

Happy 40th Birthday Joyce

This is a poem to a woman, like no other in the world
A daughter, a sister, a mother, and wife, but always my little girl
Growing up she was always a pleasure, a very giving child, intelligent and true
We were and still are the best of friends, in almost everything we do
It's not easy growing up with five brothers, and two little sisters to boot
Loving and coping with a crazy dad, you never knew who he might just shoot
Believe me, we've had our moments
Most mothers and daughters do
Yet my heart still melts, I must admit
When I look at her eyes "Oh so blue"
Sometimes she has a bit of a temper,
And a mouth that could curl your hair
But her heart is always in the right place,
She is kind and forgiving, she cares
She's turned out pretty damn good
Facing life's challenges, meeting them head on
She has a great faith and she's very strong
She'll need it for life on the farm (haha)
She's always been there for her family
Especially for her dad and me
She's done so many wonderful things
There as many as the eye can see
She's a struggling mother herself now
Two boys and a teenage girl
She runs herself ragged for them
Making sure theirs is a better world
She still turns heads when she walks on by
Cause she's beautiful, a sexy dresser and so hip
And if I'm with her at the time
I say "hey do you want a towel for that drool on your lip?"
No joking around I really mean it she's been the faithful one by my side
Hell girl so your turning forty!
Your still Tony's teen angel bride

Love,
Mom
April 12, 2002