

THE R. F. D. MAN
AT THE GATE

Jan. 26, 1943
St. Peter stool guard at the golden
gate,

With a solemn mien and an air sedate,
When up to the top of the golden
stair,

He saw a man ascending there;
His hair was as white as the new
fallen snow,

For he had lived many years on this
earth below,

And worked for Uncle Sam, you see,
And carried the mail on the route of
the R. F. D.

The man had an honest, and patient
look,

For his face was like an open book,
"What did you do on earth below?"

St. Peter then said, "for I will have
to know."

"What was your occupation in the
world down there?

And what country did you live in?
I want to know where?"

"Oh," said the man "I lived in the
land of the free,

And carried the mail on the route of
the R. F. D.

"I carried the mail through the drift-
ing snow,

I took it through when it was twenty
below,

Have driven through the rain and the
hail,

For the mail must go through without
fail,

I've carried the mail with all my
might,

When the roads were good and the
sun was bright,

In the blessed land of liberty,

For I took the mail out on the route
of the R. F. D.

"I started many years ago on my
route,

Which was not all velvet, I soon found
out,

I used horses way back then you
know,

For it was the best way we had to go.
Sometimes on foot I would take the

mail around

When the sleet was covering all the
ground.

For I carried the mail in 1903.

On the old route of the R. F. D.

"Many a faithful old horse went lame
on the route,

About all I could do was to turn him
out,

And purchase another one you know,
For Uncle Sam said "The mail must

go.'

As time moved on a car I bought,

This will be heaven (you know I
thought)

I bought a nice roadster a Model T,
It jumped the puddles on the route

of the R. F. D.

"Many times I would get stuck in the
clay

And did not know what to do or say,
'Till some kind friend on the route
Came along and pulled me out,
Since then many cars have I bought
brand new
For the mail it must go through,
They have a little better roads now
you see,
On the dear old route of the R. F. D.
"And oh St. Peter, I must now confess
That it has not all been true happi-
ness,
Each year as the holidays rolled
around,
And the snow was covering all the
ground
There were many packages and
Christmas cards galore,
For they send cards now by the score
More mail is sent when there is pros-
perity,
From the old route of the R. F. D.
"Thousands of pennies from the box
I've took,
From that old one down by the brook,
I'd fish them out of all the boxes
along the way,
A very good fisherman I was in that
day.
(Uncle Sam said stamps) but pennies
I'd take
In the heat or cold for my friends
sake,
I'd buy stamps for their letters you
see,
For my dear old friends on the
R. F. D.
"In my dreams I'd see mail piled so
high,
That it would almost reach up to the
sky,
The next day when starting on my

route,

There wasn't that much I soon found out.

It gave me great pleasure and real joy,

To start that mail to that brave soldier boy.

In the far distant camp or over the sea,

For he was one of my friends on the R. F. D.

"I've brought good news, I brought them bad,

Have tried to cheer people when they were sad,

They in turn would do the same for me,

For they were all my friends you see. Greeting me with a wave of the hand or a hearty hello,

That made the road seem shorter you know,

I sure hated to leave my friends you see,

The friends I'd made on the route of the R. F. D.

"I received good pay as I went along. Uncle Sam did not ask me to work for a song,

I could help some unfortunate along the way,

And lay a little by for a rainy day.

For that was just what I liked to do Down on that old earth as I traveled through,

Am not boasting at all now you clearly see,

About my friends on the route of the R. F. D."

St. Peter then said "I see by the book, That you are just as honest as you look,"

I have been checking here as you have talked,

And the record shows that you have walked,

Along life's highway to heavenly bliss, And have earned your future happiness,

You can pass in now, you see, For you carried the mail on the R. F. D."

"Thank you St. Peter. Now may I humbly ask,

If you will perform for me just one little task?

Will you tell all my friends on the earth below,

That I'll be waiting here patiently you know,

With outstretched hands on yonder shore,

Where sin and sorrow will be no more,

Will be waiting for all my friends you
see,

My loyal friends on the route of the
R. F. D.

"I have made many friends on the
route,

That I could not possibly have done
without,

They were true friends. I've had no
fears,

When I delivered the mail throughout
the years.

And say St. Peter, I'll have you know,
That if I could again live on earth
below,

I'd want to live in the land of the
free,

And carry the mail on the route of
the R. F. D."

So they gave him a harp with gold-
en strings,

A glittering robe and a pair of wings,
And as he passed through the gates,
said he,

"This beats carrying the mail on the
R. F. D."

—B. O. Yelton.