

*They call me special, because I'm different from most,  
I know not what it's like to envy, hurt, or boast.*

*Material things mean very little to me,  
I simply find joy in what many others don't see.*

*Some think I'm strange and others call me odd,  
But those who really know me, call me closet to God.*

*Not a mean bone in my body, not a bad word to say,  
My simple existence is to eat, sleep and play.*

*And while these things I like, there are others that I love,  
To spend time with you, is a gift from above.*

*Hold my hands and sing as I jump on the bed,  
I promise I listened to every word that you said.*

*My eyes may be elsewhere when you're talking to me.  
I'm not being rude, there's just so much to see.*

*Change may upset me as I like my routines.  
I may act a little crazy, making noises, creating scenes.*

*But if you kindly give me, the time and space I need,  
There's no telling where our friendship can lead.*

*A chance to get to know you is all that I ask.  
My love is like warm sunshine in which you can bask.*

*You see I'm really not different, I'm not at all odd,  
I simply find joy in wondrous gifts from God.*

*Imagine for once, what a wonderful world it would be,  
To forget about life's worries, and be happy like me.*

*So don't call me special, I'd much rather lucky or blessed,  
because of any life being lived, I think mine is the best.*

*by Kathleen's Daddy*