

A Visit from St. Francis

Tw'as the night before Christmas and all through the dings
not a creature was stirring not even the pigs.
The leashes were hung by the chimney with care,
in hopes that the shelters soon would be bare.



The puppies were nestled all snug in their beds,
with visions of liver treats dancing in their heads.
And horses in their stalls, with kittens in our laps,
we had just settled in for a long winters nap.



When out in the barn there arose such a snort,
I sprang from my bed to get a report.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
I tripped over a puppy and fell on my a**.



The moon shining brightly on newly fallen snow,
gave a luster to the animals grazing below.
My heart filled with joy at the sight of my herd,
but lost deep in the snow a little creature stirred.

I pulled on my boots, lickey split,
and raced out the door quick quick quick.
The animals were circled tightly as I came,
And gently, with kindness I called them by name!

Now Splash! Now Turtle! Now Autumn and Nelly!
Move Charlotte! Move Ginger! Move Oreo and Mushy!
They were protecting the thing buried in the snow.
Now move away! Move away! Dash away slow!



I heard a quiet mewl that made my heart sink,
as the pile of snow shifted and let off a stink.
I drew my hand forward, to dip in the muck,
And found, to my shock, a tiny half starved pup.

She was without fur, from her head to her paws,
clearly someone had broken some puppy safety laws.
She was matted and red with a scar on her back,
and she looked like stray, who had lost her pack.



But her eyes how they twinkled! Her spirit was not dim,
as she fought for each breath, her little ribs are so thin.
Her tongue darted out to lick my nose,
As I carried her in out of the cold winter's snow.



The animals welcomed this tiny gift to the farm,
where she'd be fed and loved and safe from harm.
She had a few teeth and an empty flat belly,
that we quickly filled with puppy spaghetti.



She was full and loved for this Christmas night,
and I smiled as my heart filled with holiday delight.
With a wink of her eye she snuggled down into bed,

and soon I knew that I had nothing to dread.

She made not a sound, but went straight to her sleep,
And we knew Christmas magic made her ours to keep.
This soul was saved, but we thought with dismay,
of the other little lives that had wasted away.



With a tear and a wish we placed the pup under the tree,
as we made our own silent holiday plea:
If you're thinking of a companion this holiday season,
saving a life from a shelter is a wonderful reason.



Merry Christmas!
Beaver Creek Farm Sanctuary

