

Hero, Best Friend, Brother

In his life there was such a purpose
But he barely got to scratch the surface

No one made me laugh like he could
I remember all the times that we would

Sit and play for hours as children
I remember all the good times when

He would pick on me so bad
I would always get so mad

I would give up life to go back then
Just to have him hit me once again

He was my Hero, Best Friend, Brother
Like him in this world there's no other

Sometimes it brings me to tears
When I think back to all the good years

But remember he's in Heaven
He asked Jesus – in his heart to come in

Just remember when you feel the pain prick
In life and death, he is still Rick

- Jonathan M. James