



We have a disabled grandchild who suffers from the rare disorder RETT Syndrome. Ret Syndrome severely effects speech and movement and is characterized by constant wringing of the hands. Hence the logo of the International Ret Syndrome Association (IRSA) looks like this.



She is unable to speak at all. Her name is Leana and she was three years old when I wrote this poem. It was written for our New Year's Eve family gathering in 1996.



LEANA

Concerning the best thing this year
I certainly wish to be very clear.
Is it the birth of a baby boy?
Surely that is reason for great joy.

Or is it maybe a baby girl
With a tiny, tiny kiss curl?
Perhaps it was someone's birthday
With many relatives for dinner to stay?

Is it a precious and special flower
Which soon after the refreshing shower
And after many days in the heat
Finally and sadly has to admit defeat?

You might perhaps even suppose
It is the smell of a beautiful rose.
Roses red, white or even pink
They don't last more than a wink.



SpindleWorks 



A short poem by Leo Schoof, Kelmscott, Western Australia

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Sure all these are blessings of a special kind
But these were not now on my mind.
God has been good all year round
His numerous blessings did abound.

One blessing, however, is so pure
It's for sadness by far the best cure.
When a smile appears in two blue eyes.
Eyes as blue as the Summer skies.

My eyes are often full of tears
When that lovely smile appears
On Leana's tranquil and serene face.
Of fear and apprehension not a trace.

It isn't just simply a meaningless stare.
It sure is precious beyond compare
Undoubtedly Leana's warm smile
Beats many a grunt by a mile.

Leo Schoof
31st December 1996

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