

A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS

There is a warmth within these bare hills
That seems to repel all winter's chills
Not the heat of the brazier's brilliant flare
Or the sun with its harsh, abrasive glare.

It's a warmth that transcends all glowing coals
Its fount is in Port Isaac folks' souls
Unquenchable flames on a cold winter's day
Pierced the heart of a stranger who came to stay.

A stranger who forsook the streets of locked doors
Found men with free hearts by the ocean's grey shores
Hearts that were open, kindness without end
Hands that reached out, and said 'Welcome friend'.

Mine was the hand that you shook long ago
A lifetime of friends in a few years or so
May the good Lord repay you, for the kindness you've shown
God bless you, for calling me one of your own.

Eric Stokes

taken from Port Isaac - Harbour of Love, published 1994