

In Loving Memory of a Dear Fellow

Nathan John Brown,

22 September 1964-2 February 2020

By Katharine McLennan



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*To honour a husband, father, a brother, a son, and a friend
We gather here in Springfield to salute and lament
A loss so great, we can only begin to grasp for meaning
In why such vitality abruptly left in your leaving*

*Nathan John Brown, born 22 September 1964 in the city of Broadmoor
Of Sal and Will, after Matt, two gorgeous boys no more could one ask for
Of Grandparents Leonard Brown and Grandma Liza Ann
Mason and Julie-Sue and parents, Michael and Nan*

*We wish we had known you as a boy growing up by the sea
We can imagine what a lad you'd have been, earnest and not cocky
Loving all sports, easy in all company
The quickest but the quietest wit, always good naturedly.*

*Thank you for choosing dear Ann, for loving her so constantly
Thanking you for accepting all of us in your ways always thoughtfully
We were not always easy – us Fosters, Bilsons, Clinters and Ardens
Being a steady, loyal, and loving ally to all your many friends*

*We remember dogs Koby and Cuddly and the first house on Hill Grids
We saluted life "A.K," which is both "Ann Kristen" and "After Kids"
Life before the cell phone, before the internet, before 9/11
Thank you, Nat, for coming as our Gift on loan from heaven*

*From Tulsa to Dallas to Miami and the New Jersey seaside
To San Fran for the reunion, you weren't too bad at surfing high tide
Then back to NJ for your wedding, so grand, the Browns married
In 1999, when Clinton was re-elected, and Michael Jordan still carried*



*We shall never forget that special Christmas with Babies Junie and Bill christened
Uncle Lou, Aunt Gilly, Grandpa Mike all together – outside the snow glistened
Sally, Tom, Mark, and Kay love you and have adored you for taking care
Of their daughter so unconditionally, so adoringly –so much, beyond compare*

*The arrivals of Marge and of Christie were so wondrous to hear afar
To have three daughters, you were blessed and so were they with their father
From tennis, to basketball to summer camps to coaching soccer
To hiking, to skiing, to a PhD, to a marathon or two to conquer*

*You were always there behind us Nat – through our sadness, our worries
Our ghosts, our growing up, our bruised knees, our screams, our flurries
You held our hands through the night and chased the monsters away
You kneeled to our height and understood exactly what we had to say*

*You were maddeningly calm amidst our hormones- a centre of gravity
An anchor to hold on to when the hurricanes blew all their entropy
When our heads didn't make any sense and our inner voices told us all their lies
You reminded us who we were, kept us steady and taught us to revise*

*Junie . . .we will never forget you behind your mother, so stellar
Your strength, is your father's, -and we thank you, our pillar
A woman of grace you've become – don't forget to find your ease
And self-kindness and honour and time to just breathe*

*Marge –Your pluck, your ease with people is your father's
This is his gift – his acceptance of who you are – his love of you with no bothers
We are who we are in your eyes—no need to be anything else– and we know it
There is no better gift, Marge—thank you for loving us and always showing it*

*And Christie – Nat always knew and understood exactly what you needed
Your sensitivity was his, and he could see it from your first day we truly believe
He knew it would always be hard to live on this Earth with all its noise and tastes
Your ability to listen and sense are his, he left these as Gifts with his Faith.*

*And Sally, Tom, Mark, Kay, Mike, Sal, Nan and Will
All our love to you for your loss – and now the responsibility to fulfil
Together we to support the dear Browns to look after these sacred women
We are all your clan, we so loved Nat and honour all that he has given*

*And our darling woman Ann, how my heart grieves for you
How we wish we could just snap my fingers and take it away, if we only knew
We do know what a wise, kind, and generous woman you are – and how strong
We do know God is with you, and so is Nat – in Spirit and Faith day in and night long*

*How we know how much you loved Nat, how much he was part of you and your life
How much you've defined yourself and your past, your present and your future as his wife
And now a new story unfolds– a mystery never expected, nor planned, nor dreamed
No choice, only acceptance, a day, a minute at a time, as impossible as that may seem.*

*We know how much we humans must learn, forget, relearn, and teach again.
That now is the only moment that we have, and the future is God's to write and then,
Now to be glad to have what is given, to open our eyes,
Look around, count blessings, enjoy Nature's heavenly sighs*

*The sadness doesn't leave, it changes its hues over time, its sharpness dulls over time
And then it returns when you least expect it in different ways, and you almost don't mind
Because the pain is all you've got left of the beauty of Nat and maybe that's the Present
We think God knows exactly what He is doing with this pain's healing intent*

*Goodbye, Dearest Nat, you loved us well as Grandson, Son and Brother
As Friend, Uncle, Cousin, Colleague, Coach, Teacher and Father
As Husband . . . you loved our Ann and your three girls unconditionally
And for that, we will always love you. You are with in our own Hearts perpetually.*

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Written by Katharine McLennan

If you would like to have a poem written on your behalf, please contact me on kath@timetorelect.today or +61419751812. My name and logo will not appear on your poem. You are encouraged to select photos and script style. You are also welcome to adapt my draft, which will be based on the information you have given me to express. Your information can be as detailed as you like. More information and samples of poetry I have written can be found on my website, <https://www.timetorelect.today/>

