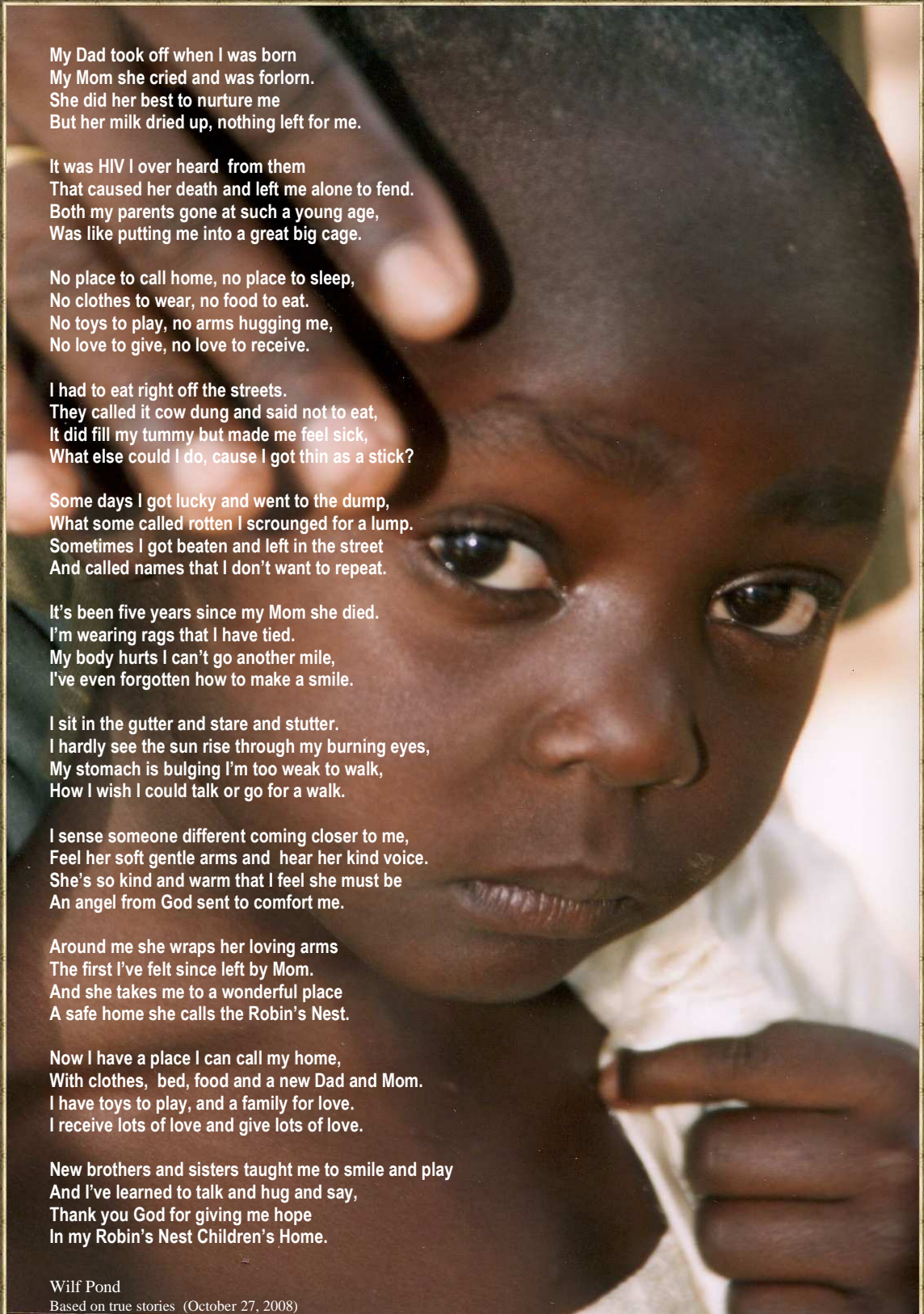


"Robin's Nest" Gave Me Hope



My Dad took off when I was born
My Mom she cried and was forlorn.
She did her best to nurture me
But her milk dried up, nothing left for me.

It was HIV I over heard from them
That caused her death and left me alone to fend.
Both my parents gone at such a young age,
Was like putting me into a great big cage.

No place to call home, no place to sleep,
No clothes to wear, no food to eat.
No toys to play, no arms hugging me,
No love to give, no love to receive.

I had to eat right off the streets.
They called it cow dung and said not to eat,
It did fill my tummy but made me feel sick,
What else could I do, cause I got thin as a stick?

Some days I got lucky and went to the dump,
What some called rotten I scrounged for a lump.
Sometimes I got beaten and left in the street
And called names that I don't want to repeat.

It's been five years since my Mom she died.
I'm wearing rags that I have tied.
My body hurts I can't go another mile,
I've even forgotten how to make a smile.

I sit in the gutter and stare and stutter.
I hardly see the sun rise through my burning eyes,
My stomach is bulging I'm too weak to walk,
How I wish I could talk or go for a walk.

I sense someone different coming closer to me,
Feel her soft gentle arms and hear her kind voice.
She's so kind and warm that I feel she must be
An angel from God sent to comfort me.

Around me she wraps her loving arms
The first I've felt since left by Mom.
And she takes me to a wonderful place
A safe home she calls the Robin's Nest.

Now I have a place I can call my home,
With clothes, bed, food and a new Dad and Mom.
I have toys to play, and a family for love.
I receive lots of love and give lots of love.

New brothers and sisters taught me to smile and play
And I've learned to talk and hug and say,
Thank you God for giving me hope
In my Robin's Nest Children's Home.

Wilf Pond
Based on true stories (October 27, 2008)

Photo by Robin Byrnes (Pond)