

## T'was the night before CW first arrived at Christ Church

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The foundations were cracking and starting to lurch  
The altar was damaged and need of repair,  
In hopes that CW soon would be there.

The choir were nestled all snug in their robes,  
Because they were shivering with frozen ear lobes.  
With Dotty in her kerchief and CW in his hat  
He said, "Don't even think of touching that thermostat!"

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
CW sprang from his van to see what was the matter.  
He sharpened some blades and then changed some oil  
And soon the lawn crew started to toil.

The morn on the Sunday of new-fallen snow  
Made us wonder who'd shovel?- CW would know.  
When, what to our wondering eyes should appear,  
But CW's "A Team"- we had nothing to fear!

With a little screw driver, so lively and quick,  
That rusty old shed lock was easy to pick.  
More rapid than eagles his "A Team" they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!

"Now, George! now, Norm! now, Ralph and Barry!  
On, Willie! On, Dick! , on Bud and Jerry!  
To the top of the bell tower, then to the stone wall!  
Now work away! Work away! Work away all!"

As dry leaves that before the late autumn fly,  
He called a "Work Day" and *some* would comply.  
So all over the property the workers persisted,  
With rakes and tarps, cause they knew what he'd listed.

And then, in a twinkling, more needed repairs-  
The kitchen, the undercroft, the outdoor stairs.  
As he got through those projects, and more came his way  
CW thanked the Lord for another great day.

He was dressed all in denim, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.  
A gigantic tool box was flung on his back,  
And he fixed furnace as a matter of fact.

His eyes-how they twinkled! his dimple how manly!  
He was feeling no pain, with his beer can so handy!  
His droll little wit was something we know,  
And his hair and moustache were white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He has a large van with "High Noon" on the side  
We thought Gary Cooper might be inside.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his chores  
Took out his tools and fixed all the doors  
And leaving his touch all over the place,  
Leaving nothing undone, not even a trace!

Although his Vestry service are now in arrears  
We thank you CW for all of those years.  
But we'll hear him exclaim as he walks on the site  
"Take care of the church, I'll check that it's right!"