

Here – beneath the Clock Tower
In the heart of College
He will lie in peace.
Besides happy thoughts of wife and children,
Their spouses and his grandchildren;
At St Andrew's Tide he will remember –
The many years he stood in the circle round the Tower
Hearing the names of Old Andean friends and boys departed
Many whom he had taught and loved.
Also of himself – as OA President – reading out such names.
He'll listen with pathos to the sounding of the last Post,
the Pipe's Lament and the stirring Reveille.

And day by day he'll hear the sonorous striking of the clock
reminding boys of passing hours,
appointments not to be forgotten,
or possibly missed, or simply reminders to plan ahead.
He'll hear the summoning of the chapel bell,
the stream of footsteps, youths' cheery laughter,
the on-going progression of today, tomorrow, and the future.
Individuals – changing with the years
but with the same dreams and ambitions.

He'll hear on Upper Field the crack of cricket bat or hockey stick
The panting of the bowler or the striving hockey player's
clever dribbling and stick-work and the vital pass.
And then further off from Lower Field's turf
will waft up the stirring shouts for House or College
while bodies clash and tries are scored,
or races won and records broken.

And so with quiet joy and satisfaction he will remember
so many colleagues and so many boys:
ones he worked with, taught, knew, and loved.
The many he strove to help
both in and outside the classroom –
in the boxing ring, on the hockey field,
and on tennis and squash courts.
Memories of trying to instil knowledge and life's skills.
Helping the development of sporting ability,
of determination, of courage, and sportsmanship.
These he will ponder ... and thus,
will slumber on with happy memories –
the past, the present, and the future all enfolding him.

Until that Great End-all and the new Beginning comes.

David P Hodgson