

GIRL'S POEM

Written by Noma Lorentzen Christensen Tew

Typed by Muriel Brittain Tew

September 2nd, 1987

Little girls are bound up in an assortment of packages –

Some are frail, fragile or small and petite.
Some are sick or afflicted and almost too timid to speak.

While some go running and skipping, sing a song
Another is dragging, kicking and grumbling along.

Some are vivacious, laughing and full of pep
And there is another content to watch and set.

They come in colors of blonde, dark or red
Little or much, straight or curly about their head.

With 2 bright sparkling eyes of gray, brown or blue
There isn't much these bundles of joy can't do.

With winning smile, coaxing and kisses
A girl gets about anything she wishes.

When things seem rough and life not worthwhile
My girls can fix all with their loves and a smile.

Heavenly Father made you special for Dad and me.
Thanks for being branches on our family tree.

BOY'S POEM

Written by Noma Lorentzen Christensen Tew

Typed by Muriel Brittain Tew

Conroe, TX - September 2nd, 1987

A baby boy - a son of our own - one, two, three, four, five
Each one different - quiet, cuddly, loving or mischievous with fun and lots of drive.

Small or big they're off together exploring something more.
An abandoned cave, an old time trail with interesting lore.

Returning from a nature walk with an abandoned nest
Pockets full of frogs and rock and something weird. They stop to rest.

But not for long! They must help Dad and then off for a swim.
Faces and hands are clean now. They're cold and wet, hungry enough to eat everything.

There goes Dad with one, two, three, four, five following close behind. A shovel over their shoulders, with boots on, marching in a zig zag line.

There's one now splashing through the biggest mud puddle.
And here comes one in tears, he was left out. His life's a fuddle.

Red, black and blonde, tall or short, most any size.
They ask a favor, with a timid smile and flashing brown and blue eyes.

Day is done, all are clean and tucked in bed, what wonderful joys. Thanks Heavenly Father for each of our five special boys.