American Trauma Society
Pennsylvania Division

The following poem is a true story written by Stevie's Mother.

On a cold winter's day
when the snow was intense,
a neighbor's hill was beckoning
with a sled riders intent.

With snowsuit and boots,
Stevie was dressed for the chill,
And with excitement and delight
he was ready for a thrill.

But before leaving the house
a bicycle helmet he found.
When asked why he wore it
he just smiled and left without a sound.

I followed him over to watch all the fun,
the laughter and chatter when each run was done.
A path had been made in the snow so deep,
as each sledder went down,
on the trail they did keep.

Waiting and waiting, Stevie's impatience did grow.
He just couldn't wait any longer for his turn.
Off to the side, he took off on a sled,
a great big mistake he soon was to learn.

With his head pointing down,
as he rode down the hill
he swerved to the left
and into a post, he took a spill.

An old iron clothes line, he met head on.
Thank goodness for the helmet that he had on.
A tad bit shaken, but that was all,
a crisis was prevented in this fall.

In biking and skiing, and sledding downhill,
a helmet will be worn to protect from another spill.

Provided by:
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