

Memories Of Him

The birds sing out, loud and clear,
Breaking the fresh morning air,
but with no cheer.

As he silently sleeps,
not a muscle moving,
We begin to face parting,
and losing.

For he did love,
and was loved by
everyone who knew him.
Though now
they sigh,

As he has gone,
we must not forget
he would want us to
enjoy life yet.

As he was a happy person,
who could take a joke,
But still not laugh at serious matters
of which we spoke.

Now, as we sit to listen and watch,
we just stare.
Here there is no joyous, happy air.

Just rows of familiar faces,
quietly weeping,
With memories of him,
that will always be in safe keeping.

Written by Alice Chapman, age 13, on 26th June 1999, when she was preparing for the death of her much loved Grandfather, who had cancer of the liver.