

"Twas the week before Christmas"



Twas the week before Christmas when all through the lot,
The tree salesmen were busy and the coffee was hot.
Gorgeous wreaths had been hung by the trailer with care,
In the hopes many customers soon would be there.
The trees were all nestled in their place on each stand,
Scotch pines and the firs, the selection was grand.
Festive lights had been strung from the poles and the trees,
And all the club members were busy as bees.
When out in the driveway there arose such a clatter,
Stan and Steve left their coffee to see what was the matter.
Out from the warm trailer they flew with a flash,
Remembering of course to lock up the cash.
The sun caused a sparkle on the new fallen snow,
Conditions just right for the tree sales to grow.
When what to our wondering eyes should appear
But the afternoon shift, stocked with Christmas cheer.
More rapid than eagles the workers they came,
Then Stan whistled and called them by name.
Now Brian, now Andre, now Howard and Ron,
On Lawrence, on Tony, on Gordon and Don.
To the front of the lot, you're not at the mall,
So dash away, dash away, dash away all,
Now onto their jobs each volunteer flew,
With lots of warm clothes and a nice chain saw too.
And then in a twinkling, I heard them arrive,
Families looking for trees, guys lets look alive.
As the crew began smiling and turning around,
From out of the clubhouse someone came with a bound.
He was dressed in club clothing and really looked fine,
Though his clothes were all covered in tinsel and pine.
He had lots of green boughs flung over his back,
His was as busy as Santa, filling his sack.
His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how merry,
His cheeks were like roses - yep he'd been into the sherry.
He was ready to work, and anxious to go,
And his clothes were a contrast as he stood in the snow.
A fancy red bow he held in his teeth,
It was we were told, a part of a wreath.
Then back to the clubhouse he turned with a jerk,
"Hermanns," my name and he went back to work.
We spoke not a word, were a hard working band,
Selling our trees, the best in the land.
The pines and the firs were all trimmed to perfection,
So beautifully done, they'd pass any inspection.
There were so many smiles and so much Christmas cheer,
We all knew that the club had another great year.
Then we bagged the last fir and the dad gave a whistle,
And to the car his kids flew, like the down of a thistle.
Then we heard them explain as they drove out of sight,
Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night!!!

Brian Logie...with apologies to Clement Clarke Moore.



The W.O.F.G.P.A.
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