



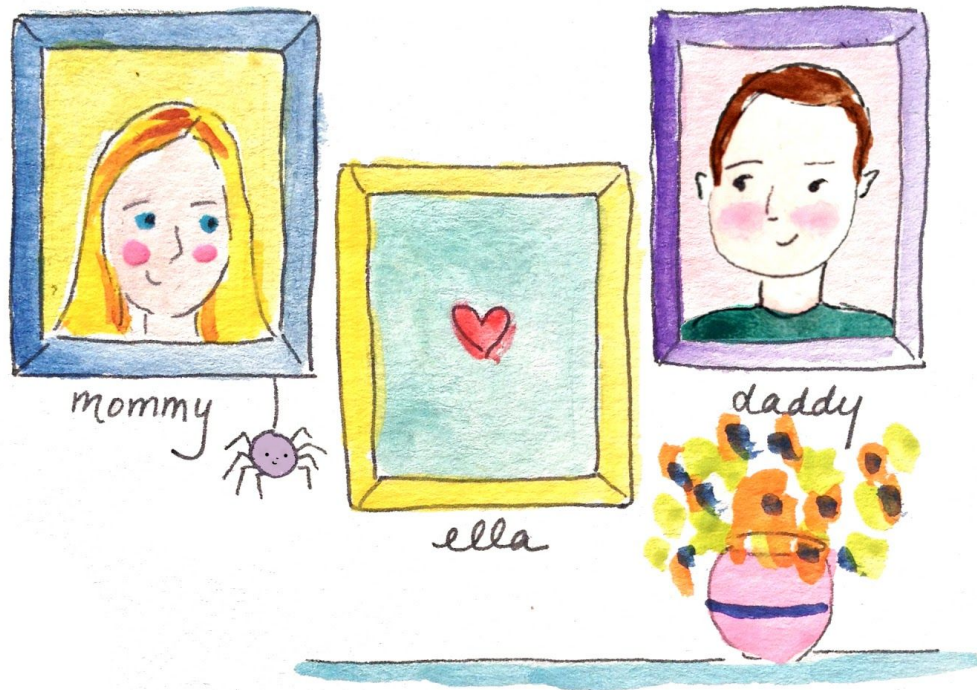
Here we are, just you and I, dancing in the light.  
With candles and our heads held high, we dance bright and right.  
How silly we are, but it makes me smile as we frolic side by side.  
We're dancing with twirls and sometimes with whirls, your curls  
bouncing wide.



Here we are, just you and I, holding hands as the years have passed.  
Remembering when you were so small that your dreams fit in my hands . . .



The nights came one by one, bringing dreams of you to us.  
We also built you in our minds with all your little parts.  
We spoke of you before we knew your beauty and your charm.  
I stayed up late every night, wishing for my dance.  
Here we are, just you and I . . .



There were many times when Mommy tried to bring you to my dance.

But every time the dance was set, the years just passed and passed.

I tried, too, to do my part, but something was not right.

We looked for ways and finally said, "Let's look at how we've tried."

Our love was big and our hearts were true,



But a part was missing and that was you!



