

A VIH CHRISTMAS 2007

(With apologies to Clement Moore)

'Twas the rehearsal before Christmas at the VIH place;
Happy chords were a-ringing, grins adorned every face.
Every singer pitched in to help Christmas thrive
And complete decorating before You-Know-Who arrived.

The stockings were hung from the chimney with care
By Max Bates and Chuck Hunter, supervised by Hebert.
On two side-by-side ladders, working *mano a mano*
Stringing tinsel, stood Norm Finn and Thomas Lubrano.

On icicle duty, Dave Freitas took turns
Hanging them on the tree, with Ken Hitch and Dan Burns.
Armed with boxes of ornaments, Randy Meyer made merry
Along with the Deeters, both Austin and Gary.

Bill McCarty was straightening the Christmas tree stand
With assistance from Greg Pounds and John Gilliland.
"Is that safe?" asked Tim Ellis. "It looks jerry-built."
Which both Larkin and Irving denied to the hilt.

Mike Cating hauled poinsettias in on a dolly
Which were carefully arranged by Ben Miller and Ollie.
Joe Cleaver observed that the poinsettia petals
Contrasted nicely with Adam Ehrenpfort's medal.

Rich Postal came dressed in a Santa disguise
At which John Rae-Grant demonstrated both smile and surprise.
Rusty Orvik looked sharp in his naval regalia
While Rob Sequeira pined for Christmas in sunny Australia.

To keep the mood jubilant, Todd Troutman played
The piano, while President Haedtler surveyed.
Earl Walker and Tom Ennis both joined in the fun
Which for them would be over once Christmas was done.

"Is the tree overdressed? I'm afraid it looks tacky."
"Sure looks okay to me," shrugged Steve Bishop to Jackie.
"These lights won't switch on; there must be a bulb loose,"
Said Steve Roth to the Barretts – to Glen, and to Bruce.

At a table in back, making plans for the party
Sat Sue Breen, Judy Kimball, Debbie Asbury, and Marty.
“We just met our budget; we’re right on the button,”
The ladies assured a most grateful Dave Sutton.

Lechner and Peterson looked on from afar
As Herb Florance stepped out to enjoy a cigar.
“Can we pay for all this? Do we have enough cash?”
Grumbled Dave Kaufman from beneath his moustache.

From the kitchen, in wafted a scent, amaretto—
The aroma of cookies baked by Kirch and Caretto.
“Say, those smell delicious! Can I have a bite?”
“They’re for Santa,” the baritones told Jeff Albright.

Chuck Leavitt would be puzzled by an error he’d find
In the show program graphics Greg Titus designed.
“You can’t do that to Santa. His suit’s white and red.
It’s not blue and gold — I don’t care what Binetti said.”

“Did I hang the wreath straight? I’m so tired, I can’t tell now,”
Muttered Max Lanfranconi to helpful Bruce Sellnow.
“If that falls on somebody, we’ll need a good lawyer —
Better fix it instead,” advised cautious Greg Sawyer.

“Are we out of gift wrap?” “There’s a roll by the curtain,”
Answered Ed Albanoski, in reply to John Durden.
Meanwhile, the Sousae boys, all three, ate their fill
Of fresh-roasted chestnuts — Jim and John, even Will.

“I need to sit down—is this riser space taken?”
Queried Sal Leonardi of friend Randy Haykin.
“How’s your hand feel, Ron Walker? Is your injury healin’?”
Asked Nik Troedsson, the new baritone from New Zealand.

Tim Salaver helped Harvey Jenson collect
All the scraps and debris and such signs of neglect.
Wil Mathews and Patrick took a moment to gawk
At Jonathan’s red and green Christmas Mohawk.

Theobald and Key made ten popcorn strings each
And Garth Wilson hung them where the Daves couldn’t reach.
To mount the great star on the high topmost twig
Michael Norcross got a boost from his dad, ‘cause he’s Big.

Then, just as the last decoration was done,
From outside burst Rex Huston, at a full breathless run.
“He’s coming!” cried Rex. “The Doc’s on his way!
Quick — blow a B flat, Paul, Michael, and Jay!”

The pitch pipers sounded, and the chorus came blazin’.
(In his haste, Jack Steck spilled the eggnog of John Hazen.)
They dashed to their riser spots, each Voice springing gaily;
Here came Spivak and Spero; now Merrick and Staley.

Then Remmers and Richards and Rossner stepped aboard,
Nathan Staples asked, “Can we sing ‘Jefferson Lord’?”
Matt McKee and Tim Rumbolz complete the front row;
Walkover walks over, Winget’s all set to go.

The basses looked manly (that’s what basses do),
The tenors were ready, and the baritones, too —
Even the leads; every singer looked nice
Each Voice was in Harmony, from Aumock to Weiss.

Their tuxedos sparkled (despite Ken Yuen’s fears).
Every hair was in place (thanks to Josh Ryan’s shears).
Their eyes all a-twinkle, their cheeks all aglow —
Had Jeff Asbury sold tickets, you could call it a show.

Then the front door swung open, and everyone knew
That distinct white-haired figure, and Cameron, too!
Into the room strolled the Maestro himself —
Not to be mistaken for that “jolly old elf.”

Dr. Lyne seemed amazed at the Yuletide décor,
The whole hall screamed “Christmas,” from ceiling to floor.
He smiled and he nodded, then he turned with a jerk,
And said, “Nice going, boys...”

Now let’s get to work!”