

Poem on the Death of a Child



O precious little Cameo,

You will always be to us

So perfect, pure, and innocent

Just as you were meant to be.

We dreamed of you and of your life

And all that it would be.

We waited and longed for you to come

And join our family.

We briefly had the chance to play,

To laugh, to run, to swing.

We briefly had time to hold you, touch you

And listen to you sing.

We, your mom and dad, will always be yours;

You will always be our child,

The child that we had.

But now you're gone... but yet you're here.

We'll sense you everywhere.

You are our sorrow and our joy,

There's love in every tear.

Just know our love goes deep and strong.

We'll forget you never...

The child we had, but briefly had

And yet will have forever!

~~~~~

*~ Author Unknown*

*Revised by Great Uncle Richard & Roger*

*(April 6, 1907)*