

Just One More Day

This was written by a Zimbabwean Father, to his dying daughter.
TO MY CHILD

Just for this morning, I am going to
smile when I see your face and laugh
when I feel like crying. Just for this morning, I will let you
choose what you want to wear,
and smile and say how perfect it is.

Just for this morning, I am going to step
over the laundry and pick you up and take you to
the park to play.

Just for this morning, I will leave the
dishes in the sink, and let you teach me how to put
that puzzle of yours together.

Just for this afternoon, I will unplug
the telephone and keep the computer off, and sit with
you in the backyard and blow bubbles.

Just for this afternoon, I will not yell
once, not even a tiny grumble when you scream and
whine for the ice cream truck, and I will buy you one
if he comes by.

Just for this afternoon, I won't worry
about what you are going to be when you grow up, or
second guess every decision I have made where you are
concerned.

Just for this afternoon, I will let you
help me bake cookies, and I won't stand over you
trying to fix them.

Just for this afternoon, I will take us
to McDonald's and buy us both a Happy Meal so you can
have both toys.

Just for this evening, I will hold you in
my arms and tell you a story about how you were
born and how much I love you.

Just for this evening, I will let you
splash in the tub and not get angry.

Just for this evening, I will let you
stay up late while we sit on the porch and count all the stars.

Just for this evening, I will snuggle
beside you for hours, and miss my favourite TV shows.

Just for this evening when I run my
fingers through your hair as you pray, I will simply be
grateful that God has given me the greatest gift ever given.

I will think about the mothers and
fathers who are searching for their missing children, the
mothers and fathers who are visiting their children's
graves instead of their bedrooms. The mothers

and fathers who are in hospital rooms
watching their children suffer senselessly and screaming
inside that little body

And when I kiss you goodnight I will hold
you a little tighter, a little longer. It is then,
that I will thank God for you, and ask him for
nothing, except one more day.....