

Johnny Hears



That first reunion on the grounds of the Tonns
Johnny saw grandpa and his Falstaff beer
he smelled the mustard on the hotdog buns
and as always his smile brought us cheer.

He felt his muscles flex and move
running around with the other boys
learning to read lips soon he would prove
how needless is gossip and malicious noise.

Johnny felt the babies he loved and held
he bounced them and giggled and cooed
off to their mamas with their poopy smell
yet not prone to be mean or rude.

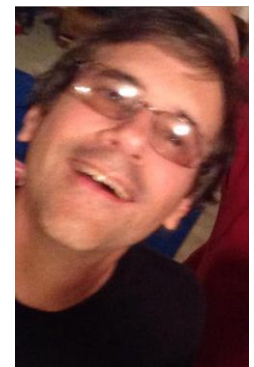
When he saw someone in trouble or need
he'd be there with a helping hand
maybe stubborn but gentle indeed
he was also a hard-working man.

He tasted life with openness and verve
he loved family and kitty cats and trains
attacked cancer with purpose and nerve
refused defeat by his multiple pains.

But Johnny's most outstanding sense
was his humor - it made us laugh -
our own troubles seemed less immense -
he made our hurt decrease by half.

In the end his sense of spirit and soul
called us to a higher power
as he heard the bells of heaven toll -
may we hear God's call in our final hour.

We hear Johnny's unique blended voice
echoing in the curves of our hearts and ears
when we think of Johnny let us rejoice
and know when we speak kindly - Johnny hears.



*Dedicated to John Tonn Jr. (4-14-1961 to 6-28-2015)
and his family*



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