



An RCMSAR Christmas Poem

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the station,
Not a pager was beeping, a rare situation.
The PFDs were hung in the lockers with care,
In hopes that no mariner soon would despair.

The volunteers nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of calm waters danced in their heads.
The radio silent, no distress calls in sight,
The crews settled in for a peaceful night.

When out on the sea there arose such a clatter,
The on-call crew sprang up to see what was the matter.
To the boathouse they flew, with their hearts in a race,
Ready to respond, to take their place.

The moon on the water with its silvery light,
Cast a glow on the waves, twinkling bright.
When, what to their wondering eyes should appear,
But a flare in the distance, a signal so clear.

A swift and skilled sailor, so lively and quick,
They knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than Orcas, their boat it did speed,
Responding to calls, to those in need.

*"Now Helm! Now, Coxswain! Now, Navigator and Crew!
On, Searcher! On, Rescuer! We've got work to do!
To the edge of the inlet! To the heart of the bay!
We must hurry, there's no time to delay!"*

