

Christmas 2008

Here is a tale of some people I've met,
They belong to a group and it's called the Next Steps.
It's a healthy way to keep us well,
But not in a Gym – on Treadmill Hell.

They all seem nice people and ever so jolly,
So I thought at this time of Mistletoe and Holly,
I'd just write an ode to say I like you all lots,
And I hope after that gateaux you don't come out in spots.

Now Nick is the leader and he's good and true,
And his lovely wife and her name is Sue.
Nick drives us up glens to far parking places,
Then walks us up tracks with the wind in our faces.

But no matter where or whatever the weather,
Be it tussocks to jump to or high stepping heather,
We all have great fun and our cheeks are all rosy,
It'll be nice to get home and have tea and be cosy.

But then Nick says just as we get back,
Now I'll show you what I keep in my big rucksack,
He says – "It's not heavy, you could all carry one",
I think – Is he joking? – that bag weighs a ton.

So out come the fleeces, the gloves and the socks,
The complete first-aid kit in a wee box.
There's even a trowel to dig a hole for a poo,
But mostly it's too cold to even think of the loo.

He's got sandwiches and flasks, and probably some brisket,
He looks at me – I'm guilty, I've only got a biscuit.
There's maps and compass, and head torch for light,
And a portable shelter to stay out the night.

So he's nearly finished, just as I think,
What? Goodness Gracious – no kitchen sink?
Now we all like to laugh, and this is only a joke,
Co's we all know we'll be safe if any bones get broke.

Sometimes when walking we see deer or a pheasant,
And we hope you'll accept this wee Christmas present.
So let's raise our glasses to Nick and Sue,
We're looking forward to 2009 and walking with you.

Elizabeth Brown

December 2008