

**Grace Pow**  
**30<sup>th</sup> August 1918 – 13<sup>th</sup> September**  
**2017**

**Remembering Gran**

**Troy Rice**



In keeping with Gran's wishes for her ceremony to be a joyous occasion I'll be helping to celebrate her 99 years of life, rather than mourning the one day that it ended. Patience is a virtue, Virtue is a Grace – Grace is a little girl that would not wash her face. Dick King-Smith, the children's author, wrote these words and Gran loved to quote them when letting her grand or great grandchildren know that they need to show a bit of Patience. Of course, dealing with us, Gran showed the patience of a saint, as we weren't the easiest of tearaways to look after. Kate, Meg and I, all remember vividly the day we set about washing Gran's lawn with Fairy Liquid and water. We managed to 'clean' a large patch right in the middle of her prized garden before she realised why we had been so quiet – YOUT SCALLYWAGS – she shouted as she ran out of the house, but it was too late for a large chunk of brown grass that remained there for the rest of the summer. Thankfully patience was indeed a virtue for Grace.

Sadly, we never did get to the origin of Gran's super powers. Kind, formidable, hardworking, opinionated, wise, accepting, quick-witted, and able to get the truth out of us no matter what – she taught by example, rolling her sleeves up at every opportunity to just 'get it done'. It wasn't too long ago she was splitting a load of logs, stacking them and wheeling a few barrows into the house for the fire, before her 11am cuppa and biscuit.

Faced with such a strong and inspiring character it was easy for us grandchildren to be mentored/led astray by Gran in lots of things: like

playing cards. She loved playing cards and whilst using us to sharpen her skills, she also taught us that we should look into the reflection of her glasses to read her cards and cheat. This gave us an edge in the subsequent games and we started to win a hand or two. Yet, miraculously, at the end of the games Gran always came out the victor, because she was the one who did the scoring! A true master indeed. If, however, she caught us cheating she would exclaim: 'Oi, you chiseller' a word I have never heard from anyone else before or since and will sadly miss. We learnt many of life's lessons at that card table.

Gran wasn't just a great-grandmother and grandmother. She was a daughter, sister, mother, service member in the Women's Air Force, where I think she learned how to drive the lanes of Somerset like a semi- pro rally driver. She was also a farmer, gardener, dog-lover, serial soap opera viewer, card shark. She was even an avid home brewer with something always bubbling away behind a closed door. Whether elderberry wine or sloe gin or something equally intoxicating.

She didn't have an easy life but it was certainly a full one. She loved to talk about her life and her many adventures and I am absolutely positive that you'll all have plenty of 'laugh out loud' tales that she shared with you. Gran never minded how we turned up on her doorstep, whether it was invading children on school holidays or a grand-daughter from Oz, she always made everyone welcome; usually with tea, or cheese, or sometimes both, usually whilst calming down an overly excited setter, by saying: 'calm down you daft hapeth.'

As far back as I can remember, gran wasn't scared of anything, she used to watch horror films with me whilst knitting! Nothing scared her but old age. Even that was faced head on by her from a long way back. The very definition of an irresistible force paradox, as a stubborn force [gran] meets an immovable object [time] she steadfastly refused to get old and we grandchildren had a hand in that – 'Come on gran we're keeping you young', as I blasted out heavy metal from her tape deck. 'Well, its got a good beat I suppose' she'd say.

In closing, as gran always said: 'Look after yourself, good people are scarce.'

**My Tribute to Mum**  
**Gill Rice**

I've milked the cows  
I've fed the lambs  
I've cared for hens  
I've served my time

I've ploughed the field  
I've gathered the corn  
I've made the hay  
I've served my time

I've cared and shared  
I've cooked and cleaned  
I've laughed and cried  
I've served my time

I've been a wife  
I've been a mother  
I've been a gran  
I've served my time

I've grown tired now  
I've closed my eyes  
I've done my best  
I've served my time