

To Eldress Amelia on her Birthday  
Dear sister of bees and bird and flower,  
Of summer suns and springtime showers,  
I will not believe that your natal day  
Dawned darkly beneath skies that were cold and grey,  
That wise old Mother Stork went astray  
For she started in June and lost her way.  
No matter what all the sages may say —  
And reached her goal on a winter day.  
Why, I was told this by one who knows;  
You're a child of the rose and not of the snow.  
Please take all our loves, dear blessed friend,  
And keep it close till the golden end.

P.S.

Remember your birthday comes in June  
When the Robo-link song and sway in tune.  
Your Sister Ada.