

A TRUE STORY

It started off, just an ordinary day,
A hospital run, I think it was May.
A charming dear lady, 80 summers or more,
Was ready to go, as I stopped at her door.

Trelights to Bodmin, we chatted awhile,
'I can tell your'e not Cornish', she said with a smile.
I had to admit it, I said 'Sadly, no,
I'm from South London, near Croydon you know'.

'Do you remember your teachers?' she said.
I named quite a few, including the head.
'You've made me so happy' she said.
'You see, One of the names you mentioned was me'.

In the capital's streets, far off to the east,
Sixty-five years ago, at the least,
A fledgling teacher, gentle and kind,
Lit the spark to learn, in a young boy's mind.

We talked of old times, of the year '28
Reunited again by the long arm of fate.
Bless you dear lady, may God light your way,
I owe you a debt I can never repay.

Eric Stokes