

Happy Birthday Caterina!

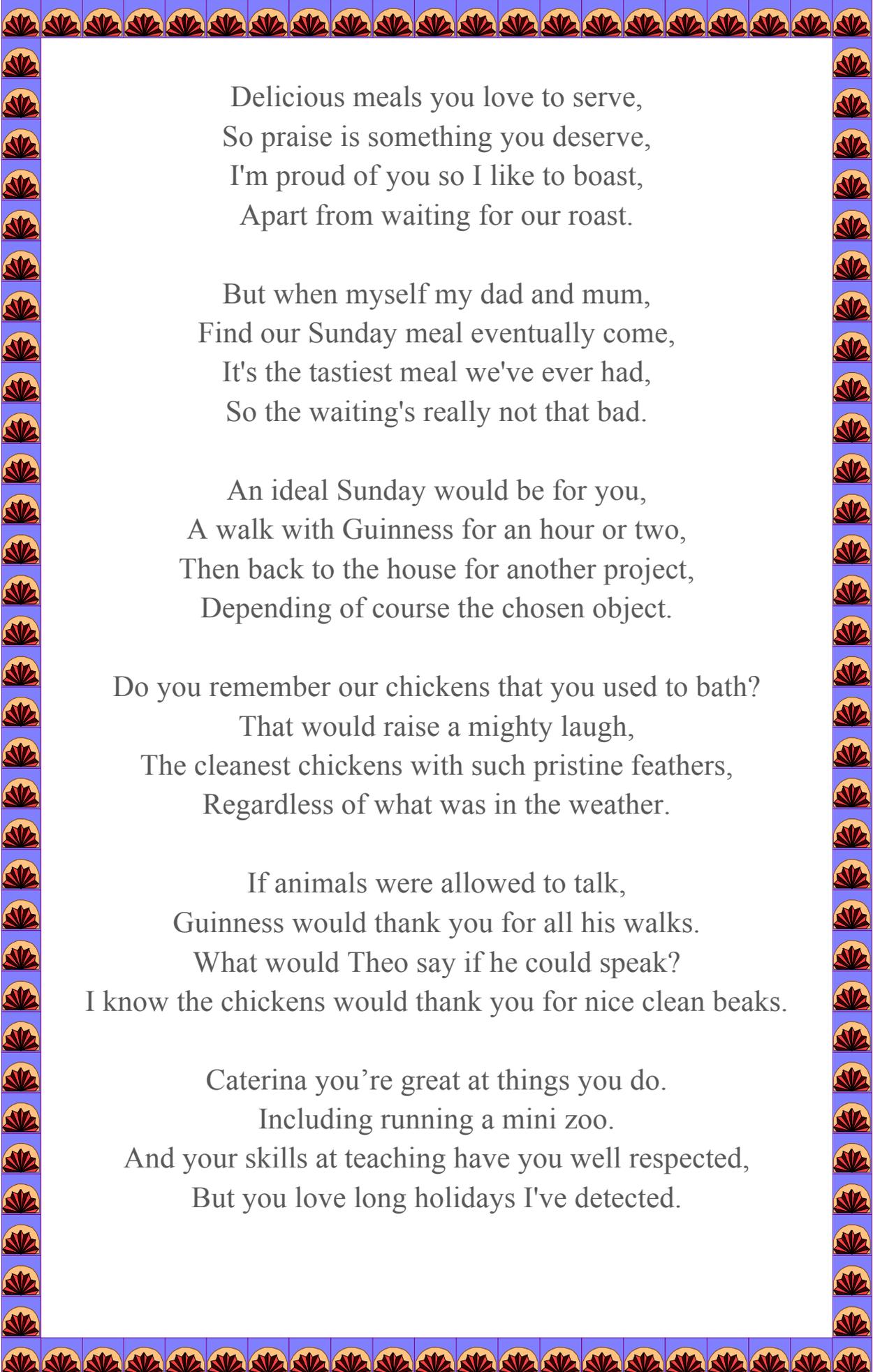
Happy birthday Caterina,
My lovely wife, my high achiever.
With each day I love you more,
And when you read this poem you'll know the score.

We fell in love some years ago,
Do you recall the dreadful snow?
My van got stuck but we were undeterred,
We simply walked and talked, which we both preferred.

The snow did not prevent us meeting,
And on that night you'd find us eating,
In an empty restaurant and a Chinese meal,
I knew right then you were my 'real deal'.

You had a lovely childhood here,
With a mum and dad that held you dear.
And Paige, Charlotte, Annie May and Jack,
All love you heaps and you love them back.

I know you like to try things new,
If you didn't it would not be you.
You're good at everything you try,
With cooking from the books you buy.



Delicious meals you love to serve,
So praise is something you deserve,
I'm proud of you so I like to boast,
Apart from waiting for our roast.

