

# *Poetry & Readings*

*Readings are an excellent way to involve family and friends in your Naming Day ceremony. You may choose to select a work, excerpt, poem, prose, verse, or any of the kind of text for your guest speakers on the day, or you may choose to let the guest speaker select their own reading.*



- ♥ *Parent's Delight*
- ♥ *For Boys*
- ♥ *For Girls*
- ♥ *Some Advice*
- ♥ *Wishes for You*
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## ♥ *Parents Delight*



### ***My Baby, by Martha Benton***

Ten little fingers, ten little toes, Rosy little lips, and a button nose. So soft and cuddly with a baby sweet smell - Eyes so full of trust that I just can't fail. I know a gift of God you had to be - How else could something so perfect come to me? You wiggle and snuggle, gurgle and coo - Do you know of all the love in my heart for you? Your eyes are getting heavy, as off to Dreamland you go - To dream of teddy bears, kittens, and your Mother's love, I know. I hold you close, and look at you with awe - as a little silent prayer I say "Thank you God, and please help me mold this little life the right way." I put you in your crib so gently, and turn to blink away the tears. You're my baby now, but I know it's just for a few short years

### ***Time Slips Through My Fingers, by SisterSongs***

I peek into your room and see you quiet and still. The days are flying past, I can't stop them with my will. I know I cannot keep you the way I see you now. So precious and so tiny, so innocent somehow. So brief you are my baby, so quickly you will part. But I will keep your baby ways engraved upon my heart. So sleep, my precious child. Dream of life that's filled with charms, As time slips through my fingers and you slip through my arms. Yes, sleep my precious child, but soon when you are grown, Remember how I loved you more than you had known. And remember how I held you, how I watched you day and night. And remember how you loved me too. Please always love me, I'll always love you. So sleep, my precious child. Dream of life that's filled with charms, As time slips through my fingers and you slip through my arms.

### ***The Promise***

I promise to love you and help you grow strong. I'll rock you to dreaming and wake you to song. I'll hold you and hug you and kiss hurts away. I'll be kind and gentle, We'll dance through your day. I'll answer your questions and hold back the night and help you decide the wrong and the right. I'll teach you to laugh; I'll be near when you cry, and I'll help you stand steady when you're ready to try. I'll try to be patient and only speak true. I promise to promise to always love you.

### **The Source of All Delight**

She/he is the child we wanted, the source of all delight, the reason that we haven't slept for many a long night. Our social life is fading. Our money goes through the door. With keeping up with all her/his needs, it really seems like a thankless chore. We knew she/he would be demanding, and life would never be the same, we never knew that a Mother and Father's love, is just one other name. With just a pile of washing, all her/his breakfast on the floor, baby food behind the cushions and things written on the door. And just when we think, "This is enough, we can't handle any more!" A little hand creeps up and touches us, a hand that we adore, a little smile that's full of love, reminds us of all we've fought for. We succeeded in our dream of having a beautiful son/daughter. We cannot describe our feelings, as we have come to know each other; shared smiles, laughs and secrets, and the joy of being a Father and a Mother. Good fortune and chance have looked on us and smiled. We cannot now imagine where we'd be without our beautiful child.

### **An Adoption Poem**

Not flesh of my flesh, nor bone of my bone, but very remarkably, all my own.  
And never forget, for a single minute, that you weren't born under my heart, but in it.

### **You are the Poem**

You are the poem I dreamed of writing, the masterpiece I longed to paint.  
You are the shining star I reached for in my ever-hopeful quest for life fulfilled...  
You are my child. Now with all things I am blessed.

### **Footprints**

"Walk a little slower Daddy" said a child so small.  
"I'm following in your footsteps and I don't want to fall. Sometimes your steps are very fast, sometimes they're hard to see; So walk a little slower Daddy, for you are leading me.  
Someday when I'm all grown up, You're what I want to be; Then I will have a little child who'll want to follow me. And I would want to lead just right, And know that I was true; So walk a little slower Daddy, For I must follow you".

