

Merry Christmas Margaret

Merry Christmas Margaret,
I wish you all my Christmas cheer,
Please read this poem, because as it unfolds,
You'll know why I hold you dear.

From the time I was a little girl,
And you held me in your arms,
I must admit (although I was small),
I was taken by your charms.

(Me) just being born determined,
What you chose to do,
A caring loving person,
Who decided nursing was for you.

My memories of this are strong,
All white and starched as I recall,
You in your nurse's uniform,
So pretty, kind, and standing tall.

It's quite funny how we varied,
Because, while I chose to dance,
You were in a different kind of theatre,
I suppose life's just down to chance.

After orthopaedic nursing,
You decided then to train,
In midwifery where you excelled,
Delivering one Bairn after Bairn.

From then on forth you couldn't stop,
And set your sights on a promotion,
You gained your nursing sister stripes,
Our mum was filled with such emotion.

You saved a patient's life one day,
When I got my tonsils out,
And although you were off duty,
Thank god you were about.

On super hero mode you sped,
So cool and so collected,
And connected up her oxygen,
Before the nursing staff detected.

You were in your twenties when you had a 'fling',
And performed the highland dance,
You past with flying colours,
With your talent, not by chance.

And how beautiful you looked,
When you wore your lovely gown,
It was a ball you were attending,
At a dance hall in the town.

As teenagers my friends and I,
Were always so impressed,
You were so elegant and beautiful,
So immaculately dressed.

I wished that I could look like you,
One day, that was my wish,
Even now you look so elegant,
My lovely dear sweet sis.

Oh and thanks a lot for helping,
On the backstage of my shows,
And thanks for being in nursing mode,
When that wee girl banged her nose.

And thanks for being a pal 'again',
When you helped my 'bloody' heels!
At the Edinburgh festival,
Where we danced our highland reels.

Remember when mum made your dress,
Before you married boyfriend Jim,
You looked divine and so you should,
So elegant and slim.

But wait a mo, the dress was plain,
A bit plainer than you thought,
So mum made one to go on top,
I remember sewing quite a lot.

But all was saved and as snow fell,
You said to Jim "I do"
I wished 'congratulations"
Then off on honeymoon you flew.

Don't forget my 'strange' eclairs,
For your future mum to be,
All 'oozed' with bright green filling,
What a 'blooming' silly me!

Apologies for that dear sis,
Perhaps I should stick to dance,
The most delightful cakes that you bake,
Are never left to chance.

How I admire your skills in everything,
Even covering three piece suites,
Plus making blinds and curtains,
These really are great feats.

When you became a counsellor,
When the kids had flown the nest,
You helped folks through the bad times,
And suggested what was best.

We had a super time together,
Exploring London on a trip,
I proudly showed you tutus,
And you showed me parts for hips.

So caring are you Margaret,
That when you had that turn,
You were only scared that I would miss,
The train for my return.

I'm glad you've put your feet up now,
Though we can hardly call it that,
You've travelled the world with husband Jim,
I wouldn't want a sister who just sat.

For your golden wedding you're off again,
It's not long, just next year,
On another lovely cruise ship,
I trust you'll love it Margaret dear.

Before I wish you bon voyage!
To enjoy a welcome rest,
There's one more line to my loving poem,
You really are the best!!!