



My Dad

Some people called him by name while others called him friend,
but to me he was my Dad - my beginning and my end.

If you had the pleasure to meet him, I doubt you would ever forget
the encouraging advise he would offer those who were sad or really upset.

God blessed my world so richly when he let Dad be a hero to me.

I pray when I have children that I, too, will be the hero they see.

In life greatness isn't measured in money and love isn't something you buy,
but my Dad was my gift sent from heaven
and his own greatness cannot be denied.

There were times we would sit down in silence
and though no words were ever spoken outloud,
I could see what Dad would be thinking
when his eyes beamed to show he was proud.

God gave us a bond called, "forever" and a love that will not fall apart.

I will see you one day up in heaven,
but for now you have a piece of my heart.

From now on I will keep walking forward and in faith I will live everyday.
I'll make you proud that I am your child, because of you I now know the way."