

My Dearest Papa

When you were here with us
You worked very hard.
You planted your garden
And nurtured everything in it.

Yes, you worked hard;
But you did not struggle or toil,
For your work was your passion,
Your garden your paradise,
And your harvest nourishment to us all.

Like the stream that does not flow,
Like the well gone dry,
Your body ached,
Your heart tired.
You have left us now
To rest forever
In that eternal garden.

Oh, how I miss you, my dearest Papa.
You were the sun that warms the body,
The food that nourishes the mind,
If only you were still here
To walk and talk and play with us.
I could sit with you at the table
And once again watch you in the garden.

But where do I look for you now?
We visit your grave in the cemetery
And plant flowers and decorate it.
But are you there?

We glance at your favourite chair
Where we were sure to see you
Resting quietly amidst children playing.
We look at your pictures
And reminisce your peaceful smile.

We gaze at the ground you tilled,
The things you touched,
The things you built,
And recall how it was,
When you were once here.

But you are still here.
I see you in our children, laughing and playing,
In their bright eyes and smiling faces.
I see you in the soft light of early dawn,
In the chirping sounds of baby birds,
In the radiant warmth of mid-day,
And the quiet peace of the setting sun.

Someday we are sure to see you once more
In a place where neither time nor space will matter;
And you will once again be ... my dearest Papa.

July 1984

**Giovanni John Di Luzio
Sault Ste. Marie Canada**