

COMMANDER LOCKE TAKES A WINTER WALK

Oh gather round Ye Locke descendents
Hold tight your coats of winter,
And hear of the fateful frosty night
When the Commander was late for dinner.

The February sky promised snowy rain
That blustery eve in Brunswick, Maine
Commander Bill, his workday past,
Thought best to walk his dog, and fast,
Before the snow the night would bring
Before the dinner bell should ring.

So harken did they down woodsy trail
Hearty step and wagging tail
For daily jaunt through forest mile
Snow a-falling after while.

And back at home the kettle's on
For Joan returned and apron donned
And set about, that night of winter,
As always cooking Commander's dinner.

The snow was falling heavier still
And peering out from window sill
She saw no leash, she heard no bark
Come home soon, it's getting dark
Back to stove and stirring steady
Supper's on and almost ready

But deep within the forest freeze
Commander crawled upon his knees
A slippery step had brought him down
Ankle crack'd but homeward bound
Icy chills right to their cores
Dog and Master on all fours.

But fate brought a heroine home to visit
Mother calls, hello who is it?
Tis Courtney and I've come to sup,
Where's the Commander, where's the pup?
Mother says, there's trouble I fear
Tis dinnertime and he's not here.

Courtney set out in blizzard's blur,
Wind and snow shall not stop her
Into the icy wood she sped
And soon she spotted up ahead
Two snowy figures brave and bold
Hands and paws, bloody and cold.

When all were safe and word soon spread
Of bravery and honor deserved
Said Joan to her Commander dear
At last thy dinner is served.

Fondly dedicated to the Locke Family
By Merrilee Tingle