



TWINS

There are 2 to wash, there are 2 to dry,
 There are 2 who argue, there are 2 who cry.
 One's in the mud, having a ball.
 The other holds a crayon, another marked wall.
 Some days seem endless, our patience grows thin.
 Why were we chosen to be the parents of twins?

The answer comes clear at the end of the day,
 As we tuck them in bed and to ourselves we say,
 There are 2 to kiss, there are 2 to hug,
 And **best of all**, there are 2 to love.

~ Anonymous

We love you, Meredith and Boyd!

