Harry Chapin "My Grandfather"

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My grandfather was a painter.

He died at age 88.

He illustrated Robert Frost's first two books of poetry.

And he was looking at me and he said:

"Harry, there's two kinds of tired.

There's good tired, and there's bad tired"

He said:

"Ironically enough, bad tired can be a day that you've won.

But you won other peoples' battles,

You lived other peoples' days, other peoples' agendas, other peoples' dreams

And when it's all over, there was very little 'you' in there And when you hit the hay at night,

Somehow you toss and turn, you don't settle easy"

He said:

"Good tired, ironically enough, can be a day that you lost.

But you only have to tell yourself, because you knew You fought your battles, you chased your dreams, you lived your day

And when you hit the hay at night, you settle easy. You sleep the sleep of the just, and you can say, Take me away"

He said:

"Harry, all my life I've wanted to be a painter and I've painted.

God, I would have liked to be more successful, But I've painted and I've painted, and I am good tired! And they can take me away"

Now, if there is a process in your and my lives, In the insecurity that we have about a prior life or an afterlife,
God, I hope that there's a God,
If he does exist, he's got a rather weird sense of
humor, however!

But if there's a process, that will allow us to live our days,

That will allow us that degree of equanimity towards the end,

Looking at that black implacable wall of death, To allow us that degree of peace.. that degree of nonfear,

I want in!

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