



## AWAY TO ME

So quiet now, without his words.  
 Teachings and lessons were what we heard.  
 My heart weighed heavy as he passed in the night.  
 And now this poem, the hardest I write.

Inception? A look, a glance and a stare.  
 Lil' Abner's the place, our hearts would share.  
 Yellow roses and letters, phone calls abound.  
 The love of my life I knew I had found.

Pack up the records the dog and the cat.  
 It was off to California, in his Porsche we sat.  
 So careful to provide a safe place to live,  
 I learned very quickly he had much to give.

On the lake, in a boat on Canadian land,  
 Between bailing and fishing he asked for my hand.  
 A piece of See's candy to celebrate,  
 It was that precious moment that sealed my fate.

Who I am and what I've done,  
 this man has made it so.  
 Each one he meets gets challenged,  
 see how far they'd go  
 Which of us cannot admit he pushed us to the brink?  
 Grateful though, we must admit,  
 twas he that made us think.

An eye for detail he would see, sitting in his chair.  
 His builders would abide, taking every care.  
 A cover plate, we confess, it took time to learn  
 That every screw, at 10 and 4,  
 must boast a quarter turn.

A sheep dog farm, a fishing pond,  
 seems simple to the rest,  
 But projects grew within his dreams,  
 our patience he would test.  
 Even when broken by his sad demise,  
 his vigil did not cease.  
 A bridge to build, a gate to weld,  
 the challenges would increase.

A simple man does not describe  
 this man with such great dreams.  
 Unique, is more appropriate, and driven so it seems.  
 Each house he built a masterpiece,  
 but each they took their toll.  
 The next more stunning than the last,  
 would eat away his soul.

His Legacy will surface in cherished faces we see;  
 Lane, Collin, young Rene', and then there's Natalie.  
 A special place his heart holds dear.  
 Little Feather reflects bright in Grandpa's tiny tear.

And now he rests at peace on Kelley Creek Farm;  
 Lil'bit and Jill protecting him from harm.  
 With his famed trial field in sight,  
 And stars to warm him into the night.

So we say goodbye to our dear friend;  
 A legend of his own.  
 We'll miss his style, his confidence  
 And send him to his home.  
 Brent, my love I'll miss you so,  
 Everyone know's it's true.  
 But Rhye and I have just to say,  
 That'll do now Brent, that'll do.

Patsy Dickens, October 23, 2008