

DADDY

Each block is an event
In my young life.
Some fraught with strife.
Not to be coy....
But most were filled with joy.

The band around them all
Are the arms that broke the
fall.
The arms of....
My Daddy.

The road to the present
Is the second band.
Along this I was still led
By the loving hand of....
My Daddy.

Each small square is a
Milestone away from the
nest.
But met the same as the rest,
with strength and courage
As I was taught by the best....
My Daddy.

Around it all is still the tie
That binds it all....
The love of....
My Daddy

I hope in some humble way
With this quilt a debt I can
repay.
Each stitch was made with
love for
My Daddy

This may not all rhyme,
But then I'm only perfect
Half the time.
I only wanted to say
I Love You....
My Daddy

**A poem written by his daughter,
Willie Martin in December 1991
when she gave him a quilt she had
made for him
to put over his legs while he slept in
his chair .**

