



*From the Grand
Chapter of Kansas*

“The Night Before Christmas” Aviation Edition
Author Unknown

Twas the night before Christmas and out on the ramp
Not an airplane was stirring, not even a Champ.
The aircraft were all fastened to tiedowns with care,
In hopes that come morning, they all would be there.

The fuel trucks were nestled, all snug in their spots,
With gusts from two-forty at 39 knots.
I slumped at the fuel desk, now finally caught up,
And settled down comfortably, resting my butt.

When the radio lit up with noise and with chatter,
I turned up the scanner to hear what was the matter.
A voice clearly heard over static and snow,
Called for clearance to land at the airport below.

I’d sworn that the call sign he used was “St. Nick”
I ran to the panel to turn up the lights
The better to welcome this magical flight.
He called his position, no room for denial,
‘St. Nicholas One, turning on final’.

And what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a Rutan-built sleigh, with eight Rotex deer!
With vectors to final, down the glideslope he came,
As he passes all the fixes, he called them by name.

‘Now Ringo! Now Tolga! Now Trini and Bacun!
On Comet! On Cupid!’ What pills was he takin’?
While controllers were sittin’ and scratchin’ their heads,
They phoned to my office and I heard it with dread

The message they left was both urgent and dour:
‘When Santa pulls in, have him please call the tower.’
He landed like silk, with the sled runner sparkling,
Then I heard “Left at Charlie” and “taxing to parking”.





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He slowed to a taxi, turned off on three-oh,
And stopped on the ramp with a "HO, ho-ho-ho..."
He stepped out of the sleigh, but before he could talk,
I ran out to meet him, with my best set of chocks.

His red helmet and goggles were covered with frost,
And his beard was all blacked from reindeer exhaust.
His breath smelled of peppermint, gone slightly stale,
And he puffed on a pipe, but didn't inhale.

His cheeks were all rosy and jiggled like jelly,
His boots were as black as a crop duster's belly.
He was chubby and plump, in his suit of bright red,
And he asked me to "fill it with hundred low-lead".

He came dashing in from the snow covered pump,
I knew he was anxious for drainin' the sump.
I spoke not a word, but went straight to my work,
And I filled up the sleigh, but I spilled like a jerk.

He came out of the restroom and sighed with relief,
Then he picked up a phone for a Flight Service brief.
And I thought as he silently scribed in his log,
Those reindeer could land in a right-mile fog.

He completed his pre-flight, from front to the rear,
Then he put on his headset, and I heard him yell, "Clear"
And laying a finger on his push-to-talk,
He called up the tower for clearance and squawk.

Take taxi Charlie, the southbound direction,
Turn right three-two-zero at pilot's discretion
He sped down the runway, the best of the best,
"Your traffic's a Grumman, inbound from the west."

Then I heard him proclaim, as he climbed thru the night,
"Merry Christmas to all! I have traffic in sight."

Merry Christmas From the "Wings of Friendship" Grand Family

