

# *The Man We Called Dad*

He never looked for praises  
He was never one to boast  
He just went on quietly working  
For the ones he loved the most.

His dreams were seldom spoken  
His wants were very few  
And most of the time his worries  
Went unspoken too.

He was there...a firm foundation  
Through all our storms of life  
A sturdy hand to hold on to  
In times of stress and strife.

A true friend we could turn to  
When times were good or bad  
One of our greatest blessings  
The man that we called Dad