

Xmas Lunch 2015

I summed up all the happenings, in last years Xmas poem,
Now I must to do it all again, before you' ll let me home,
Our Xmas lunch, fantastic, our cooks deserving all our praise,
Never thought they could serve sausage, so many different ways.

Then came all the speeches, big pats on backs, and so much more,
If we were a religious lot, we'd all be kneeling on the floor,
But our leaders need encouragement, they have done a real good job,
So give them three cheers, and thank them all, before they start to sob

But together we have done it, and those helping hands were many,
Though looking at this motley crew, its a wonder we had any,
Some jobs never go quite right, or how they were intended,
Ask Warwick, all about the nail, and Doug, how the mirror ended.

They built a box for Sharpie, don't know what was in the offing,
But they stood it up against the wall, till then, it was his coffin,
Then they sanded it, and made it nice, then put books upon a shelf,
Told Sharpie that he'd lost his box, so he's making one himself.

Inside the shed it's all top class, and this does include the kitchen
Drawers, and shelves, and compactus, but you'll never know what's in them!
There's a place, a hole, for everything, "Put it back" so we are told
But when you go to put it back, someone's moved the bloody hole.

And now there is the welding bench, the bleeding jobs gigantic,
When it's done we'll build a slip way, like launching the Titanic
Now OH&S are a PITA, but must justify their need,
If they had come with Captain Cook, we'd still be learning how to read.

There are still a lot of jobs to do, before we say we're ready,
But there's coffee every morning, when we take it rather steady,
We welcome anyone, and everyone, to come and chew the fat,
But stay too long, you'll get a job, then realize just where we are at.

And then there are the special days, when we learn a thing or two,
Like how to save an old mates life, when his pulse is lost, and lips turn blue
Dial triple 0, then punch him hard, like you always wanted to
Then use the DEFIB thing to help him, and listen to him thank you.

Then we learned fly fishing, and the tricks Peter has forgot,
But I left him in a quandary, how did I ever make that knot.
And then we did some YOGA, you would not believe your eyes,
When ten old blokes down on the floor, found it impossible to rise.

We've learned a lot, we've laughed a lot, we've put the effort in,
To make our shed a home from home, so anyone is welcome in
Please do come and join us, but you must take us as we are,
Try to do Big Brother style, I'm afraid you won't get far.

Don't know how you did without me, I was away for half the year,
But you managed well without me, I wasn't missed, I fear,
So I think I'll leave you to it, I won't tell you how to do it,
And if you say," Now here's a job", I'll tell you where to screw it.

It's been a year of make believe, can't believe that it's all true,
The achievements we have made, are all due to folks like you,
My parting wish for Xmas is, and before this old year ends,
We'll all meet up again next year, and still call each other, *'friends'*.