

**Memorial Meal**

On Friday 19<sup>th</sup> May the Men's Group held a memorial Curry and Beer evening in the Church rooms to celebrate the life of Don Mackenzie. The one requirement was that all attending should contribute a comic poem, song or joke. Such a good time was had by all that we thought you would like to share some of the gifts that people brought to remember Don.

***The first was written and read by Thomas Frankland at Don's memorial service.***

I want to share with everyone about my Grandad.  
There are too many things to say about Grandad but here are a few:  
Everyone has always said I am like Grandad:  
I don't like gravy  
I like to wear a vest  
I don't like having sandy feet or swimming in cold sea water I am always wondering off  
And I have selective hearing

When I think of My Grandad I think of:  
Him comforting me when I needed it.  
Saving me cardboard boxes to shoot with arrows or to store warhammer in.  
Helping me to set up rows of soldiers on the floor, but after playing he couldn't get up.  
I loved going to stay in the caravan in Goudhurst since I was tiny and playing on the site.  
When I go round to see them he asks me to sort out his e-mails.  
He was often fell asleep and snored.  
When I was ill he came round.  
Helping Grandma do things.  
He always ate up left over puddings.  
Sitting with me in my room after school listening to me play the drums.  
Taking me to the Koi fish shop and letting the fish nibble our fingers.  
Working in the garden with him.  
Playing Cricket and catch.  
This is how I remember him.

***This contribution from the Vicar is to be sung to the tune of "Wild Rover"***

Well, I've been to the men's group for many a year  
And I've spent all me money on curry and beer  
I don't mind the candles but me muscles just quake  
At the thought of the tables for the summer fete

And it's no nay never. No nay never no more  
Will I go to the men's group, no never no more

We have a few outings both now and again  
Oh how we all love watching footie in the rain  
But ask all our wives where we are; they'll just nod  
And say the men of the Church have all gone to the dogs

Well, Paul is our leader, he's welt organised  
He bashes out emails and lots more besides