

George Knight Pond

George Knight Pond, a man I knew,
Prayed for his children and in-laws too.
The blood line of George was strong and true.
He was quite a man this George I knew.

He married a young lass he called Milley,
Also of good stock and quite a filly.
Swedish and pretty, she liked to have fun.
This girl whose last name was Lund.

George and Milley's first years were rough.
Both going through some terrible stuff.
George, a POW in World War II,
Both suffering in ways, they only knew.

Reunited in Northern New York,
They got right to work.
Raising a family, each one a joy,
No two alike, not even the boys.

He made those around him, strong and true.
He was head of his family, this George I knew
His tale is made of valor and grit,
All with prayer that was part of his mix.

He had many grandchildren, whom he knew.
By name and birthday and loved them so, too.
Each one was special, the blood line he left,
Boys and girls, through his prayers were blessed.

George is gone now, it's sad but true.
He has left behind, quite a crew.
He will be missed by more than a few.
George Knight Pond, this man I knew.

DO NOT COPY