

He waited in a real long line, there were thousands at the gate,
not a one of them was early and not a one of them was late.
When the time came for his check in, he stepped up to the stand,
he said my name is Henry and his cap was in his hand.
A weathered face stared back at him and Henry saw a book,
a voice like quiet thunder said “We will need to take a look.”
Henry stood there patiently as the pages turned so slow,
this man was smiling as he read, his hair like falling snow.
It was then that Henry noticed a bright blue cap upon his head,
a big red A was stitched in place and was held by golden thread.
“I saw you there in Alabama, the quickest hands I’d ever seen
and smash that ball a country mile and you were only seventeen.
I watched you season after season, every game you ever played,
I saw you beat the Yankees and when you were so afraid.
I watched you face some giants like King David from the past,
your poise and grace and discipline for eternity shall last.
Now step inside the batter’s box, we’ve been waiting for this game,
Ernie, Skip and Milo have just announced your name.”
The Hammer waited for the fastball, it was up and just inside,
the bat and ball collided and in the stars it now resides.
He made his way around the bases there inside that golden dome,
all of heaven stood applauding, Henry made it safely home.