

# Morning Tennis Group



Ken

Gus



Lou



Skip



Joe



Jim



Nick M



Ray



Wayne



Joe J



Peter



Ralph



Terry



Keith



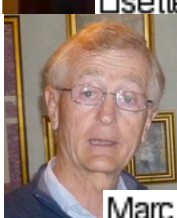
Lisette



Klaudio



Paul



Marc



Tom



Chuck



Vincente



Rick

## Young at Heart

These friends of mine  
With suntanned cheeks  
And eyes that shine,  
With graying heads  
And smiles so kind--  
Players of tennis,  
Cheaters of time.

Young at heart  
These friends of ours  
With leathery arms  
And battle scars.  
Hiding within  
An impish child,  
A prankster Puck,  
A kid so wild.

We laugh, we vie,  
We tease, we boast:  
"Who are these guys  
We're going to roast?"  
The birthday boys await.  
What torment is anon...  
for Gruntin' Richard, E-mail Steve,  
Sidelined Joe, or Cardshark Don?

Yet head and shoulders  
Above most all  
Stood out one youth  
So very tall,  
Who learned to hit  
That little ball  
Before most of us  
Could even crawl.

Yep, it's Shufflin' Don,  
Ninety-eight years young,  
Who graced our courts,  
Was loosely strung,  
And taught us to play  
with humor and fun,  
Off and on the court--  
I never saw him run.

Thanks for all, guys & Don,  
One of your many friends  
Keeping us young at heart,  
Our gratitude we send.

-Joe Barile, Feb.22, 2012 at Harry's  
(Another pair of Don's "designated  
legs" when we teamed up with him)



Jack F

Steve

Jim G



Bob R

Con

Stan



Al

Aram

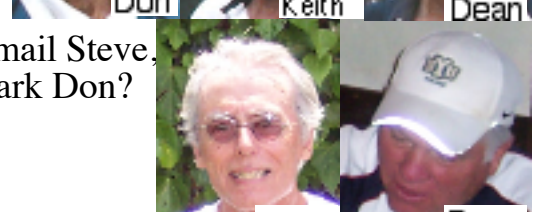
Jack



Don

Keith

Dean



Norm

Dean

## A Tribute to Us All



Herman\*

Cy\*



George\*

Mike



Nick P

YN\*

Kei