



Heritage

By Marcus Lander (December 2011)

*I praise the Lord, who has not left
My soul deprived or destitute:
Though once I might have felt bereft,
My life does now abound with fruit.*

*For God my broken life restored:
A heritage on me bestowed;
For he is gracious to reward
All those who walk the narrow road.*

*As a fruitful vine beside my house
And as olive plants my table round,
So God has blessed me with a spouse,
My days with peerless children crowned.*

*When I come home at each days end
My youngest child receives me:
Her welcome warm is sure to mend
All the worldly care which grieves me.*

*Her laughter is as silver fair,
Her smile, it gleams like gold;
A treasure rare, beyond compare:
She's a pleasure to behold.*

*And each day brings some new delight
Which fills her father's heart with pride:
Beyond all question, she is bright
And mostly well-behaved beside.*

*Her skills she daily builds upon,
New milestones, she's attaining:
At one she did a marathon
And all without complaining.*

*Her temperament is ever sweet,
Her manners are so cute,
And though not always clean and neat,
That's a minor attribute.*

*She is a person, all her own,
Yet here's the mystery:
In her I see my flesh and bone
Reflected back at me.*



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*With echoes of myself I'm hunted,
When she is feeling chattery:
With my own words I'm confronted,
Spoke in sincerest flattery.*

*I know that I will live in her,
Just as she lives in me.
Instead of fame, I would prefer
That she become my legacy.*