

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS 2010

Twass the night before Christmas,
When all through Life Leaders
Not a creature was stirring, not even the greeters.
(Except Dr. David who was sending emails in a flurry,
and Bonnie, Bobby and Dwight answering them in a hurry!)

Joan had hung the stockings by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Stretch soon would be there.

(Stretch was out on another leadership training seminar,
but was winding it up and about to get in his car!)

The rest of us were nestled all snug in our beds
While visions of our Constitution danced in our heads;
I in my cap and Nancy with her nightdress,

Had just settled our brains from experiencing the 7 lessons of stress.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
But I tripped on the table and ripped down the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But Glenn and Rachel speeding home
From their 281st trip of the year.

Close behind and trying hard to keep up,
Was a bunch of colorful elves
In the back of a Dodge 4X4 pickup,
With an energetic driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it had to be David and not St. Nick!

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And David whistled and shouted and called them by name.

“Now, Stretch! Now, Joan! Now Dwight! And Bobby!
On, George! On, Marynell! On, Bill! And Bonnie!
Serve as your “best-selves,” and do the “harder right,”
Now dash away, dash away, with all your might!”
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!”



—Bob Barefield