



The Gardners

Christmas 2006



Another Year in Review

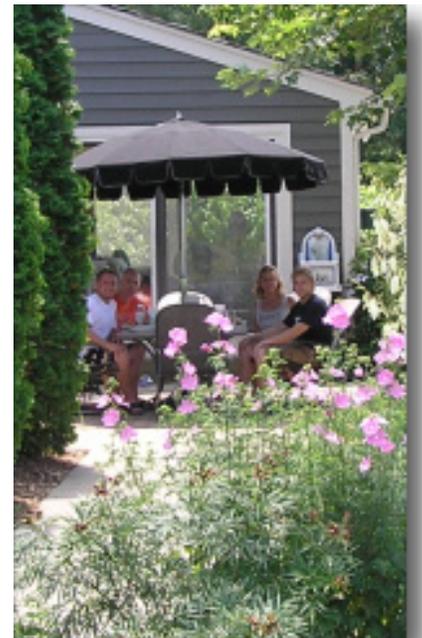
Now it's time once again, for the holidays when
We reflect that our year's almost done.
We're all thankful that we have the fortune to be
Wrapping up one more lap 'round the sun.

We've gathered a few of the year's stories to
Tell about in some words that will rhyme.
But we also have some, whose true telling will come
In appropriate place and in time.

My poor Meemo arrived out of her decade five,
But without my regard for her gain.
Not a fault on my part, of an uncaring heart,
Just a male-ordered simian brain.

Back with spring on the way, the boys wanted to stay
Up at college when classes were through.
So they stayed there although they did not even know
Just quite what they expected to do.

As they went about town seeking work all around,
They were met with depressing delay,
Until Grant found some work for a slave-driving jerk,
Whom he found was unwilling to pay.





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On the Fourth of July, Warren gave it a try
And he found a good job here in town.
He was able to do, with a surveying crew,
More than just pounding stakes in the ground.

We have each been a fan of the group Steely Dan,
Though our music has drifted apart.
So we all sang along with each Summerfest song
To the tunes that we all knew by heart.

Our big medical bills and precarious thrills,
For a while seemed to go in repose,
Until Grant, late one night, had a terrible fright,
When a guy with a gun broke his nose.

And then soon, we would learn, it was Marily's turn,
When a wasp in our yard stung her hand.
Though she tried to delay, it got bigger each day,
Till she made an ER trip, unplanned.

And no sooner was she almost all symptom free,
When her belly began to grow round.
The doctor said, "Wow, there's a new problem now.
Your appendix is it, so I've found."

So we scurried about, and the doc took it out,
Though recovery yielded a tear.
New restrictions, unfair; she was back in her chair,
Just the same as her shoulder last year.





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Late in August, the three of us happened to be
All at home when we got a surprise.
Grant had come home to spend a semester to mend,
And get healthy and wealthy and wise.

I see Marily more than I got to before,
Since she finished a project so dear.
With parade and a band, she enjoyed quite a grand
VMR dedication this year.

Early fall we were told that some deadly black mold
Had invaded the boys' rental place
At the college up north. So with trips back and forth,
We considered a new living space.

The improved place to stay, just a few blocks away,
Was a deal that we couldn't refuse.
So me and my spouse, we just bought 'em a house.
Now they've got space they can't even use.

I'm still playing my sport on the basketball court,
Running one or two nights every week.
I continue to say, in the tough CBA,
"Pretty soon I'll be hitting my peak!"

So again we will be empty nesters, you see,
When the boys leave at holidays' end.
So just Meemo and I, and our Ubie, will try
To get by with the love that they send.





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Now it's holiday time and I've finished my rhyme,
Even though it's not set to a song.
We can always believe that come this Christmas Eve,
Santa knows we've been good all year long.



Warren, Libby, Grant, Larry, Ubie and Marily

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

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