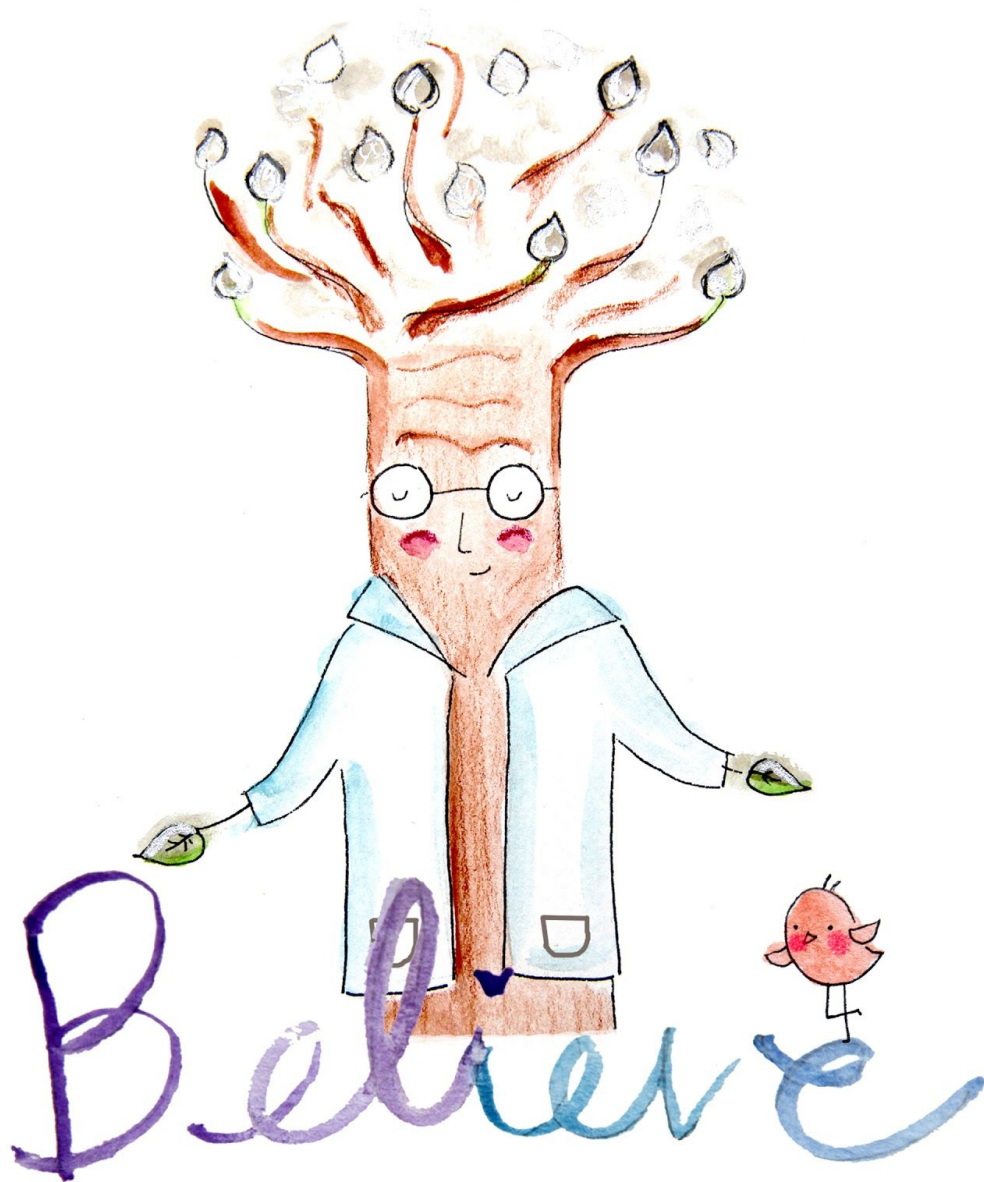
This dance was set for you and me and for everyone to see,  
But we kept on waiting to know when this dance would be.  
The other dads who had their dance looked happy with delight.  
How I wish I could have this dance with my dear one bright!



I sat outside one day to whisper to the sea  
To help me find my chosen one to come and dance with me.  
The ocean opened up to show me something I must see.  
He said, "There is a way if you just follow me."



We traveled far and saw many places that were really neat.  
The one I saw the clearest was a land with the tallest trees.  
I said, "Thank you, my friend,". I said gratefully to the sea.



A medicine tree was nearby. For it was wise, to my surprise.  
"I'm old, I know, and it does show, for my green has turned to gray.  
But I can tell what's on your mind; it's as plain as day."

The tree could also tell that my heart weighed on my sleeve.

