

TINY SPOOL OF THREAD

Lyrics and Music by Sandra Peppers Cooper

Come with me to Oklahoma
A place they call McAlester
The year was nineteen twenty-seven
Ms Pastori tells a story dear to her

A little boy they named William
Then five years old we'd so adore
His gifts were sweetness smiles and laughter
His mama widowed with four sons and plain dirt poor

My Theresa Bennie and Minnie
Would round him up at supper time
Always looking after little William
Who was always grateful always kind

It was early Christmas morning
Christmas Eve the snow had fallen
He came barefoot to our doorstep
Said he had a present for us all

We got closer gathered 'round him
You're all like family he said
Then he opened up his little hand
There was a tiny spool of thread

I THOUGHT AND THOUGHT WHAT WOULD I GET Y' ALL FOR CHRISTMAS
THEN IT CAME TO ME CHRISTMAS MORN
YOU CAN SEW A PATCH ON THOSE OLD SUIT PANTS OF BENNIE'S
MAYBE A DRESS FOR TRESE AND MINNIE
AND MEND THE CURTAIN ON THE BACK PORCH DOOR THAT'S TORN

Ms Pastori loved little William
Said he was loving and so smart
The tiny spool of thread a huge gift
He was a Godsend blessed to open other hearts

Through the years she'd tell this story
William died way before she did
Said his spirit's close beside hers
The gentle kindred spirit of this kid

WHO THOUGHT AND THOUGHT WHAT WOULD HE GET THEM FOR CHRISTMAS
WHAT A GIFT THEY'D RECEIVED THAT MORN
SHE'D SEWN A PATCH ON THOSE OLD SUIT PANTS OF BENNIES
A SEAM IN THE DARK GREEN DRESS FOR TRESE, A HEM FOR MINNIE
SHE'D MEND THE CURTAIN ON THE BACK PORCH DOOR ONCE TORN

All were sewn from that tiny spool of thread
All were sewn from that tiny spool of thread