



## Allen Kenneth Jensen

12 March 1937 - 27 January 2016

**A**llen, you were named after a friend's surname

**B**oating was your number one passion

**C**aving was another thing of yours I didn't share

**D**ad or DadPa – your boys loved you even when they teased you

**E**qual tempered but somewhat nervous was your mood

**F**amily – when the boys flew the nest you were sad

**G**rief is what we felt when you died, in spite of your frail state

**H**appy – you were a contradictory person who cheerfully saw the bad side of things

**I**ndoors: if not on your computer you wanted to be outdoors

**J**ack was your favourite uncle

**K**indness to animals made you a target for stray dogs

**L**ove for you from us all

**M**arried for 42 years to funny old me

Now you are at peace after so many years of not being yourself

Often we think of you when we see a track winding through a valley

Peter, David, Sam ... the years we went through bringing those little buggers up

Questions we never asked you = regrets

Rest in peace as part of this land and part of the universe

Sad to see you fade away

Tramping in the South Island high country with your ice axe

Under the wide, high skies

Valleys and mountains, caves and oceans, lakes and rivers

When we think of you, we think of those things

X is a letter with nothing to offer us

Zoo – the human zoo but you and we are more than that.

*Maureen*