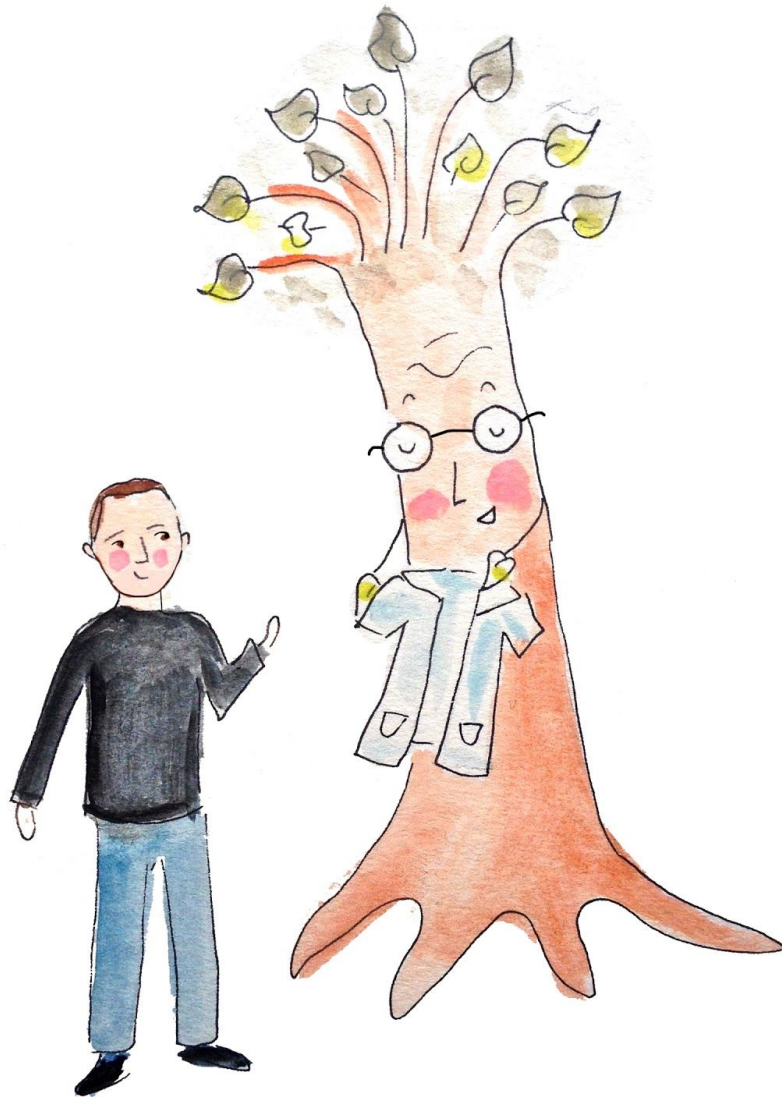


“I know why you have come to me; it’s her I sense in thee.  
I promise you this dance you seek will come if you believe.”



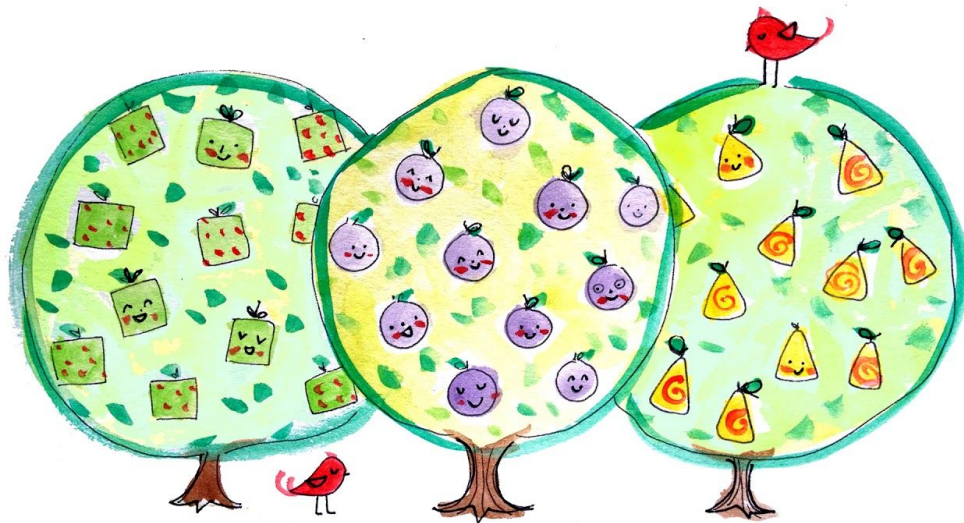
The tree and I walked down the beach so he could show the stars  
to me.

“Have you wondered why your timing for this dance is in a freeze?  
Sometimes one must wait for that truly special girl you seek.”



He explained as he grabbed his white coat and placed it on his knees.  
"I have helped so many find their way; some aid you both sure need.  
Sometimes parents require some help to make a beautiful being.  
If you can't create naturally, don't fret; there is a way if you follow me.  
But to create another shows one's love, so you cannot be bleak.

Why shouldn't you have this dance you truly seek?  
My magic medicine may help. It is a way,  
But you must follow it every day."



