

Our Jess

Who's the girl that we adore?
That's never been twenty-one before?
It's the girl that star jumps above the floor,
Our 'star' tonight just watch her soar!

There is no doubt that Jess will fly,
She's a high achiever I can't deny.
And tonight I planned a wee surprise,
That no one seemed to realise.

It's not every day you celebrate,
A very important birthday date.
But that's what we are doing today,
Please listen to what I'm going to say.

Bear with me as I read these notes,
Relating to you some anecdotes,
About how Jess reached this grand old age,
Her past is written on this page.

I remember well when Jess was born,
She just popped out...no way forlorn,
And I watched my bubbly nine-pound lass,
Grow up to childhood very fast.

I say I watched...I watched in fear,
Cos in every shop she'd disappear,
One minute she'd be by my side,
Then leave for an escalator ride.

Then she'd hide behind the department's clothes,
But I found her...by searching for her toes.
At the top floor she'd be playing with toys,
This was long before she discovered boys.

I've even made a little list,
I hope there's nothing here I've missed?
Of Jess's pet hates and her likes,
Preferring horses to her bikes.

Gran taught her well when she was small,
To keep her balance and not fall,
From tricycles and then a bike,
She must have looked a funny sight.

Determined to go it all alone,
She rode quite quickly without help,
And gran was left behind amazed,
Jess did not cry or even yelped.

If gran taught Jess her cycling skills,
It was up to Jess to seek some thrills,
And she did that in buckets full,
But remained, as always 'very' cool!

But then she grew up' strong and stable'
To know that she was very able,
To travel widely round the world,
Showing us her grit had now unfurled.

Her boyfriend Alex...well he's a Scot,
Is that why Jess loves him a lot,
But instead of whisky she'll drink pink gin,
Depending on the mood she's in.

Jess hates eggs she thinks they stink,
But she'd love an elephant, I think.
Jess also loves to row in boats,
And her skill at rowing keeps her afloat.

Jess loves a laugh but studies hard,
Which mixes well with being a card.
Apart from something I will include,
Climbing up Ben Anne without some food.

Jess was four when she went to Spain,
And went to Spain some time again.
Enjoying the good times with her dad,
So her travels prove more than a fad.

As flying to anywhere is fun,
For Jess as long as it's in the sun,
It gets her out of doing the dishes,
Which I'm sure when she's abroad she misses.

I'm enjoying this lovely reminiscence,
About our Jess our birthday miss,
But now some 'cringey' ones for Jess,
Ones that Jess to me confessed.

Like boxing with a garden plant,
Too much pink gin made our Jess ran,
And singing Sister Sledge's hits,
While enduring a somewhat 'tipsy' fit.

She'll know what I am on about,
But I'll keep it quiet and will not shout,
It's part of Jess that we all adore,
She's kind and good right to the core.

I'll always keep right near my heart,
Jess riding horses with just a hat,
Completely naked she knew the score,
It was her rocking horse... she was almost four!

As my trip down memory lane rebates,
Soon Jess will fly to the United States.
With her dad she'll visit many places,
And leave behind familiar faces.

But soon she'll be back jumping stars,
Cos in our mind she won't be far.
So hold your glasses up and say
Congrats dear Jess' ITS YOUR BIRTHDAY!!!!