

Goodbye to Jane

I can't believe you're leaving us, what are we going to do?
The NHS trust must be bonkers, to be losing you!
After 9 years of working together, and seeing you virtually every day,
I wanted to mark your departure with a poem, to send you on your way.
To remind you what you mean to us, and all you're leaving behind.
As well as wishing you lots of luck, on the future career you intend to find.

Thames Gateway NHS Trust was where, our working relationship started out,
And due to various NHS changes, several different work roles have come about.
West Kent shared services was another of the further three,
Then onto the delights of Dartford Gravesham & Swanley PCT.
And now we're at West Kent, won't the government just make up there mind,
If it wasn't for all these changes, then maybe you wouldn't have to leave us behind.

You're truly an amazing person, with many interests and roles,
Be it craft projects, Sea Cadets or climbing up telegraph poles!
You're always up for a challenge, and don't like to ever lose face.
You're completely bold and fearless, be it in your free time or in the work place.
You're a true fountain of knowledge plus always have a yarn to spin,
Keeping everyone engrossed and amused with a story, no matter what situation you're in.

We'll miss your Thermal Coolie Sandwich bag, packed with goodies every day,
Like a picnic of delights, we're always happy for a fairy cake to come our way.
We'll miss your attention to detail, who will teach the local vandals how to spell,
And only you can spot the species of a fly, by its flying pattern so well.
We'll miss your concern for sickness, no wait that's the paperwork involved that you hate!
We'll miss you tracking us down in hospital if starter forms are running late.

You've taught me to understand myself, and my maternalistic management way,
To get the best from the team by caring, nagging and worrying every day.
Your truly generous nature, brings the best out in people every time,
And your great teaching, training and managing has kept us all in line.
But what I'll miss the most, is your knowledge and perception of me,
Knowing whether I'm happy, worried or sad, what only a true friend can see.

Now enjoy the time you have off, you truly deserve an extended break,
Don't go arranging balloons to soon, relax for a while for goodness sake.
Perhaps return to cutting dress patterns, reminiscent of your days at the Army,
You could sew to your hearts content, the noise of your Hi-tech machines driving Peter barmy.
There are always more shooting competitions at Bisley, you certainly have the knack,
Or get stuck yet again in Australia, with this time no need to rush back.

But whatever you do and wherever you go, I know you'll make a great boss,
As long as no one gets on the wrong side of you, cos you're scary when you're cross.
"You can take the girl out of Bermondsey", you said that right from the start,
But I'm telling you now "You can't take this Bermondsey girl, out of all our hearts."
Finally good luck from all your colleagues, but especially me,
Aunt Deb will always be here for you, waiting with a cup of weak tea!

You will be missed
Lots of Love
Debbie
xxx

