



Dreidels For Debbie

The lights are bright
they burn bright again
as the Menorah is lit
in a room so very dim.

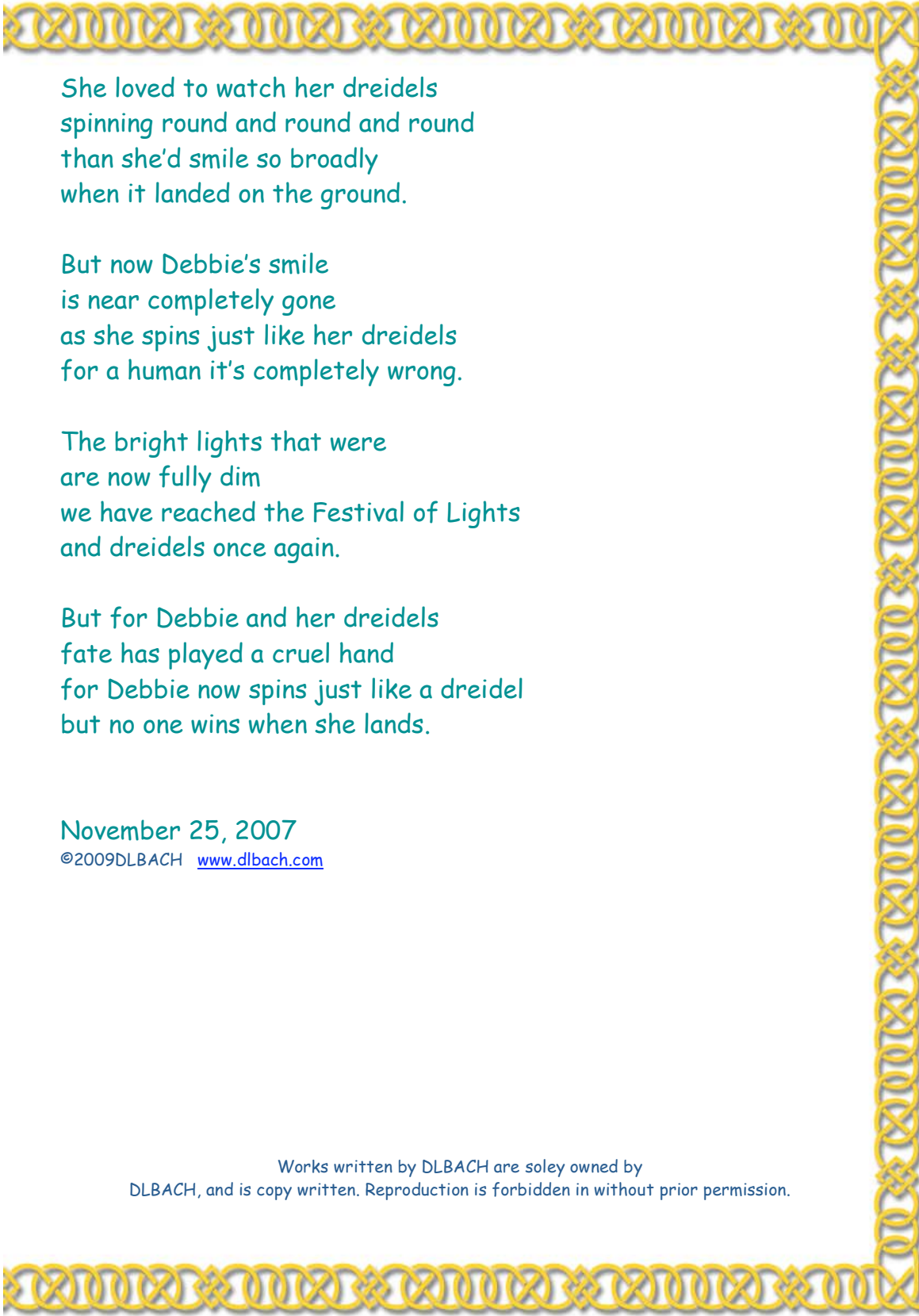
My heart lights up
as each candle comes to life
reminding me of the One
who can ease my pain and strife.

The love -- the joy
the warmth -- the light
but, solemn and silence
is not a Hanukkah night.

Loved ones they do gather
to keep the Festival of Light
with gelt and latkes and children
this is one amazing sight.

Debbie loves her dreidels
she loves to play and spin
getting all the chocolate
would mean she has to win.

Than there was a Hanukkah
it played along with fate
a diagnosis of Meniere's
has put a lot on Debbie's plate.



She loved to watch her dreidels
spinning round and round and round
than she'd smile so broadly
when it landed on the ground.

But now Debbie's smile
is near completely gone
as she spins just like her dreidels
for a human it's completely wrong.

The bright lights that were
are now fully dim
we have reached the Festival of Lights
and dreidels once again.

But for Debbie and her dreidels
fate has played a cruel hand
for Debbie now spins just like a dreidel
but no one wins when she lands.

November 25, 2007

©2009DLBACH www.dlbach.com

Works written by DLBACH are solely owned by
DLBACH, and is copy written. Reproduction is forbidden in without prior permission.