

Mark Townsend

'Bon voyage' Mark, I knew you so well
Breasting the waves in your boat 'Ju-el'
A man of few words, but those few were sincere
Go to your God, leave your memories here.

Eric Stokes

Trio

A Christmas Thought
in memory of Peter Savage

It was always about this time of year
He'd wish us all Christmas Cheer
In his denim suit and tortured frame
He'd have a grin and never complain.

His Savage name belied the part
He was a gentle man at heart.
A braver man you'd never meet
You made my life much richer, Pete.

We strewed your ashes on the fields above
Between the sea and the village you loved
Blown by the wild Atlantic shore
You will be among us, ever more.

Eric Stokes

Trio, December 2005

Spike

in memory

You smiled as if life didn't matter
You laughed at an old man's idle chatter
Too busy to think of pain and sorrow
Sadly for you, there is no tomorrow.
You touched my life so briefly and yet
I'm left with a memory I shall never forget.
God bless you son, I hope and pray
We'll meet and laugh again some day.

Eric Stokes

Song for Spike

from a friend

Although you're no longer with us
You never really left.
Your smile is still reflected
Back to us from the sun,
And the memories of you
Held closest to our hearts
Ride forever on its back
Whilst it tracks its endless journey
Through the heavens every day.
But when the sun is hidden
In the cold grey of the morning
The sky cries tears of ice
For a friend who left too soon.
If we go to the beach
When we want to be alone,
We can listen to the sea
Whispering your name
As it nudges up the shingle
And joins us in our grief.
But it is in the still of night
When we know that you're not gone
When we can look up to the sky
And see you shining with the stars.
Goodbye by friend, and Thank You.

Pam (Sweet)

A tribute

So much courage, so much grit
We all wish we had half of it
Always cheerful, never complained
The sun was shining when it rained.

Ever making, creating things
Whatever she did her fingers had wings
Fingers so painful, fingers so raw
Yet she'd finish the job and be ready for more.

Problems she'd solve, whether yours or her own
"Come in for a coffee' and cheered you'd go home
A lady of few words yet she'd say it all
Five minutes with Pam and you'd go out walking tall.

A true friend who would listen and help you through life
Her strength and compassion made her such a good wife
Dear John we are with you as you carry on
Following Pam as she was so strong.

She'll always be with us to help us say
"Come on, don't despair, just do it this way.'

Betty 'Shoebox' Shenton

Trio, No: 220, May 2002

Mary (Jones)

In memorium

For thirty years I knew her as a friend,
(not nearly long enough, as things turned out)
so pretty, warm and gifted, full of talent.

At first she taught, away in distant London,
then homewards to Port Isaac, here to follow
a dry-land version of her family's trade,
selling – with Dennis – cooked fishy delights,
fresh crabs and lobsters for our pleasure.

And when at last she retired, the loving couple
would promenade the village arm-in-arm
regular and welcome like the morning light.

She's left us far too soon – but there's a legacy,
late-gained, hard-won, her paintings and her pastels,
(two hanging proudly on my London walls)
a living memory of Mary Jones,
staying with us for the whole of our lives.

Graham Tayar
Port Isaac, 15/03/2002

Trio, No: 219, April 2002

Blues for Robin Penna

a farewell sonnet

I met him first near forty years ago,
playing pub jazz piano, putting on a show.

His style was Morton, 'Jelly Roll no less!'
My recognition pleased him, he confessed.

Clerk to the Parish, editor of Trio,
he walked the footpaths, filled his roles con brio.

He gave much to the village, in work and leisure;
his printing and his drawing were useful pleasures.

Home cooking was left to Fred, that was the deal,
though if pressed, Robin could rustle up a meal.

Each time I came, I'd ask him,
"Well, what's new?"
Robin would know: he'd hold his world in view.

I'll miss him, now he's gone across at last
to join his favourite jazzmen of the past.

Graham Tayar, 27/05/09

Trio, No:297, June 2009

Passing

In memory of Mark Provis

One that sun-drenched day.
the whole of this village
- packed in church and in pub –
was bonded in loss,
in grief for his passing,
and joy for his life,

remembering too
that for each one of us,
last things come to pass
too quickly, too soon.

Rites and songs give some comfort
yet the love that all showed for him

was a real truth; proof
of a life well-lived,
all his roles fully played,
till that other blind butcher *
cut him down in his prime.

Let his memory live on.

- *from 'Didn't he ramble' – New Orleans jazz funeral lyric*

Graham Tayar
Port Isaac, July 2000

Trio, No: 201, August 2000

