



Ode To A Hercman

Do not stand at my Grave, and weep for me
I am not there, for I do not sleep you see
I am the thousands of Hercs that fly
I am the roar of the wind on high
I am the rush of a Herc in powered flight
I am the beacons that shine in the night
I am the odour of jet fuel and the starters whine
I am the tyre squeal, on landing that was mine
I am the stars that shine in the night
I am the sun you see at first light
I am the jewelled glints on rime covered wings
Think of me kindly for I am all of these things.
At my Graveside, you should not of cried
For as Hercs fly, I have not died.



In Loving Memory
of

"Ted"

*Edward John Hutchinson
Wittup*

4. 9. 1939 ~ 11. 12. 2011

Aged 72 years

Much loved and adored Husband of
Annie

Proud and loving Dad of
Tiffany



Now at Peace