

There's a Handyman in Heaven

A reading on the back of a funeral bulletin ...

So there's a handy man in heaven now,
Who built his life on dreams.
No tasks, no chores, no obstacles.
But loved the challenge of extremes
A caring, honest provider
That unselfishly gave his all,
A heart of gold and hands of steel
That responded to the call.
A Husband, a Dad, a Granddad too,
That would help you to the end.
A reliable person of integrity
That all wanted and enjoyed as a friend.
There's a handy man in Heaven now
Who's fixing Heaven's gate,
Oiling the hinges with pride and care,
So that they will open for all who wait.

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