

My Father...

He is kindness, he is love, he is a gift bequeathed to his child from above.
He is gentility, honour and truth and the creator of a treasured youth.

He is the curator of my smiles and the twinkle in awestruck innocent eyes.
He is old sayings, words and stories that relay history and glory.

He is a scholar and a gentleman and a teacher known throughout the county and land.
He is happy memories of school and childhood and all things that are honest and pure and good.

He is wisdom and he is faith that was instilled in hearts on sabbath days.
He is routines and rituals and traditions and old tunes played by Ireland's musicians.

He is the custodian of songs and music notes and books of poetry and quotes.
He is an explorer of names and townlands that help our knowledge to expand.

He is memories that we all hold dear that hold the key to yesteryear.
He is the reason why we laugh and the smile in the black and white photograph.

He is the keeper of all promises and the man that loves my mother the most.
He is who I want my sons to emulate with his steadfast dependability so great.

He means so much to everyone for different reasons but to me he is there by my side all seasons.
He is my loving, gentle, knowledgeable father and I am forever blessed to be his daughter.

By Fionnuala Cassidy

