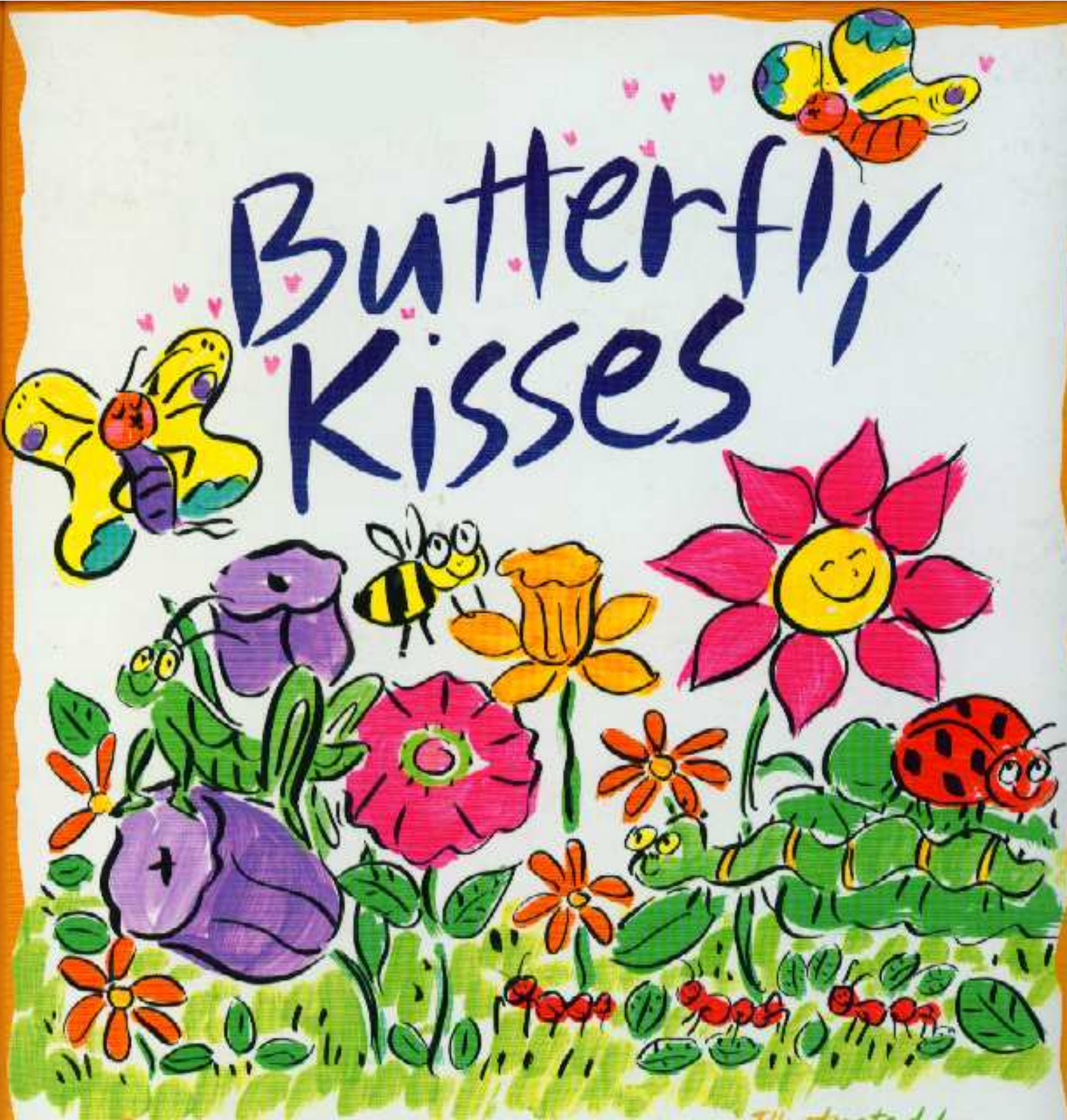


# Butterfly Kisses



Bob Carlisle • Illustrated by Sally Huss



There's two things I know for sure.  
She was sent here from heaven, and she's  
Daddy's little girl.

As I drop to my knees by her bed at  
night,  
She talks to Jesus, and I close my eyes.  
And I thank God for all of the joy in my  
life,  
But most of all, for . . .  
Butterfly Kisses after bedtime prayer.  
Stickin' little white flowers all up in  
her hair.  
"Walk beside the pony, Daddy, it's my  
first ride."

"I know the cake looks funny, Daddy,  
but I sure tried."  
Oh, with all that I've done wrong,

I must have done something right  
To deserve a hug every morning  
and Butterfly Kisses at night.



