**T'was the night of the Children’s Foundation dinner, when all through the Watermill,
Guests were getting raffles, food and drink to have their fill.
The Executive Board had planned and prepared with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were upstairs dancing and getting fed,
While visions of the candy cart danced in their head.
And me in my holiday best and Santa at his table,
Would soon find out an impending snowstorm would disable.**

 **When out on the dance floor there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the podium to see what was the matter.
Away to the award table I flew like a flash,
And grabbed the plaque to be given at the bash.

The moon on the breast of the soon-to-fall snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But Mr. Claus without all his Santa gear.

He came up to the podium, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.
More rapid than eagles he came,
And he shouted, out my name!

"Now Mrs. Claus! Now Christine, Now Christina, Now Krissy, Now Chris,**

**What’s with all the Chris’, what is this?**

**They are the cream of the crop! The top of the billboard!
And they want to give away! Give away! Give away the award!"**

 **It goes without saying that there are many Unsung Heroes,
But no one more deserving from his head to his toes,
Than this year’s recipient for all that he does do,
The award goes to my hubby, whose service is true.**

**For all the years you served as the Foundation’s Santa Claus,**

**We would be remiss if we did not stop to pause,**

**To honor you as Unsung Hero for doing your part,**

**With love from the bottom of my heart.**

**So, Blaise Ingrisano, you’re the one,**

**Who made the Holiday Breakfasts’ so much fun!**

**Please accept this year’s Unsung Hero award for your time and caring,**

**With thanks to your wife Christine for husband sharing.**

**CONGRATULATIONS!**