

## T'WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS - Genealogist Version

By Gail Gordon, Milwaukee, WI

T'was the night before Christmas when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even my spouse.  
The dining room table with clutter was spread  
With pedigree charts and with letters which said...  
"Too bad about the data for which you had written  
It was lost in the stacks at Visitations of Britain."  
Piles of old copies of wills, deeds, and such  
Were proof that my work had become much to much.  
Our children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugarplums danced in their heads.  
As I sat my computer, I was ready to drop  
From entering data on cousins, whose lines never stop.  
Christmas was here, and such was my lot  
That presents and goodies and toys I forgot.  
Had I not been so busy with my grandparent's wills,  
I'd not have forgotten to shop for such thrills.  
While others bought gifts that would bring Christmas cheers;  
I'd spent time researching marriages and birth years.  
While I was thus musing about my sad plight,  
A strange noise on the lawn gave me such a great fright.  
Away to the window I flew in a flash,  
Tore open the drapes and I yanked up the sash.  
When what to my wondering eyes should appear?  
But an overstuffed sleigh and eight small reindeer.  
Up to the housetop the reindeer they flew,  
With a sleigh full of toys, and Saint Nicholas too.  
And then in a twinkle, I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of thirty-two hoof.  
The TV antenna was no match for their horns,  
As I looked at our roof with hoof-prints adorned.  
As I drew in my head, and bumped it on the sash,  
Down the cold chimney fell Santa - KER-RASH!  
"Dear" Santa had come from the roof in a wreck,  
And tracked soot on the carpet, (I could wring his short neck!)  
Spotting my face, good old Santa could see  
I had no Christmas spirit as you'll have to agree.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work

And filled all the stockings, (I felt like a jerk).  
Here was Santa, who'd brought such gladness and joy;  
When I'd been too busy for even one toy.  
He spied my research on the table all spread  
"A genealogist!" He cried! (My face was all red!)  
"Tonight I've met many like you", Santa grinned.  
And he pulled from his sack a large book he had penned.  
I gazed with amazement - at the cover which said  
"Your Genealogy Lines - Ne'er Before Read"  
"I know what it's like to have the genealogy bug,"  
He said, as he gave me a great Santa Hug.  
"While the elves make the sleighful of toys I now carry,  
I do lots of research in the North Pole Library!  
A special treat I am thus able to bring,  
To genealogy folks who can't find a thing.  
Now off you go to your bed for a rest,  
I'll clean up the house with this genealogy mess."  
As I climbed up the stairs full of gladness and glee,  
I looked back at Santa who'd brought much to me.  
While settling in bed, I heard Santa's clear whistle,  
To his team, which then rose like the down of a thistle  
And I heard him exclaim as he flew out of sight,  
"Family History is Fun! Merry Christmas! Goodnight!"