

'Twas the Night Before Christmas – 2015 Edition

Brien Lewis – Catawba College – 11/23/15

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the College,
No classes were taught, no imparting of knowledge.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
Right next to a bow-tie for Bitzer to wear.

The students were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of Spring Term danced in their heads.

They dreamed of great classes the faculty would teach,
And the sermons that Pastor Ken soon would preach.

The profs were snug too, as the moonlight did fade,
No exams left to mark, not a paper to grade.

As the night air turned chill, and the water did freeze,
At last, not a sign of thousands of bees!

What a year it had been, on the campus of lamps,
Softball, baseball and football, all conference champs!

The big solar project, an energy tonic,
No, that array in the parking lot will NOT be a “Sonic”.

Career awareness is vital, for us it is key,
So see Robin Perry, and do C2C!

If your knee has been twisted, your shoulder in pain,
Bob Casmus will fix you – again and again!

On the freshman retreat, you did not wear a beanie,
Even if your small group was with Norris Feeney.

So much talent here, it's like shooting fish in some barrels,
Think "Godspell", "On The Verge", and Lessons & Carols.

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

Away to the windows I went at full speed,
The Cheerwine I spilled but I paid it no heed,

And who was it out there, just what was at play?
Justin, Blake, DJ, Caroline, and the whole SGA!

They were making such noise, as if to move a mountain,
"Please, please", they all cried, "won't you bring back the
fountain"!

"This is vital", they cried, "This is one of our goals!"
"I agree", came the shout of Johnathon Boles.

Many helpers I needed, I was glad that they came,
And I whistled, and shouted, and called them by name.

If your name is not read please do not take offense,
To read them all out would just make no sense.

Perhaps you will hear it one of these other times,
If I can up with something that rhymes.

"Now, Philos! Now, DAS! Now Helen Foil Beard!
On Hamric! On Hand! Now, this rhyme's getting weird!

On Zerger! On Zimmerman! Let's be brave and bold!
On Steenerson, Abraham, and Tonia Black-Gold!"

"On Hogewood! On Kolkebeck! On Slate and on Stahr!
There's so many to name – but let's not take it too far!"

I sprang to my laptop, to the campus sent emails,
Staff and faculty fled, both the fellas and females,

But they heard me exclaim, as I drove them beserk,
"I need all your help for this college to work!"