

A MAN OF STRENGTH

By Trish Brunk

To look upon that youthful photo, muscle sinewy and taut,

I see a man of strength

To read about his political days, of changes so long lasting

I see a man of strength

To touch sermon notes that brought words of God to many,

I see a man of strength

To hear of stories of how quietly he helped so many, changed each life so greatly,

I see a man of strength

To watch the snowplow driven in storms to keep his loved ones safe

I see a man of strength

To listen to his quietness, with humbleness he absorbed the word of God

I see a man of strength

To see him cry and feel his sorrow, some embarrassment there, too

I see a man of strength

To laugh along with jokes abounding

I see a man of strength

To smell the sawdust of wood he formed and turned, like the carpenter's son

I see a man of strength

To feel the heat of every fire he made to keep us warm

I see a man of strength

To witness his undying love for her, his sweetheart so long-lasting

I see a man of strength

To watch him surrender his heart in humility to God

I see a man of strength

To be a part of the heritage he left behind, a legacy so vast in word and deed and children yet to come,

I will always remember his gentle spirit, his laughter, his sorrow,

And see a man of strength