

Papa and Gram

by Philip S. Rapalje
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NOTE: This poem was written by Philip and given to his own mother on the first Mother's Day after his Gram went home to be with the Lord. You may have seen this story in the Eaton Family Cookbook.

Papa taught me how to shoot a gun,
he taught me how to fish.
I have many fond memories with him
watching the Red Sox on the satellite dish.
All those years of hard work he spent
All those encouraging words he said, he meant.

He mastered growing oranges,
the sweetest around.
He's told me stories I'll never forget
like about the fights he would start
between a coon and his hound.

He meant so much to all of us,
and our hearts are all at ease
Cause we know he's in heaven now
sitting 'neath the big orange tree.

Gram was an angel that lived on earth.
She put herself aside and put everyone else first.
She used to tell me, "I wish you could've met my mother."
I am thankful for all the time we shared.
A woman of her character, there will never be another.

Everything she shared with me,
all the wisdom that she knew.
One thing is for sure Gram—
I'll tell my kids, I wish they'd met you!

Loving, caring, words just a few
To describe, Gram, how we all felt about you!
In our hearts is where you'll always be,
sitting next to Papa in heaven
'neath the big orange tree.