

## In Honor of Dickie

Death claimed a mighty warrior.  
Death stalks its prey.  
This soldier fell to cancer  
at forty years of age.

Upholding the banner of the King,  
the Bible was his sword.  
When he fell in the midst of battle  
he was raised up to the Lord.

Like the Ultimate Carpenter,  
woodwork was his trade.  
He supervised us guys at Robert Shaw's,  
took the heat for our mistakes.

He shared his life with the little guys  
by coaching soccer games.  
He also coached their softball,  
teaching them a better way.

He was kind and good to all of us,  
treated his lovely wife the same.  
When he spoke a word of her,  
it brought honor to her name.

It wouldn't surprise me one little bit  
if when he walked into God's sight  
a host of Glorious Angels chimed,  
"Dickie, You'rrre allll right!"

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In honor of Dickie Wooldridge  
who was my supervisor for a  
couple years. His favorite line  
was, "You'rrre allll right!"