### **Poem for a Child**

Little miracle, born out of love into love. I give you the world at your feet, in your hands, spinning in colours like the kaleidoscope of your eyes. A world of wonders, dreams of distant lands. Little child, whose smile warms a room like sudden sunshine. Take this world and climb the mountains with your head held high. Walk tall on the peaks in the dazzle of crisp new snow. Look down at the valleys but aim for the sky. Little child, take this world and bravely sail its stormy seas. Captain a ship that's strong, with a map and compass of your own. Choose a crew with care to fight to monster of the deep. And keep your anchor ready for a haven you can call home. Little child, round-bottomed, soft-skinned and chubby-limbed. With lips that melt petal-soft in the caress of your mother's breast. Any tiny hands that touch everything with wonder. Make peace your mission and treat this world with gentleness. Little child, your father made you, your mother bore you. This world is yours, a gift from those already older. And as you grow and your steps are stronger, bolder. And when our days fade, are darker, colder. May you too find a love that's bright and free.  
And hold your own child on your knee.

## ♥ *For Boys*



### **My Son**

The sunshine of your precious smile could melt the coldest heart. It brightens up my dreary day when we are far apart. The memory of your little hand holding mine so tight brings a warm glow to my heart on a cold and dreary night. Those little arms that hug my neck will soon be big and strong; you're growing up so quickly so it won't be very long. So I'll take your hugs and kisses now, 'cause the day will soon be here, when you'll think you're much too big, for me to hold so near.

### **What are Little Boys Made Of, by Patsy Gaunt**

A wee bit of dirt and a devilish grin, curious eyes and spaghetti sauce chin  
A dollop of mud behind his right ear, and a handful of worms in his pocket I fear  
You see his knees through the holes in his jeans. He likes ice-cream but he won't eat his  
beans. He's made of mud pies and bubblegum kisses and wonder at Christmas and birthday  
wishes. And a heap of giggles and wiggles and love  
These are the things little boys are made of.

### **Mischievous Grins**

Little boys come in all shapes and sizes, shy and adventurous, full of surprises. With misshapen halos and mischievous grins, small dirty faces, and sweet, sticky chins. They'll keep you so busy, and yet all the while, nothing can brighten the world like their smile. And no greater treasure has brought homes more joy, than a curious, active, and lovable boy!

### **Through Baby's Eyes**

I didn't expect a brass band with welcome mat unfurled, to be on hand when I arrived in this confusing world. Nor did I expect a doctor to take me by the feet and quickly turn me upside down and spank me on my seat. At first I wasn't quite prepared for this enormous place, nor all the characters that I would have to face. But soon I learned to get my way by looking sweet and shy. I wanted to be held, to make a fuss and cry. I found it doesn't take much difficulty or guile, to wrap them round my finger .... all I've got to do is smile

### **Follow Your Dreams**

When others say "It's hopeless and it really can't be done." When they tell you "It's all over. It's a race that can't be won." And they promise "You could spend your life just lying in the sun." Follow your dreams boy. Follow your dreams!

When the people you admire, but who wouldn't understand, tell you "Other roads are safer. Your dreams are much too grand." Or the doubters and the tempters try to take you by the hand. Follow your dreams boy. Follow your dreams!

You should listen to the counsel of the people that you trust. But don't be turned aside just because they might get fussed. You live the life that in your heart you know you really must.

Follow your dreams boy. Follow your dreams!

There is nothing you can't conquer if you believe you can. No mountains you can't straddle, no oceans you can't span. Just conjure up a vision and set yourself a plan.

Follow your dreams boy. Follow your dreams!

### ***If, by Rudyard Kipling***

If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you, but make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting, or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating, and yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master; If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster and treat those two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken, And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.  
If you can make one heap of all your winnings and risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,  
and lose, and start again at your beginnings and never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew to serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'  
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue, or walk with Kings - nor lose the common touch.  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you, If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it, and which is more  
you'll be a Man, my son!

## ♥ *For Girls*



### **Enduring Love**

Hold your breath and take a peek, you've never seen a girl this sweet. Long eyelashes, perfect lips, feel how strong her fingers grip! Eyes squeezed tight, a baby sigh, Mummy whispers a lullaby. Daddy tweaks a tiny curl, in silent pride of his little girl. Not a whimper, good as gold, in loving arms that ached to hold. Years of waiting now she's here, they share a smile they shed a tear. Thank you Father up above, for this sweet gift of enduring love.

