

Larry Dean Conyers

There is a man I call my friend, I knew him way back when,
we served aboard the Stoney J with the best of Navy men.
We cruised along in silence, submerged down in the deep,
missiles locked and loaded and in coffins we deep sleep.
He left that old canoe club, that bubblehead was headed home,
vowing to stay single and around the world he'd roam.
But fate had other plans for him and a torpedo hit his heart,
he said her name was Stacy and a new life they would start.
A house out in the cornfields, girls and boys came into view,
first Ashley then Amanda, Luke, James and Caleb too,
Those children grew and life went on, the Wabash flowed nearby,
graduations turned to weddings, there were tears that he would cry.
His titles just kept growing; sailor, husband, dad and friend
and God had one more for him that he could not comprehend.
Now he fills a Baptist pulpit, a pastor's call from high above,
to preach the Gospel message and spread His grace and love.
Grandchildren climb upon his lap, the family grows and grows
and here's a little something that he really needs to know.
He is blessed beyond all measure with a family strong and sure
and when the storms come calling, he knows they will endure.
Love higher than the stars above, deeper than the ocean blue,
a love that stretches east to west is the love we have for you.
May this Christmas bring you laughter, may it bring a little cheer
and draw a close to what has been a most dramatic year.
The gifts we find beneath a tree will fade into the past,
but faith and family and a friend are the gifts that last.