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**From:** Thomas Birley [mailto:authoreditor99@gmail.com]

**Sent:** Tuesday, June 25, 2024 8:23 PM

**To:** raybrooks@oicu.com

**Subject:** Re: test

Or even tell a lie,  
Teach my son, My little one  
That hearts are not a toy.  
And as I held, your little hand,  
We softly spoke, this little prayer,  
By ending with AMEN.

And as I said I love you son,  
You heard me say goodnight,  
I pulled the covers to your chest,  
And felt you breath, In peaceful rest.  
And as I watched you... deep in sleep,  
You never said a word,  
But from your heart ♥□,  
Down deep inside,  
These are the words I heard.  
You said to me, That you're so glad,  
To have me here with you,  
Keep in mind, I need you to.. cause  
I LOVE YOU DEAR OLD DAD,  
Ditto

On Tue, Jun 25, 2024, 6:36 PM Thomas Birley <[authoreditor99@gmail.com](mailto:authoreditor99@gmail.com)>  
wrote:

And as I saw your little face,  
Dosing off, and into space  
You got a book, and brought it back,  
It was the one called Quack And Mac.  
You climbed upon, your daddy's knee,  
I read to you, You read to me.

And when the clock, was striking nine,  
Mommy's snacks were right on time,  
A glass of milk, A cookie cake,  
A little Debbie that she baked.  
Then mommy said go brush your teeth,  
Get in bed, and go to sleep.  
And as I lay you down to sleep,  
We prayed the Lord, Our ♥□ hearts to keep.  
Your eyes were closed, Your heart was true,  
I can't believe, how much you grew.

I said I thank you deeply Lord,  
For my little Joy,  
So keep him safe, and teach him right,  
Not to be a selfish boy.  
Teach him things, Like not to steal

On Tue, Jun 25, 2024, 6:24 PM Thomas Birley <[authoreditor99@gmail.com](mailto:authoreditor99@gmail.com)>  
wrote:

And as the clock was striking 8  
Your little head was gaining weight  
I got your Jamey's from your drawer,  
You dropped your britches to the floor,  
You lift your legs to get inside,  
Micky Mouse, PJ's of pride.

On Tue, Jun 25, 2024, 6:20 PM Thomas Birley <[authoreditor99@gmail.com](mailto:authoreditor99@gmail.com)>  
wrote:

And then a game, of hide and seek,  
Behind the couch, I saw you peek.  
I said I see you, Timmy boy,  
You smiled and laughed, and grabbed a toy.  
It was a slinky, Then a car,  
Then some Legos in a jar.  
Then some monkey's on a string,  
Your G.I. Joe... you gave a fling.

Written 03-05-2010. Poem  
Title: I LOVE YOU DEAR OLD DAD

Author of also, The Story Of Quack And Mac/ 2000 pending to date  
Author/editor/illustrator  
Thomas Le Birley/ copyright protected,  
I LOVE YOU DEAR OLD DAD

I sang a song for you today  
And in my mind I saw you play  
You sang a song, of little lamb,  
I held you close, then touched your hand.  
I smiled at you, You winked at me,  
I laughed at you, You laughed at me,  
I softly sang of A,B,C's  
You sang along, and went to Z  
Skipping R,Q,S, and P.

You made me think of nursery rhythms  
You grabbed your book, I read a line.  
It was the words of Sam I Am,  
That you confused with a little lamb,  
You giggled, laughed, and cutely grinned,  
We laughed so hard, at eggs and ham.  
I pulled you close, You gave me hugs,  
You kissed my cheek, To show your love.  
I Shed a tear, A silent cry,  
You touched my face, Then wiped my eye.

Then you ran into a room  
To ride a horse, ☐ And grabbed Mom's broom.  
And when she said to put it back  
Or you won't get a bedtime snack,  
You looked at her, Then looked at me,  
As I heard her, count to three.

And then a game, of hide and seek



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