

Ode to Ainsley Lynne – With Apologies to Coca Cola ;-)

I'd like to take the chance to sing, for people far and wide
That my daughter and her husband have, again filled me with pride
I'd like to say for all to hear, the joy I felt within
When first I saw the Facebook post, that their daughter's birth had been

I thought at once of all the ways, that Jess has beat my dreams
And there laid Ainsley Lynne, their child, with promises in reams
I thought from my perspective spot, of all the things we'd do
Like driving fast and havin' a blast, while her days just numbered two

I thought of how her life will change, from that we've known so well
Some sad, some glad, some good, some bad, but who can ever tell?
Some things we can't yet conjure up, some things that we can see
Like cars that will all drive for her, a hateful thing for me

I thought about her Mom and Dad, and the scary world they're in
I thought she might be a lonely child, because she has few kin
I thought about the simple fact, that girls are still not seen
As equals to their male cohorts, yet often viewed as "Queen"

But then I saw her Mom and knew, that I had naught to fear
The model for what she can be, was lying ever near
With wisdom far beyond her years, and demonstrated skill
She'd mentor Ainsley very well, and get her up that hill

And then I thought of Tom, her Dad, his multi-cultured views
And knew she'd have the best of chance, whichever was the news
Their love, so evident to see, the best guides she could hope
Would never make, her aspire, be limited by "Nope"

She'll be a child who'll learn to laugh, enjoy the things of life
She'll struggle as we all must do, with problems and with strife
But she'll also have a rock hard base of principled belief
That humor is the best of lube, to bring the soul relief

So smile she will for Grandpa's eyes, and climb upon his knee
To hear him sing, and tell her jokes, and hear her scream with glee
To watch her grow, those eyes, that mind, and hear her asking "Why"?
To help her find her place and time, and help her find her "My"

To nurture her, to soothe her hurts, to swab away her tears
To show her beauty in all things, and mollify her fears
To let her see that strength is not, to bully on the field
Instead to show the strength required, to understand and yield

To learn to work with others, to achieve a partnered aim
Respect and cherish courage and, be fair and play the game
Integrity and honor, a soul you'll want around
To offer some assistance to someone who's feeling down

I know she'll be a leading voice, for those who can't be heard
She'll learn the power of a thought, expressed with just a word
I'll hope she'll fight injustice and, resist oppressive thought
And when the battle's over, she'll be glad that it was fought

She'll seek out others' thinking, and question all her own
But never fear to stand for things, even when she stands alone
And when her nest no longer holds her wings from taking flight
I'll know she'll have a firm grasp of the concept of "What's Right"

I'll want her strength and grace to shine for everyone to see
I'll hope her life will always be reflecting back on me
But never let my humble hopes be limits on her dreams
She'll rise beyond whatever hopes my lowly mind perceives

My pride will be most satisfied to know she does her best
No matter what results that makes, I know my heart will rest
Whenever, like her Mom does now, she volunteers a care
And tells someone, where'er she is, "You know; I started there."

Words by Joe Holzer 8/8/2017