

## Poppie's Poem by, Ryan Gibson

I would like to take time to reflect,  
On the comical side of my Grandpa which was easy to detect,  
This man that I looked up to was a huge inspiration,  
Also his strong personality, and love for communication.  
The man would talk my ear off about the Water Board up the  
hill,  
He had a passion for that lake, and forever he will.  
His most important love of all are his children and grand.  
I will always remember spotting that bright orange shirt  
walking on the sand.  
You see, my Poppie had a wardrobe, that was interesting, and  
his.  
He even once wore, South Pole an African American brand,  
that is.  
Oh and his Candy Corn ensemble, definitely took the cake,  
In late hours of the night I would find him awake.  
“Whatcha’ doing pop,” I would curiously ask,  
“Oh Nothing, Just flipping through the channels, Jerry  
Springer he would turn off fast.  
Poppie, thoroughly enjoyed devouring cookies, and such,  
His favorite phrase, “Oh I’m just testing it,” was his special  
touch.  
I was known to my Poppie as his Co-Captain, in what he  
called, the Gator.  
Little did he know I would be the Captain sometime later.  
“How am I lookin’ on the right,” He would loudly say,  
“All Clear Pop,” and we’d drive away.  
Poppie had a love for file folders and clutter,  
He was always freshly stocked with cinnamon gum and butter.  
Oh and don’t forget the copious amount of Flashlights he had  
on hand,  
Or his gargantous alarm clock he had on his night stand.

Me and Chels would laugh so very hard,  
When Poppie would step on the gas, to shut our doors, in his  
Accord.

That makes me think, he kinda resembles James Bond,  
He had a gadget for everything and his cool tricks, of which  
I'm so fond.

For some reason Pop, thought it was okay to park wherever he  
wanted to park,

I think he thought he was the president, with the American  
flags waving, and tint so dark.

I was my Poppie's right hand man, whatever he needed, it was  
me,

"RYAN, I GOT A PROJECT FOR YA!" He would plea.

Gammie and I would often laugh when Poppie would ask our  
waiter,

"Excuse me Miss, were definitely going to need more equal,  
and a trash plate for later."

My Poppie loved Diet Coke, he had a playmate filled, for on  
the go,

He would pay me, to "download", his emails for him, wouldn't  
you know.

I will never forget these 17 years with my Poppie, Bill,  
My memory, of a comb on hand and a bottle of brute, is  
vibrant still.

Thank you for coming, and sharing this day with my family,  
And saying goodbye to the most wonderful man, Poppie.