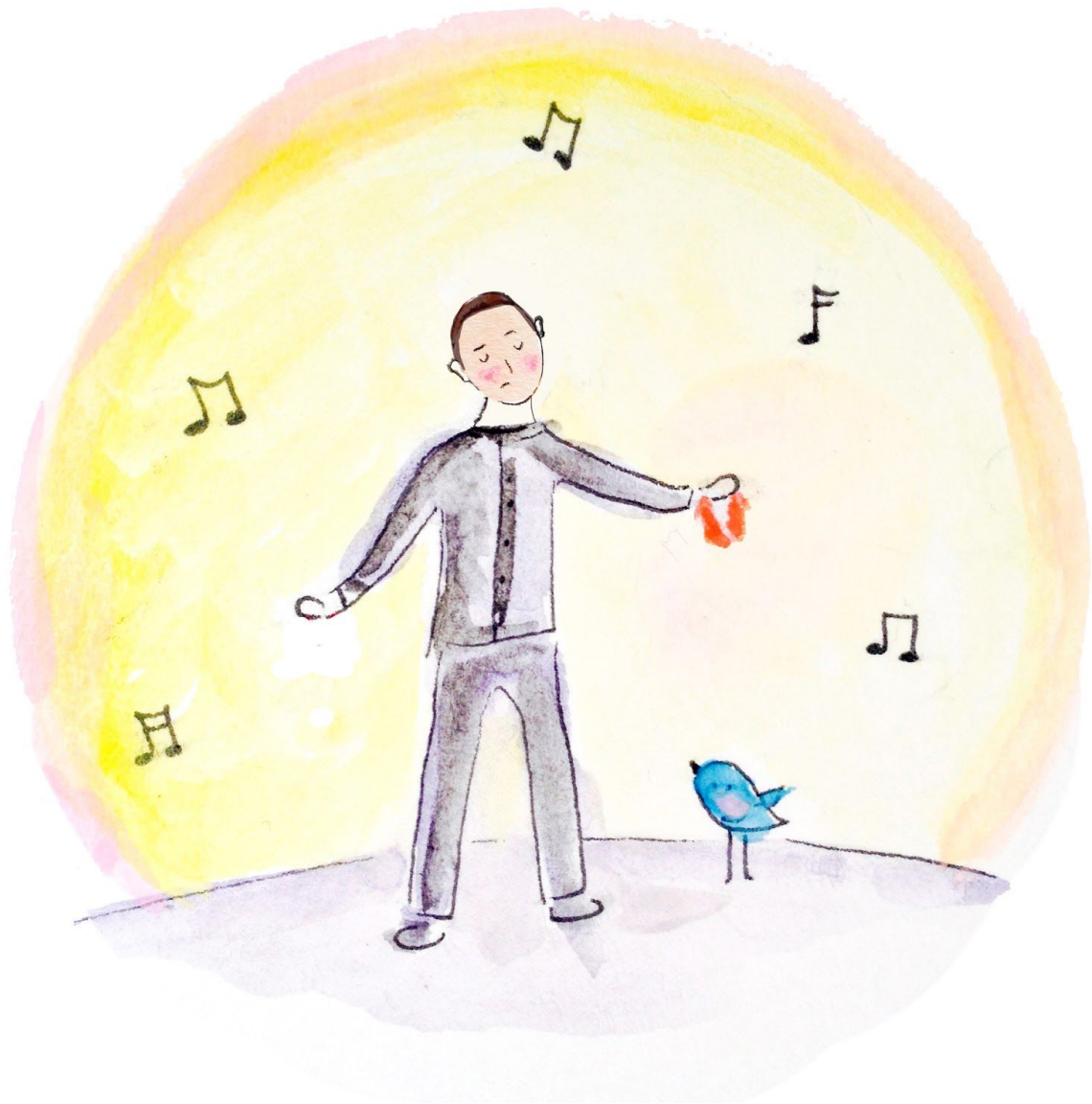
In the distance I could see some bushes  
Holding fruits of all kind for a feast.  
Fruits I've never tasted or seen;  
Some of them were purple and some were green.

Some were yellow triangles with red swirls within.



