

Celebrating the Life of

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.



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.

Thank You

John's family wishes to thank you for your support.
We warmly invite you to share memories with us over
some refreshments after the service.

WITH LOVE FROM THE COOK FAMILY.

