

# Old Dad

By Alan Hart

Judge me not, neither count yourself  
worthy to stand on this mountain with  
me until You...all alone...have for a time  
endured the cruel cold winds of life...

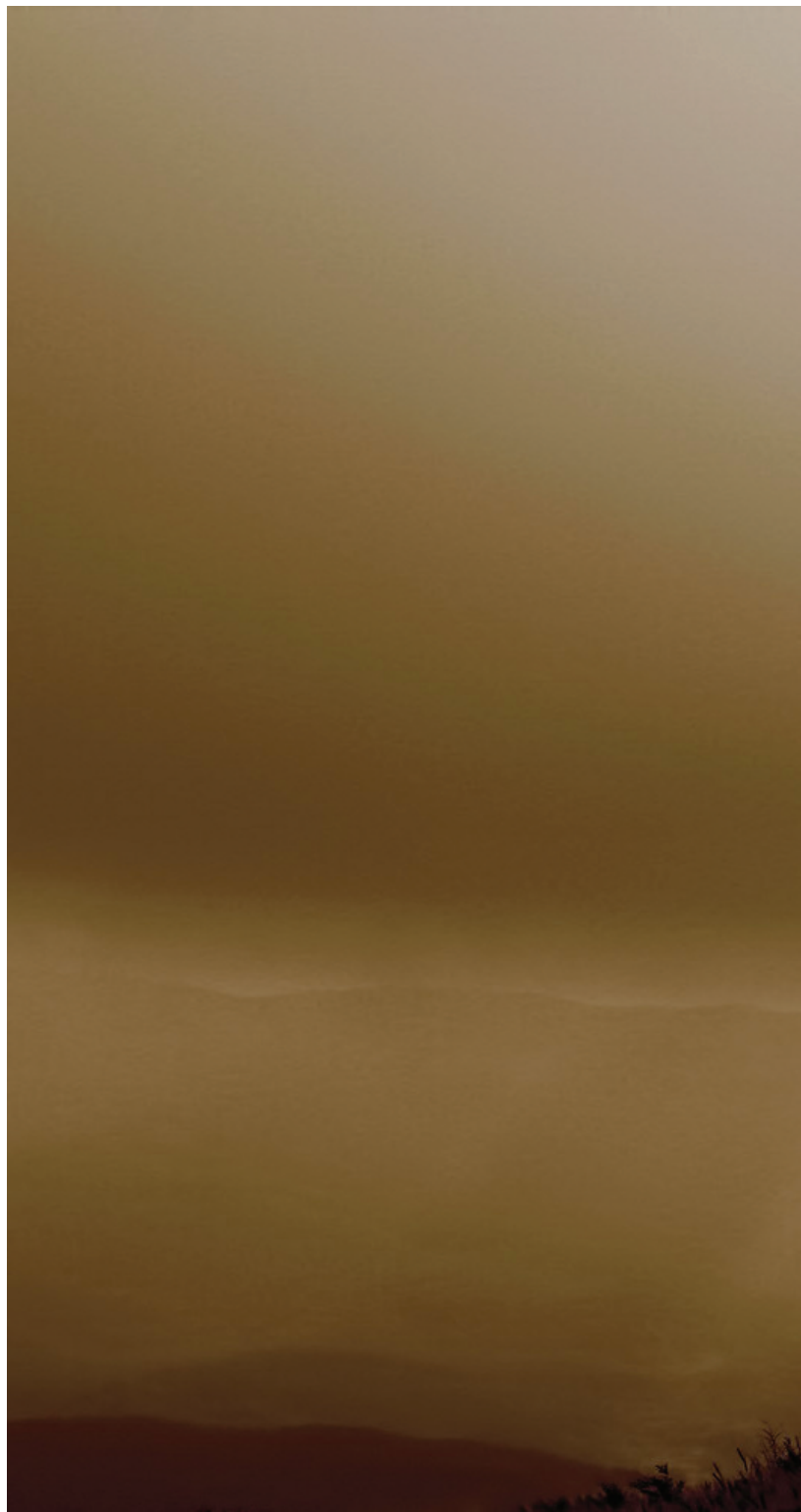
And know, in the darkest shadows of  
Your soul, that the coldest winds, the  
hardest trials, the most unrelenting  
heartaches are those faced alone.

For in the solitude of this lonely  
precipice...I...yielding not, and without  
compromise, have withstood the bitter  
winds and rain, blinding heat and  
merciless cold, and having found Peace  
in even the quiet soft ache of loss...  
do now proclaim...

“All these, and more, will I patiently  
endure, if only I may be spared the  
company of fools.”

*Alan Hart lives in Troutdale, Virginia. He says, “This is a tribute to every cowboy, mountain man, warrior and prophet who, while pushing back all thoughts of a warm meal, a soft bed, a tender caress and the laughter of a child, steels his heart against doubts and fears, whispers a prayer, then quietly steps out into the darkness...alone...to do what must be done.”*

*“Old Dad” is what Alan’s son Joshua calls him.*





*Whitetop Mountain, second highest in Virginia, is part of the Appalachians.*  
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