



'Twas the Night Before the AGM

'Twas the night before the AGM, when all through the society
Not a funder was stirring (prompting much sobriety)
The proposals were mailed by the Director with care
In hopes that more funding soon would be there

The staff were nestled all snug at their desks
While visions of new programs danced in their heads
And the board members full, all finished their eating
Had just settled down for a lengthy board meeting

When out on the street there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my seat to see what was the matter
Away to the window I flew like a flash
Tore open the blinds and threw up the sash

The moon on the sidewalk with new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of promise to the hard streets below
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a government funder, and eight minions, My dear!

She entered the building, so lively and quick
I thought for a moment it must be a trick
More rapid than transit her questions they came
And she whistled, and shouted, and asked them by name

"Now Mission! now Budgets! now Goals and Objectives!
On Outputs! on Outcomes! On Evaluation reflective!
To the top of Reception, to the bottom of the hall
Now work away! work away! work away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky
So up to the board room the funder she flew
With a file full of grants, and instructions times two

And then, in a twinkling, I heard down the floor
"It's the same every year, they always want more!"
As I drew in my head and was turning around
Down the hall she came with a leap and a bound

She was dressed quite official, from her head to her foot
And into her briefcase our pamphlet she put
A bundle of applications she had flung on her back
And she looked like a Postie just opening her pack

Her eyes, how they focused! Her gaze, somewhat scary!
But she stuck out her hand, and said "Call me Mary"
She wore a red blouse, fashioned just so
And the scarf on her neck was as white as the snow

The stub of a pencil she held tight in her hand
(As the weight of her task truly was grand)
But a wink of her eye and a twist of her head
Soon gave me to know we would all get ahead

She spoke not a word, but went straight to her work
And gave us core funding, then turned with a jerk
And laying a finger aside of her nose
Giving a nod, from the meeting she rose

She sprang to her car, which was parked at the curbside
And took off down the street spewing carbon monoxide
But I heard her exclaim (as her presence was fleeting)
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A
GOOD MEETING"

With apologies to Clement Clarke Moore (1779-1863)

Best Wishes from Kylie Hutchinson and



Community Solutions
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