

Comox Valley Pickleball Association's
Rendition of
'Twas the Night Before Christmas
December 16th, 2015

'Twas the Night before Pickleball
and all through the Valley,
Not a Player was stirring
but they're ready to rally;

The Racquets were hung
by the Rec Centre with care,
In hopes that all Players
soon would be there;

The Pickelers were nestled
all snug in their beds,
While visions of Pickleball
Danced in their Heads;

Annette in her Kerchief
and Derrick in his cap,
Had just settled down
for a long winter's nap;

When out on the Court
there arose such a Clatter,
We all sprang from the Bench
to see what was the matter;

Away to the Kitchen
Ray flew like a flash,
Tripped over the Net
and fell on his Ass;

The Players on the Bench
Jumped up and said Oh!
and Dave wondered out loud
Should he dig Ray a Hole!

When, what to our wondering eyes
should appear,
But a vacant court
and eight players near;

With a very speedy player
so full of life,
We knew in a moment
it must be Gordy Fyfe;

More rapid and crafty
his players they came,
and they whistled and shouted
and Kurt called them by name;

Now Colleen, now Wayne
Now Carol and Ron,
On Jenny, on April
on Deborah and Don;

To the front of the court
to the top of the net,
Now Smash Away! Smash Away!
Don't make a let;

As the ball leaves the paddle
and flies through the air,
It meets another player
and lands in the square;

So up to the Baseline
the players they flew,
With a Bag full of tricks
and strategy too!

And then, in a twinkling
Darlene heard from the sidelines,
The Oohing and Awing
Player's questioning the Guidelines;
Glenny missed the Ball

and was turning around,
She yelled, "Oh what was that? "
and fell down to the ground;

Elle was dressed all in black
with her bracelets and jewellery,
She never looks back
She's not full of Foolery;

A bundle of Balls
Joe had flung on his back,
and he looked like a Peddler
just opening his pack;

Caouette's eyes, how they twinkled
his dimples how merry,
his cheeks were like roses
his nose like a cherry;

Dennis' s smile on his face
was drawn up like a Bow,
and the beard on his chin
was as white as the Snow;

The grip of a Racquet
Ernie held tight in his hand,
and the spins and the slice
were made to be Grand;

Lois' s infectious laugh
and her spontaneous way,
Rubs off on us all
and just makes our day;

A wink of Jaye's eye
and a twist of her head,
made me remember her Backhand
was something to Dread;

Cheryl spoke not a word
but went straight to the Lobs,

and racked up the points
then turned with a Nod;

Jenny called to all Players
It's time to go,
She gave her big smile
Think she's hoping for snow;

Players sprang to their feet
and we all gave a cheer,
and away we all went
Saying, "See you Next Year; "

We heard Steve exclaim
to all Pickelers in sight,
Merry Christmas to All
and to All a Good Night""

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