

Tracy

We celebrate your birthday between Mother's Day and Easter
I don't think you know how glad I am that you're my sister.

You're thirty-two, a big girl now, although you'd never know it
You'll always have that child-like smile; you never did outgrow it.

When you were born, I saw some green, for I became the middle
I was 6 and 'all growed up', and you were cute and little.

Your white-blond hair was stunning, and you had so many curls
I'm sure you were the envy of some straight-haired little girls.

At times it seemed as if you thought you should have been a boy
You liked fishing, sports and dirt. We should have named you Roy.

The girls in the 'hood – Tracy, Stewart and Tish – tried to get along with each other
Now Tish is a nurse, Stewart's a vet, and Tracy's a wife and a mother.

I won't forget your concert when you sang "I Dreamed A Dream"
Your solo was as sweet as Walgreens' *Birthday Cake* ice cream.

You love all critters - you even stop traffic to get turtles out of the road
Harley, Blue Jean and Buddy, Shelby, Lady, and Spotty live gratefully in your abode.

Maggie Hubert made us all laugh; my favorite one spoke of mascara
And you must use Herbal essence shampoo, for you always smell like it, says Sara.

You wrote many songs for Christabel C., from Heaven your kindness was sent
But now you've evicted your renter I hear. Out the window that kindness soon went.

You're a great wife, homemaker and mother, I'm sure Scott and Quincey agree
A Sunday school teacher, a good guitar player, and a good friend and sister to me.

When you gotta go, you gotta go, you found a way, make no mistake
Then back at the cabin, Greg sat on the plank and you both almost fell in the lake.

You and Wendy are so much alike, and I am the red-headed sheep
But some things are common among us three: we weep, we like sleep, and we're cheap.

You've said "I'm sorry" so many times, I wish I'd been given a dollar
For all those late nights when you wanted to say it to me, so you said, "I'll just call her."

I could continue for pages on end and tell your entire life story
But all I wanted to do is say that you're a great sister.

Love, Lori.

