

WHAT KIND OF MAN?

Be the kind of man, my son,
Your mother hopes you'll be--
Fulfill the dreams I have for you,
Do all these things for me.

Be the kind of a friend, my son,
That others seek to find;
Extend your hand to everyone,
Let prejudice not blind.

Greet the world with a smile, my son,
Let others find you gay;
Give petty woes and sadnesses
No portion of your day.

Make friends with truth and honesty
And let them be your guide.
Never choose for your companions
Intolerance and pride.

Find beauty in the simple things--
It's there if you'll just look.
Make each day a lovely page
In life's delightful book.

I hope that when the years have fled--
They'll leave you self-control.
May you look back across time's span
And see a life well spent.

If you can search your heart and say,
"I'm satisfied with me" ----
You'll know you've been the kind of man
Your mother hoped you'd be.

Form ideas and opinions,
Defend them with all your might--
But never be afraid, my son,
To say that you weren't right.

Don't talk at length about yourself
As folks are prone to do;
If you listen well to others,
They'll soon talk well of you.

Seek out your faults, know them well;
Correct the ones you can.
Let them help you to understand
Those of your fellowman.

Take compassion, hope, and courage
And keep them at your side;
In times of crisis, these, my son,
Can often turn the tide.

Anonymous