

## The Night Before Christmas, BERNINA Style

'Twas the night before Christmas, and in the sewing room, deep,  
Not a bobbin was turning. All was quiet ... my 730E asleep.  
A cup of eggnog rested on my knee.  
UFOs scattered far as the eye could see.  
Unfinished quilts, stockings, and shirts, half-finished linens, unhemmed treeskirts.  
I closed my eyes and came up with a plan.  
I'd put IOUs in everyone's hands!  
I'd write, "I'll make you a shirt, a quilt, a clock."  
But the words sounded hollow, false, a crock.  
And deep in the midst of my solemn unease, I heard a strong wind blow through the trees.  
Outside of my window there came such a clatter.  
I rose from my machine to see what was the matter.  
Three little creatures flew through the night  
To enter my sewing room and make everything right. "I'm Dongle! I'm Serger! I'm BSR!" said the three little elves,  
And they zoomed their way to my supply shelves. "  
We'll get everything fixed up, lickety-split.  
You just relax with your eggnog, sit, sit, sit!"  
And they worked their magic on that Christmas night.  
Dresses were finished and wrapped up tight.  
Quilts were completed in the blink of an eye,  
and I leaned back with my eggnog and happily sighed.  
I watched as they worked on towels and skirts.  
They free-motioned quilts, embroidered stockings, and shirts.  
They ironed, they pressed, they had such skill.  
Watching them work was such a thrill!  
"Oh, to always have an embroidery elf would be a wondrous thing," I said to myself.  
And as Christmas Eve night turned into day,  
I heard the wee little elf, Dongle, say,  
"Our work here is finished, and it's been so much fun.  
Christmas is saved, our task is now done."  
And they rose up in the air, ready to fly out through the window and into the sky.  
But the sewing room would be much more fun if three little elves got all the work done.  
So I grabbed Dongle and Serger and held BSR tight.  
There'd be no escaping on this Christmas night.  
I opened my thread chest and stuffed them inside.  
I paid no attention to their pleadings and cries.  
My apologies to Santa, but these elves are mine!  
I'm going to use them all of the time.

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