

MARY BARNES

Who could believe that a 12-year-old evacuee from London, who was only coming for two weeks and stayed 60 years, could touch the hearts of so many people in the Wychwoods. My brother and sisters were so overwhelmed with the touching messages sent when Mum died last September, and the generous donations given in her memory that when I came across the following poem I thought it would be nice to share it with you all.

It was written by Pat Shelley who lived in Shipton and worked at the shop with Mum, and who now resides in Yorkshire.

Doreen Barnes.

Ode to Mary

Mary, Mary, down at the shop
If she wasn't there.
Would it wind down and stop?
She keeps us in check
With a friendly hand,
We are all on our toes
At her command.

A lady told me Mary stepped off a train,
And never went back to London again.
She married a man who worked
On the farm,
Raising a family and
Keeping them from harm.

With her ready smile
And her menu plan,
She will brighten your day,
As only she can.
She is always calm (well nearly always)
Always a lady
Even when dealing
With dear Major Brady.

Pat Shelley Sept. 1987.