

Writer:

Colene Hank

Illustrators: *Annie Callahan & Hannah Pettit*

OUR
Daddy's
LOVE



A Story of a Father's Love That Endures Forever in the Hearts of Three Little Girls

1 John 4:7-8

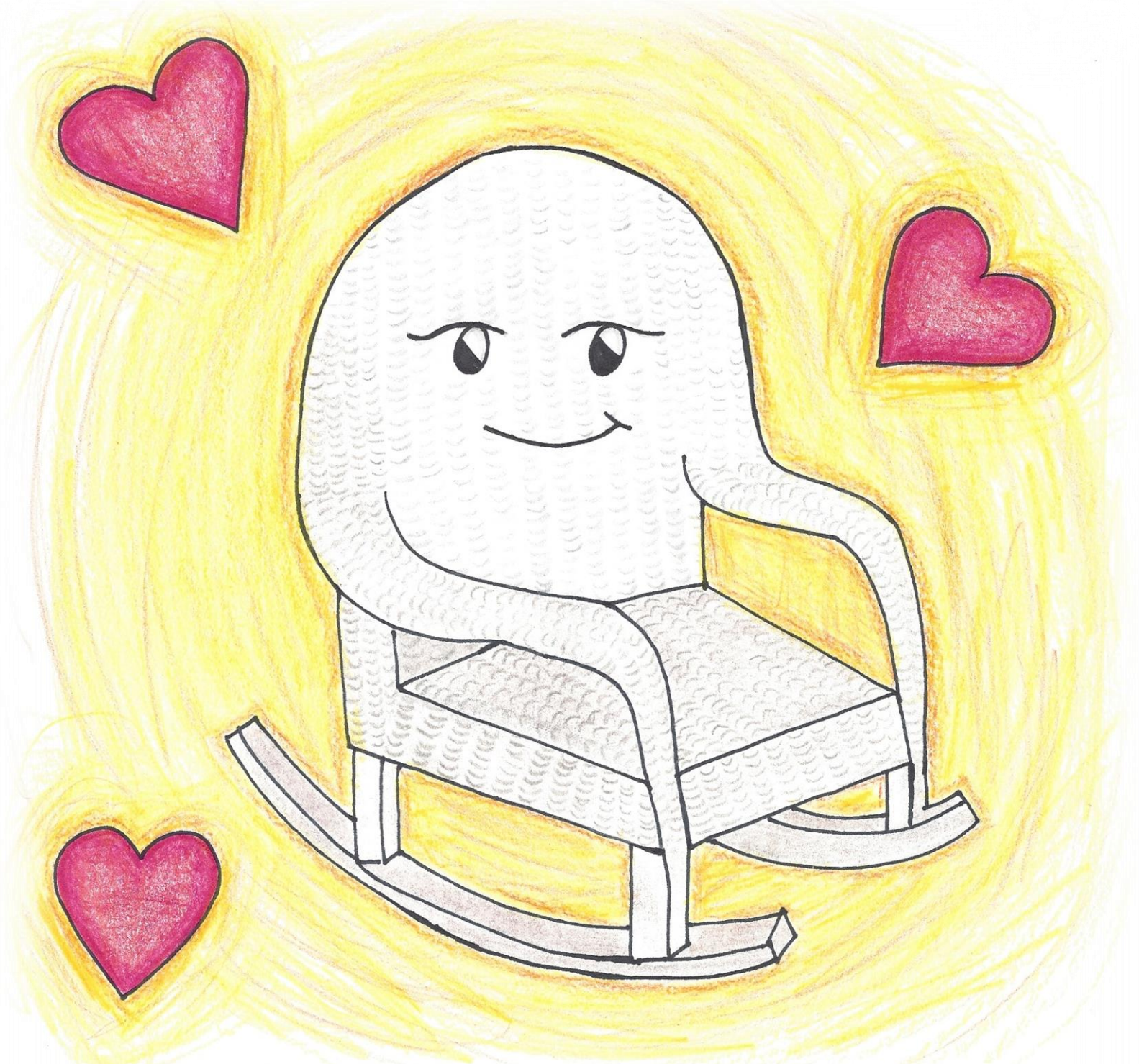
Beloved, let us love one another, for love is from God, and whoever loves has been born of God and knows God. Anyone who does not love does not know God, because God is love.



