

Perhaps you noticed late last year,  
The absence of our Christmas greeting,  
Wishing you good will and cheer,  
With stories we thought worth repeating.

Sorry but we've had delays,  
That left us quite disorganized,  
And struggling through the holiday,  
Led to having plans revised.

So here at last is 08s card,  
We trust it finds you well and fine,  
And though the times seem very hard,  
Here's to a fine two thousand nine.

We hope we will eliminate,  
That which was our source of stress,  
Our house remodel's looking great,  
Though it is still sort of a mess.

Of course there will be lots to do,  
It's been around for 80 years.  
With Michael's help, Elizabeth too,  
We'll navigate through sweat and tears.

On top of all this rush and hassle,  
David O. is college bound,  
A senior soon to wear a tassel,  
Calls and visits school's he's found.

Once we three a journey took,  
Saw five schools within a week,  
It's best to get the feel and look,  
But frenzied flights aren't for the meek.

After school, Binks with Mary,  
Flew to Nat's and spent some time,  
At voice camp with his teacher Kerry,  
Amidst Vermont's milieu sublime.

As if they hadn't seen enough,  
They trekked to schools there and about,  
The college search can sure be rough,  
But better that than having doubt.

Allie came to San Diego,  
There she learned to shoot the curl,  
Risky but then what do we know,  
Now we have a surfer girl.

Another trip defies description,  
David travelled solitary,  
Recipient of a prescription,  
Courtesy of his wife Mary.

To celebrate his 60 years,  
Two weeks in Scotland was the gift,  
A week of golf and several beers,  
Then to Iona for a lift.

Golf was spent with good friend Mike,  
On links of British Open fame,  
A walk-through-nature spoiled hike,  
But lovely golfing just the same.

To space out for a little while,  
A special place he went to see,  
Iona is a Celtic isle,  
To feed the soul and just to be.

All the while sister Nat,  
Jetted to the other Coast,  
And there with Mary showed us that,  
Family is what matters most.

Something we appreciated,  
When suddenly we found her ill,  
And loved ones there soon aggregated,  
Recovered now, they're with her still.

Another day still found us sadly,  
Mourning for our good friend Don,  
Who left us shocked and feeling badly,  
Though he'd tell us "just go on".

This of course is what we'll do,  
Jean says she is hanging in there,  
And though some things remain askew,  
We grow together self aware.

Evident on Christmas day,  
The first one spent at our new house,  
Jean just loves to come and stay,  
Close to Mary, cute as a mouse.

The family count was quite a tally,  
A gathering that was sublime,  
Diana came along with Sally.  
The picture of a happy time.

Apologies to the Northeast,  
As well as those around Seattle,  
It feels like 80 out, at least,  
There is no snow or ice to battle.

But you can visit as you will,  
As well as those now living near,  
And we can travel your way still,  
You are all that we hold dear.

So greetings from Laguna Beach,  
All the best this coming year,  
Everything is within reach,  
Let's bring in peace and cast out fear.

David & Mary  
David O.  
Bogie