

To our grandfather Peter Plesch

At the glamorous age of 95 he died
Having gathered friends from far and wide.
So today we share with you
A few memories of our grandfather, Poo.

Enjoying life was his main mission
As everything, executed with precision;
Good wine, good food, good conversation
Were never missed where he was stationed.

Teaching his insights to whoever would listen
Of chemistry, history, antiques or his general wisdom
He taught us the value of our family tree
And to explore best you can everything that you see.

As a true chemist there were always experiments and tests
Sometimes serious, sometimes for jest;
Curiosity was his heart's desire,
Like when he tried to keep mould from his cheese with copper wire.

An inquisitive mind is a joy forever,
which is a lesson we will always treasure.
Dear Poo, we celebrate your eventful, exciting and memorable life:
In our hearts you will always survive.

Forgive us, our poem is not flawless, nor very long;
Just be glad we didn't sing you a song!

Jethro & Freya

18th March 2013