

# The Weaver

I felt, but seldom saw.

To meet mounting demands  
you struggled in a  
distant world.  
Little play.  
I would not obey.  
I fought you and withdrew.

Unthanked,  
you built the basketball hoop and pitcher's mound  
whose furnace forged my character.

Unwelcomed, you supported.  
Unbidden, you came.  
Unnoticed, you poured your soul onto my insolent ground  
nourishing me  
instead of others  
whose thanks you would  
have heard.

Your anguished trust helped me find vision.  
To exorcise the past.  
To choose.  
To become.

But first  
I wore guilt's heavy harness.

Then I begged forgiveness  
and obeyed  
in vain attempt  
to ease unknown pain.

A tiny piece of sky appeared.  
I felt hope as long as  
I chased it.

Then darkness fell again and  
I stopped running.

Finally, I stumbled upon myself,  
frightened  
hiding  
in gradually illuminating gloom.

As panic faded,  
unnoticed burdens fell away.  
Heaven's vault came into  
miraculous view.  
I saw the North Star.  
Then, inspiring doubt descended.  
Again.

On each awakening,  
a luminous tapestry  
envelopes me.  
Still.

Over often tedious years,  
through dark as well as  
joyous, seeming light  
we weave  
hope's gossamer threads.

One day, deed, strand at a time.

Unknown  
ever renewing  
designs.

Through obscuring glass  
our faiths glimpse blindly.  
Different tapestry.

And yet you endure me.

My dross  
slowly

finds  
new patterns and hues.

You will have your due.

Life intertwined.  
Endless designs  
divined.

For your all  
I honour, thank and  
love you.

Written by bob mccue  
for  
Robert J. McCue  
on the occasion of Father's Day  
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