

# My Father's Cane

by Ed Smooth

A year ago this morning, my Father passed away.  
Jesus often calls to Him those we most wish could stay.  
With family gathered round him, the tears began to flow,  
Then he told us just to ease our minds, how much he longed to go.

For he had been a soldier and walked the paths of right.  
The ways of God had always been so precious in his sight.  
And when he went there wasn't much the old man left behind.  
The treasure that he'd laid up was not the earthly kind.

There was no doubt for what I'd ask to remember him.  
It held him up and gave him hope when the path was dim.  
And even when his strength was gone and he felt the pain,  
He still would say so often, "Son, go get my cane."

My Father's cane reminds me that we never walk alone.  
Jesus gives us strength and hope on the journey towards His throne.  
And like my Father who has gone, I too will make that climb,  
I've set my sights on joining him in Heaven so sublime.

So if you see me coming don't worry 'bout my health,  
Don't ask about my future plans or my worldly wealth.  
I'm walking with my Savior, looking forward to His reign,  
And just to keep reminding me I'll hold my Father's cane.

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