

He is.

He's stoic and resolute, carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders.

He is patient, forgiving and kind.

He is witty, but serious. He is smart and silly at times.

He is the provider. The saver of lives, so brave and strong.

The father, the son, the brother, the friend, the handyman.

He is an achiever, using sensible words at precisely the right time.

He is humble and wise, the calm in a storm.

He is compassionate and selfless. Broken but still loves.

He is beautifully gentle but guarded, his eyes unveil an old soul.

He is the voice of reason, a safe place.

He is the center of my gravity. He is my heart; he is my soul.

And, he may not believe it, he is a treasured gift and worthy of my time.