



The Fuller family in the mid-1980s: (from left), Kim, Chris, Linda, Millard, Georgia and Faith.

## **“We Wish You Were Here”** (by Chris Fuller)

We wish you were here to see you near,  
To see family and friends with cheer.  
You'd have the biggest smile on your face,  
As you visited all over the place.  
You'd handshake or hug every Mr. and Mrs.  
You'd say things like “By golly!” and “Look who it is!”

We'd all be glad to see you,  
We'd all be glad we knew you too.  
You'd ask about mutual friends,  
About our life and how it wends.  
We wish you were here.

You loved friends, you loved people,  
You loved laughter, your voice gleeful.  
The joy flew out of you all over the place.  
It couldn't be contained in any space.  
We wish you were here.

And then you'd speak to the crowd,

Microphone or not, you'd still be loud.  
No more shacks! The theology of the hammer!  
Love in the Mortar Joints! Jesus Oye!, he'd clamor.  
The excitement was building! Let us begin!  
If you don't have a Fuller Center bumper sticker,  
You're living in sin!  
We wish you were here.

And then we'd leave, firm in the knowledge that we'd  
get a letter,  
Reminding us of the visit, the handshake, to make  
the world better,  
And it would be copied to some other folk,  
And signed with a scribble, one messy black stroke.  
And then we'd remember and smile of our visit with  
you,  
Your profile, your lifestyle, and the things that you do.  
We'd be inspired to help and to give,  
Because everyone needs a simple, decent place to live.  
We wish you were here.