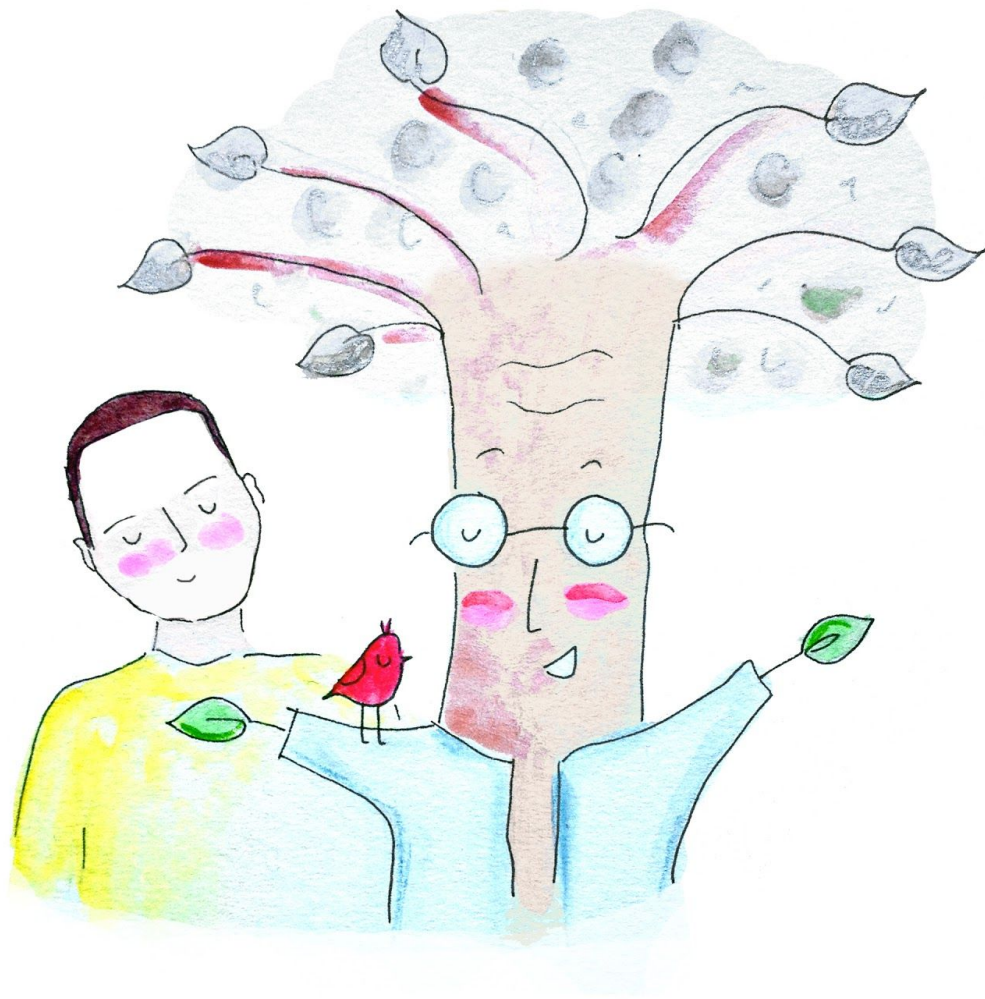
The medicine tree grabbed some orange and green  
And turned them into a potion for Mommy and me.





We had been working hard, you see,  
To bring you to my dance, my queen.  
So hard and so long we had tried,  
But every option had seemed a lie.

The years had passed with much sadness, for my dancer was not within.  
I had held your red shoes and swept the room for the dance I still believed in.



The tree said, "Be patient, and know that she will come.  
You must believe; you must believe!, Please don't be so glum."  
The tree was then pleased to see a smile upon my face.  
"Will it work or not?" I said. "So many questions I must trace."

The tree said to trust this path and I would share every father's delight.

I quickly ran to tell Mommy and begin the journey of her flight.



The time we took to set the course was long with pain and grief.  
These potions were not working their magic, you see.  
The years still passed with many tries, but we never said "defeat."  
We continued on this path, we said, for "she is all we need."

Some other dads and other moms came to see us in our grief.  
“What do you think is going wrong?” they asked in disbelief.



As I lost faith, Mommy said, “What was it that the tree said to thee?”

I tried to think, but I just stared at your red shoes in absentee.

“I can’t recall; it’s been so long, you see.”



