

From a Secret Dad...

Dear Bethel Jobies  
You've changed my life a lot,  
When you made me a Secret Dad  
You put me on the spot!

I didn't volunteer, you see  
Someone turned in my name  
You invited me to church,  
Now, nothing is the same.

I attended an installation  
To see just what you do.  
I enjoyed your Ritual  
And your refreshments too!

I still was just a stranger  
You did not know my face.  
Some of you spoke politely  
But I still felt out of place.

And then I got a letter  
That sounded sort of "hip"  
Inviting me to dinner,  
The price - "dime-a-dip"

The idea was intriguing  
The evening was still free  
Okay, I'd go to help out,  
The price seemed right to me!

The food was good,  
I must admit,  
The fellowship was better.  
But, I would not have been there,  
Had you not sent that letter!

T'was then that I decided  
To try to do what's right  
If I was to be the "Dad"  
Of a secret girl in white.

I'd try to go more often  
And learn each one by name;  
Because to me - a stranger,  
You still all looked the same!

Most of you were friendly now  
And I was friendly too...  
Attending meetings when I could,  
Was what I'd try to do!

I volunteered the next year,  
Because I wanted to.  
I would try to do the things  
That Secret Dads should do.

I wrote my Daughter letters  
She answered right away.  
Her letters were delightful,  
And always made my day!

She invited me to meetings,  
And promised if I came,  
She'd have a note for me  
For that would be her aim.

She kept her promise to me  
Her notes were seldom late,  
Always signed with Jobie love  
That really sounded great!

I made a promise to her,  
That may have been a boast  
I'd have a big hug for her,  
To me, she was the "most"

I made good on that promise,  
Which took a little gall  
The answer was quite simple-  
I had to hug them all!

Time went by - I've learned  
your names,  
I know each one by sight.  
I come to Bethel often,  
I hate to miss a night!

To me, you all are special.  
Each, in a different way.  
From Honored Queen to Choir-  
You always make my day.

You always made me welcome  
In everything you do,  
So now, I'm hooked on Jobies  
And love each one of you!

I've rambled on enough  
This letter has to end.  
God bless all my Jobies,  
So mote it be - Amen.

Jobie Love,  
Your Secret Dad

