
Memories Are Made Of This - Continuing Our Poem Series

Some Thoughts For Her Father on his 70th Birthday By Charlotte Redman

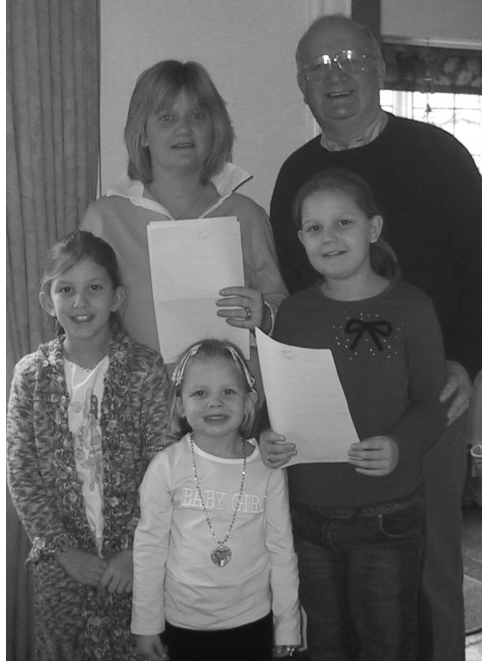
Performed on 27 January 2005 by Charlotte and her daughter, Jenny (aged 10).
Charlotte's words are in normal type, Jenny's in italics

'My father has
now reached
seventy.
An achievement
we all might think,
But really it has
no mystery:
He's pickled his
body with drink.

As a Dad now
what can I tell
you?
My childhood was
happy and bright.
I remember on
walks around
Woodstock
Decimals and
fractions I had to
recite.

And what sort of
husband for my
Mum?
They're both sociable and really do
suit...
Until she caught him just the other day
Rubbing Vick where he used to rub Brut.

As a father-in-law they are old friends,
Stayed together in an old squaddie bunk
So I asked Gareth why and he answered
I think it's because we were always
drunk.



Charlotte and Peter with L-R
Milly, Grace and Jenny

*As a Grandad
he's honestly
perfect
and helps us with
homework and
more.
We are even
allowed on his
computer
If we can get
through his messy
office door.*

He's been
through times that
were honestly
awful
That could drive
any man round
the bend.
I can't do this
without
mentioning
David....

Raise your glass to a dear absent friend.

My dad's very proud, I must tell you,
But my Mother, I'm afraid, not so keen.
He recently ventured with an invite for
ONE
To Buck House for tea with the Queen.

He's most welcoming, sociable, and
generous,
Quite the most wonderful host
But sadly he's not great at everything...
He's a real disaster with toast!

*He took me for a day out to Oxford
To museum, to exercise my brain.
I couldn't tell him but I'll tell you
The best bits were lunch and the train!*

*One Christmas Eve he went out with
Milly
To Kaufland, which was our local store.
She conned him into buying her a
present.
Mummy said, "We can't trust them any
more".*

It was love at first sight down in Ruan.
To a lady he devotes all his time.
He spoils her, strokes her and rubs her.
Now Ermintrude's running quite fine.

To some he is known as 'Professor',
One of the academics of our land.
When he was told we're sending you to
Coventry
The poor dear didn't quite understand!

Travelling has been a real passion.
He would visit us abroad and we'd hear
"You do live in a beautiful place.
I think I'll buy property here".

He's an artist....I know what you're
thinking.

He has lessons and even takes notes.
He may not be a Monet or Picasso
But he does do a great line in boats!

*Now, here's where our poem is over.
We thank you but just have to say
We love you and wish you all the best
On this, your seventieth birthday'.*

For Jack Wilkinson- A Very Special Gramps

'My Grampy Jack,
Could fix anything, just had the knack.
He drank Newcastle Brown,
Taw Law was his hometown.
He loved to act,
I can tell you that for a fact. He collected all kinds,
All manner of designs.
He loved to write rhymes,
About his past times.
He was a wonderful man,
I am his number one fan!'
Laura Wilkinson

Editor: *On Page 53 we sadly report the death of Jack Wilkinson.*

Jack was a much loved character; many of our readers will have their own memories of him and he will be greatly missed by many of us. We are delighted to include Laura's vibrant tribute to her grandpa and would welcome our reader's poems of all kinds.