

## **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*