**Let the Good Times Roll**

**I was called hon, dad, uncle, brother,**

**grandpa, nino and to some Bert.**

**I know there are mixed emotions**

**about my parting and that it hurts.**

**The could and should have is stirring.**

**causing more confusion then need be.**

**I left with no doubts about**

**the love you all had for me.**

**I was far from being perfect and I did**

**the best I could with what I knew.**

**God gave the opportunity to say our**

**goodbyes and I felt each one of you.**

**So let me make a toast to**

**all those that I leave behind.**

**I am whole once again, no more**

**emotional mountains to climb.**

**Here's to leaving with no**

**animosity towards anyone.**

**And any unfinished business,**

**I had, it's considered done.**

**Hold on to the memories that bring**

**you joy, don't invite old wounds back.**

**So lift up your glass and let the good times**

**roll, here's to keeping the family in tack.**

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