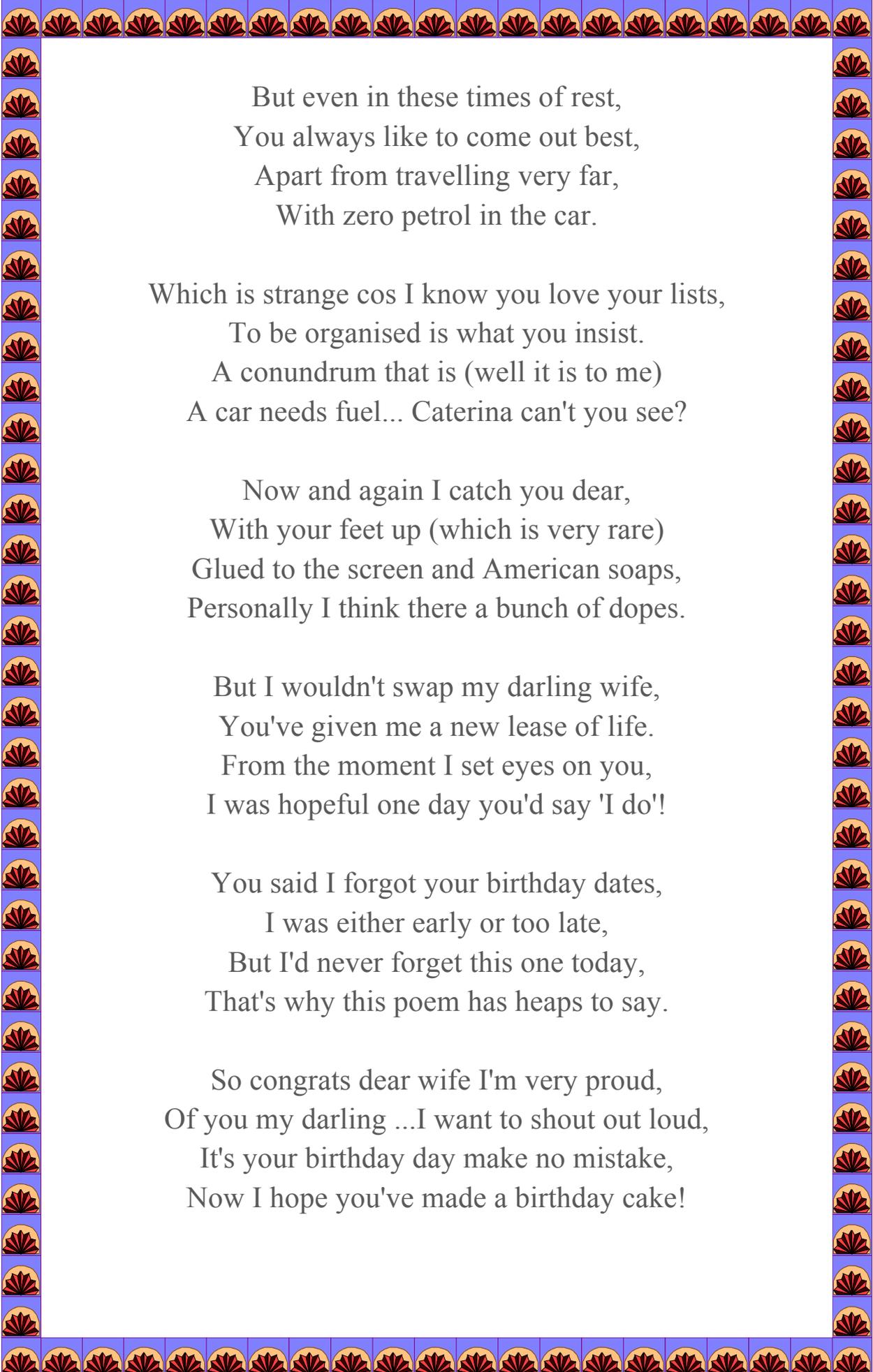
But when myself my dad and mum,
Find our Sunday meal eventually come,
It's the tastiest meal we've ever had,
So the waiting's really not that bad.

An ideal Sunday would be for you,
A walk with Guinness for an hour or two,
Then back to the house for another project,
Depending of course the chosen object.

Do you remember our chickens that you used to bath?
That would raise a mighty laugh,
The cleanest chickens with such pristine feathers,
Regardless of what was in the weather.

If animals were allowed to talk,
Guinness would thank you for all his walks.
What would Theo say if he could speak?
I know the chickens would thank you for nice clean beaks.

Caterina you're great at things you do.
Including running a mini zoo.
And your skills at teaching have you well respected,
But you love long holidays I've detected.



But even in these times of rest,
You always like to come out best,
Apart from travelling very far,
With zero petrol in the car.

Which is strange cos I know you love your lists,
To be organised is what you insist.
A conundrum that is (well it is to me)
A car needs fuel... Caterina can't you see?

Now and again I catch you dear,
With your feet up (which is very rare)
Glued to the screen and American soaps,
Personally I think there a bunch of dopes.

But I wouldn't swap my darling wife,
You've given me a new lease of life.
From the moment I set eyes on you,
I was hopeful one day you'd say 'I do'!

You said I forgot your birthday dates,
I was either early or too late,
But I'd never forget this one today,
That's why this poem has heaps to say.

So congrats dear wife I'm very proud,
Of you my darling ...I want to shout out loud,
It's your birthday day make no mistake,
Now I hope you've made a birthday cake!