

Brick by Brick By Marsha Meek

Brick by brick, stone by stone, the man builds his life.
Placed with care, one here, one there,
Some alone, some at the side of his wife.

A young child's guide, a job well done, a voice to call out for a cause
A rocky trail to hike, blue seas to sail
Always a pen to the paper without pause.

In time it will grow-the man's heart and his mind, on rock-solid faith he would stand
Giving all that he has, with kindness and grace
To a world so often in need of a hand.

A house built of love, of joy and of faith, its floors are wisdom true,
Sons and daughter by his side, his true love as well,
Happy times are plenty, sad times but a few.

This life he has built is a sight to behold as those near and far often tell,
Built tall by his heart and strong by his faith,
It is an example that is clear as a bell.

If he were to tell it-the story of his life-his quest would be anything but bland,
In pictures and poems, typed word and sweet song,
He would say it was all part of a wonderful and glorious plan.

For this man knew early on what matters most to us all, of this we are all most sure-
Not riches, but kindness! Bold faith over fear!
All this, and a love that is pure.

His house remains standing and will continue to be- his family strong, no one alone-
For this house, as you see, this man's journey so great,
Started long ago, brick by brick, stone by stone.