



The Tough Old Bird 2

There's a type of bird that has not a feather,
She stays the course through all types of weather,
Taking life's chops - bending not breaking,
What you see, you get – there is no faking.

She stands up and fights for what is right,
As a force for nature, she is a bright light,
She'll take on the policies and politicians,
In Texas, that's many impossible missions.

She's a mother ship for those who love cranes,
A creative force with energy and brains,
She's also concerned with fairness and equity,
A voice of reason, a voice of clarity.

I call - she answers - says she needs a laugh,
We chuckle about the newest political gaffe,
I send her a poem that I wrote today,
And ask if she thinks it has something to say

She walks in the park and attends Earth Church,
Taking care of herself and continuing her search
For the right path to follow in tumultuous times,
Walking the walk, looking for signs.

She's a friend and a person on whom I depend,
To help sharpen the points I make with my pen,
To help me articulate the wealth of the coast,

To help me focus on what matters most.

She's the tough old bird, or TOB,
I'm "Yer ole buddy" or YOB,
We cackle and chuckle and are happy to be,
Able to laugh at some dumb SOB.

TOB's a friend of the deeply felt kind,
I'll be there for her if she's in a bind,
Life would be so empty without friends,
One of the greatest gifts that life lends.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we celebrate great friendships,
And their importance to you.