

## SARA

On December tenth in the year eighty-eight  
A miraculous event took place on this date  
She weighed in at six pounds and eleven sweet ounces  
I thought to myself, this babe really bounces!

Her height was a tiny nineteen and a half  
Inches of course, said the hospital staff  
She had all her fingers and ten tiny toes  
She was cute as a rug bug from her feet to her nose

She came close to Christmas, which worked out quite well  
Since we wanted to call her Sara Noelle  
Before she was born I hadn't a clue  
How much I could love her; I needed her too

She was so bright, and she rarely was naughty  
She was only one year when she first used the potty  
I couldn't believe that this beautiful child  
Was really my daughter, so gentle and mild

When she was two, she still had her passy  
When I told her Santa needed it, her eyes got all glassy  
But she sacrificed passy to Santa's smallest reindeer  
It was needed elsewhere, this much was clear

I cried like a babe when she entered first grade  
I thought she'd be lonely; she needed my aid!  
How wrong I was, I hate to admit  
She loved her new school, and she just wouldn't quit!

Her excellent marks showed my girl was a prize  
I knew she was special when I looked in her eyes  
Her teachers adored her, her friends all admired  
Just how much knowledge their friend Sara acquired

But lo! and behold... the time had now come  
She'd discovered boys -- not just one but "some"  
Her favorites' last names are all Hanson, they're brothers  
But they are no different from all of the others

She won't eat spaghetti, for she dislikes my cooking  
She sneaks it to Daisy when she thinks I'm not looking  
When I am sad, she touches my shoulder  
And makes me feel better by letting me hold her

She seems so grown up now, though always my baby  
She's taller than me now and prettier too... well, maybe  
She now likes to write funny stories and dance  
Gentle and mild she's no longer- there's ants in them pants!

She's having a party, her first one with BOYS  
I might need some earplugs, I think there'll be noise  
Yes, this is her birthday, she's turning eleven  
But the gift is for me...she came straight from Heaven!

