

CAN WE GET THIS

TYPIED

ON NICOLA PAPER

In Memory

19/9/97

We have a place called Harvey
Where you'll find a butcher man
His name was Mr. Handweir
A fine man with many fans.

He'd stand there with his boning knife
His clever, saw & blades
And show you how to cut the meat
While giving you his grades.

He'd do that bloody rubbish run
That know-one else would do
Take pride & joy in everything
In which he could persue.

He loved all who would respect him
And will be remembered in all our minds
As a man of great integrity
Who had to leave with the winds of time.

We thank the Lord 'oh Jesus
For bringing him into our lives
We pray he may rest on heaven in piece
And hear of our weeping cries.

In memory of Charlie Handweir, the butcherman,
who loved his work, his people & especially his family.
May he now be laid to rest in the heavens
above forever more.

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