

2017

Looking back, from this frosty December

2017, is a year to remember.

We're not getting younger, I thought it was wise

To build us a room, to get exercise

And then in the spring, I cleaned up the valley

Weed Wacker in hand, and no time to dally

Tangled and torn, Multi- floral- Rose

Came out of the valley, scratched head to my toes

And then with my list, no time for a rut

built a fence, and a coop, and a little glass hut

We planned a great summer, a trip up to Maine

Kids at camp, we'd hope for no rain

Then a week on the West coast, the family would fly

But God kept us home, we'll never know why.

Kristy sat in the wreck room, the sweats and the moans

Get me a doctor! I have KIDNEY STONES!

Two weeks later, the kids were at camp

The pain had eased up, but she still had a cramp

That bolder was stuck, it was lodged in some tube

So they gave her some meds, that would act like a lube

When that didn't work, we cancelled our flight

A surgery was needed, to get it done right

Then they called me to coach, I'm back on the field

The Bug ran cross-country, a talent reveled
Soccer for Luke, went pretty darn well
Ben scored some goals, their seasons were swell
Then in the fall, pro sports took a dump
They sat for the anthem, cuz they hate Donald trump
And then came Thanksgiving, the morning went bad
So what do I do, I call up my dad
The toilet had flooded, a crushed pipe down town
With pick and a shovel, four foot in the ground
Just made it to dinner, after cleaning that mess
That's one crappy job, I must confess
Then Ben turned 16, to Craigslist he went.
Found a good truck, not a scratch nor a dent.
That very next week, he took his driver's test
And out of our family, I'd say he's the best
He watches the limit, two hands on the wheel
We're very proud parents, it is a big deal.
Then hardwood went down, it was next on the list
I stopped for a week, one thing won't be missed
Fourty-five years, is a long time to wait
I aimed, and I shot, and got me an eight.
And now we look forward two-thousand-eighteen
My parents in Florida, where the grass is still green
Schmidt's so excited, to hit the high sea

Searching the beaches, sun glasses for free!

And Reagan and Alex, will grow up so fast

Hold on to those moments and the memories that last

Each day is a gift especially with you

I'd rather no other than this awesome crue