

HIS FAITHFUL ENDURANCE

When I beheld my father growing gray,
He kept his sense of humor quite a while.
“This growing old thing ain’t so bad,” he’d say.
“It’s just not handy!” he would wink and smile.

He used to feed his soul with hymnal song
Or read aloud from tomes of rhyming verse,
Until the day I noticed something wrong:
He’d stroked, and things progressed from bad to worse.

He longed to leave—for Heaven was his hope—
But Dad held on, though struggling with his food.
Nobody heard a plaint or saw him mope. . . .
He sat serene, maintained a patient mood.

I pray the Lord that I will show such grace,
And so endure, when my last days I face.

— *David L. Hatton, 4/28/2018*