

A TRIBUTE

One night as I lay sleeping,

I drifted into dreaming, and saw an angel within the
moonlight of my room writing in a golden book.

“Pray, what write’st thou”, I said.

I write the names of those who love and care for their
fellow man, it is they whom God will bless,

When we are out of this lockdown mess,

I thought, am I one of those?

But soon returned to a peaceful repose.

Within my dreams the following night

The angel came again with her golden book,

She beckoned to me and said “Come, read and look”,

She opened the book and I read all the names that God had blessed

And saw,

That Clare, and all the names of our wonderful staff at Roswell Court

Led all the rest

By Mr Gill Bryant