

HIS GIFT OF LOVE

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,
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As I sat down on the riverbank today,
I watched my children and their daddy at play.
As I look at the oldest, I see a lot of me,
Along with others from our family tree.

The big brown eyes come from my mother,
Now passed from this world into another.
His ears, like Grandpa's, stand out just a bit,
And I think he's got his Uncle Bob's wit.

His stubborn little chin, that comes from me,
And he's not very tall, just like his Aunt Dee.
The youngest looks more like his Dad's family,
A bit of Aunt Mary and Grandma I see.

Big blue eyes, like Grandpa and Dad,
A pug little nose, just like Uncle Thad.
Hair white as snow, like Dad's little brother,
A smile on his face that matches no other.

And I thought, just one break in this family line,
These beautiful kids wouldn't be mine.
Why, just one little break, and I wouldn't be,
And the riverbank today, would stand empty.

So, I look to the sky, the Heaven's above,
And thank God for life, His gift of love.

AUTHOR NOTE:

When my boys were small, we often went on picnics or fishing. One bright afternoon they were sitting with their dad, fishing on the Kankakee River. I sat nearby on a blanket and watched them. As I sat there, I realized how fragile and beautiful life is. I thought about our little family and how if life had gone in another direction, I wouldn't be there at that spot, on that day.

I never dreamed at that time that I could lose one of my children, but I did think about what it would be like if even one of us would not have been born. I wrote this poem that day in 1978.