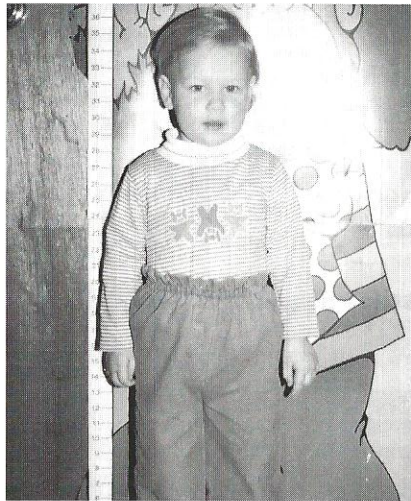
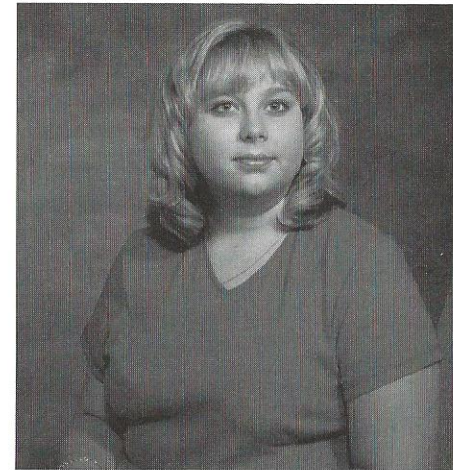




Deana Carter

I remember that tiny person for the
First time in my arms - home filled
With joy and love and pride I felt.
The thoughts that flooded through me
Were the same as any prayer - so much
The same I might as well have knelt.



This is my child, my little girl, so
Beautiful to me. She held my heart
In those two tiny hands.
She'll need me for awhile, then begin
To pull away - It's pain that every
Parent understands.



My fervent wish that joyous day,
For the strength to do it right.
For wisdom to prepare her to be free.
Free to live her life...
Free to choose her path...
Free to strive to be all she can be.



Letting go is never easy, but I know
I have no choice. She must decide
The path that she will trod.
So I'll stand and watch and worry...
But let her make her way - this child -
This lovely girl... my gift from God.

Dick Johnson
1994

