

Reverend Ginny Saves Christmas

*'Twas the night before Christmas, the boys left my house
Now I'd be alone, just me and that kitchen mouse*

*The stockings now empty, my sons had been there
St. Nick had come early and stuffed them with care*

*Off to their mother to be there Christmas day
Since the divorce, this was our way*

*But where will you go Christmas morning, they'd said?
I replied, well I've had an idea in my head*

*To go to Solebury where I hear they're kind,
And the choir and organist I'm told are divine*

*So I walked in the door, and found there were few,
But the welcome was friendly, I sat in a pew*

*And up in the pulpit a chick would appear,
She said Tim had covid, no organ I would hear*

*But then we found out that this wouldn't matter,
The Reverend called Ginny would play on the pian'er* (say "piano" to rhyme with matter)

*So yes! We'd have hymns, but by her decree
For each hymn, only one verse there would be*

*She said she was rusty, that's all she could manage
But sight read like a champ with minimal hymn damage*

*We all raised our voices while carols we sang
And the church filled with praise, as every note rang*

*So thanks Reverend Ginny for saving my Christmas!
It took courage and love, that keyboard risky business!*