

Emerson Tate Fitzgerald

*It was the second of September and the year was twenty twenty,
a year unlike none other and the changes were a plenty.*

*The morning fog had lifted and gave way to bright sunshine
and a gentle breeze was blowing so that surely was a sign.*

*A little girl came calling at three minutes before two,
an afternoon made perfect as she made her grand debut.*

*That little girl was Emerson and this is her starting weight,
seven pounds and four more ounces were written on the slate.*

*Twenty inches was her length they say then add a half inch more,
there is nothing that will be the same or like it was before.*

*Evan is a father now and Monica a mother,
there's no doubt that they will need to rely upon each other.*

*That's what it takes to raise a child plus faith and hope and love
and surely she will have someone who is looking from above.*

*Angels sang and danced that day as a new life has begun,
she'll creep and crawl then one day, she'll walk and then she'll run.*

*She'll grow up oh so quickly, please make the most of every day,
surrounded by her family who will guide her on her way.*