

Uncle Donald

*With stern voice and chiseled hands, I came to know him as a man's man.
Growing up you "do as you're told" and his words were as good as gold.*

*He helped to raise us like we were his own, teaching with a firm but loving tone.
My father's shoes were hard to fill, but our 'other' dad lived just up the hill.*

*Always fixing or building, we kept him busy with our requests.
He would show us how once, and then ask us to do our best.*

*With tools, latches, bolts or welds, he could damn near fix most anything,
Uncle Donald, can you fix our saddened hearts and relieve our sorrowed pain?*

*Plane, parachute, tractor or gun, his Wyoming home was a ton of fun.
He lived his life like a life should be lived, working hard and playing like a kid.*

*Constructing houses was his trade, and hundreds of shelters he must have made,
But building his home for family and friends, this true passion had no end.*

*With a sturdy foundation and level walls, photographs lined his textured halls.
Pictures of us and him and them, grandmas and grandpas, cousins and kin.*

*Simple card games were a pleasure for him, but don't look past that crafty grin!
Whether playing for money or just with friends, you can bet he was playing to win.*

*Gray hair and twinkling eyes, I knew my uncle would have to say goodbye.
Though try, try, try as we might, we could not help him, it was not our fight.*

*Like his sisters before him, God was calling. Somewhere now a new hand is starting.
Hand & Foot is heart felt, Question is "How many cards should be dealt?"*