

## **Ode to Beverley Margaret Sharp Seth Morrison (27/03/1942-11/06/2022)**

(Written by friend Stan Rogalski and read at Beverley's Memorial Sunday 10 July 2022)

On a wet and wintry morn in June, an hour and a half past seven,  
An angel passed through the veil, made her way towards heaven,  
Wondering what her lot, her lot in heaven might be,  
For someone who had travelled the rocky road of life, like she.

Let me tell you, as a friend of hers of many, many years,  
Hers was a life borne of challenges, adversity and tears;  
Seeking love and happiness, as each of us has done,  
A husband gone, a daughter missed, a very faithful son.

Things aren't always what we'd like, life's challenges pervade  
Along that rocky, winding road of a life of eight decades.  
Praying, ever hoping, for a miracle or two,  
Angels quietly working, helping see her through.

Sharp of wit was she, *as Sharp was once her name*,  
She held her own with the best of them, it helped to keep her sane.  
Lifting and gladdening hearts, bringing many a smile to bear,  
When visitors left, their hearts were full, of memories, dear.

To the doctor she went, not feeling well, far from okay,  
He laid his eyes upon her, asking: "What's wrong with you today?"  
Her reply to him was short and sweet, her splendid wit did show:  
"That's for you to find out, my good man, and for me to know!"

Treasured memories we recall as we remember her this day,  
She touched our lives and our hearts in a very special way;  
She was welcomed home with so much love, of this I am, assured,  
When it's our time to fly, with much love she will greet us there, inside heaven's door.