

Commemorative Speech – Nicole White

Today I will be speaking of one of the loves of my life: My daughter, Nicole White. I want you to listen and pay attention very carefully. There will be a small game at the end. The winners get to pick their speech slots for the Commemorative Speech. Otherwise, they will be assigned to you by me randomly.

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This is a poem I wrote about her birth over 6 years ago. It is called:

The Birth of an Anticipation

Fingers, trembling, touched the glass,
My heart was racing, my eyes were searching,
Searching for that little one.

Breath fogged over the barrier,
My mind was remembering, hours before,
Before the clock turned 7:01.

Tears came welling over the rim,
My smile was breaking, my eyes still searching,
Searching for that little one.

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Lips smiled wider, a pride in my eyes.
That time was forgotten, hours before,
Before the clock turned 7:01.

Hands settled on my precious gift,
For they'd found her. My eyes stopped searching,
Searching for that little one.

Arms held tight, tighter than ever,
Protecting the bundle from hours before,
Before the clock turned 7:01.

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Ears hear laughter, of a little child,
My beautiful child, so my eyes go searching,
Searching for that little one.

Before the clock turned 7:01,
Searching for that little one,
My eyes find Nicole
Playing in the sun,
Mind and soul,
My little one.

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This is Nicole all wrapped up to keep her safe from the world around her. Ok. I know. A little bit of cloth is not going to keep her THAT safe. I'm not delusional. But I am protective.

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This is Nicole in a much more recent photo. When I first came here I showed a picture similar to this to you. I was so proud of her that day. She listened to the photographer and did exactly as she was told.

As you can tell from this picture, she has blossomed as a young girl. She no longer needs the protective hands around her nearly as much. It can be sad sometimes to see just how independent she is. She's my little girl. It's hard to watch her grow up, as it is hard for any father to watch their children grow up.

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Here she is when we first moved here. Back in Louisiana we had seafood, but we didn't have a Long John Silvers. She was very brave on the trip here. She was leaving behind...

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...her cousins.

She was always the one who kept them in line. They were two of the most rotten boys.... Actually I better shut up now before I say something I regret. But she loved them and hung out with them every day after Katrina hit. They had moved in with us. Along with 5 other in-laws. But that's a whole other speech filled with expletives and soap opera. The point here is Nicole was a trooper through the aftermath of that storm and also when we moved here "on a wing and a prayer".

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Speaking of Louisiana, you may have heard of Mardi Gras. During the parades, beads are normally thrown to people attending the parade. Well, Nicole's cuteness garnered her many much more fulfilling rewards.

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So what is she up to these days? She's currently attending First Grade and making extremely high marks in school. She likes to be the teacher's pet, which for now I consider a good thing. We can't spell stuff around her anymore because she figures it out. She helps cook. She sings. She dances. She drives us absolutely bonkers with the amount of energy she has.

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It's amazing the way she has grown. To me she will always be my little girl. To her she will always be the queen of her world.

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Ok, so now on to the Nicole Game. It's a simple trivia game and the rules are simple:

- Be the first to raise your hand and answer the question CORRECTLY, and you will be able to choose your speech time slot.
- You must raise your hand and wait to be called on.
- If you have already answered a question correctly, let someone else answer the rest.

So, are you ready?

Question 1:

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What time was Nicole born? (Hint: Remember the poem?)

Question 2:

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Where did we move from?

Question 3:

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What holiday did Nicole receive princess clothing?

Question 4:

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The boys in this picture are her what?

Question 5: (This is your last question and your last chance to pick your speech slot.)

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What kind of speech was this?

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Thank you for your time. You may now applaud.

