

Imagination Island

We lost our home
And it wasn't fair
Lost our belongings
It was hard to bear

Now a campground
Where people roam
In a family tent
We now call home

Where hopes are dashed
Before they've begun
Opportunities denied
Doors closed one by one

Not one window seems
To be opening for us
There is no where to turn
Hope is dwindling with trust

When it seems
That the end is near
A small ray of sunshine
Comes from someone so dear

Then there it stands
Just behind our tent
A child's world of wonder
Imagination and merriment

A home was constructed
A line of stones on the ground
Four bedrooms, closets, doors
A wildlife pen could be found

Where frogs and toads
A special turtle and such
All loved, named and cared for
And played with so much

A stick tied together
By little children's hands
Becomes a child's dust mop
With grass at both ends

A flagpole made with a
Short pole and black feathers
Stuck on top to decorate
In all kinds of weather

Instead of giving up
Our children gave us a gift
With love and imagination
They gave our hearts a lift

They gave us some hope
When times seemed so bad
They proved that they are
The best treasures we ever had