

MY FATHERS FOOTSTEPS

When I was just a little lad, so many years ago,
I saw my father walking in our garden, row by row.

His stride was long and even as he planted precious seeds,
The rows were spread apart enough for cultivating weeds.

When he was finished with his work and put his tools away,
I thought I'd walk where he walked on that lovely summer day.

Alas, my legs were far too short; the stretch was utter toil,
My feet could scarcely fill the half of footprints in the soil.

I still recall the sadness that filled my heart that day
As I pondered long if ever I could walk my father's way.

As years passed by I noticed there was more than just his gait,
The way he lived among his peers was honest, fair and straight.

The Lord was first in everything; the Bible was his guide,
He always said if truth prevails, man never needs to hide.

His children were his treasure and our mother was his queen,
Although he never preached a lot, his godly walk was seen.

The church doors never opened that he didn't find his place,
With room for us to hear and sing of God's amazing grace.

The silent sermons that he lived convinced my heart and mind,
Now I'm walking in his footsteps with my children close behind.

There is no greater legacy a dad can leave his kin,
Than footsteps bound for Heaven's gate and all its joys within.

**“For I was my father's son, tender and beloved in the sight of my mother.
He taught me also, and said unto me, Let thine heart retain my words:
keep my commandments and live.”** Prov. 4: 3&4

In loving memory of my beloved father and hero – Father's Day - 1998