

Tom James: A Tribute



I'm wishing that somehow the clock would turn back,
And we could stand still for a while,
It would give one more chance to appreciate,
A moment recalling Tom's smile.
A man who loved walking along rugged coasts,
Whilst feeling the wind on his face,
Delighting in tasting the salt on his lips,
Rejoicing in great open space.

His organisational skills were much praised,
By this one and that, don't you see.
He'd get folks together in fund-raising teams,
The RNLI would agree.
House-collections were legend in Tom's caring hands;
Encouragement triggered the rest.
So the teams were on fire, to go door to door.
For Tom, they just wanted the best.

Conservation was on his priority list,
And, for this, Tom gave much of his time.
You could see him at Durlston, whilst building strong walls,
Hands covered in stone-dust and grime.
Though never an SGS pupil himself,
Tom loved "School Reunion" years,
His energies lay in the paperwork line,
And working with staunch volunteers.

The children of Olney were blessed with his time,
"Church Bible-Club" valued his skills,
So generous was he, with his talents and gifts,
Methodical, sorting the bills.
The History Society near to his home,
Flourished well, his experience showed;
Knowledge gathering, right at the top of the list:
Teaching skills at the forefront just flowed.

So what do we know? This remarkable man
Was husband to Chris, many years.
A father and grandfather, always around,
To bless and encourage, wipe tears.
Right now, I'll stand back, trust to God's tender care:
Tom has done every single thing well,
The Father is holding out arms full of love,
His life is a story we'll tell!

Gillie Humphries, November 2022