### **Baby Daughter**

There's a brand-new little lady who is moving in to stay, and from here on out she'll set the times you'll work and eat and play! She'll demand your full attention, for her need are rather large - like a tiny little queen, she'll leave no doubt of who's in charge. You'll find it all worthwhile when she charms you with her giggles and disarms you with her smile. When you feel her baby softness once the cuddling's begun - She'll be daddy's "little princess," Mummy's "darling precious one". She will add a special magic to your lives throughout the years - Bringing sunshine with her laughter - Touching hearts with little tears. And forever, from this moment, you'll be grateful for the day when your darling little daughter came into your lives to stay.

### **A Little Girl (a father's perspective), by Jim Mullen**

Who would of thought, to my surprise, the day I looked in my daughter's eyes, that I would find my sunshine, my star, my pearl, all the thoughts in my head, of this little girl. You came to me late in November, that day in my life, I will always remember. I did not know who I was as a man, 'till the moment you were placed inside of my hands. And it was at that split moment, when you opened your eyes, your true identity was no longer disguised. As the lights glistened, in your beautiful eyes, inside I slowly started to cry. I was given an angel, from heavens' above, the final test as a man, a little girl to love. I believe by God, I must have been touched. I love you Julianna, I love you so much. Your face lights up whenever you smile, a glow that can last an endless mile. Your brothers, they love you, your mom and I the same, you are the completion to our circle, the caboose on our train

### **The Alphabet Song**

A, You're adorable . . . B, You're so beautiful . . . C, You're a cutie full of charms . . .  
D, You're a darling and . . . E, You're exciting . . . F, You're a feather in my arms . . .  
G, You look good to me . . . H, You're so heavenly . . . I, You're the one I idolize . . .  
J, We're like Jack and Jill . . . K, You are so kiss-able . . . L, Is the love-light in your eyes . . .  
M, N, O, P . . . I could go on all day . . . Q, R, S, T . . . Alphabetically speaking you're OK.  
U, Made my life complete . . . V, Means you're very sweet . . . W, X, Y, Z . . .  
It's fun to wander through, the alphabet with you, to tell you what you mean to me

### **Brand New Little Daughter, by Linda Lee Elrod**

She's your brand new little daughter, so enchanted, sweet and smart. With a coo, she'll have  
you smiling, with a laugh, she'll own your heart. It's the time for hugs and kisses,  
reassurance when she cries. It's the time for making moments full of love and lullabies. For  
these golden days of childhood come and go so very fast. Hold her tight and love her dearly.  
Make these precious moments last

### **Little Girls**

Little girls are made of daisies and butterflies and soft kitty cat purrs  
And all the precious memories of times that once were.  
Little girls are made of angel's wings and giggles and a firefly's glow  
And all the happy feelings, deep inside, that we all know.  
Little girls are made of cinnamon and bubbles and fancy white pearls  
And snowflakes and rainbows and ballerina twirls.  
Little girls are made of sunshine and cupcakes and fresh morning dew,  
And these are the reasons, little one, why everyone loves you.

## ♥ *Some Advice*



### **Always Believe in Yourself by Susan Polis Schultz**

Get to know yourself – What you can do and what you cannot do – For only you can make your life happy. Believe that by working, learning and achieving you can reach your goals and be successful. Believe in your own creativity as a means of expressing your true feelings. Believe in appreciating life. Be sure to have fun everyday and to enjoy the beauty in the world. Believe in love. Love your friends, your family, yourself and your life.

Believe in your dreams and your dreams can become reality.

### **The Greatest Gift Of All**

We give you the greatest gift of all, a head start that will last throughout your life. We shall do our best to teach you, but it will be up to you to learn. We shall try to guide you in the right directions, but it will be up to you to make the right decisions. We shall also encourage you to seek your own independence, but it will be up to you to be responsible. We shall tell you about 'drink and drugs', but it will be up to you to say 'no'. We shall teach you about respect, but you will choose whether to appreciate it's value. We shall encourage you to try, but you should want to succeed for yourself. We shall teach you kindness, but it will be up to you to be good-natured. We shall teach you to share, but it will be up to you to be unselfish. We shall model values for you, but you have to develop your own morals. We give you this knowledge as a gift with all our love

### **Family**

A family is a place to cry, laugh and vent frustrations, To ask for help, tease and yell, To be touched and hugged and smiled at. A Family is people, who care when you are sad, Who love you no matter what, and share your triumphs, Who dont expect you to be perfect, Just growing with honesty, in your own direction. Family is a circle where we learn to like ourselves, Where we learn to make good decisions, and think before we do. Where we learn integrity and table manners, and respect for other people. Where we are special, and share ideas. Where we listen and are listened to. Where we learn the rules of life to prepare ourselves for the world. The world is a place, where anything can happen, but if we grow up in a loving family, we are ready for the world.



