

Daddy's Little Buddy

I spy, with a parent's curious eye,
My little buddy playing with his toys...
Building blocks stacked two by two, pretty high;
Such is often the way of little boys.

My oldest son isn't so little now,
But he's my buddy, and always will be;
When I gaze into his eyes, I think "Wow!
Oh, to see life again as he must see."

I remember when I first held him near,
Soft blankets covering his birthday suit;
I recall the first smile and hug so dear
That it rendered all of my burdens moot.

Now, watching him build new worlds in his mind,
I think of all the countless times I've smiled
Because God has chosen to be so kind
As to bless me with the love of a child.

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