

Wood Child

Written by Shawn Madden for his son Michael

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He was conceived in love most beautiful
And for this child the finest wood was selected
For from the hands of a master puppet maker
A Wood-Child was to be erected

So many others had they seen
But to others they did belong
This one was to be special, very special
It was to be theirs, their very own

Wood was checked and selected
Drawings were done and made
Until coming together in the hands of a master
Perfection might be made

But they were poor however
And no master could they find
Who for their small purse would make
This Wood-Child of their mind

And so in the shop of a cheap man
A Wood-Child was born

and indeed

The wood was well selected
And the drawings on that wood well formed

but

Through the ineptness of the craftsman
or disfavor of the spirit of wood and string
This child of the man's soul
Could not run or dance or sing

Blame was laid and prayers were said
From the man's heart, from beside his bed
To God he prayed, to the God of wood and string
"Make my Wood-Child whole Lord, make him a moving thing."
And, "Why on me Lord, this burden do you lay?"

However, prayers are not always answered as we would like

And this Wood-Child, though beautiful in form and face
Sits lonely by, while others run and dance and race
And you can see his father carry him and hold him quite near
For this Wood-Child was his first, and he loves him most dear