

Grandad's Mother Kept A Garden

Grandad's Mother kept a garden.
A garden of the heart;
She planted all the good things,
That gave his life its start.

She turned him to the sunshine,
And encouraged him to dream:
Fostering and nurturing
The seeds of self-esteem.

And when the winds and rains came,
She protected him enough;
But not too much, she knew he'd need
To stand up strong and tough.

Her constant good example,
Always taught him right from wrong;
Markers for his pathway
To last his whole life long.

We are our grandad's garden,
We are his legacy.
And we hope today he feels the love,
Reflected, for all to see

Adapted from verse by Debra Rich