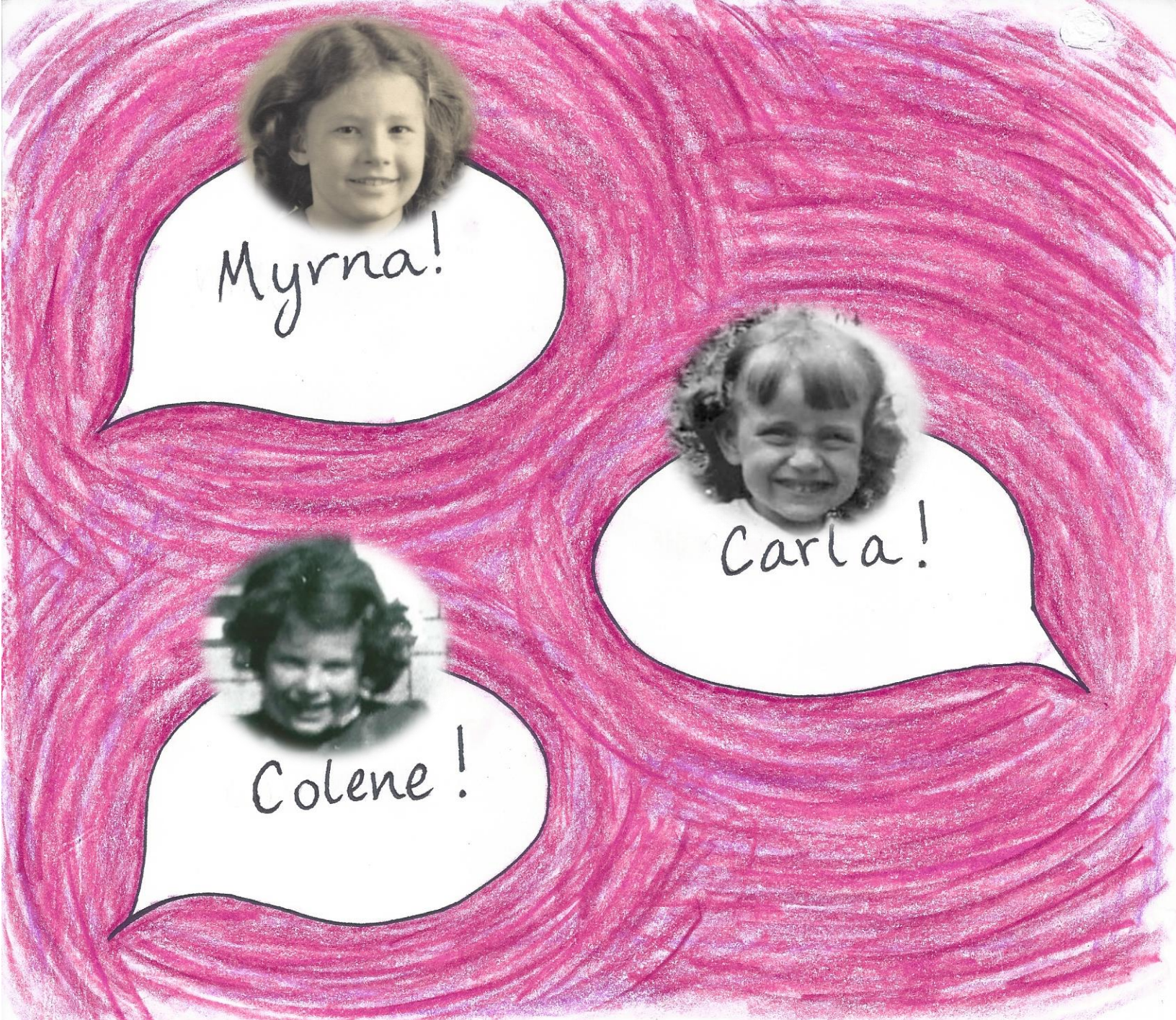
OUR DADDY'S LOVE

Writer: Colene Smyer Hank

Illustrators: Annie Callahan & Hannah Pettit



**An old wicker rocker all worn and tattered
Filled with memories that truly mattered
All brought about through a Daddy's love
For three little girls sent from God above.**



Myrna!

Carla!

