



It was the night before Christmas and it didn't feel bad, to sit back and reflect on the year we just had.  
It started real early with an order from Ron who was up there in Boston and needed just one  
This was followed real soon, a request from Anita, she wanted a few for her trip to St Lucia  
Boy, oh Boy, we'll be busy I thought, making mallets for panists whose business we sought  
Tallahassee got twenty and Old Mill did too. Engine-room got forty, which was long overdue.  
We're thinking of Ralph, still cannot believe it, as we prep for Virginia Lord knows how we grieve it.  
It's April, we're rolling, the orders are handy, we just got a call for the master, it's Andy  
I'm heading to Ellie's, a workshop for panmen, I need some mallets, maybe Jason can bring them.  
Oh No, it's Sophia, Panfest is closer, She needs our graphics to place on the poster  
It's two weeks before and the orders are crazy, we're beginning to feel just a tad bit lazy  
But we cannot, we must not, we have targets to reach, for this gathering of panists in VA Beach  
We'll see David and Noah and Victor and Trace, and that beauty from NY whose presence did grace.  
We'll meet Mike and Matt, whose business we severed, So sorry my friend but we did feel too tethered  
It's 12:45 and we're still wide awoken, making mallets for friends whose orders we'd taken  
NY PanJam is coming we must step up our game, folks are seeing our mallets, it's beginning to fame.  
Sonatas need plenty but Adlib needs none, all but for Zion, who maybe, just one  
We're beginning to cringe and it's really not funny, still searching for Kenwin, he owes us some money  
We'll have to keep calm for we know he is stalling, but September is here, Old Mill will be calling.  
Em, I need sticks, my students are tough, the ones you brought last week weren't nearly enough.  
Here comes Narell again, *The last Word* in November, I need mallets for Birdsong, I hope you remember.  
Maybe Felix can bring them he's right now in flight, he'll stop by your panyard and drop them one night.  
But what about me? cried Ayana, that cutie, I've been waiting for mallets for my friends at U.T.T.  
They've been shipped out already, Tobago they went, My good friend Ms Mena was kind to consent  
You'll get them for Christmas, and if not my dear, you'll have them in time to ring in the New Year.

Season's Greetings from MalletMan