

## Life

A red haired woman is one I have wed.  
She's feisty and smart, and pretty as can be.  
But our family is made up of more than just us.  
So there's never time for just her and me.

She had two boys and a pretty girl too.  
I had two girls, and a son as well.  
They've all grown up, with children of their own.  
No two alike, but we think they're swell.

Seven grandchildren, mixed through the group  
One great granddaughter, also in the batch.  
Four grandsons, the rest all girls.  
Spreading all kinds of things through our world.

Some joy and happiness and disappointments too.  
There're not like us or have the same views.  
We wonder what is happening to this generation.  
The ones that came from us two.

Things will work out, we hope and pray.  
That they won't have many terrible days.  
Some days will be a challenge, we know.  
Let's hope we've prepared them for their debut

They've all had different struggles.

It has made them strong in many ways.

They are all different in the way they approach

The challenges they are faced with, each day

We help them out when they're having stress.

We think with love, and put in our two cents

They think with emotion instead of good sense.

There are times we are all not at our best.

We don't want them to have the failures

But it happens more than not.

We know the pain that they can feel.

When things can get too hot

All bad things cannot be avoided.

We cannot shield them from them all.

Now they understand, why when we were young.

We made some of those same calls