

MY DAD

By Christine Stafford

He had the warmest smile I've seen
The softest bright blue eyes.
He was the best dad in the world
I'm proud that he was mine!

Whenever he was needed he was there without delay.
If anyone needed help they would only have to say.
He worked hard as a carpenter, even with an injured spine.
And every night he took us out he always found the time.

Into the country we would go, each bird or tree he'd name.
He made recognition fun and turned it to a game.
He was my mother's greatest friend an anchor in her life.
They were the perfect soulmates as well as man and wife.

Dad would walk away from conflict
Arguments or fights.
He didn't have to use his fists to prove that he had might.
His strength was in his hugs his tender loving care.
Reliant and devoted, my dad was always there.

He was an unsung hero.
No medal's on his chest.
But to me he'll live within my heart
And labelled ' just the best!'