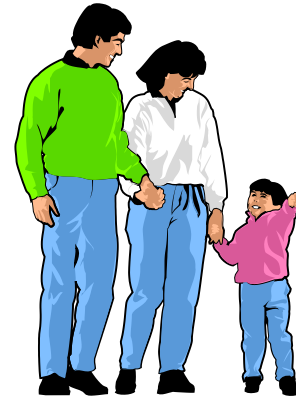


MY DAD
Written by Carol J. Groberg

Eighty-seven years ago, in a small town named Granger;
A wee babe was a warm welcome from a father and mother.
Loving parents chose his name to be Clarence Lester;
Had a choice brother, Fred, and Hattie, a big sister.



At three the family made the journey to settle in Poplar Lane;
Made choice friends, Gilbert and Theo, were their names.
Rode a school wagon to attend the ninth grade;
Later, worked at the brickyard where bricks were made.

Married his sweetheart, Clara, whom he loved the best;
In Farr West, he built them a two-room, cozy nest.
Loved, nurtured seven children who gave him little rest;
Taught them how to work and do their best.



Could pound a nail in anything with just one blow;
And made beautiful things good enough to show.
Taught us how to fish and took us with him;
Caught a whopper and filled our fish creels to the brim.

Plowed and turned the sod of God's good earth;
Planted and nurtured the seed to give it birth.
Fed his three-hundred chickens night and day;
And sold the dozens of eggs which they lay.



Now, his earthly mission is completed--and he did fine;
Leaving us a precious memory of his goodness behind.
He's with his angel wife and enjoying his time there;
And loving and giving to others what we'd shared.