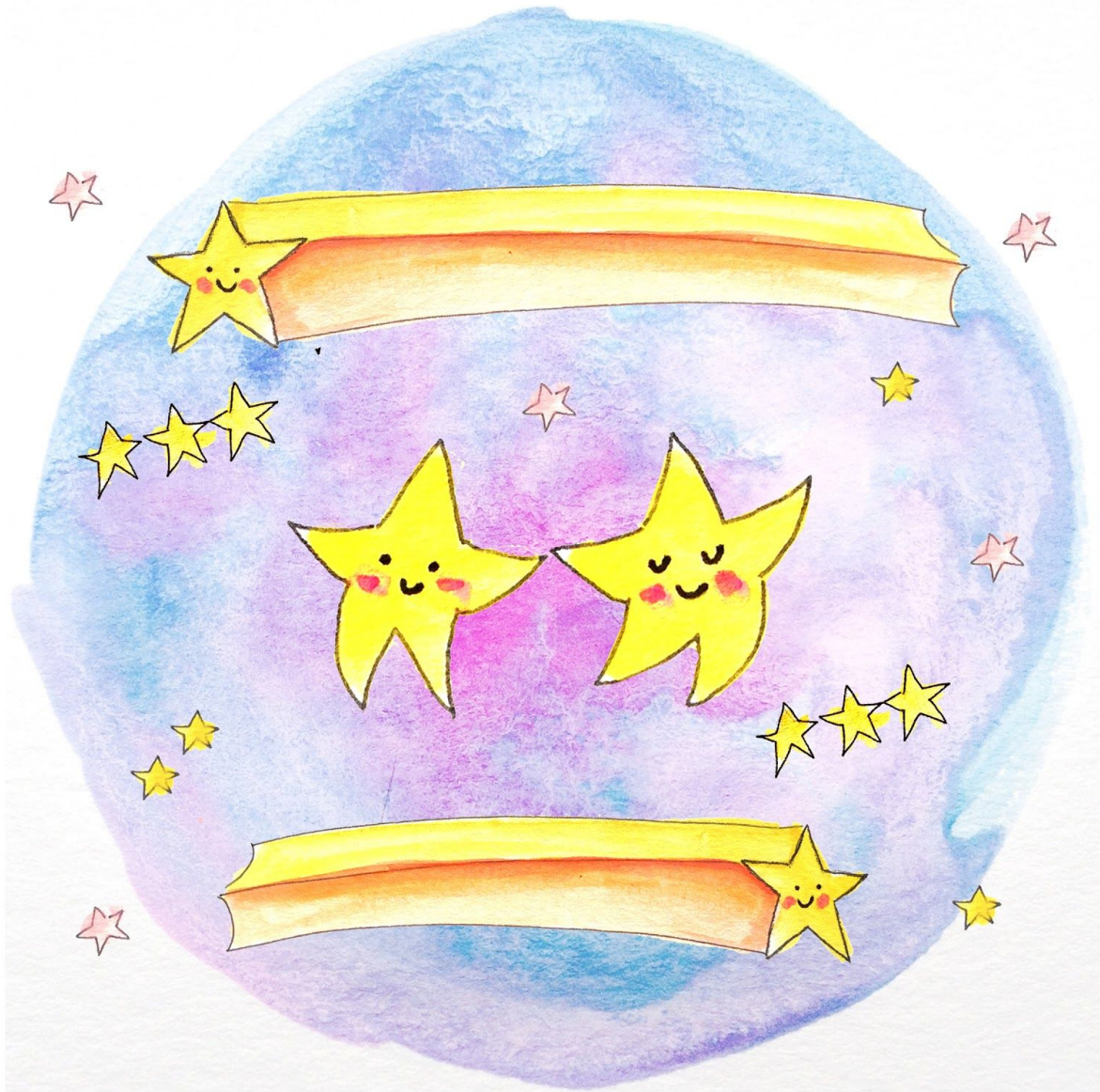


That night I walked and the sky said to me, "Why so sad you seem?"

"Maybe it's me who can't help Mommy get my dancing partner for me."

The sky smiled and said, "Remember what the tree said to thee?"

"I can't recall; it's been so long, you see . . ."



