His hand was cold,

face pale and drained of all energy,

yet a slight smile crept across his face,

as he knew he would soon be free.

I held his hand more tightly,

as I knew what was soon to come,

pain began to flash across his face,

and to calm him down I began to hum.

"Sara," he said as soft as a mouse,

"thank you for always being here for me.

our bond has strengthened as time went on

but now please listen to my plea.

You have many years ahead of you,

many people to meet and places to see,

you have many dreams to chase,

and to achieve them I have the key.

You must always do the right thing,

even when the judgement of others may lack,

and always persevere through difficult days

as with two steps forwards there is likely one step back.

And now I am being called to leave,

but before the end of the curtain call,

I leave you with the last words of Winston Churchill,

'I'm bored with it all.' "

And with those words he drew his last breath,

and with that breath the world stood still,

as it took me the next day to finally realize,

that those would be the final words of my father Bill.