

'Twas the Night Before Call-day™

'Twas the night before Call-day
And all through the Sems,
Every student was restless,
Except STM's.

The surveys were done
For placement with care
In hopes that "St. Somewhere"
Would soon call us there.

And so we were waiting,
All smug, in our dorms,
With visions of getting
Our packet of forms.

When out from the quad
There arose such a cheering,
I looked out to see
What it was I was hearing.

And what to my wondering
Eyes should appear
But a jubilant student
Now in his fourth year.

With a laugh in his voice
And a gleam in his looks
I knew that this student
Was pitching his books!
With an armful of books
To the window he came,
And chuckled and threw them
And called them by name:

"Now, Tappert! Now, Luther!
Now, Walther and Pieper!
Gone Bente! Gone Aland!
Gone Metzger and Bitzer!

From the top of my shelves
Through the window below
Now out with you! Out with you!
Out you all go!

You're no longer needed.
Goodbye to you all!
No more studies for me!
I'm getting a call!!"

Then the quad windows filled
And the cheering grew loud;
And so, with a smile,
He waved to the crowd.
And I heard him exclaim
As he turned out of view,
"Happy Call-day to all!
We're finally through!"

The views expressed in this poem are necessarily not those of BNS™, who actually wanted to do "There once was a seminarian from Nantucket..." (but there was a slight meter problem).
(Or, how about this! "It's a Wonderful Sem"! Your guardian angel shows you what life would have been like had you gone to the other Sem! ...Nah.)

The fourth-year student portrayed in this poem is a professional stuntman. Do not try this in your own dorm/library.

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