

Boyer, Roland #159 *

Honoured by his family.
Roland 'Rolly' Boyer,
1932-2006

There are so many memories that swirl through my mind when I think of my father. A man who was committed to providing for his family, who took us on vacation and camping every summer, and a father who tried to give us as many opportunities as he did not have as a child. A bit of an enigma, he was both very social and very private. He was a pioneer in his own way taking courses in art, classes in cooking, and at the age of 64, graduating with his high school diploma. He was a traveller and explorer going off with my mother to all corners of the world. He was a singer and a good one too. There were many Sundays when we would hear him crooning to Marty Robbins or Hank Williams. It is from him that my siblings and I got our passion for music whether it be playing or singing. He loved to gather with his family and he is missed by us all.

My father took to writing poetry when he went back to school as an older gentleman. Here are two he wrote:

Where Were You Dad?

Dad where were you when I needed you?

I needed you to sit me on your knee.

I needed you to teach me how to say thanks and please.

I needed you to hold my hand as we walked to the store.

I needed you to tell me you would be there evermore.

I needed you to be there when I brought my grades from school.

I needed you to be there to teach me about tools.

I needed you to be there when I hit my first home run.

I needed you to be there when the season was all done.

I needed you to be there when I starred in the school play.

I needed you to be there but you were always far away.

I needed you to take me to a lake where we could fish.

and in the evening by the fire I would sit and make a wish.

I needed you to be there when I grew to be a man

but dad as years went by I finally understood

I know you always loved me and you did the best you could.

He

He wanders the streets in every city and town.

People pass him by; they look and they frown.

He begs for a nickel, a quarter, a dime.

He's very patient; he has lots of time.

His clothes are all ragged he looks out of place.

Some rush on by him avoiding his face.

His hair is all matted; his eyes sunken in.

He smells of cheap whiskey, cheap wine, and cheap gin.

He stands by a building that big money built.

Folks toss him money to ease all their guilt.

When I see him there I heave a big sigh,

but for the grace of God, go I.