### **If a Child, by Amanda Cater**

If a child lives with criticism, / he learns to condemn.  
If a child lives with hostility, / he learns to fight  
If a child lives with ridicule, / he learns to be shy.  
If a child lives with shame, / he learns to feel guilty.  
If a child lives with tolerance, / he learns to be patient  
If a child lives with encouragement, / he learns confidence  
If a child lives with praise, / he learns to appreciate.  
If a child lives with fairness, / he learns justice.  
If a child lives with security, / he learns to have faith  
If a child lives with approval, / he learns to like himself  
If a child lives with acceptance and friendship,  
He learns to find love in the world

### **The Angels Advice, by Eunice Phipps**

An angel dropped by this morning and whispered a message to me. She said, "Your long awaited bundle of joy, will soon be here for all to see". She then whispered advice to help me know what to do, and so now this list, I will share with you. Take the warmth of the sun and its healing rays, carefully wrap it around your child to keep the little one safe each day. When the journey through life gets too wild, catch the blessed raindrops that fall upon this earth, use it to bath the babe daily, from the time of its birth. The waters from heaven will help cleanse away the troubles of a lifetime at the end of each day. Treat this child lovingly as each day rolls by, and your child will learn happiness in the wink of an eye. Encourage your child's curiosity to come to the fore, and you'll see an intelligence never witnessed before. To soothe away the tears and answer any cries, will give the child great confidence on which to rely. Use the Earth to help ground your child as it grows, the wind will send wisdom as it whispers and blows. Teach your child to look at the clouds up on high, and develop imagination from those shapes in the sky. Once the child's journey through life has begun, there is so much to learn, so many songs to be sung. The glory of music fills the hearts and souls of everyone, so play music daily, children thrive on such fun. Teach good manners and kindness and how to share, hug your child often to reassure that you care. Teach friendship, compassion and love of fellow man, to help make this world as safe a place as you can. All through the life of your beautiful child, Angels will guide and protect this babe meek and mild. They will stay there always, sending help from above, with all this in a lifetime, your child will know love.

### **A Parent's Love (by Helen Steiner Rice)**

A parent's love is something that no one can explain, It is made of deep devotion and of sacrifice and pain. It is endless and unselfish and enduring come what may, For nothing can destroy it or take that love away. It is patient and forgiving when all others are forsaking, It never fails or falters even though the heart is breaking. It believes beyond believing when the word around condemns, It glows with all the beauty of the rarest, brightest gems. It is far beyond defying, it defies all explanation, It still remains a secret like the mysteries of creation. A many splendour miracle that man cannot understand. And another wondrous evidence of Life's tender guiding hand

## ♥ *Wishes For You*



### **Forever Young**

May all your wishes come true, May you always do for others, And let others do for you.

May you build a ladder to the stars, And climb on every rung, And may you stay forever young. May you grow to be righteous, May you grow up to be true, May you always know the truth. And see the light that is surrounding you. May you always be courageous, Stand upright and strong, And may you stay forever young. May your hands always be busy, And may your feet always be swift, May you have a strong foundation, When the winds of change shift. May your heart always be joyful, And may your song always be sung, And may you stay forever young.

