

An Angel Watches Over Me

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All fallen biker's are Angels.

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â Watch out â little girl.. Stay near the campfire â 'donâ t wander off.â

*Shhhh! Momma â donâ t worryâ ! Iâ ll be okay.. These people are bikersâ !.Iâ ll be safe.*

â How do you know you can be safe?â Momma â donâ t worry.

*My Angels are here â Theyâ ll watch over me.*

*Angels are always out there â watching.*

*You know Momma â some Angels can ride with the wind.*

â Do you know any Angels?â Yes â Momma I do.

*Remember when you told me â one of our biker brothers had been killed..*

*That man was my friendâ !. An Angel had been riding with him, nearbyâ !*

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A fellow biker brother had fallen.

The news of his death went out â by word, by mail, and by email.

Friends and family came from all over.

Many people thought my little girl might be too young,

But I took her to see our fallen friend.

As we walked through the funeral home â she saw all the Angels in the room.

They were there, standing guard over our friend.

My little girl pushed her way through the crowd to see our friend..

Standing beside an Angel â looking in the casket, she questioned â *It doesnâ t look like him.â* The Angel standing beside her â leaned over and whispered to her, â *Itâ s him.â* â *Will he open his eyes?â* She pondered.

The Angel answered, â *Noâ ! But his spirit can see us and he doesnâ t want us to be sad. Now â heâ s free to ride the winds forever â lilâ one.â*

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Later at his grave-side, with a handful of dirt â

She whispered one last â *Goodbye*â to our friend.

She heard other people saying, â A fellow biker brother has died.â

But to her, his spirit still stands tall and he will always be her friend.

On her ride back from the funeral â she overheard some bikers talking.

One had said, â Only 1% can be Angels.â

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Watch out â Little girlâ !You stay near the campfireâ ! Donâ t wander off..

*Shhh! Momma â Donâ t worry..My Angel is out thereâ !*

*I know heâ s out there â watching over meâ !*

*& - Because heâ s an Angel, heâ ll ride with the wind forever to protect me.*

*Shhh! Momma â Donâ t worryâ ! I wonâ t go farâ !..*

Written with my daughter, Amanda (8), By Lady Jewells 5-22-01

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