm half left



Daddy a poem by Tracey

In 1939, our Dad had arrived,
And Ethel and Frank raised a total of 5.
He grew up in Shefford, and cherished his days as brother to
Frank, Arthur, Dennis and Ray.

He sacrificed everything for Sam and me, He made us the people
we turned out to be. He gave us all that we wanted or needed, As a
single parent, he more than succeeded.

He'd drive his lorry - the longest of days, then come home to us in
the garden to play. He'd earned a rest, but decided instead
To lift us and swing us up over his head,

He loved playing tennis, a fan of cards too, Uncle Ray, I know he
loved golfing with you. He taught me to drive, he showed us the
way, we felt so much love and respect every day.

If somebody needed a bed for the night,
Or something to eat to see you just right,
My Dad would always help someone out, He would be there,
without any doubt.

He hurt his leg while out golfing one day, So much he decided
that he couldn't stay... He never wanted a great deal of fuss,
So he drove himself back home to us...

I saw him and said: "You're in a bad way! Let's phone you an
ambulance for an x-ray..." And so it turned out that he'd driven
home, With nothing less than a broken leg bone!

Another time, he tripped and fell,
And he had my dog Yoda with him as well...
He finds a house and chaps the door, and suddenly his trousers
fell to the floor

His spell as great grandad begins, With the arrival of the king
twins!

He saw them as one of life's rewards, Bobby and Bonnie were
just so adored.

Dementia brought a lot of pain,
But through it all, his spirit remained... Illness didn't diminish
his soul,
And making us laugh remained his goal...



One such time, we were told:
“I’m the land speed record holder!
80,000 miles an hour!”
Humour remaining Dad’s superpower.

He was the King (or that’s what he thought), And he was
convinced that we’d just forgot... He’d wait on taxis to
airports and say,
“I’m heading back home to Australia today!”
Cars were a favourite, but he was a danger:
He’d try getting in some belonging to strangers...
He wouldn’t notice alarms blaring loud,
He was oblivious, on his own cloud.

He loved the adventures planned with Louise, Who brought
to our lives such joy and ease.
I know that he loved seeing all of the sights,
The garden centres and the Christmas lights.

Sam and I sat by his bed,
We held his hands, he looked and said: “We love each other,
and I hope you see, That’s the only thing that matters to
me.”

I’d always say “I love you lots,
Even more than jelly tots.”
Dad is our hero, someone we adored, We’ll love him
forever, and then a bit more.