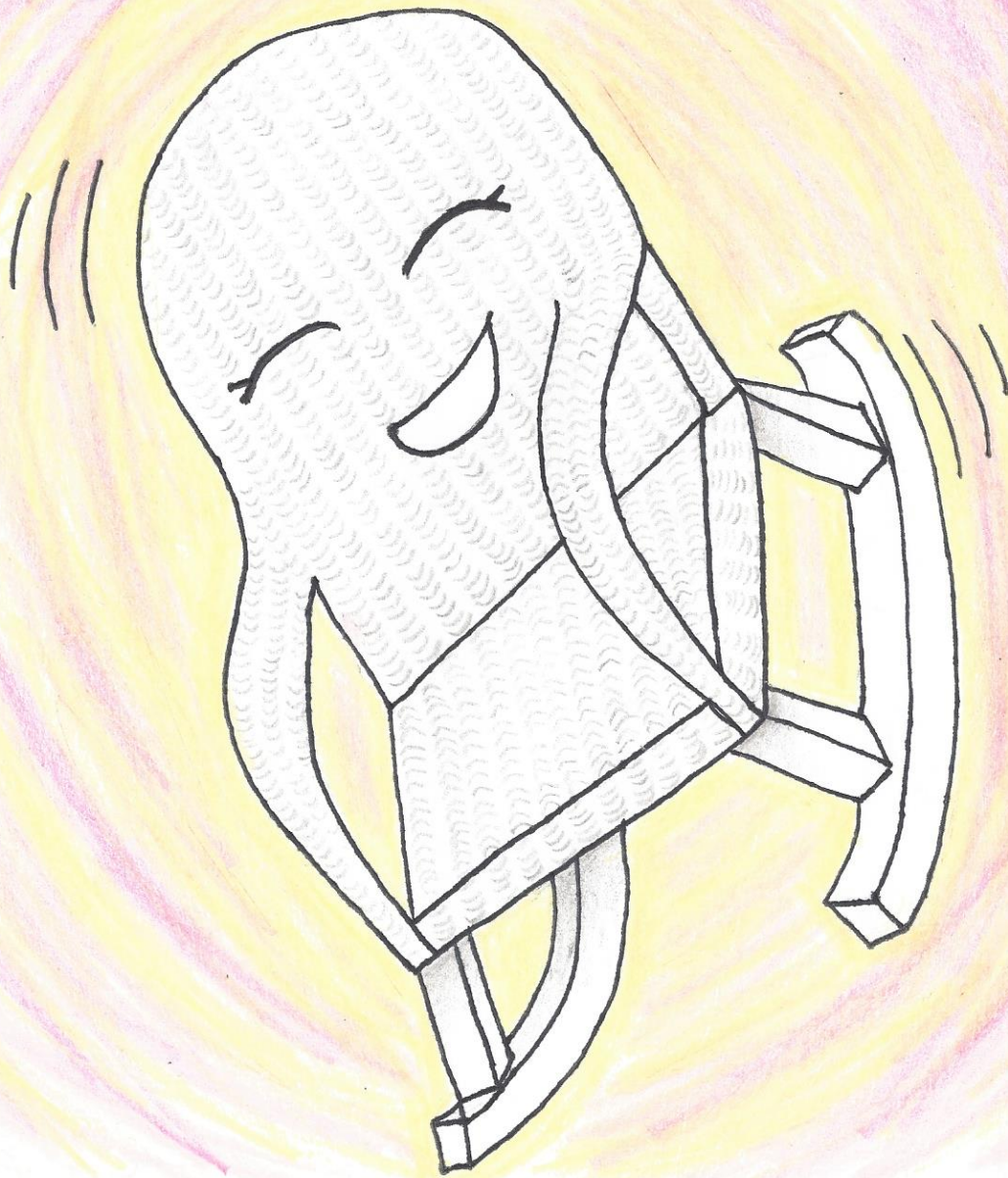
Colene!

**No matter how busy he'd been each day
Every night he'd call them without delay
The response was the patter of six little feet
A sound Daddy cherished; to him was so sweet.**

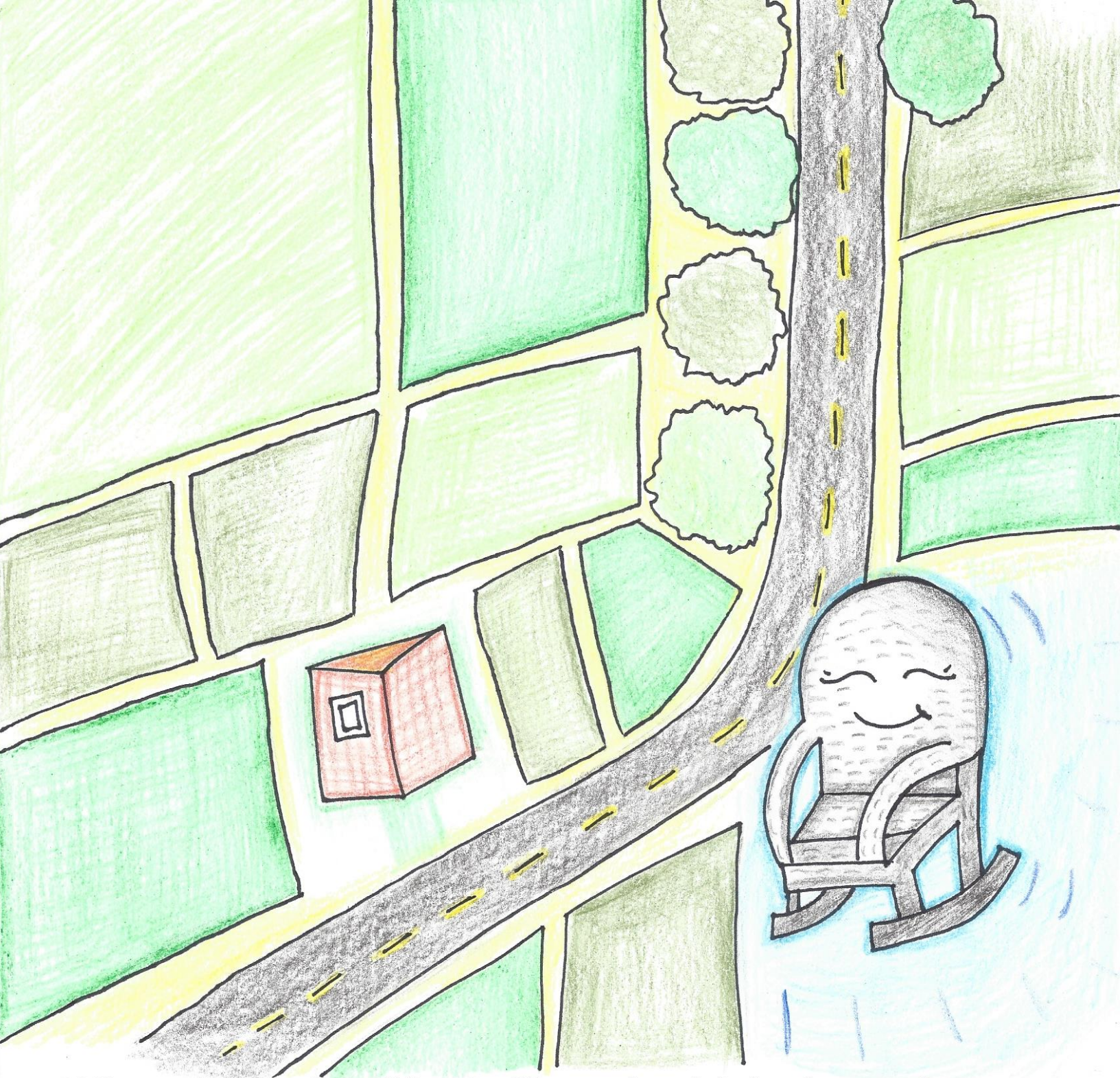
Both arms of the chair were worn in one spot
By each little bottom that reclined there a lot
The third a mere babe always sat in Daddy's lap
Then waiting for his voice, they would all loudly

