

MY FATHER'S DAY FEVER

There's a fire in my belly
To tell a thing about thee
I don't know how to express it, maybe
It is about thee, Dear Daddy
Dad, I want to express it to you only
On this glorious "Father's Day"
I remember the old days
Days when I watched you work, and work
While you do it, for, and for
The Ministry given to you by the Lord
And the work to provide for us, and thus
You worked tirelessly, day and night

There's a little fire in my belly
It's getting set a little
Oh, the night-light, of drafting
On the same table you drew plans
With the help of the Holy Ghost
For a God-given sermon for the host
the very same table under the night-light's glow
You drew plans for so many homes
With your glasses on the tip of your nose
The spectacles! You know
While your wife yelled something and all
And, us kids giggling, and watched T.V.
Meanwhile, I had a different attention of thee
From which, maybe you thought me tis

There's a fire in my belly
I choose to write it like this
I saw patience, and humility
Patience, the hard way, I've learned
Humility, there's one way to earn
When the Spirit of the Lord speaks
I see you, and you, mostly
"What I do; I saw my father do"

MY FATHER'S DAY FEVER (Continued)

There were time when I was their fool
That have changed, in time, for good
I sure want to be a father like thee
See, my own child just turned thirteen

There's a fire in my belly

And I will tell you tis

Dad, you may not be proud of my academic goals

I have entered the Kingdom of God

What better gift could you have given

What better gift could I have taken

Than the perpetual gift of Heaven

I am not a doctor, pharmacist, or businessman,

I will, however, join the multitude of "Saints"

When our time comes, to go marching in

Yes I will be in that vast number

With you, and others we love, way up there

Dear Daddy, that's the gift, I'll give to thee,

The very same gift you have given to me

Together to walk in Heaven's golden streets

There's a fire, now bonfire in my belly

And I will not stop here

Is this not the success, for us, you wanted?

Even though, I got there a different way

You should take all the credits

Cause you among others showed me the way

I have nothing material to give thee

In the name of Christ we are blood brothers

Just like in the physical sphere

We are related by blood

Yet, no remission of sin without shedding of blood

And you and I, are under that same blood

MY FATHER'S DAY FEVER
(Continued)

There's a crack of a fire in my belly
And I remember this
Yes, I can see the station-wagon
Your old automobile
"The Family Wagon"
And your wife's green Oldsmobile
Were they both Oldsmobiles?
I don't know, they were real to me
And you are the beginning of my reality
And the fire continues to burn in my belly

Written for Rev. Wilner Maxy, by His Son Childeric Maxy

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