

FAMILY

I ran into a stranger as he passed by,
"Oh excuse me please" was my reply.
He said, "Please excuse me too;
I wasn't watching for you."
We were very polite, this stranger and I.
We went on our way, and we said goodbye.
But at home a different story is told,
how we treat our loved ones, young and old.
Later that day, cooking the evening meal,
my son stood beside me very still.
When I turned, I nearly knocked him down.
"Move out of the way, " I said with a frown.
He walked away, his little heart broken.
I didn't realize how harshly I'd spoken.
While I lay awake in bed,
God's still small voice came to me and said,
"While dealing with a stranger, common courtesy you use,
But the family you love, you seem to abuse.
Go and look on the kitchen floor,
you'll find some flowers there by the door.
Those are the flowers he brought for you,
he picked them himself: pink, yellow, and blue
He stood very quietly not to spoil the surprise.
You never saw the tears that filled his little eyes."
By this time, I felt very small,
and now my tears began to fall.
I quietly went and knelt by his bed;
"wake up little one, wake up," I said.
"Are these the flowers you picked for me?"
He smiled, "I found 'em, out by the tree
I picked 'em because they're pretty like you.
I knew you'd like 'em, especially the blue."
I said, "Son, I'm very sorry for the way I acted today;
I shouldn't have yelled at you that way."
He said, "Oh, Mom, that's okay.
I love you anyway."
I said, "Son, I love you too,
and I do like the flowers, especially the blue."

FAMILY = (F)ather (A)nd (M)other (I) (L)ove (Y)ou