

*I gift you a pen...*

*A pen. A simple pen. A simple silver solitary pen. Not for lists or notes or common agenda. This simple pen is for signing.*

*Signing your name. Giving your seal. Saying I will and the ink is blood. We all get it....the concept; but to apply it is endangered. This pen will live up to its meaning. This name....your name, will consider greatly before trailing its unique curves. This name will count the cost. Its yes will be yes. Its dates will be true. Its promise will be as fired gold.*

*The greats had such a pen. Those we seek to be....their pens are buried with them. In the dark of their memory, their pens are a beacon of what was built during their tenure and after they were gone. Things built with their honor. Lives inspired by their dependability and truth. The greats passed their pen on. In words with meaning. In actions accomplished working backwards from verse and commitment. Their pen is the measure we seek. Their pen makes us shake as we hold ours, considering the resolve of those who's pen came before ours.*

*The pen...this pen, is not just for you. It is for your kids, it is for each other. It says I will never quit....you have my word. It says that if I fall, I will get up. My name signed says I will not stay down. When I am wrong, I will get up. When I am right and wronged, I will get up. My promise, my name, my signature with this pen says I will give my last breath before I give up trying to fulfill my promise.*

*A pen. A simple pen. A simple solitary pen. A simple silver solitary pen. A simple sterling silver solitary pen. Simple....Yet so complex. A pen for only your name. A pen to contract, to promise, to commit, to warrant trust. I wish to die, and the day before, hear stories of the pen, this pen, your pen, and the lives it changed. I wish to look into the eyes of your children and see that they have earned the right to inherit the name you have signed. I wish to die, and the day before, know that my pen has fulfilled every agreement that it ever sought to draft. I wish to die, and the day before, sign one more time with fading ink. It would be my approval to pass on my pen, one like yours, to my son's son. Perhaps he will change the world with his simple pen.*