

Happy Holidays 2009

Ho Ho Ho,
Here we go
Bet you didn't know
We've lived in Florida 20 years in a row

Actually it's a fact
Our kid's relatives go way back
For four generations Brenda's family lived by
Tampa Bay
And that is Okay

In 1908 a relative was the Tampa mayor
But he asked one too many favors
His term was cut in half
And that is no laugh

This year brought two more tales
Of our adventure on the Appalachian Trail
The first one was tame
We hiked in March with those headed
to Maine

The second couldn't be finer
As we backpack 60 miles in North Carolina
Around standing Indian Mountain, we made
a loop
With seven other scouts in Zac's troop

Zac is now more than just a hiker
In 2009, he became a biker
We cycled from Key Largo to Key West
When we arrived, Zac pounded his chest

This kid from Tampa Bay
Rode 110 miles in one day
Mile marker zero was the ending spot
Riding the keys in August was quite hot

That is not the end of our scouting trail
In the Keys with the scouts we set sail
Understand, it was no race
But, the Florida Keys is where it took place

Seven days we sailed on the high seas
Snorkeling, fishing, and floating on a breeze
Zac and 14 other scouts did all the work
Keeping Jeff and three adult leaders from
going berserk

For years we were in doubt
But now (we know) Zac is an Eagle Scout

Our family was patient and waited with care
Our second scout J.T. has the scout rank
of Bear

J.T. was proud of his pinewood derby car
He won a race or two but didn't go far
Through scouting J.T. is a champ
And loves it when we make camp

Soccer is J.T.'s obsession
This summer he made a concession
He qualified for the 3 vs. 3 national
championship
But he was unable to make the trip

In his bedroom, kitchen, and in the hall
It's his favorite place to kick the soccer ball
It drives us all insane
But his excuse is the rain

J.T. thought it was great
To be escorted on the field by Real Salt Lake
(RSL)
RSL sponsors J.T.'s soccer team
To play for them one day is his dream

Zac is rolling in the dough
What to do with his money, he doesn't know
Making money as a soccer ref when
he's able
They pay him cash under the table

When it comes to sports, Zac follows the
crowd like a lemming
Through soccer, volleyball, and swimming
As busy as he is, he plays it cool
Even while taking honor classes at school

While in the Keys on vacation
The family experienced the sensation
While snorkeling at Sombrero Reef
Brenda was in disbelief

A Barracuda followed her
JT said it was big enough to swallow her
When Brenda climbed in the boat
The center console was swamped by a moat

Turns out we were on the brink
Because our boat was full of water, and
about to sink

As it happens, the bilge pump broke
Everything in the boat got soaked

Bur wait there is more
The boat we rented was broke the day
before
I guess we rented the boat from a mobster
The boys did catch one lobster

J.T. and Zac's mom is the bomb
Through it all, she stays calm
She has not unraveled
Even with all the travels

Work in this economy is not fun
But Brenda does better after a long run
All the exercise keeps her in shape
And provides a way to escape

It was a very sad day
In March, when Brenda's mother passed
away
In the end, it was okay
Because Barbara did it her way

Her memory will remain
By the way, we inherited her cat, named
Shame
The cat couldn't be kinder
And serves as a gentle reminder

Next our two cents
On our annual events
In April it was fate
It all happened on the same date

At the Rib Off wine we did sip
As Jeff's brother entered as team BBQ Chip
They grilled well but neither of them placed
To the Jimmy Buffett concert they did race

To the concert they darted
It was thirty years ago the tradition started
At the concert we lifted our cup
To growing older but not up

Now we're headed to the mall
So, it's time to sign off to you all
Be patient for twelve months, just wait
We'll be writing again with another update!

Happy Holidays • The Coppers
(a.k.a. the southern most copper family)
www.coppers.org/poem