clap!!!!!!!





**The old chair sagging from the weight of it all
Always trembled with joy at what would befall
Feeling the tender love, its wicker would glow
As the words from Daddy's lips began to flow.**



When the rocker lifted off soaring high above the tree

Giggles and laughter emerged from the three

Spotting familiar faces, they'd excitedly wave

Calling out loudly to their favorite Uncle Dave.





They'd float on clouds and bask in the sun

Jumping over the moon as part of the fun

Wave at the stars and wait for a wink

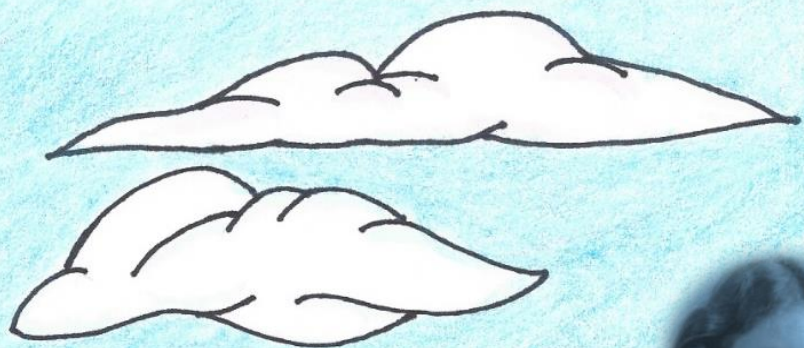
Responding in kind, they'd twinkle and blink

Sometimes they'd review the events of the day

Recalling God's blessings while learning to pray

No matter their mistakes, Daddy's love didn't waver

An example his girls would always cherish and savor.





**Once after helping their Daddy plant a tree
It's growth for sure they wanted him to see
Then when its leaves softly tickled each face
A thought took shape no one could erase
Believing their Daddy would want to know
Finding a way, the tree to him would show
Aware he was working in a nearby field
A plan came to them and was quickly revealed.**

**The tree they'd break and to Daddy would carry
Hurry little girls! Be quick! Do not tarry!
Three little hands holding tightly to the tree
Feet moving fast so Daddy could soon see.**



He heard their joyful laughter from a distance away
A sound he greatly treasured each and every day
Spotting what they carried; 'twas for him a gift
Instead of being angry, it gave his soul a lift.



