

**“Twas the Night Before the Swim Meet”
with apologies to Clement C. Moore**

‘Twas the night before a swim meet
And all through the pool
All the swimmers were awaiting
The start of the dual

The backstroke flags were hung
Over the pool with care
Anticipating those Dolphins
To swim with Blue Hair

Jenn (Cavey) completed the lineup
Stacey (Benzing) printed the labels
They were attached and sorted
on the Clerk’s table

Keri (Stone) prepared the ribbons
And filed them away
Ready for writing
on Saturday

The swimmers were nestled
all snug in their beds
While visions of donuts
Danced in their heads

Jerry and Cathy
Knew just what to do
They had ice to pick up
And coffee to brew

Out in the pool,
There arose such a clatter
We sprang from the shed
to see what was the matter.

Away to the pool deck
We flew like a flash
The coaches were calling
Do your warm ups, fast!

When, what to our wondering
eyes should appear
But Bob (Mackey) with his watches
And his eight timers and gear.

With the starter in place
And the speaker check
Jim Johnston called
“All officials on Deck!”

Now, Judges! Now, Timers!
Now Sweep and Recorder!
On, Seeders! On, Runners!
On, Writers and Scorers!

So up to the table
the swimmers they flew
The clerks got their cards
Seeders lined them up, too!

The coaches showed spirit
From their head to their feet

Encouraging the swimmers
To do their best at this meet.

Mary is at the table
Selling tee shirts and beads
The six year olds are following
Eileen’s “piping” lead.

The Stroke and Turn Judges
In their Official white tees
If they DQed a swimmer
They got down on their knees.

The Sharp Eyed Sweep Judge
And the patient Recorder
Were at the end of the pool
Writing down the finish order.

Our wallets are empty
The raffle tickets sales done
We are holding our tickets
Hoping we won.

The photographers captured
Dive starts and race ends
And pictures of swimmers
With family and friends.

The Masters’ were excited
This was their gig
Mark put on his Speedo
Greg swam in his wig.

The events were completed
Including breast and fly
The dolphin balloons
went up in the sky.

The runners were busy
As they ran with the meet
Now they are tired
And need to put up their feet.

The scorers spoke not a word
As they tallied their last sheet
While the swimmers waited
The result of the meet.

The parents were worried
And full of fear
that Dana & Barb would ask them
to manage next year.

The team sprang to the well
As Alyssa led the last cheer
The swimmers knew
They had a great year

But I heard her explain
as we drove past the pool
“We’ll see you next year
Dorsey Rules!”