

Patti's Poem

5th February 2000

Well, Patti you're leaving. So, how can you do it?
(Or, more to the point, how will we get through it?)
We can't quite believe it. It just can't be true.
Who will do all the things that you used to do?

Like booking our travel and doing expenses
and changing pound coins for 5 and 10 pences
and conferencing calls and setting up meetings
and Reqcats and Nicedays and visitor greetings

and finding us rooms with four walls and a door
so "discussions" aren't heard on the rest of the floor.
And getting plain coffee for 22p
Or posh cappuccino for 73?

Remember your friends in what was NHD
where laughter was loud and champagne was free.
These we'll look back on as our "good old days."
"When Patti was here..." will be our catchphrase.

The moment's upon us, we must realise
it's time for us all to say our good-byes.
So, Patti, we'll miss you - your flair and pizzazz
Enjoy your retirement, and all of that jazz!