## Remembering Cliff Reeder































## An Ode to Cliff Reeder

A carver of birds and turtles and sticks
Of hound dogs and shoes and even St. Nicks.

Of flowers and lures and long wooden chains And scrimshaw and buckles and unusual canes.

A spinner of stories, a joke or tall tale
To amuse all his buddies or make them go pale.

Or show off raccoon bones or cane from a steer Or tell how to pee cure the skin from a deer.

He'd show us how to make a corn-cane fiddle And taught us to use a Geehaw Whammy Diddle.

He'd reminisce about childhood and his Kansas sod home Where he and his brothers learned to survive on their own.

Then days in Marine boot camp and South Pacific duty On islands like Apamama, Kwajelain and Funafuti.

Cliff loved his country and his lovely wife Jane And military proclamations have honored his name.

With over 40 Wounded Warriors receiving a carved cane That he'd meticulously personalized with no two the same. Sunday school classes were gifted his crosses yearly And the Masons cherished his wooden gavels dearly.

High annual bass fishing trip to remote Georgian Bay Yielding over a hundred catch and release in a single day.

All these stories he's told us many times with his love He's now sharing with friends and the Good Lord above.



"I have fought the good fight,
I have finished the race,
I have kept the faith."
2 Timothy 4:7

Until we meet again, dear friend.