Sweet Sixteen today,  
She's looking like her mama  
a little more every day.  
One part woman, the other part girl  
To perfume and makeup,  
from ribbons and curls.  
Trying her wings out in a great big  
world.  
But I remember, our . . .

Butterfly Kisses after bedtime prayer  
Stickin' little white flowers all up in  
her hair.  
"You know how much I love you, Daddy,  
but if you don't mind,  
I'm only going to kiss you on the cheek  
this time."

With all that I've done wrong,  
I must have done something right  
To deserve her love every morning  
And Butterfly Kisses at night.  
All the precious time  
Like the wind, the years go by.  
Precious butterfly  
Spread your wings and fly.

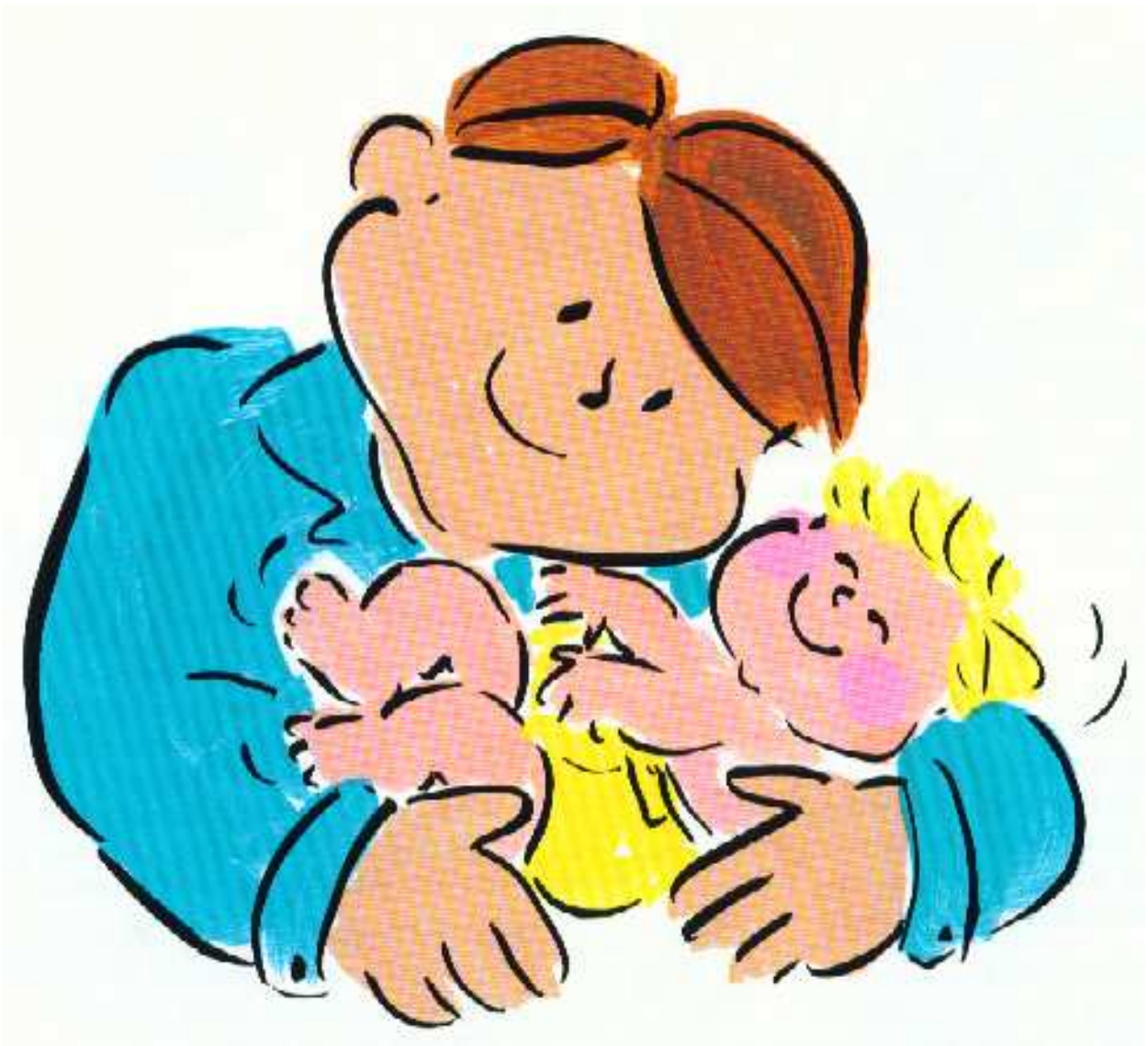
She'll change her name today.  
She'll make a promise, and I'll  
give her away.  
Standing in the bride's room,  
just staring at her,  
She asked me what I'm thinking,  
and I said, "I'm not sure."

