



# The Gardners

## Christmas 2008

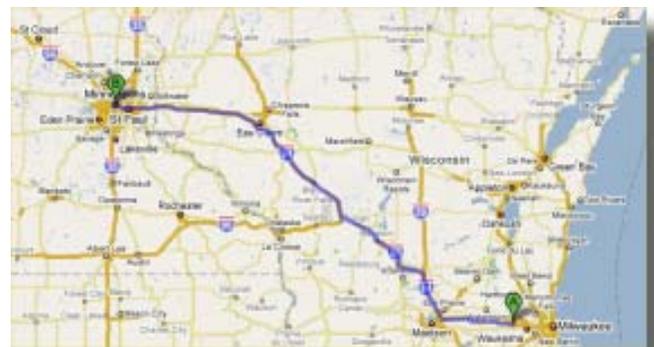


**N**ow here come the Gardner stories  
Of our trials and our glories  
That we've added to the trove of family lore;  
We've experienced emotions  
And effects of evil potions 🤬  
And come through intact and better than before.

We were roused from our leisure  
By a call about a seizure  
On a cold and snowy February night;  
It was Warren calling Mother  
With bad news about his brother  
As the ambulance was pulling out of sight.

Meemo said then, "Let's get going  
I don't care how much it's snowing,"  
As the TV weather forecast sounded bleak;  
Though we loaded up and started,  
Things got worse once we departed,  
And we only got as far as Johnson Creek.

We awakened Wednesday morning  
To a weakened weather warning  
Here at home and still 300 miles away;  
After seven hours of driving  
And some tears upon arriving  
We confronted demons long since held at bay.





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Page 2

In two weeks of tough decisions  
And repeated plan revisions  
We decided on a course that time would tell;  
Then three months of inward looking  
And concurrent Cajun cooking  
Gave us back the boy we knew and love so well.

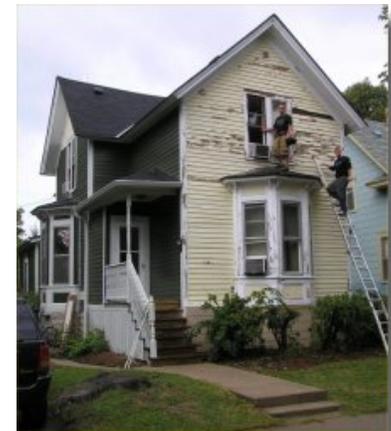


Whether being tough or gentle,  
Either physical or mental,  
It was Warren who was steady as a rock;  
And he didn't have to beg us  
For that second night in Vegas,  
While supporting his big brother 'round the clock.



Now both boys are still in college  
On that quest for crucial knowledge,  
With each nowhere near to picking out a spouse;  
Summer break was unexciting  
With Grant hanging Hardy siding  
And with Warren hired by us to paint their house.

After years of variations  
In our range of occupations  
We have both secured employment that we know  
Takes that special combination  
Of our skills and inclination -  
And we only have a decade left to go.





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Page 3

Needing no approval clearance  
For a change in her appearance,  
Meemo modified her good looks just a tad;  
And the blonde that she'd been prior  
To this year was changed to fire.  
But don't say she looks like Reba - she'll get mad.



After months online deciding  
Her own means for Easy Riding,  
My wee wife went out and bought a bike she found;  
Though she's not quite Peter Fonda,  
Meemo got herself a Honda  
And so far she's keeping both wheels on the ground.



One more year of empty-nesting  
Has my lovely wife suggesting  
That a smaller house might better suit our life;  
Every time she gets persistent,  
My reply remains consistent,  
That instead I'll just go find a younger wife.

In the middle of November  
In a mishap she'll remember  
On my trip to Sanibel with Mom and Dad,  
From a little bitty stumble  
Carolee took quite a tumble  
And acquired the only cast she's ever had.





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Page 4

We spent all Thanksgiving getting  
To the Minch and Klopfer wedding,  
Where we got to spend some time with Ralph and Joyce.  
It was nice to get together,  
But we left to beat the weather  
And our drive all night proved out the better choice.



What a year of doubt and trouble  
With the bursting subprime bubble  
And the looming trillion-dollar bailout blues.  
We endured election drama  
Just to end up with Obama  
Here to take us on his four-year sunset cruise.



So the year-end rumination  
Culminates in confirmation  
As I write to reconstruct the year's events;  
We're convinced as savings scatter  
That the love and treacle matter  
More than any of the dollars or the cents.

So I hope I'm not imposing  
With my message here in closing  
And I think that it's not asking for too much:  
Let us know what you've got brewing,  
Or just simply what you're doing,  
'Cause we'd love so much to always stay in touch.





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Page 5



**Larry, Grant, Warren and Marily**

September 6, 2008  
Sculpture Park  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

**Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!**