

In Daddy's Steps

via Caprock Bulletin

I watched him playing 'round my door
My neighbor's little boy of four.
I wondered why a lad would choose
To wear his dad's old worn out shoes.

I saw him try with all his might
To make the laces snug and tight.
I smiled to see him walk and then
He'd only step right out again.

I heard him say, his voice was glad,
"I want to be just like my Dad."
I hoped his dad his steps would choose
Safe for his son to wear his shoes.

And then a shout and cry of joy,
A "Hello, Dad!" and a "Hi-ya, Boy!"
They walked along in measured stride,
Each face aglow with love and pride.

"What have you done today, my lad?"
"I tried to wear your old shoes, Dad!"
They're big, but when I'm a man
I'll wear your shoes, I know I can."

They stopped and stood there hand in hand,
He saw his son's tracks in the sand.
His words — a prayer — came back to me,
"Lord, let my steps lead him to Thee."

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