

## Ode to Mrs C.

What can we say about Mrs. C  
That hasn't already been said,  
Well, you have to be wary, when she's looking for help  
Especially if you're easily led!  
You see she has this clever gift  
When starting a task that she held dear  
She'll mention it briefly, then you'll find  
You'd become an unwilling volunteer!

What else can we say about Mrs C,  
Well if you've a birthday that will shortly be due  
You can guarantee she'll search high and low  
To find a card chosen especially for you  
For Mrs C the card must be right  
So by the time she's finished her search  
She'll have found you a card, that could be quite rude  
And one that you can't take to church!

What else can we say about Mrs C,  
Well she once planned a camp most complex  
For when she was asked, she readily agreed  
To make it a camp of mixed sex;  
But when a boy was in a girl's tent  
She attacked his bum with a baton  
Not sure how she'd square that in later life  
With her no-nonsense safeguarding hat on!

What else can we say about Mrs. C  
She was wife, mom, and grandma as well  
She loved to work in her garden  
Where her model sheep flock would all dwell  
She slept with the windows wide open  
Even in winter she wouldn't relent  
And I think if she was given the option  
She would have happily lived in a tent

She named their house as "neverin"  
And in case you've any doubt  
An alternative name they could have used was  
"Don't bother knocking - we're out!"  
She once owned a mini traveller  
And without worry or fuss  
She'd happily carry 10 or 12 because  
She thought it was a mini bus!

She had what was called Grandma's Garage  
Where the guide equipment was kept  
But when it came to erecting her tent  
She was really not very adept!  
The problem was really quite obvious,  
She was vertically challenged of course,  
But when acting as guide camp captain,  
She was an invincible force.

She enjoyed watching cricket and rugby as well  
And in helping others she was tireless  
But you couldn't ring her up at 7 at night  
Because the Archers would be on the wireless!  
Then her faith and church were important to her,  
And she always sang with the choir  
She ran Barnabas and Carers group as well  
And never once thought to retire!

And we shouldn't forget the Basement Project  
As Mrs C was a founder member  
And she still wanted to support it, even when  
She lay so poorly in bed in November;  
She wanted to do whatever she could,  
So she asks us to all be quite rash,  
So get out your purses and wallets as well,  
And give the Basement all of your cash!

And as she approached the end of her days,  
She prepared to meet her God,  
But said, "I'm not going 'til Christmas is done"  
And then said something really quite odd:  
She said when she gets to Heaven's gates  
(And this won't surprise you if you know her)  
She said she has lots of questions to ask  
Not of God but of Mrs Noah!

Then she gave me this one last challenge,  
Whilst she lay, so poorly, in bed  
"I want you to write me a poem,  
To be used at my service," she said  
So I've completed her one last challenge  
And now, from everyone here – and me  
I'll finish with one final comment  
For you love, dedication and friendship - "Thank you Mrs. C"