

JohnA's "Night Before Christmas"

Twas the night after Christmas
When all through the blog.
Not a person was posting,
Not even Ol' Bob.

The keyboards were hung
By the laptops with care,
In hopes that St. DFO
Soon would be there.

The Master was nestled all
Snug in his bed;
While visions of conflicts still
Danced in his head.

And mamma in her kitchen,
And I in my chair.
Had just welcomed Christmas
For a long winter's fare.

When out on the screen
There arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my chair to see
What was the matter.

Away to the Windows
I flew like a flash,
Tore open the server and
Threw up the hash (mark).

When what to my wondering
Eyes did appear,
But a miniature post
About DFO near.

With a little old blogger
So lively a foe,
I knew in a moment
He was DFO.

More rapid than eagles his
Posters they came,
And he whistled, and shouted,
And called them by name:

"Now, Phaedras! now, Stickman!
Now Keith, John and Kerri,
On, Eman! on HMO
Yes, we'll be merry. "

He had a broad face and a
Little round belly
That shook when he laughed,
Like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump,
A right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him,
In spite of myself;

He spoke not a word, but went
Straight to his task,
And filled all the postings;
Then turned once to ask:

"Why has no one posted
It just isn't right.
Thank God it was Christmas,
Not some other night!"

Merry Christmas every one.