



The Gardners

Christmas 2013



Now it's near year end
And I'm rhyming once again,
Always trying to make it inviting.
We have had some near falls
And some other close calls
And even some events really exciting.



Surgeries, concussions, and jobs along the way,
But always moving forward, getting better every day.

In the January cold
A call from Grant up north foretold
Of a dangerous deep lung infection.
So we made the drive up there
To find him in intensive care
For a week of IV disinfection.



Visiting him daily in inadequate attire,
It was 17 below when I had to change a tire.





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We found in early June
That the time was coming soon
When our vehicles needed upgrading
With no reason to avoid
Since we both were well-employed
With the requisite good credit rating.



Though I liked the car I had, it wasn't hard to say goodbye
When we found a truck we liked for me and made an impulse buy.

Next week I'm sitting at my desk
On a day like all the rest
When a call came from Human Resources.
And I think it couldn't be
That now what's finally got to me
Are financially negative forces.



I went down to the office, not knowing what's in store,
But soon I heard the message, "You can't work here anymore."



*"Human resources is right down the hall...
Just listen for the anguished cries coming from within."*



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Well, the next day I'm at home
And I'm sitting all alone,
Thinking it's now Summer Solstice.
And I'm wondering what to do
As I'm feeling kinda blue,
Pondering all the injustice.

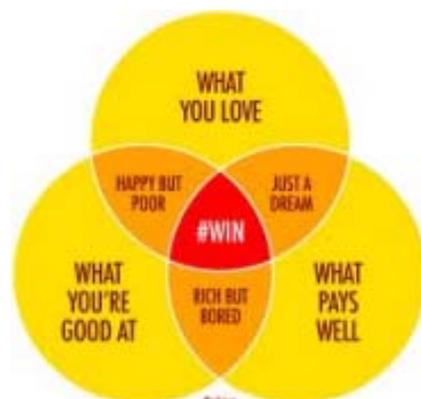


Sitting in the sunroom, considering a plan,
Maybe I should chuck it all and be a handyman.

So what am I to do
When I'm almost sixty-two
With a hip needing total replacement?
Should I get back on the phone
To the contacts that I own
Or go hibernate down in the basement?



It took me but a moment, deciding there and then:
I played this game before and I'll win it once again.





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On a steamy August day
Meemo went to Whitefish Bay
For a company-sponsored engagement
Getting businesses to share
In a charity affair
After all her successful arrangement.



What she couldn't know beforehand, and had no way to change
Was a sequence of events to cause our lives to rearrange.

When she made her way back home
Meemo bent a little chrome
When a driver was overextended.
As she watched in rearview glass
The car came on her way too fast
Till the impact of being rear ended.



The Mercedes suffered slightly, but the crash would soon foretell
Of some longer term effects, as Meemo didn't fare so well.



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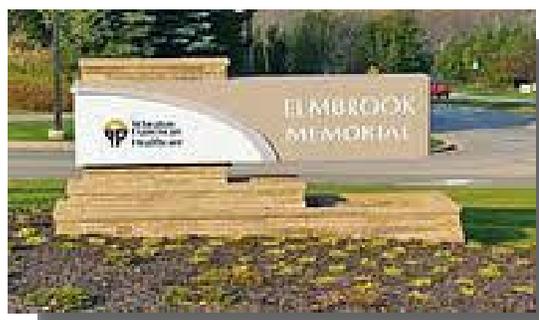


Then the following few weeks
Brought the pain a whiplash wrecks
And some trouble with normal discussion
And the need for frequent breaks
With a head that always aches
From a serious grade-three concussion.

She tried to keep on working , the way she did before
Till the doctor gave advice, "You shouldn't work there anymore."

Well, the next thing on my plate
After several months of wait
And my body and mind preparation,
And a confidential nod
From my favorite orthopod
Was to go for my big operation.

In a paragon display of orthopedic workmanship
I emerged from anesthetic with a new prosthetic hip.





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Then I knew just what to do
After working on a few
Resume needed retouches
I was fortunate to find
The perfect offer just in time
As I interviewed walking with crutches.



Now it's better still to burn out than it ever is to rust,
So I'm going with my motto, "In titanium we trust."

As the months went on it seemed
Meemo's pain was unredeemed
And would continue without a conclusion.
So we found a doc to say
He'd make her numbness go away
With anterior cervical fusion.



All set for operation, she had the thing postponed,
Then she went back two weeks later for titanium and bone.



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Now she's having better days
Freed up from narcotic haze
And beginning to feel like she's shirking.
She wants to heal her vertebrae
To minimize the time delay
Till she gets back to earning and working.



Whatever makes her happy is the thought I've got in mind,
But for Meemo work and happiness are always intertwined.

Warren uses his degree
Making money, living free,
Doing paving across North Dakota.
He and Grant, though, still reside
In the house we bought inside
Minneapolis in Minnesota.



The winters there are long and the summers way too short,
So we wonder why they stay up there but give them our support.



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Grant gets lonely, he's expressed,
When Warren's working way out West
Though his dog is his constant protector.
He is happy since it seems
He bought the car to match his dreams
That Libby loves, too, so he doesn't neglect her.



**The Ultimate
Driving Machine**

The boys come home for visits, and sometime we go there,
But the times with them are way too short and frequency too rare.

Now you might think that we're sad
From the challenges we've had
And the big event here that I'm voicing
But the most important fact
Is our family's still intact.
It's our overriding cause for rejoicing.



As we look forward to adventures in the coming year,
It's the surest way to make our disappointments disappear.



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If there's one thing that I've found
In the year now winding down
It's that nothing is ever forever.
I'm reminded every day
Of the good that's come our way
And the wisdom to never say never.



In a moment what you love could just be snatched away, and so
Enjoy it while you've got it, 'cause you know you never know.



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Marily, Grant, Warren, Larry and Libby

September 7, 2013

Delafield, Wisconsin

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!