

## Fergus McCabe poem

Born in 1949, Fergus grew into the sixties

A soccer fan, a music man, a student of history

A soccer player in Belvedere, a social activist too

It seems that from an early age, Fergus knew what he had to do!

His landscape was inner city, his easel the Gregory Deal

He painted a future for a community; his commitment was real.

He spoke to the people in power, and set out his stall, Citywide

With a vision that everyone honoured, in demand nationwide.

But he still kept in touch with the Tottenham team

While gently and patiently pursuing the dream

Of a better chance for a dispossessed people

Of prevention, education, with the rise of the needle.

He put in the time with the NYP, and played his guitar

*A working- class hero is something to be*

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His example was taken and the young people followed

And some returned, all steered towards tomorrow

With a bit more wisdom, a better chance  
To get somewhere in life, to grow, and advance.

I met him, our Fergus, the people's champion  
In a meeting place filled with clapping and stamping  
He came to help us develop our community  
So we wouldn't be sideswiped with impunity.

He was quietly spoken, but we heard every word  
We knew he was with us, one of us, rest assured.  
It's sad now to think that the tables are turning  
That the power of the communities seems to be waning.

There was praise for his work from the men in suits  
But no commitment among them to fill his boots.  
Fergus was a jewel, a pearl, a diamond  
The most fitting of men for the title of ICON.

*Thank you, Fergus. Thank you!*