

He wakes up way too early
To get a fresh start on the day.
He gets to the office before everyone else,
Well before I do anyway.

His day is filled with meetings
Clients receive the best care.
That's why when we all try to find him,
It seems like he's rarely there.

His jokes are all office legend.
He's witty and that is the truth.
But someday the joke might backfire,
And it won't be a Baby Ruth.

Our kids all love to meet him.
It must be that fatherly spark.
They all get to play with the toys in his office
Then he amuses them with his bark.

New people ask what the noise is.
The rest of us already know.
4tified is starting to practice.
Later this week there's a show.

His truck proudly states he's a Nats Fan.
It must be his favorite team.
Sometimes it begs him to "Wash Me"
Because it's so rarely clean.

He loves to visit the shoreline,
Fishing pole in his hand.
He adds to his catalog of stories,
And finds useless junk in the sand.

He smiles on the beach as he fishes.
He casts with a gleam in his eye.
The FAA keeps complaining,
His head glare blinds planes in the sky.

POEM WRITTEN FOR DAVID UPDEGROVE'S 60TH BIRTHDAY (11/25/2010)

Clients they trust him, and we all respect him.
He's helped us with our careers.
We wish for him fun, excitement, and love
During the next 60 years.

Ty Foster, CPA
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