

Poem for Walter

By Siaara Freeman for UH Juneteenth Event 2023

I heard Walter Stinson was Brooklyn born and University Heights bound
I heard Walter Stinson was an Irish boy with a show tune smile, I heard he

had a sweet-tooth that matched perfectly with his spirit. I hear he was a man of little
complaint, not a saint but as close as most folks will ever know.

I never heard him speak but I did through his community. I heard his “welcome, glad to
have you here” . It was loud and rang true. I heard when other cities were

afraid of integration , Walter wasn't. I heard when other cities forgot their elders, Walter
wouldn't. I heard when other cities forgot God, Walter couldn't. I never

heard him speak but i did through his wife. I heard him stay here in her. I heard him fall
in love, heard him and Sarah jitterbug Saturday afternoons away. Heard

them raise a son, who raising a son and raising a daughter. Heard Walter was
a family man and considered all of you family. Heard Walter was very

considerate, Heard he was the kind of guy to retire twice. I heard Walter was nice, no
matter who. I heard he was exactly the kind of guy you name a park after,

a man made of fun and friendship. I heard he was exactly the kind of guy you
dedicate a tree to, I heard Walter helped University Heights create a carefully

crafted system of roots. I heard that Walter had a heart that gathered and grew. I heard
Walter Stinson was exactly the kind of man you honor with a day, a man

that was there when you called, a man who would see to it all, a man a man that
was there when you'd fall, a man who could smile through sorrow, a man who

took every yesterday to make a better tommorrow