

In honor of Fathers Day.

That Old Hat

That sweat stained old hat hung from a nail on his wall.
A testament to his effort to provide a living for us all.
It witnessed the rearing of his ten kids
and the beaming of his face at everything they did.
I could see that old hat coming from far, far away,
excited and wandering at what he might say.
It was always around when lessons were taught,
either by switch, or lecture, a look or a thought.
Things like “give a man a day’s work for a day’s pay”,
or “make up your own mind, but listen to what others have to say”.
That old hat went with us to the fields to work,
and guided the horse and plow that turned that old dirt.
It traveled with him through the mountains he loved,
and knew every tree and creature under God’s heaven above.
It knew every inch of his scrubby old farm,
where to hunt squirrel, herbs, or bees that might swarm.
It knew where the ginseng and the yellow root grew,
and where the best spring water flowed so cold and so blue.
That old hat greeted his neighbors from his front porch rocker,
and saw mom smile when he tried to sweet-talk her.
It loved leading his grandkids around the yard on his horse,
and assured each one Old Tony was theirs only, of course.
I saw tears fall from under that old hat only a couple of times,
when a lost child was found or when his siblings had died.
I loved that old hat, and still do to this day.
It taught me more about life than this poem could ever say.
That old hat belonged to my father Lacy Pauley Sr., a good man.
[Randy Pauley](#)