



’Twas the End of the Trial

’Twas Sunday afternoon, near the end of our trial
Among the club members, there was nary a smile;

The planning and setup was done with such care,
But by Sunday we wished we weren't still there;

Thoughts of packing our gear up filled us with dread,
While visions of napping danced in our heads;
The ribbons to be packed, equipment to stow,
A long list of chores you don't want to know,
When outside the ring there arose such a clatter,
The judge stopped the clock to see what was the matter,
I raced past the handlers getting ready to run,
(Oy, would this last class *ever* be done?),
The light from the camper parked in the drive
Was enough to reveal a happy surprise!

Oh, I knew that camper covered with holly,
Would be filled to the brim with eight border collies!
And a man dressed in Spandex would be in there too,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Q.

Faster than NADAC course times, his doggies they came,
As he rear crossed behind them and called them by name;
"Come Dasher! Come Dancer! Come Prancer and Vixen!
Come Comet! Come Cupid! Come Donder and Blitzen!
To the trial we go! Quick get to the ring!
Now let's help them clean up and finish this thing!"
As quick as a pup being called for a snack,
These collies were focused and ran as a pack,
So into the building the doggies they flew,
With their handler behind them, the famous Saint Q.

And then, in a twinkling, things started to fly,
The A-frame dismantled, the dog walk flew by,
I gasped in wonder at all these marvelous sights,
And in the midst of it all was Saint Q in his tights.
Twirling and running first here and then there,
Every time he pointed, things flew in the air!
A bundle of jumps he crammed in his pack,
The tunnels went into the very same sack.
His eyes – how they focused! His face – so determined!
His muscles like steel as he strained with his burden!

He emptied the trash cans without taking a break,
Then he tallied the scores without any mistakes.
He paused for a moment, his clip board in hand,
Drank some water and considered his plan.
So fit and so buff, a right sexy old elf,
That I blushed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A flex of his bicep and a wink of his eye,
Sure let me know he was one sexy guy!

He spoke not a word, but continued his work,
Even packed up my car, then he turned with a jerk,
He called for his dogs with a snap of his clicker,
Their obedience could not have been quicker.
Out of the door to the camper they raced,
I followed behind, barely matching their pace!

But I head him exclaim, while he still could be seen,
’Have FUN with your dogs, run FAST and run CLEAN!

