

The Whole

Outsiders only think they know
They do not see the whole
They cannot see the joy they bring
Or the love that's from the soul.

Strangers think it something odd
So pity, and sympathise
They do not see the whole
The love they have for life.

You have to live with one each day
To see the joy they bring
You have to see the whole
To know they let you in.

Down's is not a thing to fear
You have to see the whole
Then you'll find you can be near
The laughter of life they hold.

Our Granddaughter is such a blessing
How we laugh, and oh so proud
With every little step and role.
We have the pleasure of seeing the whole.

By Helen Guymer