

Ross

When all of us searched for the ultimate course
There really only was one choice of course,
And hence we looked for a great saint,
Who knew the wisdom with the oil paint.

We all signed up for that Paterson bloke,
Who was well known amongst the painting
folk,
Still, what would he be like as a person,
Would he despair of us and do some curson.

Well, after a week long of intensive teaching
We knew he did better than just preaching,
He so pleasantly imparted his well known art
To the extent that nobody wanted to depart.

He told us painting is just common sense,
It's just a matter of the right balance!
He regularly used words like gradation and
tone
Even though it made us groan and moan,

Because, boy, doesn't he think we are on the
ball,
Are we not listening to his beck and call !

Well, Ross, we did listen to your every word
Your teaching was better than expensive dirt.
Our knowledge has greatly expanded and about
that we are very candid !

We watched you using the many brushes
And often felt emotions like hot flushes
Because your ability of using colour and stroke
Was mostly beyond us common folk.

So, many thanks from all of us, Master Ross
We now surely know who is our painter boss.
And please accept this small token of our
gratitude
Which came from the ACT region's high altitude.

Your class of ASOC 2010