Twas the night before the blizzard, when all through the town Not a person was certain; would we look like a clown? The batteries and water were stocked with care, In hopes that the end of the storm would soon be here.

The power went out and we huddled in our beds, While visions of shelters danced in our heads; We learned why Ma and Pa wore kerchief and cap, There was work to do; no time for a nap.

All about town, there arose such a clatter,
Generators, chain saws & plows; (I needing the two latter).
Away to my gadgets I flew with a flash,
Only to make a few calls before my hopes were dashed.
These things needed power and I was without!
Finally, to my frustrated eyes did appear,
Son number three with a chain saw, the dear!

With a smile, strength and speed, he chain-sawed with ease, Now, if I could only get a plow, getting out would be a breeze. I finally arrived at the shelter, two days late but just in time To see the visitors with the clothes on their back but not a dime. I smiled seeing them eating soup, and looked at the ones in charge; Their duties were many, varied, and in scope were so large.

But when I heard their stories pouring from their heads
I knew with certainty there was nothing to dread.
So many people, without any sleep, had gone straight to work:
Fire, Police, CERT, Highway, custodians and more, none did shirk.

With tones, phones, radios, texts, tweets and shouts, They all did their best and left me no doubts. A Firefighter sprang to the COA van for one more transport For he, as with all our helpers, was such a good sport. I heard the last one as he left with a grin "Thanks for the MRE but there's more to do before we win!" And I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight, Be happy, be thankful and to all a safe night!

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