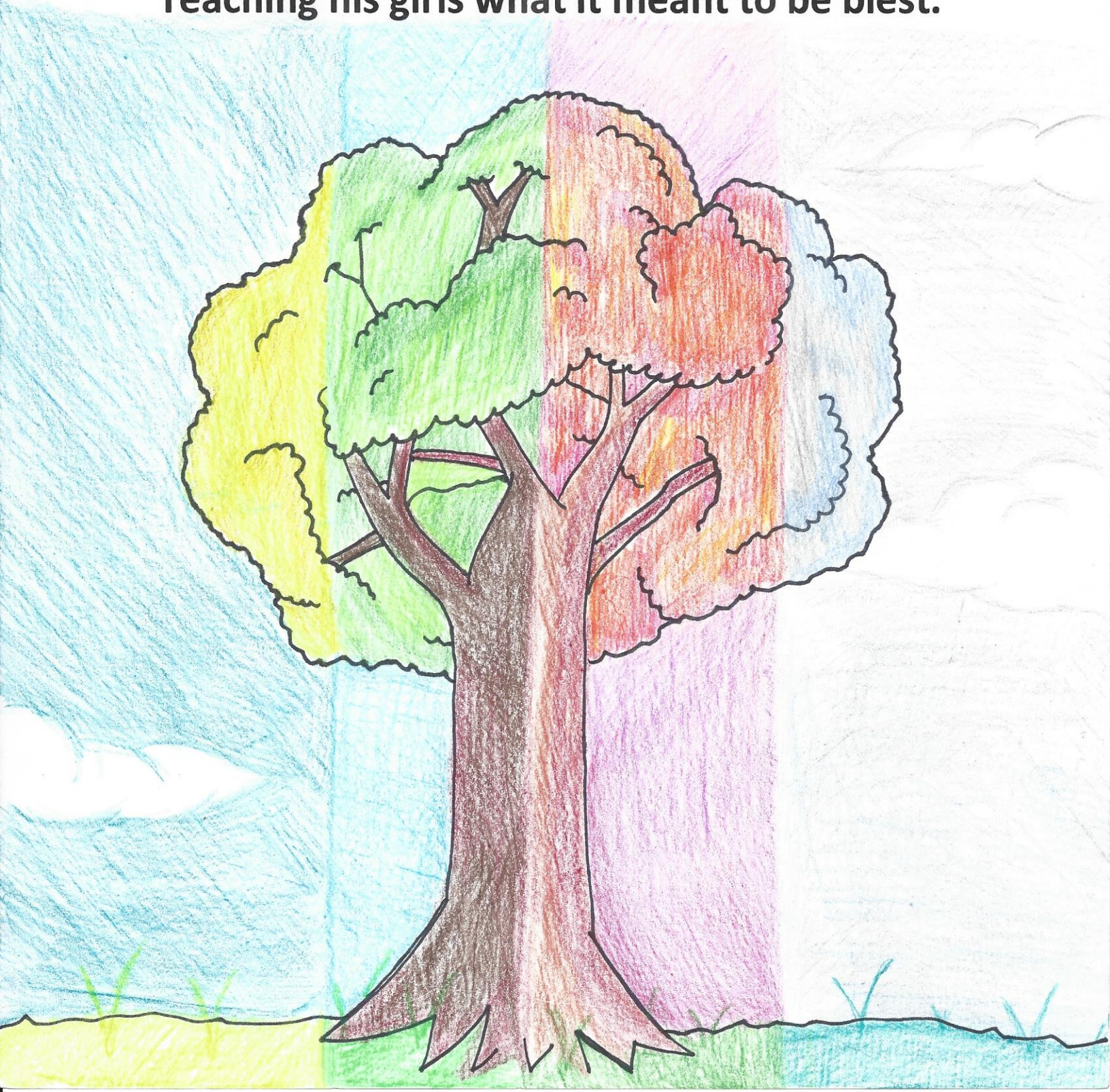
**Then raring back his head he burst into laughter
A sight they'd recall both then and ever after
No harm they'd meant; they simply didn't know
A lesson was needed on how each plant did grow.**



**The teaching received grows today tall and proud
Proclaiming Daddy's lesson right out loud
May every passerby forever feel its touch
Because of three girls Daddy loved so much.**



**Over the years as the seasons came and went
Each plain happening became a big event
Daddy's active mind seemed never to rest
Teaching his girls what it meant to be blest.**



To him the color of fall was never ever lost
Pointing out to them 'twas the work of Jack Frost
Then when the howling winter's winds blew cold
Three little girls in blankets he did enfold.
Bearing the extra weight, the rocker didn't mind
This was its mission! For such it'd been designed
The more tattered and ragged it grew by the year
Simply meant that Daddy's love was always near.



When spring came on time, bringing April showers
Its gift to the family was thousands of flowers
Causing scented breezes to gently fill the air
That floated all around the old wicker chair.



How pleasant for the rocker were the little girl's voices

As they scurried all around making playhouse choices

When they found in the woods a very special spot

Nature provided; no toys were bought.

