



A 2020 CHRISTMAS POEM

by Joan & Paul Schultz

Twas the night before Christmas,
and probably not until spring,
Would a Chapter H member
be riding their wing.

The bikes are all covered
to stay warm and clean,
Batteries are tended
in hopes they'll start in the spring.

Some Chapter members
hunkered down in their beds
had visions of new leathers and bling caps
racing through their heads.

While I with my jacket, gloves and lips turning blue,
was out shoveling snow and cussing it too!
from around the corner there came a quiet hum
I thought it was Chuck and Kathy
wanting to go out for some fun.

But what to my wandering eyes should appear!
A bunch of motorcycles with riders and gear.

A couple of riders, I thought were Judy and Terry,
turned out to be members, Brad and Sharry.
They jumped off their bike, so nimble and quick,
looking startled and yelling "We just passed St. Nick!"

My eyes got huge and my jaw began to drop
Is it true? Will St Nick really stop?!

Then came Brian, Sherry, Chris, Regina, Nita and Daryl
Along with Don, Carma, Sheila and Gerald.

Then David, Rhonda, Sedena and Jim
Don Jr, Tammy and Tim.

Dale, Georgeanna, Randy and Julie
even Edith and Dennis on their Can Am Spyder.
With Steve, Denise, Noel, Glen and Sharon,
all sipping a cup of hot apple cider.

Followed by Kit, Donna, Leon, Ellen, Jeff and Ann
and bringing up the rear were Directors, Don and Jan.

Looking excited and full of such glee
They all danced around (I thought they had to peel!)

As they were dancing and singing, shouting with joy
I worried the neighbors would call the police...
Oh Boy!

Then you could hear a snowflake drop
as silence fell over us all;
And we saw the headlights
coming around the neighbor's wall.

And what to our gleeful eyes should appear?!
But jolly St Nick wearing black leather riding gear.

As he stopped near by us and got off his bike,
We all thought St Nick would be riding a trike !?!

Then he grabbed his bag and went right to work,
He slid down the chimney, giving his bag a big jerk.

He filled the biker boots with all kinds of goodies,
Shirts, pants, gloves, hats and even hoodies!

Then up the chimney he quickly rose,
Getting on his bike, where he paused to pose.

Joan pulled out her phone and yelled
"Wait! We need a pic!"
"Hurry everyone! Get around St Nick!"

But before he left, he brought his bike to a stop
Then all of a sudden his bike went... plopp!

We all ran to help Nick pick up his bike,
and we heard him mumble "I got to get a trike!"

Then he told us
"Remember your brother Glen, who left us to soon,
Think about him whenever you gaze up at the moon."

And as St Nick rode off we could hear him say
"Be kind to all, sisters and brothers of GWRRA."

Merry
Christmas