

## The Sail Before Christmas

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Twas the day before Christmas, when all 'cross the lake,  
All the boats sat in drydock alone as a drake.  
Aflack and friend of course were there  
and Bill Byrd searching for goose hair to share

The sailors were busy with holiday tasks,  
And were all of good cheer from tipping holiday flasks.  
It had been a few weeks since the last Frostbite race,  
But the thought warmed their hearts and brought a smile to their face.

They'd shopped every store till dizzy with shopping,  
Thinking now is the time that this should be stopping.  
I've given my all for the ones that I love,  
Now maybe it's me I should briefly think of.

The previous day the north wind did blow,  
with temperatures almost to zero you know.  
But this morning like an early present, it just cleared up  
I'll go by the lake just to see what's up

As I drove through the gates I began to see  
A gaggle of sailors from LTYC.  
We all shook hands as we stood face to face  
when someone said "Hey, let's have a race!"

More rapid than eagles the boats they came  
Joleen whistled and shouted and called them by name;  
"Now Battleship! now, Baby! now Laser #1!  
Sheet in, hike hard and you'll have lots of fun.  
C'est La Vie, Incentive and Lazy Days too  
whether racing or cruising you know you can't lose"  
"On Mistral, Mary Ann, Ruby and Snark,  
On Lightning and Isotope, first to the next mark".

The Scots were all bunched up when abaft came a hail.  
It was Wild Thing speeding up and shouting "Need room to sail",  
Patrick and Nick said here's some room if you care,  
Bill and Sonja chimed in "Dave we'll follow you there!".

Then out of the jetty arose such a clatter,  
It was Clint on a powerboat that made such a chatter.  
"It's time to go boys, we're closing real soon,  
So turn her about and let out your booms!".

We had daysailed and raced past the afternoon watch,  
so thanked Clint for heading us back to the dock.  
We packed up and left bread for Aflack and friend,  
Knowing we'd soon see those rascals again.

As we drove out the gate and bid our adieu,  
Shouts were heard "Merry Christmas to You!"  
It wasn't said but the sentiment was clear,  
We are very blessed to have our sailing family in the coming New Year.

~ Steve Raper