




# *twas the holiday season*

We hope you enjoy this MFY twist on a classic!

Twas the holiday season and all through the store,  
The team was atwitter, with projects galore.



The displays were set and arranged with care,  
In hopes that the MFY family soon would be there.

The skeins were nestled all snug on the shelves,  
As if placed there by fairies or fiber elves.

And Tricia in her sweater, and I in my Portland Cap,  
Had just settled in to knit and to chat.

When out near the road there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my seat to see what was the matter.

Toward the front of the store I walked in a hurry,  
Tore open the door, but things seemed a bit blurry.

The lights from the trucks on some new-fallen snow,  
Gave a feeling of magic to the boxes below.

When, what to my wondering eyes should arrive,  
But another big truck carrying a lovely surprise.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I rubbed my eyes - it can't be St Nick?!

More rapid than eagles, the shipments they came,  
And we unboxed and labeled and called them by name:

“Now, Noro! Now Lopi!

Now, Berroco and Bibi!

On, Blue Sky! On, Koigu!

On, Sirdar and Cascade!

To the holes on the shelves!

To the hooks on the wall!

Now put away, put away,

Put away all!



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As crafters that before the holidays fly,  
When they meet with a deadline and try to deny,

We ignored the time ticking and around the shop flew,  
We called in Armaan, and Divya too!

And then, in the distance, I heard near the road,  
The sound of a vehicle - another load?

As I placed one last skein and was turning around,  
In through the door Swaran came with a bound.

She was dressed all in wool, from her head to her toes,  
And each garment was hers, her handmade clothes.

Hooks, notions and needles she had in her hands,  
And she looked like a sergeant with ready demands,

But her eyes - how they twinkled! Her smile, so merry!  
Her cheeks were like roses, her nose like a cherry!

A wink of her eye and a nod of her head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

She spoke not a word, but went straight to her work,  
And refilled all the notions, then turned with a jerk.

The needles were next, with hooks yet to go,  
ChiaoGoo or Addi, so many styles to know.


She hung them up deftly, not one out of place,  
Sizes arranged in order from bulky to lace.







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She wore a broad smile as she surveyed the wall,  
That grew larger and prouder as she turned to us all.





She saw a yarn haven, a wonderful staff,  
A community space where we bond over craft.



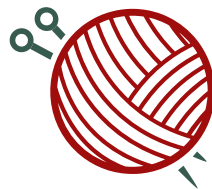
And she knew we were ready to assist every guest,  
With any new project or fiber quest.

She sprang to the door, gave her team one last smile,  
And breezed to her car, in true Swaran style.

But I heard her exclaim, as she drove out of sight,  
“Happy Holidays to all, and to all a good night!”



*with love from.*



**MICHIGAN  
FINE YARNS**  
You Make, We Inspire.

