

A Tribute to Great Uncle Rick, written and read by Natasha

*Our Great Uncle Rick
Has been there always
Through birthdays and winters
And nearly every Christmas Day*

*He would always arrive early,
Sometimes even before us,
We would kiss and hug and tease him,
He pretended to hate the fuss.*

*Across the threshold he would step,
With his trusty green bag of shopping,
Containing his slippers,
And something for pudding.*

*"I've brought After Eights!" He would cry,
"Oh, thank goodness!" We'd then say,
"If you had turned up without them,
We might have turned you away!"*

*Our great Uncle Rick,
Bore our relentless jokes,
It's his dry wit and smile,
That we will miss the most.*

*He would bring along his laptop,
Wrapped in a duvet cover.
Or his new mobile phone,
Which was causing a bother.*

*"Help me darlings, please,
They're broken for sure.
I've haven't used them at all,
Since I was here before."*

*Our Great Uncle Rick,
A true technophobe,
He could just about manage
To answer his home phone.*

*He hated charades,
We might threaten to play.
He'd ignore us and eat up,
Putting his food away.*

*Although he'd never eat parsnips,
He'd otherwise clear his plate
We knew that Rick had hollow legs,
Especially when it came to cake.*

*He had more pairs of trainers,
Than any man should own,
Always well-worn and faded,
But never to be thrown.*

*Our great Uncle Rick,
A lover of sport,
And always up-to-date,
With the latest cricket score.*

*He loved Bournemouth Cherries,
(Well, someone has to,)
But it was orienteering,
To which his heart was true.*

*To your Boxing Day Canter,
We would go many a year,
Always so proud of our great uncle,
Running round in his tatty gear.*

*"A fine navigator,"
We have heard people say
Thrashing around in a forest,
His ideal way to spend a day.*

*But for now let's share,
Our favourite memory of the past,
From Christmas 2019,
Covid ensured it was our last.*

*For his Christmas present,
We bought him waterproof socks,
"How do these work?"
He asked, as he opened the box.*

*"Well dear Rick,
We had better find out,
We don't want you caught short,
When you're out and about."*

*In front of our great uncle,
We placed a bowl on the floor,
He looked at us aghast,
"Stand in there, are you sure?!"*

*"You're having me on,
This is another of your jokes!"
"Would we ever do that?"
We wheedled and coaxed.*

*He rolled up his trousers,
And slipped on the socks,
Worried that he was in,
For a soggy shock.*

*Well, the socks kept him dry,
And the water was not too cold,
And our great uncle stood laughing,
Ankle deep in our washing up bowl.*

*Our great uncle Rick,
A man with a heart of gold,
We'll miss you so much,
Your honest and kind soul.*



