



MY FATHER'S HAT

He left it lying on the bed

Where someone mashed it flat;

But none could quench the spirit

Of that jaunty derby hat.

Oh, Daddy, dear, you were so young –

What games you played with me;

You chased me squealing through the house

As fast as I could flee.

What whopping stories you could tell

Right off the top of your head,

And many times you scared me so

I ran and hid in bed.

The years were written on your face

For age had taken toll,

But laughter bubbled up inside –

Time could not touch your soul.

Written by Joyce Culbertson Billingsby in tribute to her father, Lewis Biggs Culbertson

