



Roy Patrick Blake

June 24, 1983 -
June 28, 2008



*I walked away that morning, without a backward glance,
I didn't know that moment was going to be our last.
The last time I would hold you or see your lovely face,
The last time I would kiss you and feel your strong embrace.*

*So solid and so real, so vibrant and alive,
A happy face with twinkling eyes, my fine young man, my child.
My first-born son, my Roy Boy, the apple of my eye,
so cruelly taken from me, I never said goodbye.*

*The shattered remnant of my heart is strangely beating still,
with holes so black and fathomless no light could ever fill.
I don't know how I face each day without my darling boy.
Gone is all the happiness, the love of life, the joy.*

*The years stretch on before me, so bleak and dark and long,
I pray you walk beside me, son, and help to keep me strong.
And when my life is over, come to me on that day,
and smile at me and hold me tight and carry me away.*

*The wind that whispers through the trees, the brightest star at night,
a rainbow on a dismal day, a shaft of golden light,
All these are signs you send to me, a message from above,
that even death can't break the bonds of Son and Mother Love...*

With Love, Mom, Stepfather Lloyd and Uncle George