

The Gardner's Adventures in 1998

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the year
The Gardners were living in surgery fear.
Not from diseases or cancer or such,
But accidents seemed just a little too much.

First Grant had a slip on the playground in May
That caused him to limp but he still walked away.
But later that evening he just couldn't rest,
So our neighbor stopped in for a quick Lachman test.

He said, "This knee's loose; it's not doing so well.
I'm afraid we'll find out it's a torn ACL."
MR scanning confirmed Dr. Larsen's bad news:
The Anterior Cruciate Ligament Blues.

With surgery scheduled and plans all in place,
Grant got around with his knee in a brace.
Though most things found he could do with no harm,
He fell off his new bike and broke his right arm.

And so with his radius all out of whack
He had to go under to get it put back.
So then the appointment to fix up Grant's knee
Required a delay of procedure and fee.

But then in July, when it hardly seemed fair,
Grant went for his knee reconstruction repair.
Just a small piece of hamstring, two screws and a drill,
Had him put back together and Dad fearing the bill.

Then on through midyear we had kind of a lull
From reductions, contusions and mishaps till Fall.
So thinking we weren't doing too bad so far,
We got so excited we bought a new car.

And Meemo got in the new car we adore,
In a move way too fast, broke her nose on the door.
And while her face still had a black and blue tint,
She gave a big sniff and then swallowed the splint.

While Marily teaches piano at home,
Warren plays trumpet and Grant saxophone.
At band camp a scholarship helped pay the way
For Warren to cultivate new ways to play.

At times of the year Larry's travels would take
Him to Hong Kong, New Delhi or just Elkhart Lake.
In between all the trips he was home just to see
Some meniscus removed from inside his left knee.

In early November Grant's sinuses said,
"If we don't get cleared out, we'll explode in your head."
So even though they wouldn't threaten his life,
We sent him again to go under the knife.

Now Grant just turned fifteen and Warren is twelve,
And Ubie, our new dog, is doing quite well.
We're still in Wisconsin and don't plan to move.
We've settled down into a comfortable groove.

With boys on their snowboards and Dad at his job,
And Mom as an aide in a five-year-old mob,
We're finally healthy and all doing fine
Through Christmas and New Year's and soon '99.

We hope this note finds all our family and friends
In wonderful spirits as '98 ends.
We don't keep in touch quite as much as we should,
But other than that, Santa thinks we've been good!

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

The Gardners