Oh dear, the infirmities of old age. Ah it’s a sorry state. But after all what more do we want, the Bible tells us that the life of a man is seventy years and I have passed that, yes and well past as well. I ask myself what have I to live for, my infirmities, my incapacitations and my old age afflictions. Hum, all I have to look forward to is death. Yes that’s all, and twenty years after my departure from this earth I will be well forgotten.

I was a simple man all of my life, but if I had been a magistrate or a doctor may be I would have had an epitaph in a church in my memory. But we cannot expect that a little farmer like me will be remembered. Oh dear, oh dear, my rheumatism! Its evidence of old age ! my goodness the times of suffering get me down. Yes sit down old man, your worse you know, there you are. (sleeps) but what was I talking about – what was I thinking – forgetting as quickly as that. A sure sign of old age. But isn’t it strange, but is it possible ! I just don’t understand myself. The strangest thing is that I cant remember things that I was thinking five minutes ago or what happened yesterday, or even last week. But I remember many things from when I was small, I was a little child sat on my mothers knees and we would sing

Tell ma again the story

Tell me again the story

Tell me again the story

Of the love of Jesus

When I hear myself singing I understand why my mother told me not to sing a solo at the Sunday school anniversary. I’me very hoarse. Of well its old age.

But we had a good time we would play a game of Ludo and Sakes and Ladders at Christmas. We hung up our stockings, but we had some fun ! and when aunt Rosie came for her Christmas visit she was going to sit down and I took the chair from under her and she fell on her bottom (laughs) the fun we had ! and poor aunt Rosie said all evening that she could have broken her back. Well she had reason.

There are things from when I was young that I remember as if it was yesterday. The day that King George and queen Mary came to Guernsey, I had three cows that calved and I was to late to go to les Islets to see them, instead I walked to Plaisance and i stood on the hedge and when the car with the king and queen in it drove past I lifted my hat and cried “hurrah to the king and queen of England”. Yes and they both saluted me. They did that with their arms. It was the greatest honour that I have had in my whole life. That greeting from the king and queen was all mine because I was the only one there. Princess Mary was in the car behind but she didn’t waive. Not her !

It was in 1921 a year of great draught (sighs) I’me ruined here. Its all very well but the time is passing. Ha my life its past nine and I am not yet gone to roost. Well we need to see (lights candle and exits across stage.) ah its true old age is not to be desired.