

The following poem was written by IHC member David Kincaid, following the passing of Bill Larrison on January 21, 2011.

ONE MORE HILL

“Come walk with me Bill.” said Nell

“It will be fun. All will go well.”

So Bill hiked with Nell in the Hiking Club. Seeds were sown.

**“We’re almost done.” said Nell. “Keep going Bill,
Just one more hill.”**

Bill and Nell hiked far and wide.

They hiked all over the countryside.

They hiked the parks, Gnaw Bone and places unknown.

**When Nell was ready to quit, Bill wanted the thrill
Of just one more hill.**

Bill organized and led many hikes.

He was like a father to the little tykes.

Hikers would grow weary on a hilly hike and begin to moan.

**“Keep going. We’re almost done,” said Bill
“Just one more hill.”**

The grim reaper came to make his call.

It’s been a good life all in all.

He had St. Peter on the phone.

“Come up here,” he said to Bill.

“Just one more hill.”

“A lot of miles.” St. Peter said as he waved him through.

“We keep mileage different here. No one has more than you.”

No matter how many miles one brings before the throne.

The record book will show for Bill

One more hill.