



The Gardners

Christmas 2010



The Gardners Christmas 2010

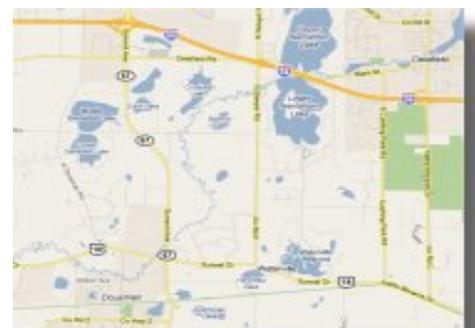
At the end of the year, we're all doing quite well,
With adventures resulting in stories to tell.
In a year of upheaval and crisis debris,
We were surgery, sadness, and accident free.

But there was one event we could rightly declare
Was sufficient to cause a significant scare.
Meemo paused some in March when the trouble began
With two strokes of bad luck and with me in Japan.

They resulted in caution for quite a few days,
But no lasting effects from her small TIAs.
Then she rallied as always, recovering soon,
Celebrating by buying a new car in June.

Breaking out of her minivan-SUV mode,
She acquired the Mercedes she felt she was owed.
But it's funny how once she got over the thrill,
It's her family that makes her the happiest still.

On the winding Bark River one weekend in May,
We all tried something new on a beautiful day.
From Nemahbin to Dousman, we lived Meemo's dream,
As we rode rented kayaks and paddled downstream.





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All the Gardner descendents joined up in July
At the Starved Rock State Park and a restaurant nearby.
All sixteen from four families convened to complete
Mom and Dad's sixty-fifth anniversary fete.



This year's summer was ruled by construction debris,
With Grant leading the way, and with some help from me.
First the back of our house got new hickory floors,
Then we increased the scope with new swinging French doors.

But the finishing touch needed just one thing more,
So we cut a big hole in our shiny new floor.
Then to set off the work we had done, I suppose,
We put in a medallion design compass rose.



While my sister and mother decided to fly
In November to Sanibel, poor Dad and I
Had to travel in Cadillac comfort and style,
As we cruised for one thousand and three hundred miles.



So with Lana and me to help get some things done,
We got parents set up for their months in the sun.
We had family time like it was way back when,
With my mom and my dad and my sister again.

We have good news to share of our son #2,
How he's finished his college and finally through.
He's an engineer now and is anxious to find
A career where he's paid well for what's in his mind.





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He's still living up north in our house there, although,
When he gets that new job, who knows where he will go.
So if you've got a kid who's attending The U,
Think about how a deal for it might help you, too.



And our #1 son made a noteworthy change
That expanded his old geographical range.
He successfully landed the job he had eyed,
Then conscripted my car when *his* Cadillac died.



While he took his time looking at automobiles,
His old Dad went to work in the cold on two wheels.
He expected to start his career ladder climb
When he traveled the country for weeks at a time.

He arose in the morning before it was light
To depart on a road trip or catch a long flight.
Dedication was high, but it suffered a blow,
When a week before Christmas they just let him go.

Though they're winding it down, they're not all the way off
The parental payroll and the home feeding trough.
But it's not a big deal, and the rules are unclear;
We just love them and hope they end up somewhat near.





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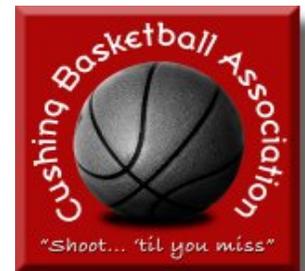
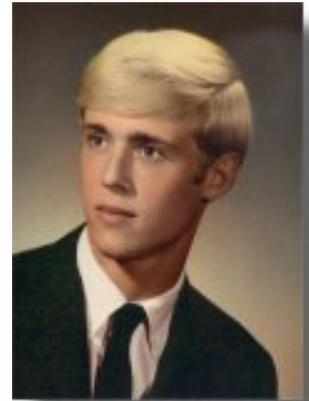
To discuss how my aging's not apt to reverse,
I'll indulge in just one biographical verse,
Realizing that next year is when I arrive
At my sixtieth year on this planet alive.

I had planned on one verse, but it's spilled into two,
As I keep up my rant that there's nothing to do
But remember that "old" is a relative thing
And look forward to what the next decades will bring.

What the heck, now it's three, and I just want to say
That what's keeping me young is each week's CBA
And some quality genes from a good family tree,
And of course my sweet wife, who is younger than me.

Now with twenty-eleven a few days away,
I succumb once again to the bathos to say
That we so much enjoy hearing what's new with you,
All your ups and your downs and your averages, too.

Our connection too often is just the email
That I send with the link to each annual tale.
So I hope you've enjoyed this year's epic I've penned,
Since you've spent enough time that you've now reached the end.



2011

January	February	March
Mo Tu We Th Fr Sa Su 31 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	Mo Tu We Th Fr Sa Su 28 29 30 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28	Mo Tu We Th Fr Sa Su 31 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
April	May	June
Mo Tu We Th Fr Sa Su 30 31 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	Mo Tu We Th Fr Sa Su 30 31 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	Mo Tu We Th Fr Sa Su 30 31 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
July	August	September
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October	November	December
Mo Tu We Th Fr Sa Su 31 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	Mo Tu We Th Fr Sa Su 30 31 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	Mo Tu We Th Fr Sa Su 31 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

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Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!



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Warren, Marily, Larry and Grant

Starved Rock State Park | July 25, 2010 | Oglesby, Illinois