"I just feel like I'm losing my  
baby girl."  
Then she leaned over and gave me  
. . .

Butterfly Kisses, with her mama  
there,  
Stickin' little white flowers all  
up in her hair.  
"Walk me down the aisle, Daddy.  
It's just about time."

"Does my wedding gown look  
pretty, Daddy?"  
"Daddy, don't cry."  
With all that I've done wrong,  
I must have done something right  
To deserve her love every  
morning,  
and Butterfly Kisses . . .  
I couldn't ask God for more.  
Man, this is what love is.  
I know I've gotta let her go,  
But I'll always remember. . .  
Every hug in the morning  
and Butterfly Kisses . . .





You were the tiniest baby.  
You wiggled and giggled  
when I held you in my arms.  
You were my precious  
daughter and I loved you  
from the very beginning.  
And I thanked God for you.



I fluttered my eyelashes  
on your warm cheek.  
You smiled at me and  
fluttered right back.  
That's how it started...  
Butterfly Kisses.



When you took your first pony ride, you were very brave. But I could tell you were a little afraid and I walked beside you. You held my hand so tightly. You were always Daddy's little girl.





You were the funniest clown at  
the costume party.  
Your red rubber nose fell into  
the punch. Of all the kids,  
you laughed the loudest.



On Father's Day you drew a very creative picture of me. And you didn't even get upset when I thought my head was a potato. You were always so much fun.





You were the prettiest angel in the  
Christmas pageant.  
You sang out "Glory to God in the  
Highest!"  
I had to give your mom my handkerchief.  
I think there were eleven angels, but I  
only saw you.  
You will always be my angel.





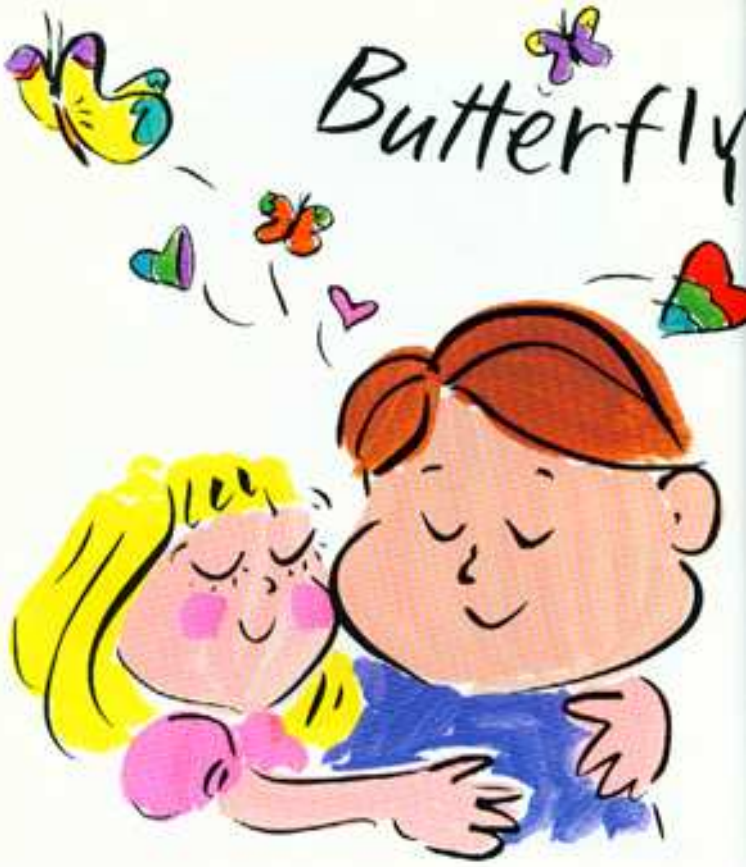
At bedtime we knelt beside your  
bed, and you talked to Jesus.



Silently I thanked God for you.  
And for...



Butterfly Kisses





On my birthday you baked me this awesome  
cake with licorice and jelly beans and  
lots and lots and lots of candles.  
Growing older never felt so good.  
You always made me feel special.





You were the craziest swimmer in  
the ocean. Birds flew high above  
your legs and feet.  
“What is that?” they wondered.  
Splashes were everywhere!  
You made every day exciting.



At the dance recital, you were the most graceful ballerina. You floated across the stage like a butterfly and landed perfectly on your toes.





When you slid into home plate at  
the big game, the umpire called  
you "out".  
You were the toughest shortstop.  
You skinned your elbows and  
choked back tears.  
You always tried your best.



And when all these girls came over for your slumber party, there were funny pillow fights and silly secrets. And lots and lots and lots of giggles.





Because of your new braces,  
you couldn't chew bubble gum  
anymore. But you made sure that all  
the other girls had plenty.  
You have always been a great friend.



