



The Gardners

Christmas 2003



Once again it's the holiday season,
Another year winding down.
I'm thinking about the times we've had,
All the smiles and the frowns.
Grant and Warren, Larry and Marily,
All in all we're doing well.
We've had our share of happy times
And some stories we can't tell.
Now I'm looking out the family room window
At the field of grass and snow
Sorting through a year of adventures,
Thinking where we're gonna go
And what we'll do,
Mixing old and new.



Grant went back to the U of M
To complete his second year.
He's working hard, and grades are good,
But his major's not quite clear.
Warren's half done with his senior year
Of school at Kettle Moraine,
Deciding where to go for the next four years
To exercise his brain.
One of our boys is out of the house
And the other is close behind.
Marily and I are telling ourselves
That age is a state of mind,
And we have a clue,
Mixing old and new.





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Our matriarch is a politico
As an alderman of our town.
Living her life at hyperspeed
Until she gets herself worn down.
During the day she's a BOA
For the local Edward Jones.
Then in the evening she's an excellent chef
And makes our house a home.
With her spare time, she does community projects
And it's clear she's having fun,
Making life better for those who surround her.
She's happy when she's under the gun
With a million things to do,
Mixing old and new.



Warren and I got away for a while
To kayak on Superior Lake
And camp for a week with a serious limit
On the gear that we could take.
We explored the Apostles as part of group
Of dads and their high school boys.
We paddled and swam and did flips off cliffs
And in the evenings made too much noise.
We amused ourselves at the campfire ring
Playing games and trading our tall tales.
The trip met the challenge to capture
The interest of adolescent males,
And we made it through,
Mixing old and new.





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We saw a few sights at the Harley 100th
That we never thought we'd see.
This year both boys caught the motorcycle fever
And now we're up to three.
I still run with the dog and play a lot of basketball
And build-in HDTV.
With two gold medals in the Senior Olympics,
It's been a good 2003.
In July I had occasion to reflect upon my family
And the good life that I've had,
By writing down a list for his birthday celebration
"80 Things I Learned from My Dad,"
In praise quite overdue,
Mixing old and new.



Another year older, another year better,
Adding up the things we know,
Each rung up the experience ladder
Gives a lesson and chance to grow.
As our boys go out to spread their wings.
We let go and hope for the best,
Staying behind, but giving our guidance
From our almost-empty nest.
Doing just fine with some minor adjustments
To the rhythm of our routine,
We're staying together, each making our way;
47, 20, 17,
And 52.
Mixing old and new.



Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

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