

When on our way to pick up Jessie STAAR # 2015 Christmas was approaching and my article deadline was due. As Jim drove I started pondering the story 'The Night Before Christmas' by Clement Clarke Moore, and Jessie's life and plight. So pen went to paper and here's the results.

'Twas The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all thru the house
All the creatures had been stirring, yep even that mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that some dude named St. Nick'd be there.

The puppies were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of Kritter Kookies® danced in their heads;

Gramma, looking silly in her kerchief and hat,
Had just settled down to take a short nap.

This was all new to me you see,
As I'd lived most of my life tied to a tree;
No stockings were hung; no chimney was near,
I'd spent much of my life living in fear.

Then out in the pasture there arose such a clatter,
I ran from my crate to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
I pawed open the shutter and nosed up the sash.

The moonlight glistened off new fallen snow,
And gave the lustre of mid-day on the objects below.
Then what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a tiny sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer.

With a little old driver, so lively & quick,
I figured it must be that dude St. Nick.
Even quicker than woodchucks his reindeer they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer & Vixen!
On, Comet! On Cupid! On, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

I looked on with awe at what I saw,
And once had to cover my eyes with a paw;
'Cause up to the housetop the reindeer flew,
Followed by that sleigh and St. Nicholas too.

And then in a second I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
I sat on my haunches and was whirling around,
When down the chimney St. Nick did bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot:
A bundle of goodies he'd flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
But I growled when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

And when I did whine he looked my way;
I felt certain he'd help, so I pleaded my case,
I explained just how I'd come to this place.

"I'd been given as a gift, a cute little pup,
But the people who gave me had not read up;
I am a working breed, as you can see,
And I love to make sheep and cattle just flee.

Now the folks who got me they really did care,
But they just didn't like my yahoo type flair;
They wanted a dog that was calm and mellow,
And I'm just not, that type of fellow.

These folks ran an ad in the local newspaper,
Offering an Aussie, yep free to the first taker.
Soon I was off to a farm, I thought to be free,
But rather they tied me up to a tree.

I'd not been taught just what to do,
And when I saw stock, yep, I did my Yahoo!
They had no fenced yard and no time to train,
So they left me tied to a tree in the snow and rain.

Then one snowy, cold Montana morning they came,
They said my life would never be the same.
Some people from Staar were coming our way,
And would take me to their place where I could stay.

Now I'm here, I'm safe and I'm sound,
As they wait for my perfect home to be found.
So rather than gifts under that tree,
Could you help Gramma find homes for my buddies and me?

I know there are others out in the night,
Would you please make sure they are all right?
Go to the shelters and go to the pounds,
Help them find homes for all those that are found."

St. Nick spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

I sat and I wondered as he flew out of sight,
If my plea had been heard late that night;
Would others be found, kept safe from a tree,
Would other Aussies be as lucky as me?

by,
Mary Ann Lindsay ©

I guess then I realized I had something to say,