

Margo Hennebach

"On Preacher Hill"

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Mark's dad is older now, but as he told Mark during a walk this summer,
"I'm still faster than an earthworm."

He's still faster than an earthworm
Slower than a sparrow
He lives on Preacher Hill
On a road that is so narrow
That the trees meet overhead
In a canopy of green
But the road is still hard gravel
And your dad is in between

His body does not suit him
It's frail and worn from age
They say there's cancer growing
Well, some things you take on faith
Like the time he was a boy
And saw the evening moon burn bright
He saw his future rising
In its path of light

And I hope that God's in heaven
Just the way He's here in Maine
The way He makes the stars sing out
The way you make it plain
That my two outstretched arms
Can comfort and console
When the dad you've loved for all your life
Finally has to go

Inside he's still the farm boy
Ohio born and bred
The man who whisked his bride away
The night that they were wed
They followed tracks to Boston
With little but a plan
And the vows of endless love they wore
As rings upon their hands

And as the years unfolded

For this preacher and his wife
Four children joined them one by one
Then left them overnight
With still no house to call their own
They went where land was cheap
On Preacher Hill in Norway, Maine
He'd bless the land they'd keep

Chorus

Who can say what compels a man to make a mark so
deep
All I know is your father made a promise he could keep
So where there once stood trees so high, they touched
the sky
Now here stands the house your father built with family
by his side

So he buys us hot fudge

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