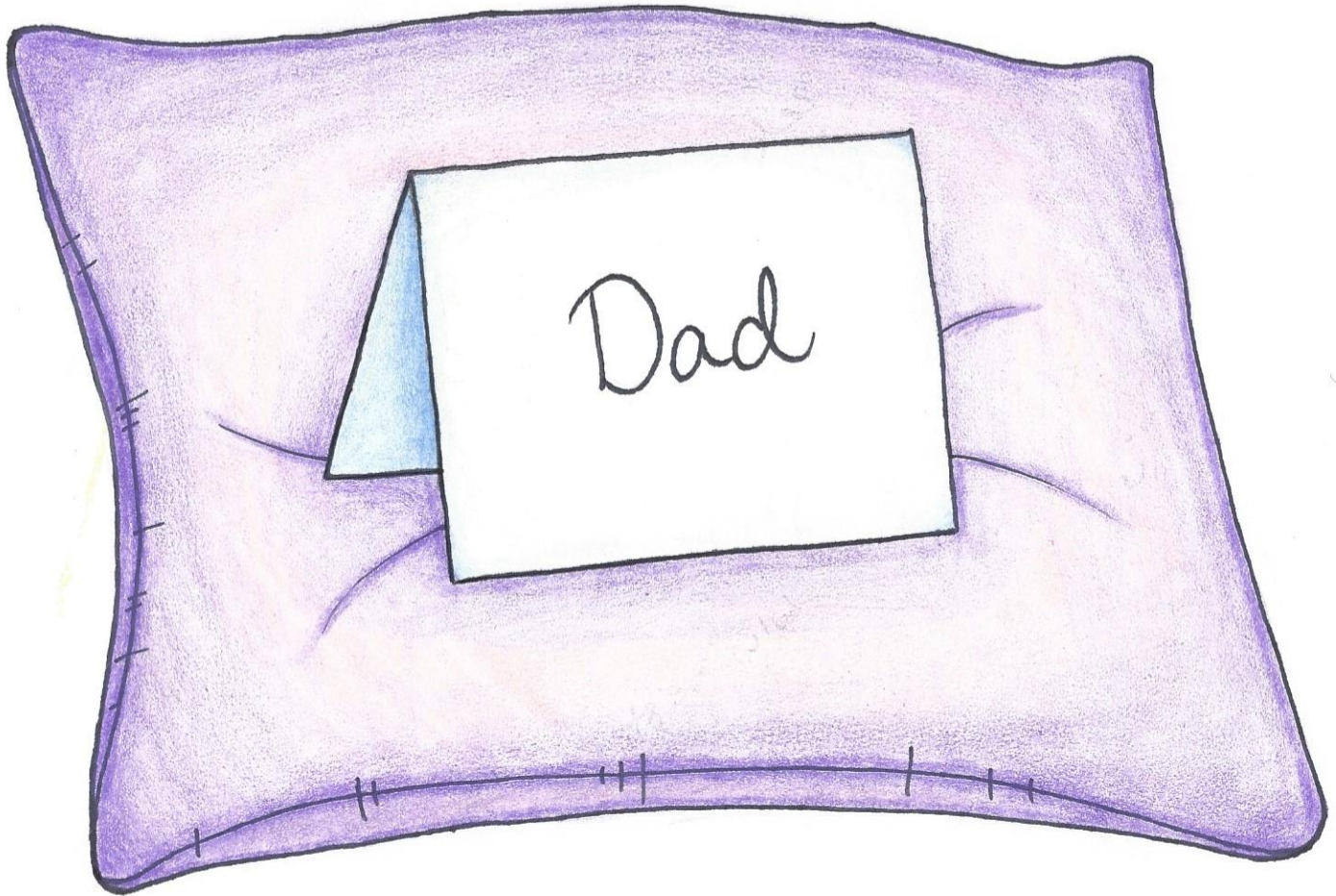
Each piece of furniture was made from a rock

All strangers welcome! No need for a lock

Berries from the woods made delicious mud pies

Created to perfection under Daddy's watchful eyes.



