



The Joyful Prankster

My son or son-in-law, a laugh so
grand,
A master prankster, a joyous
hand,
He'd turn a frown into a smile,
With antics that could stretch a
mile.
Oh, how we laughed, our sides
would ache,
From water fights to birthday
cake,
His humor, a treasure, a gift he'd
share,
With everyone, everywhere.
We'll miss the laughter, his jokes,
his fun,
But cherish the moments, one by
one,
For in our hearts, he'll always be,
The joyful prankster, wild and
free.



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