

Poem by Jo Millar

On the 50th Anniversary of the Past Pupils' Association held in 1995, a poem was written to celebrate all the happy memories of the Convent. Below is a snippet of that poem written by Jo Millar.

**Now, My co-mates and friends in exile
Hath not good friendships made this life more sweet?
Let the sounds of school days creep in our ears
Sweet harmony in memories to set our hearts to beat**

Was it a dream, those halcyon days of hockey trips and matches?
Or watching in awe at the tennis courts as the 'crack-shots' delivered their smashes?
Or day-time lunches in the 'ref' with that favourite chocolate pud?
And did some of the teachers make us feel that our heads were made of wood?

This wasn't a dream, Kath Turner reports 'chocolate pudding without any sauce'
It was war, plates were emptied, but the pudding grew larger and filled the girls with remorse
One girl, name unmentioned, could not pass it on, and thought to eat more quite ridiculous!
So with great deft of hand, 'twas removed from the dish up the leg of her navy blue knickers!

She hoped to retrieve it after the meal; that idea was very much thwarted
It was hockey, then lessons, ride home on the bus – choc pudding by now pretty slaughtered.
Home then, change of clothes, have supper, do homework, here head on her pillow she lay
We'll leave you to guess what her mother expressed when she sorted the washing next day!

This neither a dream, a dear old Sister relates, she went to the kitchen to find
A much worried nun who noticeably had a very troubled thought on her mind
The number of pupils in fact far exceeded the amount of stew in the pot
Then her eyes lit up – she'd spotted the porridge from breakfast had been forgot!

With the swiftness of a magician, the above found its way into the stew;
It was mixed, it was stirred, albeit the magic word, Sister was pleased with the roux
Head Girl exclaimed on the lumps in the fare, all eyes to Sister were looking
Quick came the reply, 'Good Gracious girl, do you not recognise continental cooking?'

To Be Continued.....