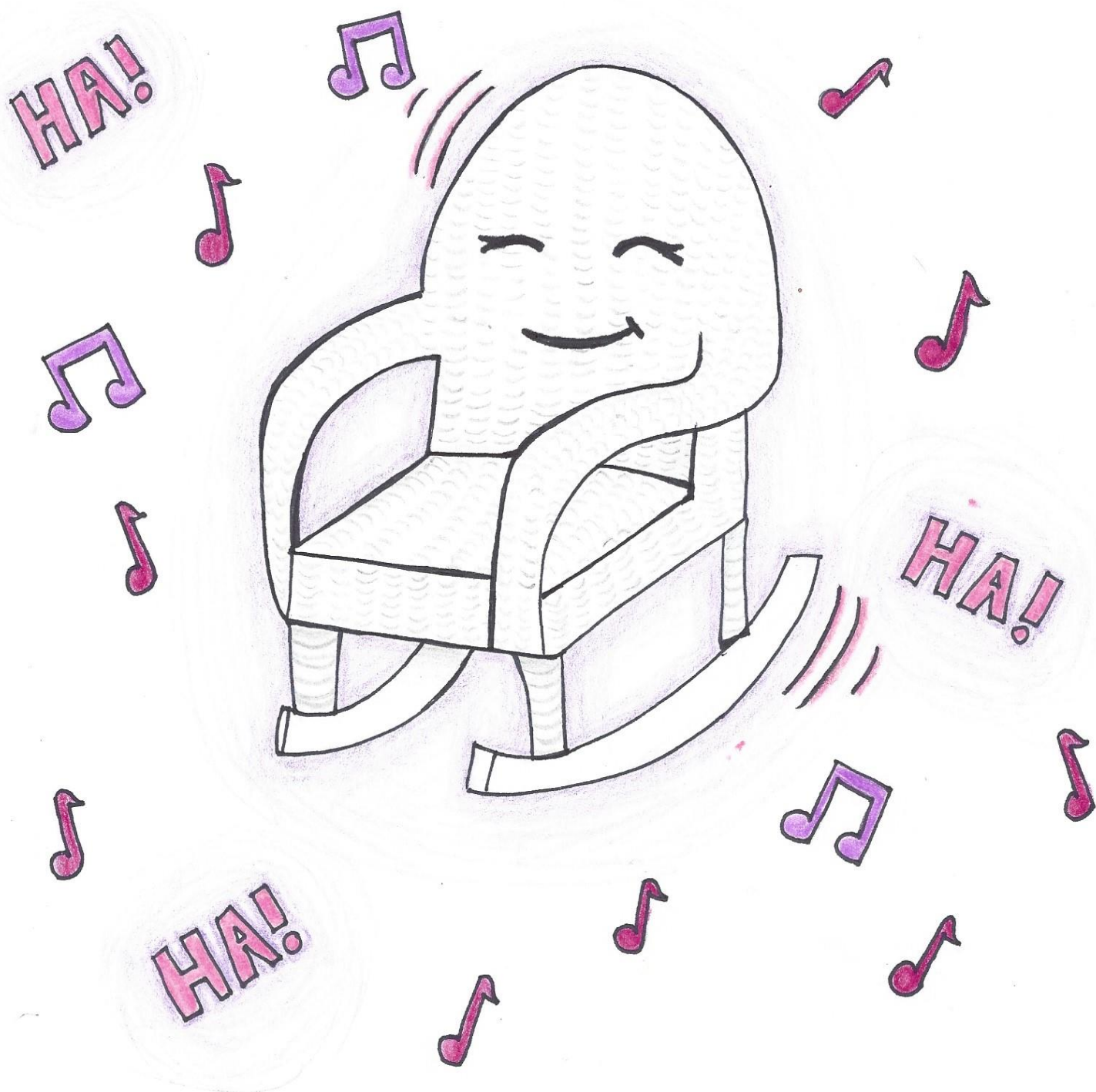


**Then perched on his pillow to his great delight
He found a pretty note as a special invite
A dinner was now ready his girls had prepared
A bountiful meal just waiting to be shared.**

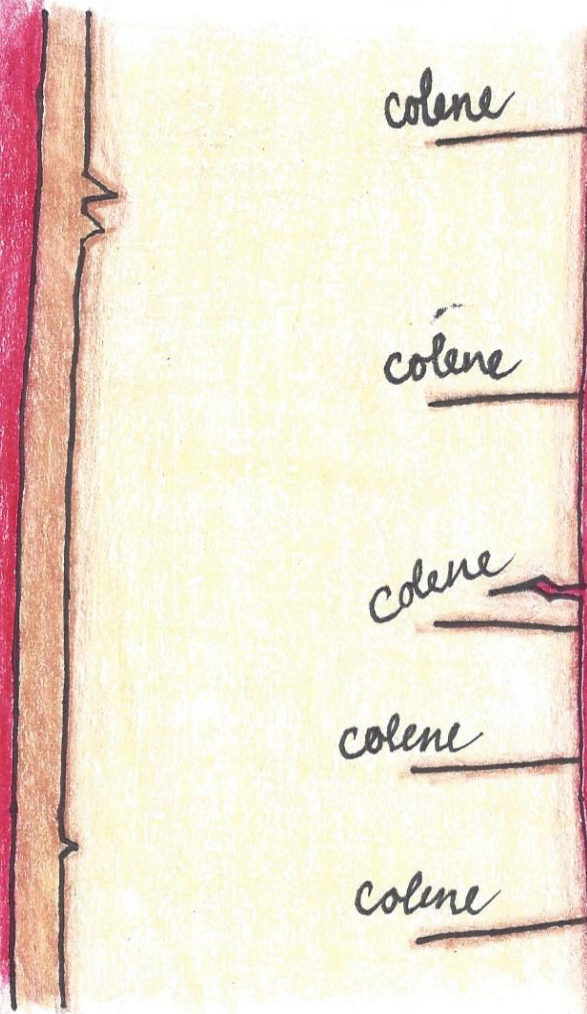


**Out through the field came their folks arm in arm
Dressed to the nines and brimming with charm
After sitting on the chairs and eating their fill
Both declared they'd never shared such a thrill.**

That night in the arms of the old rocking chair
Its wicker gently trembled from the joy filled air
They even sang together the family's favorite song
Oh, what a place for a chair to belong!

