

ALISON MARY

Sing a song for Alison born late in the year.
We heard her voice, a shout, a cry ringing loud and clear.
The four of us were older much, used to one another.
Alison, the newest 'Hutch', came song and joy together.

We heard her singing melody when she was only one.
Caution and fear went flying. She took life on the run.
We marvelled at tales told of Penrhos College or of Caux;
Singing, cooking, theatre, always on the go.

Whatever she was doing she pursued with all her heart-
Enthusiasm was her way. Each new friend was a part
Of a family of stalwarts that she knew around the earth
Bringing change and healing, for all of us rebirth.

Finn Harald and dear Sweden have been love and home for long.
A marriage made in heaven kept forever strong.
Then came a future that crept in on silent, deadly feet.
Skilled hands stilled, warm voice hushed, but two hearts bravely
beat.

Alison lives free now. Gone the hateful chains.
She strides loved highland hills in sunlight, wind and rain.
Glad memories for us, for her new ventures springing.
A loving, laughing, gracious soul away to glories winging
for Alison with our warmest love

Anne, Ruth, Lesley