

To Grandson Ben

This poem to you is a legacy, written with your Grandad's love and pen, To a special person, his very special Grandson Ben

The year, Ben, is 1991, and you are three years old, Grandma and I are here to visit you, It's wintertime in Colorado, And we are learning what all you do,

We find that your hair is slowly changing color, It's light brown now and sometimes glistens with red, Those big hazel eyes are growing into brown, (at least that's what your mother said)

You identify things with patting, Whether pictures or your speakers along your way, And really love all electronics, They seem to energize your day,

You carry tape players from room to room, And you pound the piano when you can, Tapes are most important to you, For you are a real Raffi and Ernie fan,

You hear repeated songs, and we know You are thrilled, at hearing the sounds, For often you squeals, excitement & jabbering Really knows no bounds.

You were really sick while we were here, You were hot and tossed your food a time or two, Your Mom & Dad didn't get much sleep, (They always do what love needs to do)

You couldn't have a better home Ben, Your home truly is a home of love, God's never ending love is present here, Their strength is His pure love from above.

You are carefully attended by everyone Diapers changed from day to day Clothing thoughtfully provided & laundered And at night safely tucked away

Your sister Allana, is a real dear in your life, She helps to make your day, She plays with you, and excites you, And helps you in every way,

You still take a bottle as part of your daily fare Solid food for you is a chore, Offered spoonfuls are often rejected, But you are lovingly offered more.

Any new movement you make, or word you say, Gives all of us hope and joy, Certainly warms the purposes of your Mom & Dad, For they love you Ben, their beautiful, beautiful, boy

You have endured many many tests, Operations, drugs, and hospital stays, With many professional and dedicated people, Helping you thru all those days,

In your eyes, we can see your pleading Ben, So innocent, trusting, yet sad, As you continue to search for reality, Yes, for any little progress we're all glad,

Society & donations, patience & love, All given with God's helping hand, Are striving with that unknown inevitable, That someday, maybe we will all understand,

Many prayers from all around the country Are offered for you each day It's so vitally important for you and all of us That everything turns out okay,

So regarding what might happen Ben With all the efforts thru the years, God's love will always be there for you, To comfort all your fears,

So with hugs and kisses, we're saying goodbye We've had a good visit with your folks and you, We will soon be getting on the train at Granby, When at Indy we will hear what all you do,

So continue Ben, do your very best, To find your light of day, You will grow in the nurture of the love around, And certainly find your way.

William R Hill