

# Brother Papa

When I became my father's brother  
We grew a bond unlike the other  
Of father huge and a little boy,  
Yet reminiscent of childhood joy.

Bonded now by Masonic lore  
We're closer yet than we were before.  
Not hand in hand but side by side  
We search for light where light may hide.

To other lodges our plans to travel  
To hear the sound of a different gavel;  
To shake the hands of brethren new;  
To share our stories; our visits grew.

The joys we shared we knew would end  
When someday soon that path would end.  
When now I travel I stroll alone,  
The Grand Architect took my Papa home.

When now I travel, I stroll with pride  
To know Papa's spirit is by my side.  
When now I visit a lodge alone  
Papa will visit His Lodge at Home.

Memories I've kept by multiple score  
And in my travels I'll gather more,  
But the one most dear beyond another  
Is when I became my father's brother.

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