### **Wish List, by Colin McCarty**

I want you to be happy. I want you to fill your heart with feelings of wonder and to be full of courage and hope. I want you to have the type of friendship that is a treasure and the kind of love that is beautiful forever. I wish you contentment: the sweet, quiet, inner kind that comes around and never goes away. I want you to have hopes and have them all come true. I want you to make the most of this moment in time. I want you to have a real understanding of how unique and rare you truly are. I want to remind you that the sun may disappear for a while, but it never forgets to shine. I want you to have faith. May you have feelings that are shared from heart to heart, simple pleasures amidst this complex world, and wonderful goals that are within your grasp. May the words you listen to, say the things you need to hear, and may a cheerful face lovingly look back at you when you happen to glance in your mirror. I wish you the insight to see your inner and outer beauty. I wish you sweet dreams. I want you to have times when you feel like singing and dancing and laughing out loud. I want you to be able to make your good times better and your hard times easier to handle. I want you to have millions of moments when you find satisfaction in the things you do so wonderfully. I wish I could find a way to tell you – in untold ways how important you are to Daddy (Mummy) and me. Of all the things I'll be wishing for, wherever you are and whatever I may do, there will never be a day in my life when I won't be wishing for the best ... for you

### **I Wish You**

I wish you bright mornings and warm sunny days, soft shade to cool you from sweltering rays. Raindrops, a few, from some cloud floating by, Rainbows thereafter to colour your sky. Rambling rivers and great shining seas, Mountains and forests with towering trees. Hillsides and valleys, all flower-festooned, Nature that nurtures whomever's attuned.

A faithful companion who'll stay by your side, Children to care for, to love and to guide. Enough work to do with enough time for play, Then restful sleep at the close of the day. Friends when you need them and when they need you, Something to spend, just as much as will do. A heart full of laughter; perhaps a few tears, A faith you can follow through all of your years. Then, fearlessly facing your last setting sun, As you contemplate all the deeds you have done, Recalling a life that's been more than worthwhile, Perhaps you will pause and give thanks with a smile.

### **A Mother's Wish**

I hope my child looks back on today and sees a parent who had time to play. There will be time for cleaning and cooking, but children grow up when you're not looking. So settle down, cobwebs; dust, go to sleep. I'm cuddling my baby and babies don't keep.



## *Other Readings*



### **I Am Love**

Some say I can fly on the wind, yet I haven't any wings. Some have found me floating on the open sea, yet I cannot swim. Some have felt my warmth on cold nights, yet I have no flame. And though you cannot see me, I lay between two lovers at the hearth of fireplaces. I am the twinkle in your child's eyes. I am hidden in the lines of your mother's face. I am your father's shield as he guards your home. And yet... Some say I am stronger than steel, yet I am as fragile as a tear. Some have never searched for me, yet I am around them always. Some say I die with loss, yet I am endless. And though you cannot hear me, I dance on the laughter of children. I am woven into the whispers of passion. I am in the blessings of Grandmothers. I embrace the cries of newborn babies. And yet... Some say I am a flower, yet I am also the seed. Some have little faith in me, yet I will always believe in them. Some say I cannot cure the ill, yet I nourish the soul. And though you cannot touch me, I am the gentle hand of the kind. I am the fingertips that caress your cheek at night. I am the hug of a child.

I am love.

### **Earth Teach Me to Remember**

Earth teach me stillness as the grasses are stilled with light.  
Earth teach me suffering as old stones suffer with memory.  
Earth teach me humility as blossoms are humble with beginning.  
Earth Teach me caring as the mother who secures her young.  
Earth teach me courage as the tree which stands alone.  
Earth teach me limitation as the ant which crawls on the ground.  
Earth teach me freedom as the eagle which soars in the sky.  
Earth teach me resignation as the leaves which die in the fall.  
Earth teach me regeneration as the seed which rises in the spring.  
Earth teach me to forget myself as melted snow forgets its life.  
Earth teach me to remember kindness as dry fields weep in the rain.

### **Speak to Us of Children, by Kahlil Gibran**

And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said, "Speak to us of children"  
And he said: Your children are not your children, they are the sons and daughters of life's longing for itself. They come through you but not from you. And though they are with you yet they belong not to you. You may give them your love but not your thoughts, for they have their own thoughts.

You may house their bodies but not their souls, for their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, Which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams. You may strive to be like them, for life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterdays. You are bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth. The archer seeks the mark upon the path of the infinite, and he bends you with His might that His arrow may go swift and far. Let your blending in the archer's hand be for goodness. For even as He loves the arrow that flies, so He loves the bow that is stable.

