

A Book Falling Apart

We came home from Daddy's grave site, going through his things
Brother said I'd like Dad's fishing pole, Mama said I'll keep his ring,
As we viewed his few possessions I never will forget the look
When the youngest of the children cried, I'll take Dad's old book.

My Dad was held together by a book falling apart
You could trace the tear stained pages, Where it held when times were dark
Found written in the cover only Dad would have used red
The blood that bought this tattered book is the reason I'm not dead
The blood that bought this tattered book is why I live instead

As we gathered around Dad's Bible looking through the notes
We could count the times God met with Dad by the things that he wrote
But the one that really blessed us most, was when we finally reached the page
Dad had saved his reddest pen to write our names as we were saved

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