

## **"Barry Kent"**

Across the Worcestershire countryside his welsh voice commanded his sheepdogs.  
Or gave out a shrill whistle, as they rounded up the flock in his care.  
For he knew more about the welfare of sheep than almost anyone else.  
Vets across the country learnt from his writings, and attentively listened to his talks.  
Even in his eighties he still sheared sheep, beating many in the contests.  
Always one to tell a story, and he had many stories to tell, and a willing audience, smiling.  
For there was always a sparkle in his speech , a twinkle in his eye.

My first job, outside of working for my grandfather on the farm, or for my great uncles on their market garden, was for Barry on his farm. He was a great friend to all of the Procter family over the decades.