

Michael James Short-Howard

21.03.60 - 01.01.08

An address and poem were read the funeral service by close friend Steven Flint

When I sat down to write out what I was going to say about Mike I had to ask myself a question

Where do I start and where do I finish.

A man who loved his family

A man who loved his friends

A man who loved the sea

A man who's zest for life was infectious

A man who was always there to lend a hand and quick to receive a favour in return.

I'm sure we could talk for hours about a man who was as big in our lives as he was in stature himself.

We could talk for hours about his hilarious sense of humour, his kindness and his love for all people.

We can tell the tales of adventures we had had with him.

We could tell of the times when he was there for us.

We could talk of the love he showed to all, especially his family and friends.

When I think of Mike

I remember each time I went out with him, it was like a mini adventure.

When I think of Mike

I remember laughing until I ached as I listened to his tales.

I remember bar-b-q's that lasted the whole summer long.

When I think of Mike

I remember his kindness to people, sometimes complete strangers but it didn't matter to Mike.

When I think of Mike I feel happy.

So although we feel the great loss, I say to you

Each time we remember his kindness, smile.

Each time we remember a funny tale, laugh.

Each time we remember his love, fill our hearts.

If we do this, Mike will always be with us.

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Mike

A big man who was full of love
A gift to us all from up above
A love for Noreen unsurpassed
A love for his family to always last

A thirst for knowledge which made him so smart
A love of life which stood him apart
A gift of laughter he shared with us all
Quick to pick up if you'd had a fall

A quest for adventure
A love of the sea
A Samaritan to all
The best there could be

A true best friend to one and all
The first to help if you gave him a call
Never too busy and always had time
To stop for a chat and spin you a line

Don't cry for the loss but remember the life
Remember the laughter and not the strife
A relative, a friend, a true best mate
We'll see you again at those pearly gates