

## Life after death.

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Dear Friends,

we are gathered here today to celebrate the life of John Bonthron who was taken suddenly from us at the age of 129.

The wave which washed him away from us was 'the seventh wave after the seventh wave'. At least that is what his boat companions think they heard him shouting to them as he went under with a cheeky grin on his face.

John B was a fisherman, sailor, golfer, one time Consulting Engineer, lecturer, visiting professor, potter, artist, choir member, student of all things Italian, a teller of tall tales and a creative writer.

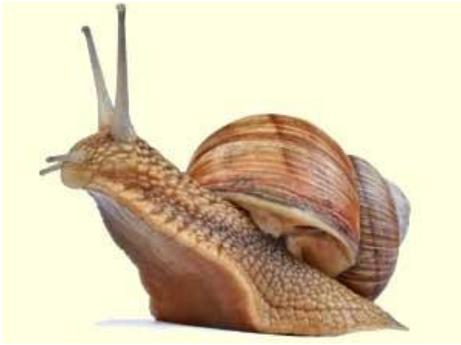
For years he regaled us with tales of his past life as a grumpy two-humped camel (*camelus bactrianus*) but recently, on a holiday to Lanzarote, he learned to his great surprise that he had, in fact, been a one-humped dromedary (*camelus dromedarius*). He was standing next his old friends when one of them called Angela, muttered angrily, 'John, where the Hell have you been? We've been trekking all over this bloody island for years looking for you!'



John also told us, more than once, that his most recent incarnation was as a snail, claiming he had died a most violent death, crushed under the heel of a lady gardener, who, although he caught only the briefest of glances, he was certain looked very like his wife, Margaret.

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As many of you will know John has been telling us repeatedly, for decades now, that he hopes that his next incarnation will be as a Brown Trout, so that he can learn what it is that makes them take every fly in the other guy's box while steadfastly refusing to take his own varied offerings.



I think you will all agree that John was as generous as he was talkative and many of us who have been ensnared by many repetitions of his rambling stories, can confirm that most of what he said was incoherent rubbish, leading us to conclude that it is quite possible that his transformation to a trout, a fish with a brain smaller than a lentil, was already well advanced when he went under, perhaps explain his final cheery farewell and his final unforgettable song which rose up to us in the bubbles of his demise:

'Oh Ah'm no awa' tae bide awa', Ah'm no awa' tae leave ye...'

In order to secure his place in our hearts, John has left us a legacy of his many stories and poems and, in accordance with his detailed instructions, the Family have had these compiled, (unedited) into a three volume compendium. We ask that each of you collect your personal copies as you leave:

The Complete Works: by John B. Moronigal.

Volume 1: 'Complete Drivel.'

Volume 2: 'Yet more Complete Drivel.'

Volume 3: 'Is there really no end to this man's Drivel?'