



To: Robbie, my son. I sometimes wish.

I sometimes wish you were still small,
Not yet so big and strong and tall.
For when I think of yesterday,
I close my eyes and see you play.

I often miss that little boy
Who pestered me to buy a toy,
Who filled my days with pure delight
From early morn to late at night.

We watch our children change and grow,
As seasons come, then quickly go.
But our God has a perfect plan,
To shape a boy into a man.

Today, my son, I'm proud of you,
For all the thoughtful things you do.
I'll Love you till my days are done,
Then on into eternity as long as it may run,
And I'm so grateful you're my son.