



The Gardner Christmas Chronicles
The Years In Review

Gardner Christmas 2011



The Gardners

Christmas 2011



This year's poem is dedicated to Ubie,
who was our family dog since the boys were small.



Ubie Gardner 1997 – 2011

Though we're not quite daily resters,
Once again we're empty nesters,
Now that both the boys are in the house up north.
That's where Warren's mode of fending
Led to quite a happy ending
Just a couple days before July the Fourth.



He encountered after stopping
On the front porch after shopping
That the front door wasn't locked as when he'd left.
He was faced with several choices
When he heard the female voices
In the process of a home invasion theft.



He discounted desperate measures,
When he saw who had his treasures
All in bags were disconcerted skinny teens.
His appearance stopped their laughter
When he started chasing after
His intruders with pronounced Somali genes.



After discomposed egressions
They discarded his possessions
Out the back through streets and alleys one by one.
So he followed electronics
And their oddly uttered phonics
As he gained on them while dialing 9-1-1.



He outran the young and slender,
And they finally did surrender
As they heard arriving cop cars' sirens wail.
And the story's happy ending
Is that they would all be spending
This year's Independence Day locked up in jail.



Meemo made a big decision
To pursue her life's ambition
Through a chance to make a change in her career.
She has found a new direction
In the perfect intersection
Of her talents and the cause she holds so dear.



In the summer came the answer
From the vet, our dog had cancer
When we took her in to get her paw checked out.
We assessed the situation
And declined an amputation,
Since no matter what, she wouldn't win this bout.



So we gave her our attention
And prepared for her ascension
As we treasured Ubie's each remaining day.
At the age of two times seven
She went up to Ubie heaven
In a calm and peaceful euthanasia way.



Grant took trips around the nation
Doing fixtures installation
And coordinating projects for elite
High-end stores whose formulation
Trusted his coordination
To wrap up the job on schedule and complete.



And he's found an avocation
In the intricate creation
Of exotic infill planes to use on wood.
He turns metal into glamour
Using hacksaw, file, and hammer,
Learning skills he never doubted that he could.



And another thing worth seeing
That his skills brought into being
Is a gorgeous wooden kayak made by hand.
Using fiberglass and plywood,
And more time than even I would,
He completed all the steps the way he planned.



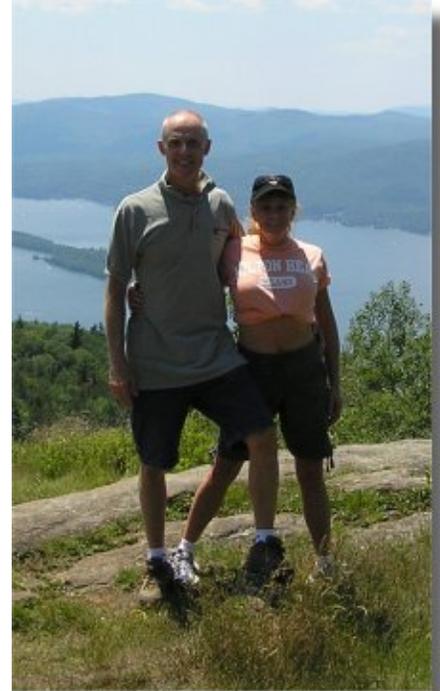
Meemo's bike and she were parted
In an accident that started
When she faced a large oncoming SUV.
With no lights or horn to warn her,
It swung wide around a corner
Leaving precious little room for her to flee.



This year's summer recreation
In July on our vacation
Was a trip to Saratoga thanks to Quad,
Where our hiking culmination
Was Mt. Buck's peak elevation,
And we made it all the way back down, thank God.



