



Andrew Duff Cowan

11th April 1932- 24th April 2024

The Friends Meeting House, Rugby
Saturday 20th July 2pm

ORDER OF SERVICE

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

succeeded by a quiet reflection

CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOMED BY ALL

with a brief silence between insights

CLOSING QUIET

followed by informal sharing over tea and coffee

Andrew Cowan

Andrew was a one-off much loved Father and Grandfather. He died at the age of 92 after a life lived to the brim.

Always interested and interesting, Andrew kept an enquiring mind, a boundless sense of adventure and a wicked sense of humour until his final days.

He was a fiercely independent individual who had a multitude of strings to his bow; he loved travel, cats, photography, poetry, books, figuring out how things work, art, gardening, food - especially sweet treats, the occasional tittle and people!

He hated injustice and cruelty, Andrew was active in the community and made a lasting impact on those around him.

He will be greatly missed and fondly remembered for the twinkle in his eye and the depth of his soul.

Riding the wave

Plash, plash, strike out with the wind-lively belly board,
To shin swishing, to thigh sweeping, to waist swerving, to base hollow of
The bottle green, back sunlit, spume crested, curling lens
To the seabed with tween dwellers, fish and weed.
Wait, wait to catch the best
As it combs over
Feel racking muscle pull, be like elastic stretched;
Figurehead the churning front along this rushing ride.
When things are slowing down, nearing the shoreline,
Other fronts lift you in, hissy at shoulder.
When toes drag on the sand
Then its stand up again;
Plash; plash; to meet other
Waves to ride in on - - -
As with our Midland, stacked poems of Thursday

Andrew 13-03-13



