

Iris

**Her face lit up as we walked in the room
Back into her life to brighten up the gloom - of daily strife
Pain forgotten, delighting in distraction
A chance to ignore the day by day inaction - and talk of life
Of all the things from before she was missing
Being stuck inside that place, life dismissing, - dreary and bleak
Lost independence forgotten for a while
“Hello love” a cheery greet, a happy smile, - kiss on the cheek**

**Her life a mixed blessing, both bad and good
From working class stock with hard work in her blood, - body and soul
Clever as you like, progress denied, no funds
Education that surely would have undone - learning restraints
Worked hard at Woolies and then the Land Army
She succumbed to Ted's “I love you” blarney - and so to wed
At St Joseph's church at the end of the war
Then set up a home, had two kids she adored, - a love evermore**

**Monday wash day, twin tub on the go 'till tea
Work my fingers to the bone, “See this is me”, - it tried to say
Washing on the line, a good blowout needed
Never stopping, the weariness unheeded, - lots more to do
Meals to cook, beds to make, and after shopping
Work part time at the greengrocer, then hopping - on the 52
Clean classroom and toilet at St John Fisher
No light at tunnel's end, no chance to finish, - family duty.**

**A woman of God, family first and last
Apron tied around her waist, energy vast, - beyond compare
Church, choir, Mother's Union, every fete
Garden party plant stall her domain each date, - coining it in
Mission secretary and then treasurer
How many ways to become a measure for - keeping the Word
Says the first shall be last, the last shall be first
Executed in one continuous burst, - then take breath**

**Inhale and exhale clean and braw Highlands air
Two weeks each year, van in tow, always to fare - o'er the border
Hebrides, Skye, Brora to Oban with dash
Invisible buzzard on pole, photos hashed, - never knew why
Fighting elements as well as the tent
Site owners demands “have ye all paid yer rent?” - for these three nights
Cooking meals on Calor, for six at a time
Loving scenery, Glencoe, Loch Fyne, - Ullapool.**

**Life, as she found, is heartbreaking and cruel
Having raised both her children through school - and beyond
Her reward satisfaction and osteoporosis
A life time of work to gain this diagnosis - seems unfair
In true Iris fashion 'twas borne with a grin
Just got on with it, fought against the headwind, - forged along
Lost husband and home, independence, mobility
Her bywords courage, strength, adaptability – mottos to live by**

**Bed-bound she strived for her best every day
Affecting the nurses and staff with her ways, - and her words
Paraphrasing from a poem in a book
An apt title “Who do you see when you look?” - at me bed-bound
It's only just now in the heavenly confluence
That she'll know of the strength of her influence – in her world
To family and friends, as mother and wife
The lesson to learn – love God, love all, love life – and keep the faith.**