



The Gardners

Christmas 2005



It's the Night before Christmas

(With apologies to Major Henry Livingston)

It's the night before Christmas, near end of the year,
A time for reflection and holiday cheer.
The stockings are hung on the mantel to send
A message to Santa to come back again.



The boys have arrived and are snug in their beds
With visions of snowboarding filling their heads.
They've come home for Christmas to drink all my beer
And travel to Copper to start the New Year.



Our 2005 has been quite a good run
With uneven cycles of tough luck and fun.
We're happy and healthy; our spirits are good,
And most of the time we've done just what we should.



The boys had a Cougar, but it ceased to be
When Warren avoided a cat for a tree.
They took the insurance and bought with finesse
A Cadillac model Seville STS.



They now share a house while attending "The U"
With two other roommates from Delafield, too.
They get on just fine, and to make Meemo smile,
They cook and they clean every once in a while.



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In June of this year, we were working away
On the last volunteer WVMR day.
We all were excited and having our fun
In seeing the end of a project well-done.



When all of a sudden, an end to the chatter.
I turned on the spot to see what was the matter,
And found out the source of the ominous thud.
Poor Meemo was hurt, and sat down in the mud.



She slipped on some plywood and suffered a fall,
And was transported out on a 9-1-1 call.
All covered in mud, in her tank top and shorts,
She moaned and awaited the x-ray reports.

They showed her well-being severely affected,
The arm bone to shoulder no longer connected.
The doc said, "Take these when your discomfort peaks,
And sleep in a chair for the next seven weeks."



We had an occasion to celebrate here:
Mom and Dad's decade six anniversary year.
To decide where to go, we picked out on a lark,
The Oglesby, Illinois, Starved Rock State Park.



We all converged there for the family to meet
And tramp through the woods in the three-digit heat.
We traversed the trails, then played poker at night
And took family pictures while all dressed in white.



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In August the Bradens and Klopfers and we
Assembled in Michigan City to see
The house that we rented by Internet choice,
To celebrate sixty for our Ralph and Joyce.



Adventures encountered in less than two days
That brought us together in so many ways,
Included a boat trip we never did take
With broken propeller on Michigan Lake.

At the end of the year, Meemo had to decide
To give something up of her work on the side.
After six earnest years of her giving her best
She gave her political efforts a rest.



She still works in finance and heads up the groups
To build the memorial walk for our troops,
Keeps track of the boys, to at least some degree,
And on top of all that, she takes great care of me.



I seem to have found, since deciding to rove,
A good place for business down in Union Grove.
The choice that I made now looks pretty astute
(Except for that 38-mile-long commute).



I'm still playing basketball two nights a week,
Not yet to the point where the joints start to creak.
And building downstairs when I have time to spend,
A project I'm thinking might not ever end.



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We're still in Wisconsin, enjoying it all,
In summer and winter, in springtime and fall.
I can't think of much when I wish on a star
To make our life better than it's been so far.

So please keep in touch, 'cause we can't wait to hear
What you've been up to throughout all the year.
We wish Merry Christmas with no postage licks,
And hope that you have a great 2006!



Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

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