

# *The Carpenter*

## *In Memory of Lanier Brant*

*The carpenter stands ready and he surveys the lot,  
Two by fours and four by fours, stacked in their proper spot.  
His leather belt holds well worn tools, hammer in his calloused hand,  
his eyes scanning every drawing, hoping all will go as planned.  
He built his home, he built a church, he built both far and near,  
I remember his first handshake and he said "My name's Lanier."  
He reminded me of someone from a long long time ago,  
he also was a carpenter and who most of you would know.  
His eyes sparkled as he pounded nails, singing country or gospel songs,  
building walls and doorways and ask you to join along.  
From window frames to shingled roof, the hammer never ceased,  
I never met a better one from north or south or even west and east.  
The hammer has been silent but the walls he built stayed strong and true,  
it's more than just a building, a lesson there for me and you.  
Now the Father told his only son that their schedule was behind,  
"Do you know of someone? Is there someone you can find?"  
"Father, I know just the one and he's approaching Heaven's Gate,  
his walls have stood the test of time, they are square and they are straight."  
So the Son walked down the golden street, he brought him in to Glory Land  
and the carpenter was ready with his hammer in his hand.*