

A Toast to Barbara

A TOAST to Barbara, one reason why
This birthday milestone makes most gals cry
But Barbara's made of better stuff
Stern to bow: the woman's tough
Just look at David, that'll begin to explain
Why she'll hardly whine or complain
About thirty-six years they've been strapped to love's mast
That's one more year than half of her past
A past and a future we celebrate with glee
All at once weeks of fog mean nothing to me
Look at her work for all of us lately
The boatyard, Cranberry General: Isn't she saintly
To put up with complaints like 'the store's out of milk'
Or 'my paper is missing.' She's earned ribbons of silk
For the problems we bring her she solves with great ease
With a smile contagious and a smirk, if you please
Have I said she is witty? A bright star in our sky?
Pizza for kids, native blueberry pie.
Historical work, our library and school
All flourishing now for she suffers no fool
As this one insisting on rhyming to say
We cherish your friendship from each day to day
So take a big gulp from your flagon, my mates
And hope, nay you pray, that the end of our dates
Is so far in the future that all Manset we own
Along with Northeast to park cars that have grown
To take over the mainland with asphalt and lines
As condos have cut down our spruce and white pines
For our Island's become a casino for yuppies
Who barge SUV's, crisp white wine and their puppies
This future, I know, is not what we dream
So back to my toast to our peaches 'n cream
Of a woman who knows that we speak with *le coeur*
Happy birthday, dear Barbara, *tu es une belle fleur*.

Douglas Alan Frank & family
July 26, 2003
Great Cranberry Island, Maine