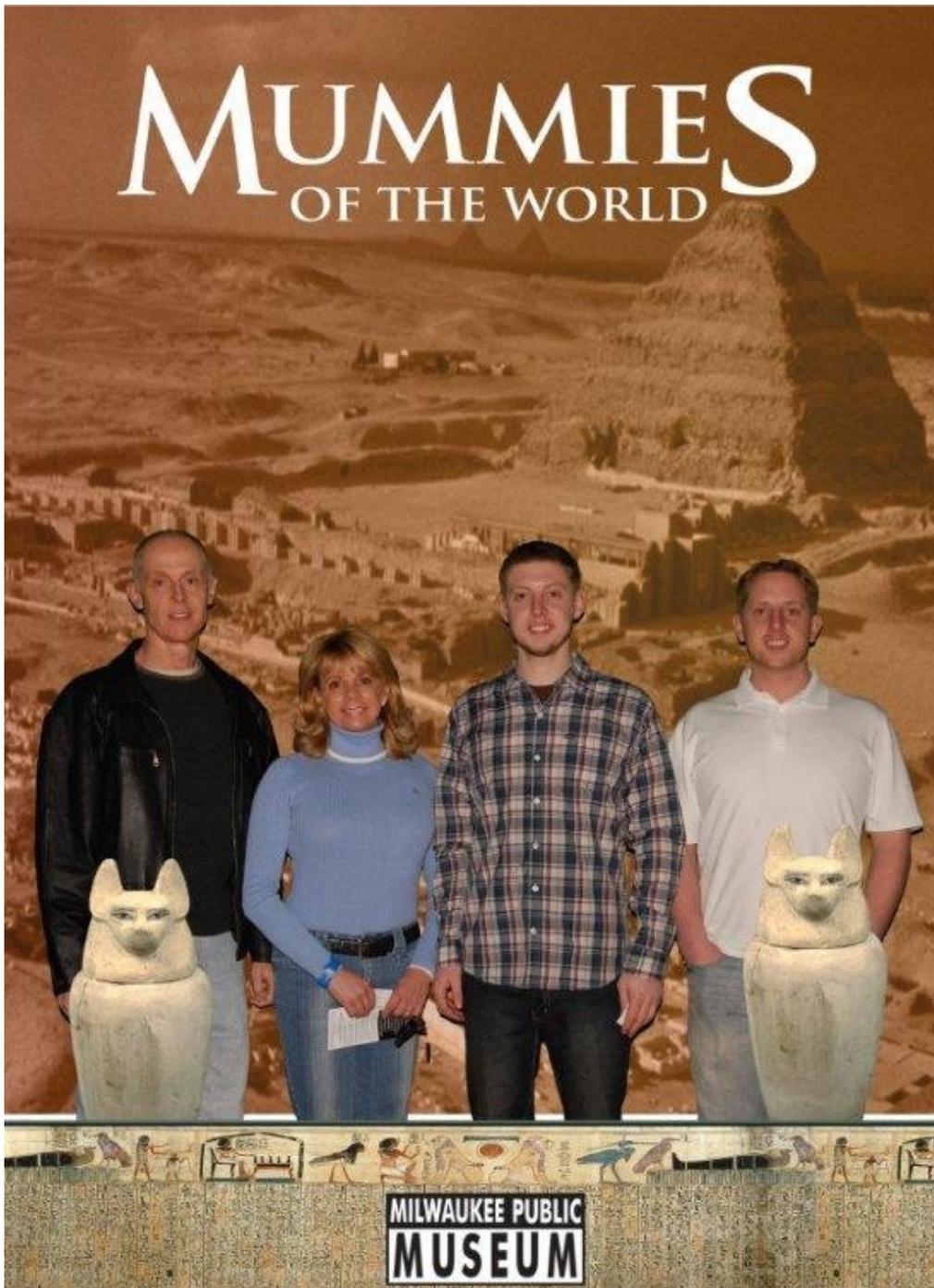
Since the wife and I are only
In the house, it's far from lonely.
We get ready for each day in our own way.
Our routines are quite divergent;
For her, everything is urgent,
But then, I just wear the same thing every day.



During wardrobe plan revisions,
Meemo weighs the day's decisions,
Such as should her hair be straight or maybe curled.
Still I'm oh so glad I found her
As I try to step around her
Scattered artifacts of life in Meemo's World.



And the last remaining vestige
Of my poem here is the message
To our friends afar and also those nearby:
That we're happy and we're healthy;
Most importantly, we're wealthy
In the kinds of things that money just can't buy.



Warren, Larry, Marily and Grant

February 5, 2011

Milwaukee Public Museum

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!