2010 came, 2010 went, we’re pooped but we’re happy we had it.

We’re sending these stanzas from our house to yours—sending it late’s just our habit.

Sit back and relax and enjoy what we write, hear about each Schrobilgen.

(You should try finding a rhyme for a line of a poem ending in “Schrobilgen”!)

Rory the actor, he Sang in the Rain, though a door nearly fractured his skull.

Then as Peter Pan—flying! 20 feet in the air! He’s always been dramatical.

He writes now on Figment, built Rube Goldberg machines, even learned how to cook schnitzel.

Sang all the elements, joined middle school choir, and wears clothes that no longer fits-well.

This part should be read with a British accent since it’s one of Erin’s two verses.

It’s like living with Hermione every day, but funny, without fear of curses.

Her high school career started five months ago, she goes on about her life busily.

Cross country and soccer, Latin and band, the hours she keeps makes me dizzily.

Malachy runs all the time, all year round, says that ice baths soothe his hurts

The pain from running or freezing to death? I’m not sure which one is worst.

Mal’s growing up, it’s hard to believe that our bald-headed baby now drives.

So far he’s been safe so we don’t really feel he’s endangering anyone’s lives.

Kathleen’s still swimming and working and planning and keeps the plates spinning, uncannily.

Then there’s driving and cooking…. She only slows down when she gets to watch Modern Family.

My job’s the same, I do IT stuff, for traders who spring for my food.

It’s good to be working so I don’t complain if lunch or the snacks aren’t good.

Our big trip this year was to Colorado, we hiked and we rafted, white water.

Kathleen joined the swim team, went in with a splash. She’s lucky that the guide caught her.

Sheila and Kiley this summer were wed. The first cousin married—such fun!

Annie the youngest out-danced all the teens, and Aunt Patty thought she was one.

The kids built a doghouse with Grandpa this spring. It’s great for our border collie.

But Simone the cat lived in it all summer, so the last one to use it is Lolly.

Bramlet the cat is skinny or fat--it’s hard to tell since he’s so poofy.

His girl says he’s special and he may be that, but attacking the dog shows he’s goofy.

My rhymes are used up, there’s no more to say, the end of the page now draws nearer.

To 2011! We’re hoping that you have a happy and healthy new year-er!



Greg, Kathleen, Malachy, Erin, and Rory