

Mariah Kate

I'm so happy that your dad and me,
Decided we wanted a baby back in 1993.
Whether you'd be a girl or maybe another boy,
Just being healthy, we knew you'd bring joy.

You made your appearance one cold, Friday morn,
Whew! I relieved when you were finally born.
You were wrinkled and so tiny, with scraggly hair,
We saw a beautiful, precious angel lying there.

Your Dad- Oh, a proud father was he,
Gave out cigars to everyone he'd see.
There was a bet at my office- on what you'd be,
But whoever won, no one ever told me.

So our little angel grew and went through the stages,
And at times threw things in tomboy rages.
So sweet and pretty, with white angelic hair,
I dressed you up with love and care.
We wanted your picture- smiling your best,
But you did NOT- stubbornness won that test.

You were all horses, guns, and a ball and bat,
You didn't want dolls, or an Easter hat.
Being a tomboy, out with your Dad, having a house helper, I had been had.

Chickens, fish, dogs, cats, horses, pigs, and calves- you had them all.
If one got sick or to lose one-brought sadness, grief, and a bawl.

We took you to church, and other places too,
And wanted only good things in life for you.

To forever keep you "our baby" is not meant to be. You're now 30, Oh, how the years flee!
Now a married, professional woman, with a master's degree,
Your own home, a set of wheels, and living fancy free.

I'm sure your dad, with me, would 100% agree
That we did okay back in 1993!

Kimberly Corbin
Taylor County