



Dusty old farmer out working in the fields
On his trusty old Chamberlain tractor
With its high pitched squeals
His hearing was affected but his memory never lost!
Just ask the local Victor Harbor Times Boss!!

His dirty old hanky he used to wipe away the sweat
Eyes filled with visions of his best crop yet
Now he starts to think of when he'd get'em reapt
And how he'd probably never get
the benefit of the cheque!

You see this farmer was a selfless man
He was from good stock
He worked and worked and then some more
To ensure that we his family were never poor!

In later years he was a tinkerer
Always concocting some contraption
With ideas and bits and pieces

His campervan was his second home
For at the field days he loved to roam
His measuring tape and his brain in gear
He had no dollars to part with here!

So home he'd go and out to his shed
His mind had been ticking as he laid in his bed
That photographic memory soon put to the test
Cause always in Gordon's mind
His work would be the best!

Out of the shed his latest invention would unfold
And into the top paddock with a for sale sign it would roll
A likely buyer would soon come past
And Gordon would barter
till he got the money he was after!

He never looked for too much praise
He'd only boasted a little bit!

He just went on working
For those he loved the most

His dreams were seldom spoken
His wants were very few

And most of the time his worries
Would go unspoken too

He was always there.... A firm foundation
Through all our storms of life
A sturdy hand to hold to
In times of stress and strife
A true friend we could turn to
When times were good or bad
One of our greatest blessings,
Gordon, The man that is our DAD.