

So much to tell by Sidney Schuman

So much to tell

We were best friends.
We did what best friends do.
Smiled at each other every day
Knowing how lucky we were.

So much to tell

She was a great problem-solver.
“Problem?” she’d eagerly ask.
The next thing you knew she’d
Got you unstuck and moved your life on.

So much to tell

She rode her bike to Jessop School
Six miles from Catford over Horniman Hill.
One day she got a puncture.
It was raining, she found the hole in a puddle
Mended the puncture and rode on.

So much to tell

Ask about her teaching life
And you’d get the story
Of the little boy in reception
When asked his father's name, said
"He's just some old workman".

So much to tell

Cycling on Sundays with the club
Was a choreographed delight.
Julie arrived and came with us
First in a seat and then on a tandem
Repeated eight years later for Ruby.

So much to tell

First holiday in Coverack
She overheard a conversation.
“We come for the children.”
“Been here 17 years running”,
She thought this hilarious, but then
We bested it by nearly ten years.

So much to tell

In the kitchen a fast worker
“Don’t get in my way” she’d cry
Then pretend I had,
Turning it into a game we liked to play.

So much to tell

But I'll simply say
Mary Ireland was a lot of fun.
I'm still smiling at her, and
She's still smiling at us.