



My Father's Smile

My father was 90, I past half a century
When finally I became aware of his spectacular smile

His eyes twinkled expressively
His face opened with true joy
His entire being sparked appealingly
His total delight revealed clearly and unselfconsciously

For such a very long time I had failed to notice that sweet smile
But now I recall that for over sixty years
The presence of my mother unfailingly provoked it
And often, at least in retirement, a bowl of ice cream did as well

And then most surprisingly
In his last years, I realized my presence evoked it as well
What he had told me every time he said good bye
That he loved me very much, was sure no lie

While I never really doubted that
I really only understood
The deepness and sweetness of that truth for a small portion of his life
But oh what a spectacular gift to cherish for the remainder of my life

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