

(The day you were born.)

Not so long ago, and yet quiet a while  
a mother gave birth, to her sixth child.  
The 24<sup>th</sup> of February, was the day he came  
the fourth son he made, Marshall was his name.  
On the day this baby decided to arrive  
the rivers were raging, the water was high.  
But the old family Dr., he knew what to do  
He crossed that river, sitting on a mule.  
I don't know, but somehow I'll bet  
the seat of the Dr.'s pants got wet.  
I bet he was scared, but he didn't turn back  
he delivered that baby, and gave it a w back,  
and it let out a yell, loud and clear  
as if to say, "Well Doc, I'm here!"  
Several years have come, and gone since that day  
the old Family Dr., has done passed away,  
and that baby he delivered, now's a man big and strong  
With a wife named Opal, and three kids of his own.  
Now it's February again, and your birthday is near  
Good health and Happiness, God grant you this year,  
and this little poem I've written for you  
is my way of saying, Happy Birthday to you,  
It's not very much, but maybe you'll smile  
When you read about mother, giving birth to her child,  
so I'll wish you the best, in every way  
and Remember Marshall, "today is your day."

(BY BY see you soon) MAXINE (SISTER)