Several more years flew by  
and you weren't a little  
girl anymore.





I noticed that sometimes your mom let you wear a dab of her perfume. Or borrow her tiny gold earrings. I wasn't ready for you to grow up just yet. It's always tough for a day to let go.



Just the other day I found you in the attic. You were wearing high-top sneakers, baggy jeans, and my old high school football jersey. Your mom's wedding veil looked like a halo around your face.



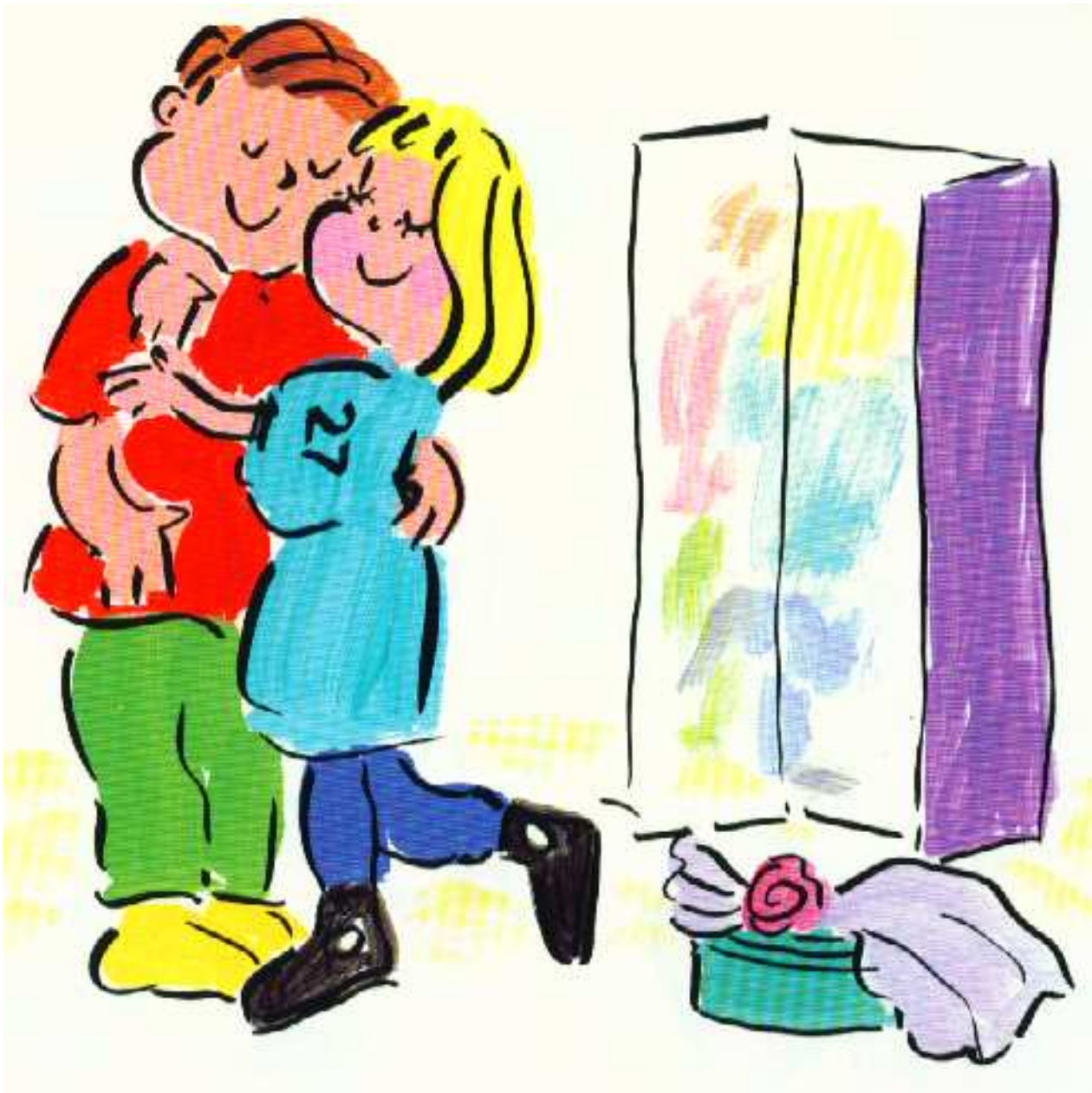


I don't know what you saw in your reflection.



But I saw three girls. One was a Christmas angel. One was a tough shortstop. One was a beautiful young lady who looked a lot like her mom.





I walked over to you, my precious daughter.  
You smiled and put your arms around me.  
You fluttered your eyelashes on my damp  
cheek.  
And I thanked God for you.  
And for...



Butterfly  
Kisses

I love you.