

Nothing really can compare
With the view from the seat
On the Market Square
I look up ~ I see Dent
Beautiful~ Magnificent
With all that lovely scenery
And all that pleasant greenery
Flowers and shrubs and trees
Swaying in the summer breeze
Nothing can beat
The view from my Market Seat.

To my very special healthy heart
I had to pack in the smoking,
Because I was coughing and spluttering, nearly choking
I packed in on 1st August 1999.
I am in the new millennium now and feeling fine.
There is no need to smoke this horrible weed.
For me there is no more coughing and choking,
Because for me there is no more smoking.

I listened to my heart talking
It was telling me to stop smoking.
I stopped smoking twelve months ago,
The best thing I ever did, and I should know!
I can feel my heart growing stronger,
I know I will live a lot longer.
The heart is a very precious thing,
Without it you can't talk, walk or sing.

Over two years past,
Since I smoked my last.
To me my heart is still talking.
My heart and I have agreed
No more smoking that terrible weed.

James Garnett 1998

This poem was written a verse per year reflecting James's
smoking progress.



The Sunday School Trip

We were standing on winder railway station,
Seascale was our destination.
We were laughing and shouting.
It was our Sunday school outing.

Here comes the train
All aboard and we're off again
At Seascale it didn't take long to reach
The sand and pebbled beach.

We did some beach roaming
And did somre beach combing
Apaddle in the sea
Oh yes that's for me.

Making castles in the sand
Oh yes that's very very grand
At three o clock we had a treat
A bun and a cake to eat.

Just listen to the engine whistle sound
As we are homeward bound
It's just like a wonderful dream
To be driven home by the powerful steam
And today the memories linger yet
The steam engine journey we will never forget.