

Ode to Alan Rowe By Scott Drake



I'm not sure, why this guy
Decided to join the Rotary club of Ku-Ring-Gai
But till the day I up and die
I will remember this fellow
And this is why

Alan always enjoys a joke.
I've heard him say often.
Did you here the one about that bloke?

He's a man who caught the ladies eye
And subsequently made them cry
Because they had no chance
For Alan would cry with a glint in his eye
'Jill is my love and the only one for I'

When I spoke with Alan it could be quite queer
He could look quite blank
I first thought due to too much beer
Why else would he be that way?
Then of course, I heard him say
What was that?
I did not hear
Why are you talking to my deaf ear?

All Rotarians are aware
And few were brave enough to dare
To suffer Alan's withering glare.
Don't ever sit in that there chair

I remember hearing many times
Alan with his unheeded whines
Why don't you guys roll up those damn market signs?

Those signs those signs those rotary signs
All those times he was asked to make rotary signs
I did not hear any whines
Or whingeing about a lack of time
He'd work thru the night
He'd work until he was almost blind
He always made sure we had our signs
He didn't print out tacky signs
He hand painted all those lines
And we've always had the best rotary signs

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He made signs for my shop as well
I remember hearing Alan tell
Blue and yellow in signs work well
I wisely listened to this quiet yell
And due to these signs
Jewellery I did sell

With his connections with cars and his abundance of wealth
You would not be the first
To imagine him driving a top modern land cruiser like a big elf
Instead he drives a beat up old truck
And it's not like his four-wheel drive ever sees any muck
Seeing this beast, you may struck
With the thought, poor old bugger
He must be down on his luck
Unfortunately he can't get a new car for himself
He has a disease His fingers just freeze
And don't seem to melt
When ever he tries to open this money belt

When it came to money some would see
His hand on his wallet with miserly glee
But if you know him well you soon see
That this is only if spending is for he
Because when it comes to others he is filled with generosity.

He was always ardent as the Sargent
To hit us with questions to test our bent
On old old movies you cannot rent
He'd ask these questions with a grin
Knowing he'd made lots of money for our tin

He likes to tell and write us poems
He would apologise and then begin to drone
Another of his famous poems
To the accompaniment of members moans
As he addressed each member and made them prone
To pay a fine,
Amount unknown.

It's sad to see Alan go
A good Rotarian
A friend we know
I & we
We wish Jill and you well
Please come back to see and tell
And amuse us with a poem as well
And a fine an old friend,
What the hell.