

To Paul, age 11, from his Dad, Jim Reese

Dear Paul:

When you were just a little babe
You were so trim and PROPER.

But then you ate so very much
You soon became a WHOPPER.

Before you could sit all alone
A pillow was your PROPPER.

But then you wiggled and you squirmed
And soon became a FLOPPER.

You slid all over Mommy's floor
And thus became her MOPPER.

Until you finally stood erect
And then became a HOPPER.

Although you learned to feed yourself
You were a messy GLOPPER.

Since then you've grown and grown and grown
To be a real TOPPER.

And now Congratulation, Paul,
Your age is "TEENIE-BOPPER!"

Keep growing up for Christ, my Son,
Don't ever be a STOPPER.

Develop all the gifts God gave
And never be a SLOPPER.

Don't settle for life's "bargains" cheap
But be a careful SHOPPER.

When Satan comes to tempt your soul
Just give a solid CHOPPER.

Don't let him trip you up with gold
Or even with a COPPER.

Save all your heart for God's choice girl,
If "Miss Wrong" calls, just DROP'ER.

Make life a garden, sow good see,
And raise a real CROPPER.

Our prayers are with you all the time,
Your loving MOM and POP(ER).