

MY DAD....H.A. CODY

My Dad was a man of many parts.  
He loved to live for others.  
He liked to play with his offspring  
Which were a daughter who had four brothers.

He was loved and respected by one and all  
And followed his Master's teaching  
As was shown by the very example he set  
As well as his eloquent preaching.

His habits of working were different than some.  
He started in the morning early  
And worked in his study in the quiet of dawn  
Away from the world's hurly-burly.

The daylight hours were kept for his flock  
In the southern part of town.  
He knew them all to call by name  
Was a great comfort when they were down.

As a family we enjoyed his odd little quirks;  
Like pockets with crackers and mints  
'Cause he said he enjoyed his old corn-cob more  
If he nibbled 'tween smoking stints.

You'd think that plain writing paper was scarce  
Old envelopes he always kept handy  
And jotted ideas for sermons and poems  
And the stub of a pencil was just dandy.

The great out-doors was the place that he loved  
And thrilled to see things grow.  
He'd spend hour by hour in his vegetable garden  
And each plant by it's name he'd know.

He'd think of ideas for stories underway  
While digging in the rich soil  
And it was always a marvel to all, the results  
Of both produce and books from this toil.

And so in this painting of things that I've done  
Of his books and memorabilia  
It shows that I can't write as well as I paint  
'Cause nothing rhymes with memorabilia.

Norman R. Cody