

Gwen's Poem

My Dearest Gran,

I look back on our memories with fondness and gratitude,

I think of your presence on a sunny skied afternoon,

Surrounded by loving family,

While the barbecue glows,

I think of your warm magic at Christmas, with ivy and robins running up the stairs,
while the apple trees are bare and your favourite pond has froze,

I think of your welcome on a spring morning as I walk through a garden rich and in
colour and life,

While bees dance and a gentle breeze blows, in a rose garden so composed,

I think of apples picked and bottled with your name, and

your smile as you pour a glass of your

garden to guests; the sweet flavours of the Old Rectory in every dose,

I think of your laughter at afternoon tea with friendships so close, accompanied
with a slither of lemon drizzle cake and Earl Grey tea,

I think of stories from your youth when longing for inspiration on a not so inspiring
day,

and your footsteps racing up me stairs to wake me on a morning so sleepy

"Yoo, hoo, Gwen..., you'd say,

The night has gone away and so the day will be as it may and as it must,

But my dearest Gran, what will forever remain, Is the irreplaceable time we have
shared together and the lessons you have taught me about womanhood, so as

the firewood warms me in the Old Rectory's Library this eve, I shall grieve,

For I am so lucky to have received the presence of your being.