

Christmas With Daddy

One Christmas morning, the presents opened with care,
The children decided which with their father to share.

Because of a transfusion for daddy the night before,
We went to the Hospital to play with our toy on the floor.

A special gift was chosen, given by Uncle Trav,
The beginning of a tradition for the family to have.

Our daddy came out in his wheelchair to enjoy,
All of us children play with our new toy.

For hours, we watched the train move about,
Bumping and turning as it blew smoke out.

The glow of happiness lit up his face,
Warming at once that dull and drab place.

A Christmas without daddy would have been so dim,
So we brought our Christmas to share with him.

Hours of Christmas in that hospital were spent,
Till exhaustion took over and to bed he was sent.

We give you this train for just this special reason,
To remember our daddy in the Christmas season.