



'Twas a few weeks till Christmas—in the ward it was heard,
 "Enrichment Night's near—so quick, spread the word!"
 The posters were hung in the building with care
 In hopes that the sisters would all soon be there.



But children NOT nestled all snug in their beds,
 Made lots of frustrations dance in their moms' heads;
 And life was so busy throughout the ward
 That attending Enrichment seemed ever so hard!



From the Enrichment Committee there arose such a clatter
 All sprang from routines—to see what was the matter.
 Away to Enrichment they flew like a flash
 (After making boxed dinners and taking out trash).



They saw a little old driver, so lively—not wooden,
 They knew in a moment must be Sister Gooden.
 More rapid than eagles her coursers they came,
 And she whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;



"Now, SCHULTE! Now, SIBLEY! Now, TIBBITTS and ESPLIN!
 On, FARHA! On HARRAST! On, STROMBERG and CRIPPEN!
 To the top of your staircase! Then down the front hall!
 Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"



As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
 When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
 So off to the Watson's, the sisters they flew,
 With their hearts full of joy, and Christ's spirit too.



And then in a twinkling, I heard just outside
 The talking and laughing as each one arrived.
 At #5 Swallow, at seven o'clock,
 On December 19th—not one forgot!



Some clothing was covered with spit-up and spatter,
 Some dressed in their work clothes, but it didn't matter!
 Some couldn't wait to sit down, eat, and chat
 And others just wished for a long winter's nap!



But their eyes, how they twinkled! Their dimples, how merry!
 Their cheeks were like roses, their noses like cherries!
 Their droll little mouths were drawn up in cute bows,
 Though some hairs on their heads were white as the snow;



Entertaining was for many not very fun
 Filled with stress and concern—so much work to be done!
 But Sister Rawson had picked just a helper or two
 To share tips with everyone on the issue.



The first one was kind, quite a lov-e-ly elf,
 And I laughed when I saw her, in spite of myself;
 A wink of her eye and a twist of her head,
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;



She spoke touching words, as she went to her work,
 And filled all their hearts; then turned with a jerk,
 And wagging her finger at everyone said,
 Holiday entertaining you'll nevermore dread!



The light that shone bright on the ones who did go
 Gave them brand new perspectives and wisdom untold
 And then, to their wondering hearts did appear,
 New thoughts and new friendships with sisters quite dear!



So spring to your "sleighs," to your families give "kisstles,"
 Then fly to the Watson's like down from some thistles.
 So that you can exclaim, ere it fades out of sight,
 "TWAS AN ENRICHMENT FOR ALL, AND FOR ALL A
 GREAT NIGHT!" by Cherice Montgomery, 2000