IN THE BLOOD by James Brown

He was proud that I stayed.

I could never be far from him of course, but as I grew older myself, I realised it was as much the infinite, Anglian skies that pulled me back when my wanderlust itched like the yellow Pyracantha we once threw down each other's school jumpers.

For weeks grandad had been living in the sitting room of their I Tf10ro (1) THT (1)

Then he closed his eyes and slept.

Thas in the blood. Those words are my legacy, and I carry them in me. So, wherever I am, my Grandad