

Poem of the Year – supplied by Peter Proctor.

The computer swallowed Grandma,
Yes, honestly it's true!
She pressed 'control and enter'
And disappeared from view.
It devoured her completely,
The thought just makes me squirm.
She must have caught a virus
Or been eaten by a worm.
I've searched through the recycle bin
And files of every kind;

I've even used the Internet,
But nothing did I find.
In desperation, I asked Mr. Google
My searches to refine.
The reply from him was negative,
Not a thing was found 'online.
So, if inside your 'Inbox';
My Grandma you should see
Please 'Copy, Scan' and Paste' her,
And send her back to me.

This is a tribute to all the Grandmas & Grandpas, Nanas & Pops, who have been fearless and learned to use the Computer. They are the greatest!

We do not stop playing because we grow old;

We grow old because we stop playing. NEVER Be The First To Get Old!