ODE TO MY GRANDPA
by
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Some are old
Some are chatty
Some are cold
Some are just batty.

But today the one I have in mind
Is a grandfather of a special kind
He loved gardens
Was a friend to every tree
But the most important thing he grew
Was his family.

To measure champion trees
He made a science
Even in bad times
He lived with death defiance.

But then the day came when he went away . . .

If you listen now in the forest depths
You will find he didn’t leave us behind
A part of him is still left.
His children and grandchildren live
He did not die
I insist he still exists in each of us – you and I.

It’s a gift to remember, you see
The blessing of his memory.
Today and all days he will still aspire
To fly in the forest trees with the birds
If not higher.

His death is not the end of his art
To think of all he did
Is not to measure a tree
But to measure a man’s heart.