

The days grow short, the nights are cold,
Grass lies dormant under frost,
And thoughts are drawn to stories told,
Those we love and those we've lost.

Behold the tree without a leaf,
Standing tall amidst the cheer,
Yet casting shadows made of grief,
At this joyous time of year.

Thankful we for all our friends,
And for the love of family,
All beginnings have their ends,
It's in-between we learn to be.

How we miss a furry face,
Brown eyes through a doggie door,
Unbridled love, gift of grace,
Not here to greet us anymore.

Bogie left us late one night,
As Mary by his side did lie,
A call from Binks meant all was right,
For our beloved to say good-bye.

For sixteen years he brought us joy,
Now there's just the hollow ache,
Of Mary, David and his boy,
And what a pack for heaven's sake.

We know it could not be foreseen,
Our sorrow would be multiplied,
Because we still were grieving Jean,
On whom her family had relied.

She too left in sleep one night,
While Mary was in Spain with Tina,
Jean came to her in plain sight,
The spiritual world was their arena.

Yet days before she held her dearly,
When Jean had nearly had enough,
Expressed her love and Jean knew clearly,
She could leave this earthly stuff.

Her love is with us constantly,
We all have aches within our hearts,
And Jean's the angel of our tree,
God comforts us as healing starts.

We joined in joyous celebration,
At church where Jean had loved to go,
Shared friends and family's elation,
With video by David O.*

Will be some time before we rest,
For needless struggles of those left,
Leave us feeling over-stressed,
A needless strain for the bereft.

We find it sad when grief relates
To squabbles and attorney's fees,
Over managing estates
Instead of loving memories.

Yet in our plight if we are still,
If we want to lift our mood,
We just recall events that will
Fill our hearts with gratitude.

A granddaughter who's only seven,
Kayla with her Mom and Dad,
Gave us all a glimpse of heaven,
Respite from troubled times we'd had.

We saw the world at seventeen,
Granddaughter Allie came alone,
She could be a beauty queen,
Her loving, caring nature shone.

Trips back east to sister Nat,
And his kids helped David see
Another side of life and that
There is support in family.

Binks excelled his junior year,
A senior now will graduate,
In May and then will reappear,
But where - with baited breath we wait.

There is a San Francisco hook,
Where he spent a special week
Lucas' ranch, Google, Facebook,
A Mecca for the modern geek.

On top of this he got a chance
He had to take or be obtuse,
So off he flew to southern France,
To visit Tina in Toulouse.

It was the year of Yellowstone,
Where we three went finally,
A place that only Mary'd known,
A beauty now we all could see.

Bison, moose and pronghorn deer,
Free in the creator's glory,
Just by being, remind us we're
Part of this majestic story.

These things can give the spirit voice,
And kept from feeling broken-hearted,
For we have reasons to rejoice,
In the love that's been imparted.

From all around to San Francisco,
Where we spent our Christmas day,
You're in our thoughts and hope you know,
We're sending all our best your way.

So here's our wish this time of year,
When the rushing 'round is done,
Treasure those that you hold dear,
And give your best to everyone.

We hope you always see the light,
And that your future's even brighter,
Keep good thoughts with love in sight,
And be fulfilled as days grow lighter.

*May the New Year
bring us all joy and
peace,*

*Mary, David and
David O. (Binks)*



* You can view Jean's celebration of life video at
www.watkinsca.com/jean