### **Charge to the Child, by Joy Harjo**

Remember the sky that you were born under, Know each of the stars stories. Remember the moon, know who she is. Remember the sun's birth at dawn that is the strongest point of time. Remember sundown and the giving away to night. Remember your birth, how your mother struggled to give you form and breathe. You are evidence of her life, and her mother's and hers. Remember your father. He is your life also. Remember the earth whose skin you are: Red earth, black earth, yellow earth, white earth, brown earth, we are earth. Remember the plants, trees, animal life who all have their tribes, their families, their histories too. Talk to them, listen to them. They are alive poems. Remember the wind. Remember her voice. She knows the origin of this universe, and that this universe is you. Remember that all is in motion, is growing, is you. Remember that language comes from this. Remember the dance that language is, that life is. Remember.

### **Excerpts from Francis Thompson and William Blake**

Know you what it is to be a child? It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; It is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; It is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; It is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, For each child has a fairy god-mother in his/her own soul; It is to live in a nutshell and count yourself the king/queen of infinite space; It is to see the World in a grain of sand, And a heaven in a wild flower, Hold infinity in the palm of your hand, And eternity in an hour.

### **Adapted from 'A Recipe for Dreaming' by Bryce Courtney**

Nature formed you with perfect feet and hands and a heart that beats non-stop, sometimes for a hundred years. You were made complete. You have inherited a thousand generations of wisdom, skill, poetry, song, all the sunrises and sunsets of knowledge past. You are the sum of all the people who went before you. You are a refinery of all inherited intellectual wealth, the full flood of antecedent wisdom is piped and stored within you - how to climb the highest mountain, slay the biggest monster, how to survive fear and how to summon your own courage and take pride in your wonderful intelligence. Inside you are more possibilities than you could possibly use up in one lifetime. If you can dream it, you can do it, because the instinctive knowledge of how to succeed is already programmed within you waiting to be turned on, it is waiting to flow like a river as you come on stream.

**Every Person Born into This World**  
(Adaption from a passage by *Martin Buber*)

Every person born into this world represents something new, something that never existed before, something original and unique. It is the duty of every person in Israel to know and consider that he is unique in the world in his particular character, and that there has never been someone like him before. For if there had been someone like him before, there would be no need for him to be in the world. Every single person is a new thing in the world and is called upon to fulfill his particularity in the world.

**An Extract from *The Inner Work of Mindful Parenting*, by *Myla and Jon Kabat-Zinn***

When we become parents, whether intentionally or by happenstance, our whole life is immediately different, although it may take some time to realize just how much. Being a parent compounds stress by orders of magnitude. It makes us vulnerable in ways we weren't before. It calls us to be responsible in ways we weren't before. It challenges us as never before, and takes out time and attention away from other things, including ourselves, as never before. It creates chaos and disorder, feelings of inadequacy, occasions for arguments, struggles, irritation, noise, seemingly never-ending obligations and errands, and plenty of opportunities for getting stuck, angry, resentful, hurt, and for feeling overwhelmed, old, and unimportant. And this can go on not only when the children are little, but even when they are full grown and on their own. Having children is asking for trouble. "So why do it? Maybe Pete Seeger said it best: 'We do it for the high wages...kisses.' Children give us the opportunity to share in the vibrancy of life in ways we would not touch were they not part of our lives....they share their vital nature with us and call it out of us as well, if we can listen carefully to the calling.

***Baby's Way*, by *Rabindranath Tagore***

If Baby only wanted to, he could fly up to heaven this moment. It is not for nothing that he does not leave us. He loves to rest his head on mother's bosom, and cannot ever bare to lose sight of her. Baby knows all manner of wise words, though few on earth can understand their meaning. It is not for nothing that he never wants to speak. The one thing he wants is to learn mother's words from mother's lips. That is why he looks so innocent. Baby had a heap of gold and pearls, yet he came like a beggar on to this earth. It is not for nothing he came in such a disguise. This dear little naked mendicant pretends to be utterly helpless, so that he may beg for mother's wealth of love. Baby was so free from every tie in the land of the tiny crescent moon. It was not for nothing he gave up his freedom. He knows that there is room for endless joy in mother's little corner of a heart, and it is sweeter far than liberty to be caught and pressed in her dear arms. Baby never knew how to cry. He dwelt in the land of perfect bliss. It is not for nothing he has chosen to shed tears. Though with the smile of his dear face he draws mother's yearning heart to him, yet his little cries over tiny troubles weave the double bond of pity and love.