

Verse:

"If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

II Chronicles 7:14

One of my favorite memories of Grandpa is hearing him pray. No matter what we were doing, no matter what time, Grandpa never missed an opportunity to pray for someone. I vividly recall a few weeks before I was to be married. I had traveled down to Oklahoma to visit my family. On my way back home I stopped by Nanny and Grandpa's to visit once more and say goodbye. Grandpa had us all join hands and he prayed over my upcoming marriage to Miranda and asked God's blessing upon our union. This meant so much to me and I'll never forget it.

After Grandpa went to his heavenly home, I wanted to write a song in memory of him. When I think back of all the memories I made at Nanny and Grandpa's home, the one that stands out most is our time around the dinner table. After Nanny finished sitting out the meal, Grandpa would reach out his hand to take hold of mine. I can feel his hands now; cracked and dry from years of construction and farm work, but oh so strong. You see his hands were a symbol of his life. He worked hard and did his very best with everything he built.

Perhaps even more than his physical work though, the way he treated people was a reflection of his relationship with the Heavenly Father. He could be stern when needed, but if you ask anyone they would tell you that Grandpa was such a gentle, humble man of God. I miss holding his hand as he "offered thanks" not only for the food, but for all the many blessing God had given. And to this day, I'm doing my best to pray like Grandpa prayed.

Kevin Edwards