

The Little White Cross...Recitation

"Amazing Grace" playing in the background (G)

My old friend's wife called...it was just the other day
We hadn't talked much...since my friend had passed away
She said her young son...needed someone just to talk to
He was taking it really hard...and she didn't know what to do

I jumped in my truck and went on over...not knowing where I'd start
When I got there what I saw...was a little boy with a broken heart
Though his face was filled with tears...he grinned when I drove up
Come on and jump in I said...you remember your daddy's old truck

He nodded he did and waved to his mama...as we drove away
Then he slid over right next to me...and said go this way
He said I've got something to show you...I think it will be alright
I told him I was sure it would...and squeezed his little shoulder tight

As we drove he kept pointing...at little white crosses along the way
He told me all about them...but there was nothing I needed to say
We hadn't driven many miles...when pull over right here he said
Then he pointed his tiny finger...and he lowered his little head

At first I could hardly hear him speak...as he choked back the tears
Then he spoke out loud and clear...in a voice beyond his years
That's my daddy's little white cross...up there by that big tree
That's where they all found him ...where whiskey took him from me

I loved my daddy he said...he was the best in the whole wide world
And I know daddy loved me too...but he never would say.....
We walked up to the big oak tree...just as it began to rain
I stood quietly beside him...but he never spoke again

He knelt by the little white cross...and slowly lowered his head
Then I saw what he wanted me to see...Lord it made my heart sad
Scribbled with a pencil...on the little white cross...were these words
.....I sure do miss you Dad

(Music fades out)

RAY PAGE Jr.

