

Dear Papa

I HAVE WRITTEN THESE WORDS, for this is my way
Of saying the things I want you to hear
Though I wish I had not waited until today
I know you can hear me and I feel you are near.

For eighty-two years you watched this world change
From both the World Wars to men walking in space
But throughout all of this, one thing has always remained
Your friends and your family above all you did place.

You showed love and compassion for all that you met
There was no other way you knew how to live
Not a person you've known will ever forget
Your incredible heart and willingness to give.

All the times that you and I spent together
I found strength in your words, comfort in your eyes
And although I thought both of us would go on forever
Your call as an angel is not a surprise.

By God's grace you were there to see me succeed
As a baby, a child, and now a young man
You have done all that you could for all that I need
And I thank you so much for holding my hand.

Right now all of this seems so surreal
We never thought of the day when you would be gone
With the hurt and the pain that all of us feel
You should know in our hearts you will always live on.

I can see you right now on the bright streets of gold
Walking with those just as beautiful as you
Making new friends and seeing those of old
While watching over us in everything that we do.

I love you so much that my soul is weeping
For I never envisioned just how it would end
But I know I shall see you each night as I'm sleeping
Holding hands and laughing with you, Papa, my dear friend.

— S. CURRY FLOWERS