

Dad

Michael R. Hadra

I remember those days when I was just a sprite
So full of nothing but ready to put up a fight
You brought me to Twin Groves
I surely didn't know
How that fastball would come out from your hands
I swung, and I swung, until I slung my baseball bat into the stands

I remember the first day you let me drive the riding lawnmower. It was like riding on a magic carpet.
I remember when you told me to hold the 2X4 lower. I remember when I couldn't get it "set".

I remember when you took me to the "drive in theater" In your 1976 GMC Jimmy.

I remember when I was 16 and complained that I was too skinny.

Most importantly, I remember you always being there. Being stoic and humble... telling me not worry about what others do, but what I do.

Dad, there is a void in my heart. I miss you.

I can't wait to see you again. May God extend his warmth to you like a fireplace in a cold, cold, world.

Love you and Miss you,

Michael

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