

A PLANE CHRISTMAS GREETING

T'was the night before Xmas,
At Finleyville "Airdrome".
Not a creature was stirring,
Human, elf, or gnome.

All Aircraft secured,
In their Hangar "stalls".
The Xmas Shoppers,
Home from the Malls.

From atop the Hangar,
The wind-sock hung low.
And bathed in moon-light,
The runway was aglow.

The rest of the field,
Was snowy and white.
This flyer's home-base,
Was a beautiful sight.

Then quick as a wink,
Dark shadows appeared.
Following moon-beams,
As they all neared.

Big ones and small,
These shadows all grew.
Twisting and turning,
As by me they flew.

They made a "formation",
The shape of a "V".
Now as they pass,
They are plain to see.

Stearmans and Wacos,
A Stinson went by.
T-Crafts and Luscombes,
All on the fly !

Home-builts, a Mooney,
A new Carter-copter.
A Cessna amphibian,
An L-2 Grasshopper.

PT's and BT's,
From World War Two.
And old-style craft,
Like the Wright Bros. flew.

A "Cub" and a Grumman,
A sleek Monocoupe.
Can you believe this ?
A pretty, '47 Ercoupe !

Aeroncas and Cessnas,
A Beech Musketeer.
Of all these Planes,
Not one, could I hear !

Are they "ghosts" of the past ?
Am I tired and weary ?
Wait, just a minute,
I have a theory !

That Angels exist,
I have no doubt.
And on Christmas Eve,
I'm sure they're about.

Did they take the form,
Of things that I love ?
Is this my "gift",
From Heaven above ?

If this was a gift,
I'd sure like to share.
Merry Christmas, to All,
I wish you were there !

Happy Holiday's, and Happy Landing's, to all my Pilot friends, & families.