

The Boy With Blue Ears

by Carole Gauntlett

Come cuddle up next to my flannel,
And give me a hug, little one.
I've a story to tell you I know that you'll love
And you'll sleep very well when I'm done.

There once was a child who was born with blue ears
That made his whole family smile.
"You really are very special my dear,
You fit perfectly into our style."

They kept his hair as short as could be
So the whole world could stop and see
And wonder why they couldn't be
As remarkable as was he.

When people would stop to take a small peek,
They'd point and laugh until they were weak.
Now the baby enjoyed the laughter as JOY
And thus he turned three as a most happy young boy.

He went off to preschool with his ears polished brightly
While holding his Mom's hand ever so tightly.
There'd always been a fuss made over his ears
And so he walked in without any fears.

The teacher looked up. "Oh my, Look at that!
If I had those ears I'd never wear a hat!"
Every day as the children filed in right on time,
The teacher would recite another funny rhyme.

"Oh my, looky there,
If I had blue ears, I'd shave off my hair!"

Now what do you think about being the one
Who's different and scared that the rest will make fun?
Can you make up some rhymes to help someone cope?
Can you reach out and fill that someone with hope?

It might be a girl with a bright red nose
Or a boy who has lots of holes in his clothes.
Can you smile and hold out your hand?
Say, "How are you?" and take a firm stand?

For one day it could happen – you could wake up with no hair
And go to school hoping that your friends wouldn't care.

Find the red nosed girl and the boy with old clothes,
The boy with blue ears they'll recall how you chose.
One day long ago you helped them face fear.
Now they're here to return that welcome good cheer.