



A Guiding Hand

A guiding hand, a tender touch,
An uncle's love, that meant so
much,
Through storm and strife, we
stood as one,
A love enduring, like the sun.
I appreciate the moments
shared,
The laughter, joy, and gentle
care,
His presence, a balm in troubled
times,
My dear uncle, forever mine.
Though he's gone, his memory
stays,
A light that guides through
darkest days,
My dear uncle, I'll hold so close,
A grateful heart, a love that
grows.



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