

JAM'S PLAYGROUND THE EMAIL FILE

Daddy's Day

Written by Cheryl Costello-Forshey © 2000

Her hair up in a pony tail,
her favourite dress tied with a bow.
Today was Daddy's Day at school,
and she couldn't wait to go.

But her mommy tried to tell her,
that she probably should stay home.
That the kids might not understand,
if she went to school alone.

But she was not afraid;
she knew just what to say.
What to tell her classmates,
on this Daddy's Day.

But still her mother worried,
that she would face this day alone.
And that was why once again,
she tried to keep her daughter home.

But the little girl went to school,
eager to tell them all.
About a dad she never sees,
a dad who never calls.

There were daddy's along the wall in back,
for everyone to meet.
Children squirming impatiently,
anxious in their seats.

One by one the teacher called,
a student from the class.
To introduce their daddy,
as seconds slowly passed.

At last the teacher called her name,
every child turned to stare.
Each of them were searching,
for a man who wasn't there.

"Where's her daddy at?"
she heard a boy call out.
"She probably doesn't have one,"
another student dared to shout.

And from somewhere near the back,
she heard a daddy say,
"Looks like another deadbeat dad,
too busy to waste his day."

The words did not offend her,
as she smiled at her friends.
And looked back at her teacher,
who told her to begin.

And with hands behind her back,
slowly she began to speak.
And out from the mouth of a child,
came words incredibly unique.

"My Daddy couldn't be here,
because he lives so far away.
But I know he wishes he could,
be with me on this day.

And though you cannot meet him,
I wanted you to know.
All about my daddy,
and how he loves me so.

He loved to tell me stories,
he taught me to ride my bike.
He surprised me with pink roses,
and taught me to fly a kite.

We used to share fudge sundaes,
and ice cream in a cone.
And though you cannot see him,
I'm not standing here alone.

'Cause my daddy's always with me,
even though we are apart.
I know because he told me,
he'll forever be here in my heart".

With that her little hand reached up,
and lay across her chest.
Feeling her own heartbeat,
beneath her favourite dress.

And from somewhere in the crowd of dads,
her mother stood in tears.
Proudly watching her daughter,
who was wise beyond her years.

For she stood up for the love,
of a man not in her life.
Doing what was best for her,
doing what was right.

And when she dropped her hand back down,
staring straight into the crowd.
She finished with a voice so soft,
but its message clear and loud.

"I love my daddy very much,
he's my shining star.
And if he could, he'd be here,
but heaven's just too far.

But sometimes when I close my eyes,
it's like he never went away."
And then she closed her eyes,
and she saw him there that day.

And to her mother's amazement,
she witnessed with surprise.
A room full of daddy's and children,
all starting to close their eyes.

Who knows what they saw before them,
who knows what they felt inside.
Perhaps for merely a second,
they saw him standing at her side.

"I know you're with me Daddy,"
to the silence she called out.
And what happened next made believers,
of those once filled with doubt.

Not one in that room could explain it,
for each of their eyes had been closed.
But there placed on her desktop,
was a beautiful fragrant pink rose.

And for a moment a child was blessed,
by the love of her shining star.
And the gift of believing,
that heaven is never too far.

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