

(this was written after my father died, roughly the same time as the death of a more famous great man, Nelson Mandela)

My dad wasn't Nelson Mandela

By Martin Brown

My dad wasn't Nelson Mandela,
He didn't fight an apartheid regime.
He just did good in his own modest way,
Never known to be selfish or mean.

Great statesmen didn't go to his funeral
With fine scripted words for the press
But he did have family and friends by the score
For his life was a quiet success.

My dad wasn't Nelson Mandela,
His death wasn't beamed round the world.
World leaders didn't offer condolences,
Town flags weren't lowered or furled.

But all those who knew him will treasure his worth
Long after his ashes are scattered,
For he lived a good life, was beloved by us all,
And that, in the end, is what matters.