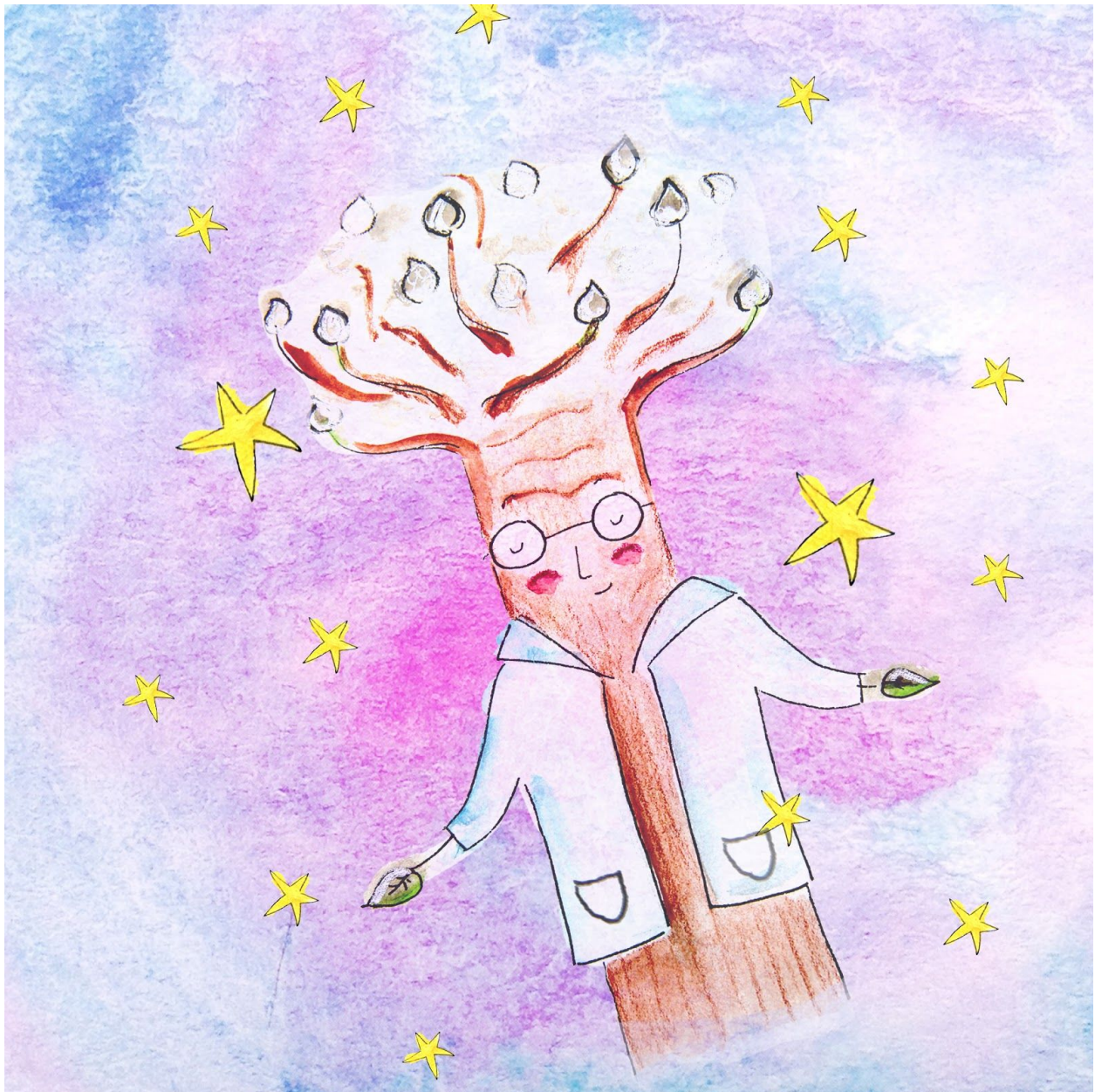
That night I stared at the stars.

The sky held hands with them and danced as I watched from afar.

So many different things I could see:

A meteor, pretty patterns, and stars dancing with glee.





The last one was the tree—at least that’s what it seemed.  
The tree said again, “Have you wondered why your timing for this dance is in a freeze?”  
I said, “No, I can’t recall; it’s been so long, you see.”





The stars of the trees did quickly fade but reshaped into something sweet.

They made a portrait of you, my dear—till now you were just a dream.

You softly said, “Here we are, just you and I . . . . .”



The tree simply meant you're waiting for the perfect me."



It now made sense what the tree had said of why my dance was in a freeze.

Sometimes we want something so much that time seems a disease,

But we must wait for that perfect time indeed.