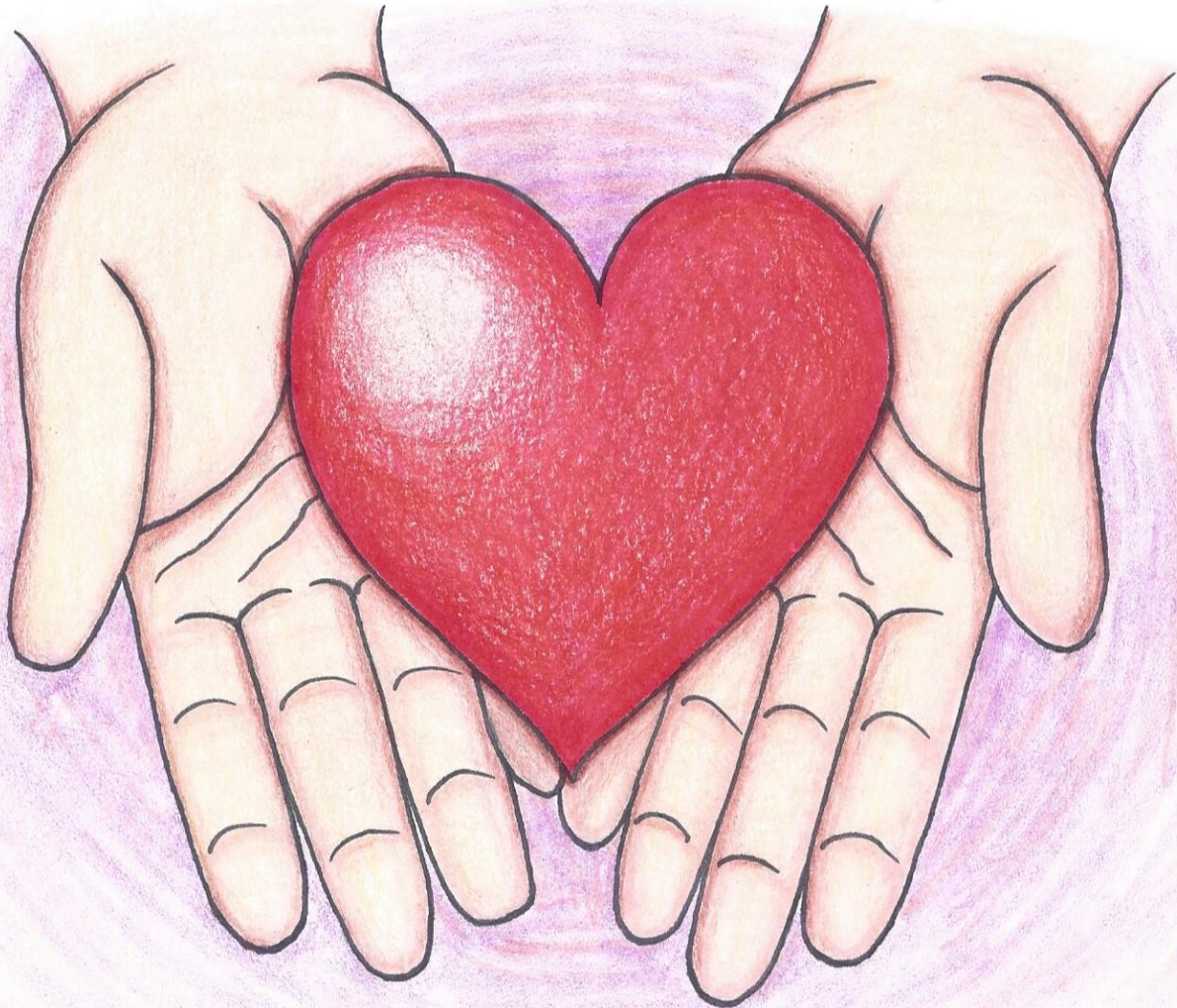


As each year passed, the little girls grew
Soon they would leave; this Daddy knew
Then as each left the rocker one by one
Life had happened. Daddy's job was done.



After all three departed; a change he underwent
But sitting in the rocker; he refused to lament
Even from afar, Daddy's love never failed
Holding ever steady; its brilliance prevailed.

Daddy's love! Our Daddy's love!
Streaming down from God above
Lavished freely upon his girls
A gift he valued more than pearls.



Daddy's love! Our Daddy's love!
Fit three hearts just like a glove!

Dedicated To:



Our Loving Dad

Payton Smyer

Meet Illustrators:

Annie Callahan & Hannah Pettit



Hannah Pettit and Annie Callahan currently attend Springfield Catholic high school in Springfield, Missouri and are on their way to graduate spring of 2020. Both girls have been very close since middle school and together have shared a passion for art and design since they were little. Annie excels in English and Literature and hopes to use her talents in Graphic design for her future career. Hannah loves science and wishes to use that to help others by entering the field of medicine and become a Physician's Assistant. Annie and Hannah enjoyed every minute of illustrating this piece and hope others are blessed by "Our Daddy's Love" through their drawings.

As the process of illustrating the story unfolded, it was a delight to witness these two young ladies work together like a well-oiled machine. They both demonstrated maturity beyond their years by approaching the assignment using outstanding team work skills, along with the realization the drawings were truly being completed with the needs of the elderly in mind. Their approach was that of using colors and sizes of images that complimented the challenges brought on by the aging process that older people face.

Additionally, they fully recognized the tender story was about the writer's earthly father, and expressed a tremendous desire to make the end product special.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is the writer's pleasure to pay tribute to these two talented and beautiful young ladies. Let us all join together in wishing each a bright future.