

A CHILD IS BORN

Marilyn's 37-year-old son Randy and 16-year-old granddaughter Sara died in a car accident in 2006

BY MARILYN ROLLINS, adapted from the book,
Grief Diaries: Poetry and Prose & More
ISBN: 978-1-944328-55-9

Self care articles for the bereaved

From the award-winning
Grief Diaries book series



An iCare Aftercare resource
International Grief Institute

INTERNATIONALGRIEFINSTITUTE.COM

A child is born, he's so precious to you,
But, won't you be glad, when he is two?
Soon he is two, now you wish he were four,
Why doesn't he hurry and grow up some more?

Soon he is four, now you wish he were eight,
By the time he's that age, things will be great!

When he is eight, you wish for sixteen,
Surely at that age, he won't be so mean!

Soon he's sixteen and then two years more,
Now Uncle Sam knocks at your front door.

Your son stands tall in his uniform bright,
A handsome young man, a beautiful sight.

And as he goes off to fight another man's war,

Oh God, how you wish, he were two just once
more.

AUTHOR NOTE:

This is one of the first poems I wrote after my boys were born. The Vietnam War was in full force at that time. It was 1973. Young men still had to register for the draft at 18.