

2014

Two thousand fourteen, we all made it through

And then added Maggie, to this crazy crew.

It started out simple, Ben planted a seed

But I didn't want one more animal to feed

I knew what he wanted, then Kristy chimed in

"Its hard to play fetch with a big fluffy hen."

I finally gave up, the pressure too great

They got that dog quick with the switch and the bate

Last winter was hard, the temperature dropped

The coal baked the furnace, our boiler popped!

I flooded the house, she filled up with steam.

I stood in the water, I wanted to scream!

Instead I called dad, he came with a torch

With his hand on his forehead, he stood on my porch.

We fixed her right up, headed toward spring

Wonderful veggies the garden would bring

And while we are munching we'll eat burger too

We butchered that cow, it had its last moo

We bought a stock trailer, fed him inside

Slammed the gate shut and went for a ride

But wait just a minute, that beast he aint done

He jumped for his life this just wasn't fun
Dad ran for the bucket and beat on his head
Frankly, I'm glad that animals dead
He swung like a champ, but he's not a young lad
Good riddens I say, it almost killed dad
And then in July, we took a long trip
In Punta Canna we went for a dip
Fun with our friends we spent a whole week
Only the Spanish did everyone speak
They blasted our field, when we came back
Lookin for gas in the ground they will frack
And Lilly pitched Softball right over the plate
They swung and they missed that was real great
And all summer long, dad laid up our stone
When will he learn to not answer the phone!
Then Ben broke his arm, he plays a rough sport
Soccer now over, he's out on the court.
God mended his arm, He healed up real fast
Tough to get showers, 10 weeks in a cast
And then with our survey, our neighbors went nuts
Mike filled our drain ditch, he is a real putz
It seems we all have one, I now understand

Why posted signs seem to appear on the land

They are everywhere, in Ferguson too

They want what you earned, and they think they are due.

So how will they act, when police do their job?

They burn down their city in a big angry mob.

but through some thick clouds, a ray of light shone

dems in the senate, must feel all alone

Seems like the midterms, have cleaned out some rats

But Washington still is an attic of bats

Deer season went well, Ben squeezed off a shot

Killed a nice buck in our old lucky spot.

And Kristy makes glass, and keeps us all straight

On Sunday moms dinner, we all save the date

I'm thinkin of fishin in this year that's brand new

And having good times, with each one of you

With God in control, we've nothing to fear

I wonder what stories we'll have for next year!"

