

Flying Grandma on a snow bound adventure

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Flying Grandma was giggling, icy snow touched her toes,
She danced around the fir tree, on that magical Xmas night,
Grandad lit up the fir tree, put a star upon the top,
On that snowy Xmas Eve, Flying Grandma began her flight.



Tess gazed as she flew, Bella shook her snowy ears,
The magic then began, as sugary snow scattered around,
Birds burst into song, as Flying Grandma flew by,
Robin, Nightingale in harmony, such a beautiful sound.

As she flew past robins, they whispered quietly a tale,
“Flying Grandma travel quickly, close to Alkrington Wood,
A gate has been left open, some ponies are running wild,
Snow is bringing danger, please save them if you could.”



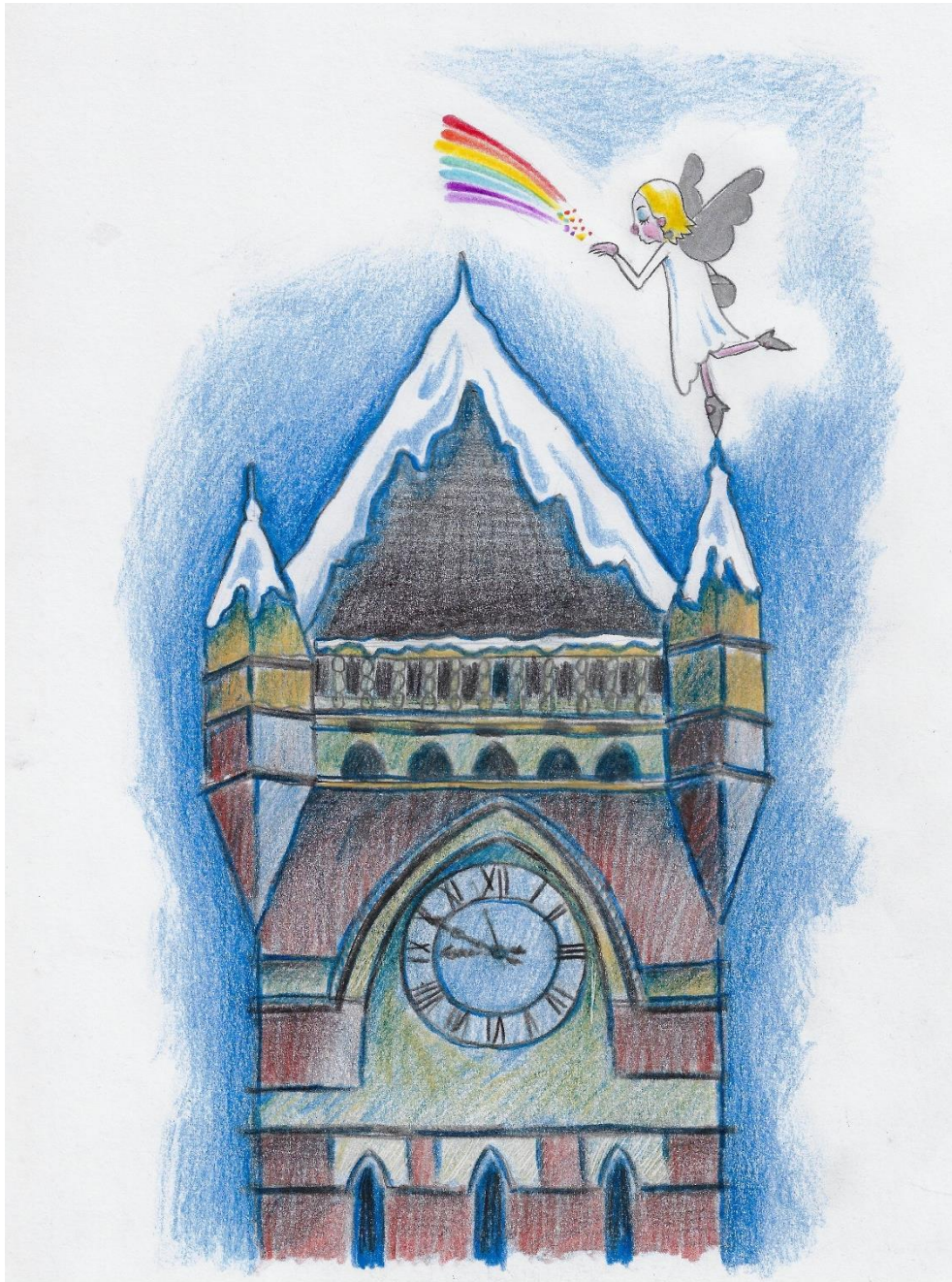
Flying Grandma flew swiftly, she rose above the clouds,
As snow whirled and swirled, she weaved in and out fast,
Suddenly below, she saw the gate, to the field, wide open,
She floated down on snow clouds; she was here at last!

Ponies skidded down icy roads, their fields left behind,
Flying Grandma landed ahead, with her magic brush a glow,
She painted a wooden gate and a snowy path to follow,
She guided them gently through, to their field they would go.



Rested back in their fields, ponies were weary and very tired,
On this snowy Xmas Eve, Flying Grandma knew what to do,
She warmed their frozen noses, by painting on magic dust,
When soon they were all asleep, Flying Grandma... off she flew!

She flew on the whistling wind, as snow circled round and round,
She spied Birch Hill clock tower, landed gently on snow so deep,
There was one more task to do, before Christmas morn' arrived,
She blew swirling rainbow dust, to help children fall asleep.



Every house, every hospital, every caravan and every home,
Has tiny chinks and spaces, for the rainbow dust to swirl in,
It rests on children's noses, tickles their dozing eyelids,
Then Christmas dreams and wishes, would be able to begin.

Flying Grandma flew home, landed by the fir tree with a star,
Grandad was still busy, baking biscuits for Xmas day,
Tess and Bella wagged their tails, as they waited by the door,
She told them about her adventures, in a very magical way.

Flying Grandma finished her last story, looked up to the stars above,
She saw Santa waving down, with twinkling smile and diamond eyes,
With Tess and Bella snuggled in bed; Grandad turned off all the lights,
Carrots left for all the reindeers, for Santa, sherry and mince pies.

Flying Grandma hung up her silver wings, shook off sprinkles of snow,
She slowly snuggled in bed, thinking of her adventures of Xmas Eve,
Ponies were all safe, children asleep and with Santa on his way,
She whispered to all the stars, "In Santa Claus, let's always believe."

To All Children everywhere,
Always believe in Santa Claus. Have a fantastic and magical Christmas.

Love from

Flying Grandma x

P.S Listen for those singing robins



All proceeds to Bolton Hospice