

Once Came A Small Boy
By Papa

Nikolas, a gap in his mouth and his face No home, no food, no hair, no hope Joanie and Don
agreed his life to replace They loved him; they d be able to cope

A daring Russian escape, papers filed
Earthly patience and luck from above
They caught this broken throw-away child In their family s glove of love

Doctor, tests, and a rush to close his face Then a roof for his mouth, good to go He learned to
walk then run all over the place There was joy in one word he learned, Uh Oh

Nikolas the American loved freedom 267 days Loving him as hard as we could, we dreamed Of
the free man he d be in so many ways God took him home too early, No! we screamed

His body fought demons his life

so brief

Seizures like docs had never seen in this land God, please help us understand in our grief And
hold our small boy in the palm of your hand

*Note: This poem is intended as a tribute to Nikolas, our 2 1/2-year old grandson who died
November 1, 2008. Our daughter and her husband adopted Nikolas a special needs child from
Russia in February and fought to save him. We loved him for the 267 days of freedom he
enjoyed. More details can be found at, <http://www.irvingbible.org/index.php?id=1626>*