



C Marie Steele <mariesteele@lapdogrescue.org>

Re: Lap Dog Rescue of NM Winter Newsletter

1 message

Brian Spence <brianspence@lapdogrescue.org>
To: C Marie Steele <mariesteele@lapdogrescue.org>

Fri, Dec 12, 2025 at 11:41 AM

Got it!

On Fri, Dec 12, 2025, 8:24 AM Newsletter Tester <newsletter@email.imatrix.com> wrote:

Lap Dog Rescue of New Mexico

lapdogrescue@lapdogrescue.org



'Twas the Night Before Christmas (Puppy Edition)

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring... except one little mou—
Scratch, scratch went the puppies, awake in their beds,
With visions of biscuits dancing in heads.

The stockings were hung by the dog bowls with care,
In hopes that St. Paw-Nicholas soon would be there.
The humans were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of quiet danced through *their* heads.

But I heard a soft jingle and scampering paws,
The thump of a tail and a joyful “arf-arf!”
Away to the window I tiptoed with fright,
And peeked through the curtains that cold winter night.

The moon on the snow made a sparkly dog park,
Perfect for zoomies well after the dark.
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a sleigh pulled by puppies—eight reindeer? Not here!

With a jolly old driver so cheerful and quick,
I knew in a moment it *had* to be St. Nick.
More rapid than squirrels his doggies they came,
And he whistled and called them each by their name:

“Now Patches! Now Buddy! Now Pepper and Belle!
On Max! On Daisy! On Scout and on Nell!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!”

As dry kibble that flies when a food bag is torn,
They leapt to the porch with a bark and a yawn.
So up to the rooftop the puppies they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Paw-Nicholas too!

Then down through the chimney came a clatter and thud,
And in bounded St. Nick, covered in soot and dog mud.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his toe,
And his clothes were all covered in slobber and snow.

A bundle of chew toys he flung on his back,
And he looked like a trainer just opening a pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
Filled stockings with treats, then turned with a smirk.

He scratched every puppy right under the chin,
Then wagged back at *them* with a grin wide as sin.

He sprang to his sleigh, gave his team a soft “stay,”
Then laughed as they *didn’t* and bounded away.
But I heard him exclaim as they flew out of sight:

**“Merry Christmas to all—
and to all... GOOD DOGS tonight!” 🐕 ✨**

Hope you enjoyed this tweak on the well-known poem!

Thank you all for your support this year! Without you we couldn't continue our rescue efforts. May you all enjoy blessings and prosperity in the coming year!

From the staff and volunteers at Lap Dog Rescue

Click here to read our latest LapLetter!

Please Donate

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