

“The Game We Shared”

We wish we could have seen him play,  
But that was not our time;  
We would not have the privilege  
To watch him in his prime.  
We're told how he could crush the ball,  
How he would rarely miss:  
His hands and eyes the perfect team  
No pitcher could dismiss.  
His strikeouts totaled only four  
His last three years combined;  
He was a champion for Montrose--  
A hitter, pure, refined.  
Not only could he strike the ball,  
But he was surely fast;  
This speed he'd have in later years  
And from him never passed.  
His arm was strong from outfield, and  
Homeplate he clearly owned;  
The safest thing was stay on base  
For he could gun you down.  
He could have joined the minor leagues  
And might have made a name;  
Instead he spent his time at home  
With fam'ly not with fame.  
We'd run and catch and swing the bat  
(Two acres was our field);  
We'd play for hours, would not stop,  
'Til sunset made us yield.  
He coached us in the little leagues--  
He knew the game so well--  
Our mem'ries are with us today:  
The stories we still tell.  
Some years would pass, but not his strength,  
His skill was still the same;  
Now softball, sons, and church leagues would  
Become his fav'rite game.  
In later years he coached again  
For grandkids and their school;  
He is remembered for his smile and  
For his gentle rule.

Although we could not see him play  
When he was just a lad,  
We're thankful for the game we shared  
With our great baseball Dad.

T.R. Hobson  
Copyright 2017  
Hobsonshymns.com