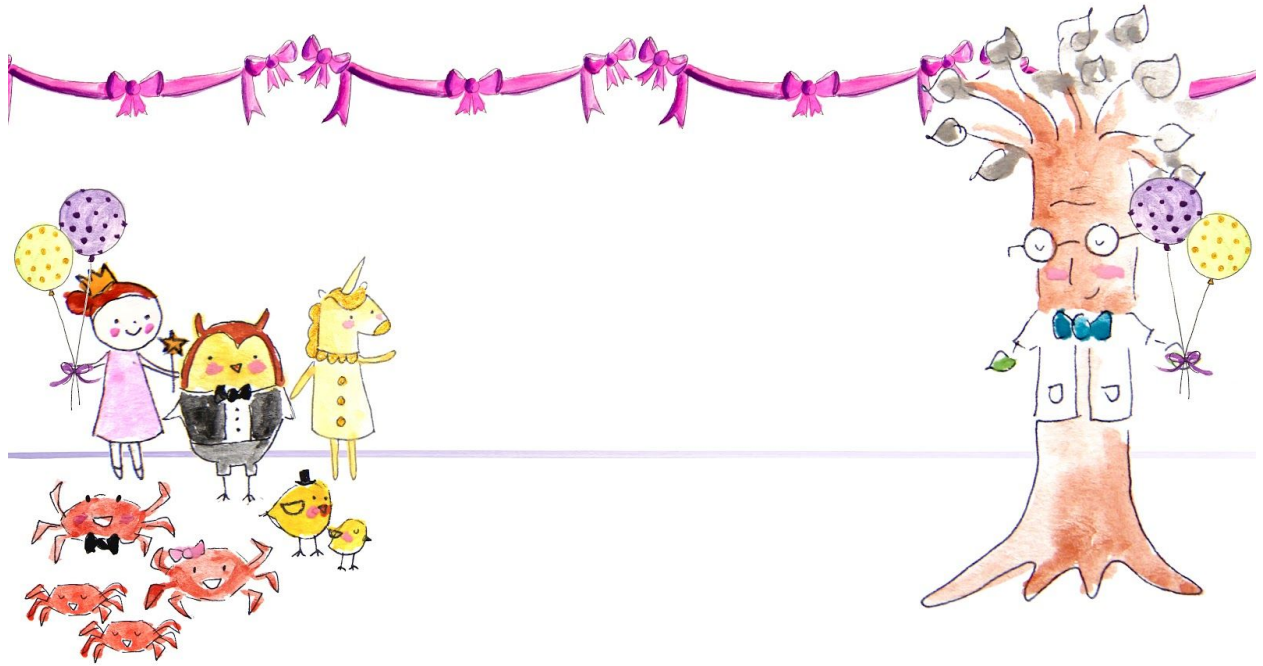
Mommy and I were so caught up in having my dance, you see,

That we forgot that some things happen when they *need* to be.  
We were waiting for that special and perfect baby girl indeed



“Guess what, guess what?” Mommy said to me.  
“She has arrived! Our baby is coming to be.”

Your dance! Your dance will happen now, you see!"  
I couldn't wait to have the dance for you and me.



**Still working on this spread - I will add Ella and a few other whimsical characters. I see this as a two page spread because there is so much detail to convey**

The perfect dance was set for you with ribbons and bows.  
There were queens holding dreams and unicorns in gold.  
A laughing crab took his wife and all his little ones.  
Pretty birds made all of glass flew over the sun.  
There were fawns dressed up in and some critters with their tuxes.  
The mother sky and all her stars came in to see you full of glee.  
The final guest, of course, was the medicine tree.

In you came, my little one, so small and so free.

In you came with your red shoes glittering like the sea.  
The guests stood up for it was you whom they came to see.

**Still working on these two images - will send  
them over as soon as I finish!**

I grew nervous as you walked in for this dance with me.

You moved swiftly and it was hard for us to dance, you see.  
Your feet were small and my big feet made us out of sync.  
We stopped the dance for it was odd, not moving together our  
feet.

I looked at you and then I said, "No way will this dance will  
cease!"

I hopped you up on my shoes for you to sway with me.

The room gave way for us to move.

All these years I wanted to shake and groove.

We danced and danced; we couldn't stop this dance that felt so  
new.

I must say that it felt great to have my Ella dancing on Daddy's  
shoes.



