

Poem on retirement from BCU

In the year 2004
Roger White opened a door
From UoB he says to me
How about starting HEC
Here at the Ironbridge Institute
A place of really high repute
Heritage Management and IA
Were the order of the day
But with the Gorge so full of geological magic
Not to study bricks & metal seemed quite tragic
So, in October 2005
HEC first came alive
With fabulous students their number was 8
With skills diverse I haven't time to relate

So we come to the one and only
Inspirational and super colleague Tony
With any mention of a brick or tile
His face breaks out into a smile
For he and Kathy had saved Maws
And Craven Dunnill- what a cause.
You've had the most amazing teachers
All of them wonderful, selfless creatures
For most of them were hardly paid
Yet heritage professionals of you they've made

Over the years student's numbers grew
Into a most fantastic crew
Of brickies and chippies and town planners
And officers of conservation with wonderful manners
With engineers, Architects and surveyors
home owners, and vicars have all been players
All of you honed your CMPs
and wrote great reports with consummate ease
The hard difficult graft you did not shirk
As is proven by your fantastic work

But in two thousand and 13
Something happened which was quite obscene
HEC was closed without consultation
Cos it didn't hit UoBs academic station
To Ironbridge and friends it was goodbye
It really did make me cry

But the course was saved all because
Of a conversation of Ms Worrall- Ros
With a proff in the making at BCU
Who said OK CHE will do
And all wasn't lost out of HEC
Because I got given an MBE!

In 2014 it seemed like heaven
when students started with numbers 11
In Brum I was still quite a loner
Till to the rescue came Fiona
But she got a job in a couple of years
And so we welcomed one of her peers
We mustn't forget your tutor Tim
Missing the party Oh what a sin
But my right hand man he has become
It's such a shame he's missing the fun

The most popular workshop of all time
Has always been – you've guessed it LIME
Plastering and pointing you must confess
You all enjoyed getting in a mess
But as you know from all my muttering
Conservation's about cleaning guttering
And you know you always oughter
Get rid of that pesky water.

I admire you all for you work and dedication
To traipse all over the place to different
destinations
To bash and weld and hunt for bugs
To write and cite and drink coffee in mugs

Another person I must mention
my beloved hubby needs some attention
to be without his trouble and strife
Maybe for him it was quite nice
But I couldn't have done it without you Hugh
You picked me up from innumerable stews

And so the years have been a blast
But like all things - it couldn't last
Thank you all its been loads of fun
But the new life beckons and has just begun

I won't miss the commute or BCU
What I'll miss, dearest students – is all of you

Harriet Devlin