

A Song Still Riding in the Wind - by Don's Grandchildren

He sang with a voice that could thunder the sky,
A knight with a laugh that would carry on high.
Born in New Zealand, proud of the land,
Rugby and boxing forever at hand.

His voice, we remember, could rumble the walls,
Deep from the hallway came footsteps like calls.
White hair so pristine and striking on stage.
But at home sticking sideways, delightful off-stage.

He sang opera on stages all over the world
But at home, on tractors and in fields it unfurled.
Amid all this music, this mischief, this making,
Was the man who sang anywhere - no stage forsaking.

Solid and capable, calm and content,
Busy on the farm, his time was well-spent.
A toothpick in hand as he hummed through the day,
In a rhythm that quietly carried his way.

And shoes? Well, rarely. Bare feet trod the ground -
Tough as old leather, the strongest around.
A DIY master with tools at his side,
Fixing a gatepost with a hum full of pride.

He was our Grandad - steady and true -
The one who'd grin wide and say, "Here, I'll show you."
We remember him now - not the last song he gave,
But the whole roaring performance, both tender and brave.

His song keeps on rolling through pasture and kin,
A voice on the wind... listen - can you hear him?