A Fallen Limb

A limb has fallen from the family tree. I keep hearing a voice that says, "Grieve not for me." Remember the best times, the laughter, the song, The good life I lived while I was strong.

Continue my heritage; I'm counting on you. Keep smiling, and surely the sun will shine through. My mind is at ease, my soul is at rest, Remembering all, how I truly was blessed.

Continue traditions, no matter how small. Go on with your life; don't worry about falls. I miss you all dearly, so keep up your chin, Until the day comes we're together again.

Celebrating the Life of



John Alan Cook

09.02.1944 27.12.2024





Cookie

How do we put into these few words The life of our good friend, Cookie? To record all John's achievements, We'd have to publish a bookie!

In saying this, however, There's some things we can tell: Your prowess at shooting not only guns But your muttering mouth as well!

We know you like your whiskey And your little Maltese dogs, And your greatest ally, Rosina, Who's been there when things hit the bog.

You stand by those who've stood by you; Your loyalty never wavers. You're the musical score that binds our notes— You're not just a semi-quaver.

Although our paths have widened, We'll keep in constant touch, 'Cos your mate-ship and your humour Are things that mean so much.

We wish you and your family All the good that life can bring: A journey full of prospects, With each step full of promise and zing.

All the best.





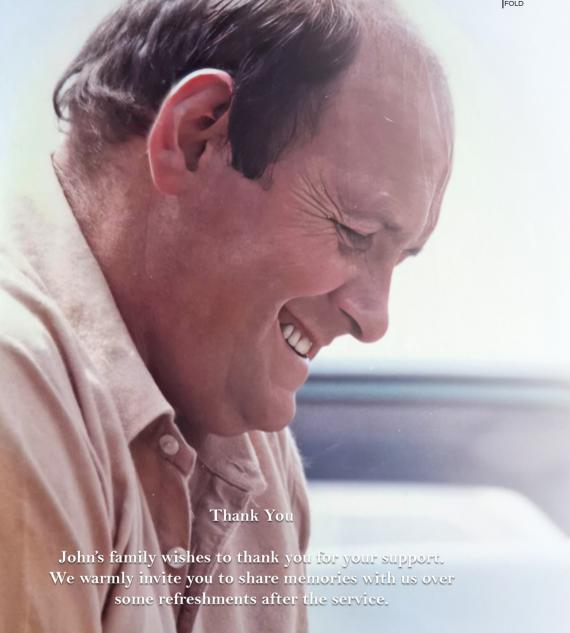












WITH LOVE FROM THE COOK FAMILY.







