

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the shop, Not a creature was stirring not even the mop;

No stockings were hung by the chimney with care, As St. Nicholas would really never

be there.

Tea cups, coffee mugs all nestled snug in their beds,

Three mice dreamed of sugar-cubes dancing around in their heads;

Rats played parcheesi, the old gray cat purred,

While eying a row of ceramic pie black-birds;

On long shelves were all sorts of things folks like to brew, A small round table held holly, a mug and a puzzle or two;

Under the table lay a sleeping fairy named Pat, All settled in for a long winter's nap;

All of a sudden a wizard appeared, Red suited, white bearded , not one to be feared;

He spoke not a word, just a chuckle or more, And pointed the way to follow

him out the front door;

Coffee pots, tea sets, three mice and the rats,

The row of black pie birds, the fairy called Pat and the old gray cat, The small round table, holly and

mug plus a puzzle or two, And all other things that folks like

to brew;

Oyster shells, clam shells and other free gifts, Flotsam and jetsam gathered along tides' drifts,

He laid the shells on top of the boughs and filled them with seed, This awakened the birds that were perched in the tree to have a delightful gourmet feed;

He pointed a wand that he pulled from his sleeve, And a twinkling star fell on top of the tree;

A long sweeping gesture with his hat in his hand, Turned his story of fantasy into granules of sand.



"Happy Jolly Holidays to all and to all a good night."

> Arcadia ndscaping

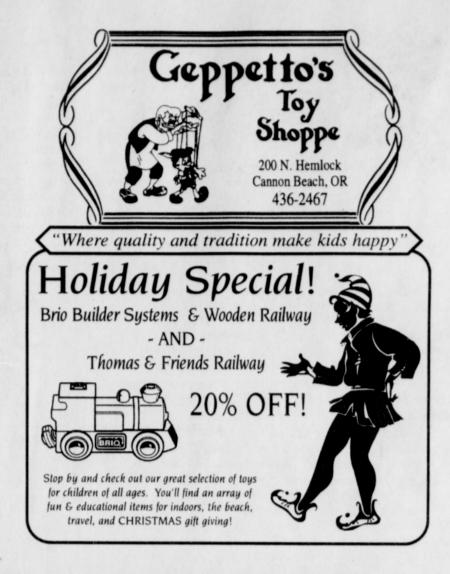
REDUCE OR STICOF USE TENTION BUSINESSES

ME CREATE & MAINTAIN OWER BOXES, PLANTERS HANGING BASKETS

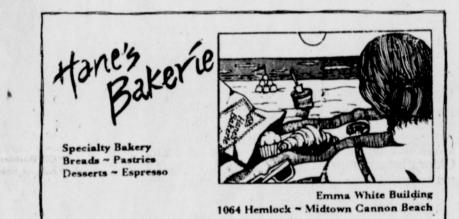
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Comment of the second state of the state of the Dedicated to Pat (Pat's Coffee shop) in memory of the birds' Christmas tree.







Hurriedly scampered across the old wooden floor,

To follow the wizard out the front door;

He circled them under an evergreen tree, its branches tattered and tall, Not a spruce nor a pine but some kind of fir, does that matter at all;

With a wink and a nod and circling dances, Strands of limpets swung free

hanging from its branches;





A Christmas

Carol

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3

UPPER LEFT EDGE DECEMBER 1998

You can't have everything. I mean where would you put it. Steven Wright