

A Poem To Bob Bradley

Thank you, Dad, for a lovely life
With my brother and sister and Mother (your wife)
And, yes, I'd like to do it all again.

Your guidance through life could hardly be heard
Action and example spoke louder than words
And, yes, I'd like to follow you again.

Cars, mountains, music, books and gardens
The Baptist Church, committees, family and friends
Never failing to find time for each – again and again.

Relaxed, unperturbed, content and serene
No malice, no temper or anger were seen
Strength of character, knowledge, trust, faith – again and again.

The thrill of the challenge, the challenge of the thrill
Mountains and motorsport – the thirst was there still
And, yes, I'd go there with you all over again.

You gave us our freedom right from the start
And in doing so bound us close to your heart
What ever we did we could come back again and again.

Never standing in judgement when a wrong choice was made
You were equally quiet, when I hope we displayed
Something to make you proud every now and again.

With your grandchild in the garden – all the seeds that you sow
Quiet love teaching her, helping her grow
And we'll tell her about you again and again and again.

The glorious racetrack
Your glorious car
Your heart would be racing whilst there at the start
Then you took your last challenge on Cornbury Hill
And you raced.....

And then your heart was still
And I wish that I could start it beating again.

Now on your last journey to meet your Lord
Where a man of few words but a man of his word
Will be waiting to see us, sometime in the future again.