



## **Flying Grandma...Santa's Rainbow helper.**

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**Flying Grandma, Santa's Rainbow helper.**

Flying Grandma stood on her snow laden step,  
With silver bag, silver shoes and her magic dust,  
Like swirling white feathers, the snow it danced,  
Whilst Santa's reindeers galloped, tail wind a gust.

The gentle wind slowly, lifted her into flight,  
Searching restless animals, who needed their sleep,  
With silver brush, magic dust, she sprinkled cold noses,  
And soon they were snoring, in the snow so deep.



When hedgehog and squirrel were snuggled up warm,  
She flew off so skilfully, with her purpose in mind,  
Seeking all children, who were waiting for Santa,  
Sleep they all needed, every child she would find.

But first she must greet, her old- time friend,  
All dressed in red, with a chuckle and a smile,  
In a mysterious wood, where animals were dozing,  
“Flying Grandma” he bellowed “Not seen you for a while!”

Flying Grandma and Santa, shared a story or two,  
As dazzling snow, blanketed the hard- set ground,  
They giggled, shared Xmas lists, pointed at flying directions,  
As the nuzzling reindeers, made a pattering sound.



Flying Grandma and Santa, sped amongst night's stars,  
Flying Grandma helping children, to be ready for Xmas day,  
Peering through windows, some children were still awake,  
Toys around, stockings hung, but they wanted to play.

Flying Grandma searched inside, her magical silver bag,  
Out whooshed coloured glitter, which she blew from her hand,  
Through the window it swirled, it arched like a rainbow,  
Whoosh...all children were soon in Christmas dreamland.



When Flying Grandma had blown, the last rainbow dust,  
She glanced up at the night sky, Santa's reindeers flew past,  
She flickered her wings and raced alongside snowy owls,  
Home to Grandad and Tess, so she flew very fast.

As she landed so gracefully, by the snow sprinkled door,  
Night bats fluttered by, as the door shone some light,  
Grandad and Tess waiting patiently, as she whispered so dear,  
"Mission completed, children asleep, such a magical night."

Flying Grandma shook gently, her silvery wings,  
A snowflake landed, on Tess's black and white head,  
Three stockings were hung up, ready for Santa to arrive,  
After food, fun and laughter, they were ready for bed.



Flying Grandma dreamed, of Xmas Eve rainbows,  
Santa called, leaving presents by her stockings hung there,  
'To Flying Grandma, the magical rainbow sleep maker,  
Bless all children with happiness; kindness we must share.'

Yvonne Weatherhead M.B.E.

For the love of all children and animals everywhere.