On The Passing Of My Father,

Phillip Marion Weidner, on October 28, 1985

1986

Father. I love you. What more might this son say?

You were. I am. You slowly slip away.

Not to cease. To start again.

To live that special way

One knows when what one does

Is what one should.

One simply lives each day.

Live for every babe and seer.

Love all women. Comfort them.

Give and give and give and then

Go back. Find him. Just understand.

Simple creed.

Simple plan.

Kindness for one's fellow man.

But bend? For whom? For what?

Perhaps.

Not from fear.

From the mind.

The wind roars by.

The willow smiles.

Dances oh so lightly. Merrily beguiles.

Yields not an inch and thrives.

The mighty oak, strength so vast.

Holds that rigid stance and snaps.

Yields not an inch but dies.

Who knows fear or sorrow now?

Why think woe or pain?

What a joy to leave that shell.

Come share mine old friend.

Fear for you? Beyond the veil?

For what? Of whom? And why?

Those who live for God and King.

Wave the flag. In Choirs sing.

Publicly profess their goodness.

Bring

Their years of what they

Really are and fear to meet the void.

Those like you who live for man

Approach with only joy.

A few short score ago

Your father found

The spark of life

From his own sire.

Conception. Momentary gift

Of passage to this realm.

You shared in turn the moments

Till his passage once more dawned.

And as he brought you through the veil,

You helped him journey on.

Close beside to ease the toil

Of exit, entrance. Move along.

Why say gone?

Now I likewise exist because

Your passion forty years behind

Flowered. Bore seeds. Took root.

Gave me body, soul, and mind.

Four decades we shared till now.

We once more close with time.

We once more can combine.

Feel my hands. Gentle touch.

See your hands. Mirror of mine.

Beautiful in quiet repose.

Years of comfort lie in them.

Gift to youth. Sustenance.

Fruits of labor.

No one knows

But you how dearly purchased

Each day of warmth, shelter, clothes.

Nourishment. Life for us.

Trade one more drop of you

For one more step.

Nurture. Strengthen. Educate.

Bequeath to us

The meaning of respect.

Share those footsteps.

Then or now.

So many more to come.

Grandfather. Father. Son.

Follow some. Take new paths.

Wind back to join. Diverge again.

Bring us here at last.

This bed of birth.

This quantum leap.

One step beyond the pale.

Your breath so soft, so slow, until

The final murmurs cease.

The pulse so measured, quiet, until

The heart no longer beats.

Now what can this perception be?

What is time and space and now?

Purple. Warmth. Energy.

Wraps us in a glow.

I see.

I feel.

I know.

Your soul drifts out.

Encompasses me.

Embrace my being.

Empathy.

Wraps me in serenity.

Essence of the family.

Enfuses me

With all your strength

And all the wisdom our forebears

Have passed to you

In countless times like these.

Birth and life and death.

Birth and life and death.

Flow on.

Every evening Old Sol sets

To rise again next dawn.

Oh the joy to see you now

So calm before the bar

To know you feel me hereAnd know how truly one we are.

To see you move to another plane.

Step on to another place.

A laugh on your lips. Love in your heart.

Peace and rest in your face.

Scurrying not before some storm.

Or fleeing some old nemesis.

But strolling

Striding

Onto the distant range.

What a miracle to exist!

What a joy to start again!

On through the endless Web of time and space

At your own time and pace.

Anticipation. No regrets.

No perverse old scores or debts.

Expect no reckoning. One accepts.

Knowing this and simply this.

Those who knew you have you here.

Now. Forever. Wherever. When.

All we had together -- have

Is always.

Never stops or starts

Dies

Or fades.

Always comes again.

All who knew you

Simply know.

There was and is a man.

You and I

My daughter.

Son.

Were.

Are.

Will be.

I am.