



Inspired by 'Irene knitting in an easy chair' by Rowland Wheelwright

Repeating the Pattern

It was a tricky pattern, she'd made it once before
It called for concentration, it wasn't just a chore
She was knitting for her daughter, an angel and a trial
She had her father's curly hair, she had her father's smile

He was on a convoy upon the open sea
Protecting merchant shipping from U boat treachery
She never knew just where he was, when he'd be home to stay
To get to know his little girl who changed from day to day

She listened to the radio, she listened to the news
Many convoy ships were lost, many convoy crews
She cared for little Lucy, she had a busy life
She was a happy mother, she was a worried wife

There was a patch of garden where she did her best to grow
Some lettuce and some strawberries, for Lucy loved them so
She wrapped her little fingers around the ripening crop
Enjoyed their scarlet sweetness and didn't want to stop

So Lucy lived in innocence of her father's life
He sailed the wild Atlantic in this time of strife
To keep the watch in raging seas, in daylight or at night
To pray for their safe passage to reach the harbour light

Summer turned to winter and on a chilly day
Irene sat beside the fire listening to a play
Then a knock came at the door, a telegram arrived
His ship was lost, there was no hope and no-one had survived.

For Irene talk of victory was hollow, there was none
But Lucy made her smile sometimes, her life had just begun
Irene made sure that Lucy learned about her sailor Dad
All the brave things he had done, the qualities he had.

Loss turned to acceptance as the years went by
But Lucy grew and flourished beneath the post war sky
She thought about a nursing life but then she thought again
She couldn't join the Navy so she became a WRN
To see her in her uniform filled Irene's heart with pride
That curly hair, that twinkling smile still standing by her side.