

Happy New Year from the Watkins Family

2011

When a year draws to a close,
With shorter days and longer nights,
A child's anticipation grows,
Amidst the many twinkling lights.

But sometimes in a busy season,
Grown-ups feel some discontent,
Caught-up in material reason,
When it's about enlightenment.

So let's allow ourselves to pause,
Reflecting back upon the year,
And move beyond these earthly laws,
To reminisce and become clear.

For two year's Mary's been creating,
Memories of 20 years,
An effort that was unabating,
Accomplished through her sweat and tears.

A T-shirt quilt was her grand present,
Worn by Binks as he was growing,
A comforter that's everpresent,
To take with him where he is going.

Binks pursued his college tour,
In Vermont by Lake Champlain,
By then he was a sophomore,
With grades and course-loads to maintain.

He was surprised, though we could see,
Considering the talent factor,
Acting in Antigone,
Binks was named the play's best actor.

Aunt Nat came up to see the play,
And if that trip was not enough,
She came again another day
To pick him up and store his stuff.

Rejuvenating family ties,
The Marks travelled to the coast,
A good time all and we advise,
That Kayla liked Bogart the most.

Then two cats adopted us,
Buffy first was left behind,
Blackjack came and made a fuss,
Are they too cute or we too kind?

So Bogie now has two new friends,
At fifteen he is "hanging in there",
As our priority, he depends
On family, friends and loving care.

These seem to nurture his good soul,
As do special loving prayers,
And though we see a corporal toll,
We know his spirit has no cares.

Grama Jean says he's the best,
At 94 she knows his struggles,
Nonetheless she shares his zest
For life, and with him in bed cuddles.

Family visits and with friends,
The Whites, Joni, Marta, Babs El,
Support Jean's spirit, which portends
That she'll continue to be well,

As she maintains her inner peace,
Despite the daily checks and pills,
And with the prayers of dear LeMeice,
She'll live beyond these human ills.

When summer came she said hello,
While visiting July the fourth,
To her grandson David O.,
And guests who came from east and north.

That would be her great granddaughter,
Karen came with Kayla Jane,
It's the second time she brought her,
How we wished they could remain.

Binks was present more or less,
Having found an internship
Writing code at BMS,
When not with them this second trip.

Alas, as Autumn's time drew near,
We heard the Champlain College call,
And Binks began his Junior year,
At their campus in Montreal.

We all went back to help him out,
Though truth be told, 'twas an excuse,
For mom and dad to look about,
As Binks was off and on the loose.

Time was short which was a pity,
So soon we checked the local trains,
And headed north to Quebec city,
A lovely place where French still reigns.

Strolling up and down the streets,
Just like Paris at a glance,
Where our culture meets and greets,
A quaint sub-culture much like France.

Walking on a cliff serene,
Where the English fought the French,
When caught in hurricane Irene,
We almost fell in that same trench.

Meanwhile back in Montreal,
With friends David O had made,
Trekking about and had a ball,
Creating memories that won't fade.

Back in old Laguna Beach,
David missed his daughters two,
And spent time in their homes with each,
On an East Coast rendezvous.

Mary went with her friend Heather,
To our City by the Bay,
And spent some precious time together,
With niece Shannon for a day.

As the year wound to a close,
We gathered for the longest night,
With family and friends we chose,
To welcome in the coming light.

No matter how our life's construed,
Even when we may be stressed,
We pray that we find gratitude,
For what we have and know we're blessed.