

Don't Cry, My Dear

Don't cry my dear, a bit of string, a penny's worth of glue
And dolly's broken head will be as good as new.
And see, her smile is just as sweet, those dimples play their part.
Be glad it was her head she broke and not her heart.

Note: The above poem was written by my mother: Marion Jeanette (nee Miller) Balisteri.

My Mom was the first woman sports writer for the Chicago Tribune. I was 6 years old at the time and each day I would search the paper for something she'd put in just for me. The above poem was my absolute favorite: