

So now it's my turn to say a few words
A short little ode to Dad in rhyme
To highlight some of his key traits
Before we toast him with beer and wine.

We have shared so many memories
Since Dad passed away
A man who impacted on so many
And whose life we celebrate today.

He was a Top Pop, a good bloke, a gentleman
A bit of a legend it would seem
Having received many tributes from days gone by
Of which most of us could only dream.

We've respected his wishes for an informal do
In a T shirt and shorts he is dressed
With his favourite well-worn sweatshirt laid by him
And with our casual attire he would be impressed!

A sportsman who excelled in gymnastics
His body, a bronzed muscular creation
At my 18th he did a headstand in fish-net stockings and pants
It left nothing to the imagination!

His passion for outdoor pursuits was infectious
With visits in the UK and abroad
But he was not always as tough as he made out
In those areas that he explored!

For someone who climbed peaks and along narrow ridges
You would think he had led with gusto
But he often had to put on a brace face
As he initially suffered from vertigo!

On one ski trip he was stuck up a mountain
'Frozen with ze fright' the Instructor told Mum
Who had been waiting patiently at the bottom of the piste
And finally saw him slide down on his bum!

As a true sun worshipper, he would always cross the street
To avoid having to walk in the shade
We ridiculed him at the time, of course
But now find it's us with this trait!
Numerous camping holidays were taken abroad
Usually to places which were beautifully warm
Muscles bulging, deep tan, beer or wine in hand
And skin-tight Speedos were the norm!

Always a fan of travelling light
To us all he would frequently rant
For a three-week holiday he could not comprehend
Why we packed more than two pairs of pants!

When sunbathing he would collect his sweat
In his belly button; then with precise motion
He would slurp it all out and rub it all over him
Telling us he tanned better with sweat than with lotion!

Also on holiday, we loved a game of cards
One of our favourites was 'Chase the Lady'
And he never tired of his regular game
Of peeing by us when in the sea!

He always looked after his pennies
'Tight' some of us may even have thought!
But negotiating the best deals was a real strength of his
A shrewd bargain he always bought.

His extreme views frustrated and wound us all up
With us he could be an opinionated sod!
His grandchildren, too, who all loved Pop dearly
Often also found these views odd!

At times the views of the cantankerous old git
Made us angry and really squirm
But what was also highly amusing
Was when his views took a huge U-turn!

But out of the home he was a gentle old soul
A nicer gentleman you could not wish to meet
A real charmer to all the ladies
With a truly cheeky streak!

He loved his golf, his gardening, his sport
Though Arsenal bored him at the end
His grandchildren gave him so much pleasure
As did his banter with his friends.
He was never able to find his car keys
Having left them in many a random place
And each car has been a sanctuary for him
A right mess with no seating space!

He tried his best to keep up with technology
And made sure he had the latest mod-cons
Ebay and emailing he could just about do
Anything else – he could not even turn on!

His aches and pains really got to him
Having been so fit, of this he took a dim view
He shared his ailments with everybody
Including him not being able to poo!

He doted on Mum – no wonder, she's great!
For over 55 years
She cared for him superbly up til the end
Literally through blood, sweat and tears.

No more will we see that twinkle in his eye
Hear about the great Frank Sinatra & John Wayne
And whilst we are saddened by his speedy passing
At least there is no more pain.

And so I come to the end of my ode about Dad
Whose glass tended to be half-empty
This was a shame as it is clear to us all
That great memories – wow...there are plenty.