

A TRIBUTE TO MY DAD

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Written of my father
George Woodrow Craig, Sr.
December 13, 1918 – March 30, 2004

Dad was born in times of regression;
He fought two wars and lived the great depression.

In his day the opportunities were few;
'Cause he served his country guarding freedom for you.

He loved us so much – his children and his wife;
And worked very hard to give us a good life.

From early childhood I can remember –
The magic of Christmas every December!

Dad would save all year for clothes and toys;
He was such a good Santa to his girl and boys.

He took us to church not letting us stray.
We accepted Christ as Savior and learned how to pray.

He taught us sports and self defense;
Right from wrong and good common sense.

Dad is always there to lend, or give us a hand –
Even if it means sacrifice – he'll make no demand.

He is disciplined and manly, brave and bold –
The leader of our family through hard times untold.

His door is always open to relative and friend;
His generosity and kindness they could always depend.

Though many years have come and gone,
The memories of my Dad shall forever live on.

He's the best father any child ever had –
I'm so thankful to God 'cause He gave me my Dad.