

A Coast Guard Christmas

T'was the night before Christmas and all
through each state,
Loyal Coast Guard families were beginning to
celebrate.

Just then from the White House came an urgent
call,
a crisis had arisen that would affect one and all.

In fact, the State Department was
totally frantic;
Santa Claus had just landed in the Atlantic!

It was foggy as ever; Rudolph had made a
blunder.
Santa, sleigh and eight reindeer were all going
under!

Although stockings were hung from the
chimney with care,
Poor Santa could only gurgle, "I'll never get
there."

When what to his wondering eye should
appear,
a fleet of Coast Guard cutters with their rescue
gear!

The officers and crew were lively and quick,
a lucky break for our good ole Saint Nick!

With a nod from the captain, they went right to
work,
Rescuing all, including Rudolph, who felt like
a jerk.

Poor Santa was soggy, but as anyone could see,
He was grateful indeed to the USCG!

And we heard him exclaim as they towed him
from sight,
"If it weren't for my age and weight, I'd enlist
tonight!"



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