

PRAAYER FOR THE WEEK

Monday 18th May
2020

by Louise



This is the poem Louise read at her grandfather's funeral a fortnight ago. I think it reads like a prayerful thanksgiving for two wonderful grandparents, Mr and Mrs Jim and Jean Collins, lifelong members of AFC and I'm delighted that Louise has agreed to its publication on our website. *Ian Green*

I can hear my name

“Jim...”

“You're leaning again”

I always enjoyed my food so much I wouldn't sit-up straight

“Jim...”

“It's time you went and did the Church Christmas Tree”

I did it every year, and always got one for the family home too

“Jim...”

“Can you make us a kitchen, some shelves, and a patio?”

I was very good at making things, and they lasted too

“Jim...”

“Don't we need some more David Austin Roses?”

You can never have too many David Austin Roses

“Jim...”

“You’ve got food around your mouth”
Yes, yes, I know

“Jim....”

“You’ve fallen asleep again”
Ahhh, I was just resting my eyes

“Jim....”

“He can’t hear me”
Sometimes I could, I just liked to have a bit of fun

“Jim....”

“You’re beeping again”
My hearing aids were always doing that

“Jim....”

“You’ll be late for choir practice”
I took great joy in being part of the Free Church choir

“Jim....”

“My Women’s Own ladies are waiting”
I’d regularly drive the church bus or my car to ensure members could get to the
Women’s Own meeting

“Jim....”

“Isn’t it time we cleared that front bedroom?”
My railway collection was my pride and joy

“Jim, I’ve been waiting for you for 2 years, come on”
I think she really means it this time, I better go now...

“I’m coming dear”