

Three Cheers for Grampa

by Carole Gauntlett

Across the country fall awakens
The nostalgia of Thanksgiving.
Where everyone will center on
A gathering of the living.

It ain't Norman Rockwell at MY house,
On that Thursday in November
But surely once again twill be
A holiday to remember.

There'll always be one bratty kid
Who waves his Ninja sword
While his parents smile and nod
But no one else is bored.

Here's Aunt Annie's appetizer
Which surely can't be food.
"No Thanks Aunt Annie" I smile and say
"I'm just not in the mood."

A wise man once propounded
That a black sheep did reside
In each and every family
Whom everyone worked to hide.

If you're trying to puzzle this out
And still can't fathom who,
Then please look in the mirror,
The Family Nut is you.

When someone brings up politics,
A hush falls over all.
Then it's who can shout the loudest?
And who can come out Tall?

How ever this will end
No one can divine
But thanks so much to Grampa
Who brought lots and lots of wine.

So three cheers to lumpy gravy
And Nasty Cool Whip on my pie
Let's raise a glass to Grampa
And acknowledge, "He's our guy!"