

A Christmas Thought
in memory of Peter Savage

It was always about this time of year
He'd wish us all Christmas Cheer
In his denim suit and tortured frame
He'd have a grin and never complain.

His Savage name belied the part
He was a gentle man at heart.
A braver man you'd never meet
You made my life much richer, Pete.

We strewed your ashes on the fields above
Between the sea and the village you loved
Blown by the wild Atlantic shore
You will be among us, ever more.

Eric Stokes