

Christmas Before We Came (original version)

By Rob Elder

T'was the night before Christmas
And all through the ranch
Not a tree limb was stirring,
Not even a branch.

Even the ocean, for all its deep chill
Was, on this night, unusually still.
Low in the sky a new moon shone
In deep darkness, all alone.

The sheep were huddled,
Rams, lambs and ewes
All snug in their wool,
Right down to their hooves.

There were few people, and fewer houses
Just some sheep ranchers and their spouses.
Not a Realtor lurked, loser or winner
From Point Arena way down to Jenner.

The Sea Ranch was not yet a gleam
In Al Boeke's eye.
He was yet to fly over,
And buy from the sky.

There were no Sea Ranch committees, or even book groups.
Just sheep trails awinding in endless loops.
No streets, no cars
No CC&Rs.

No fuss.
No us.
Not a peep.
Just sheep.