

**New Life for
Home, Home on the Ranch
By Steve Lewis**

My sweet Deb and I were in deep despair,
The house of our dreams was near a nightmare.
Winter, it loomed just outside the front door,
But our foundation was stubborn, it just would not pour.

Though all our best efforts and tricks we did try,
The date of the raising, we could not verify.
Truckless and phoneless, wondering what he should do,
He pondered and circled, he hadn't a crew.

The gaps in this mess we just could not straddle,
We were up Dreaming Creek without even a paddle.
Our prayers, they were heard up somewhere on high,
Bob, John, and Clem were dropped down from the Sky.

No more messing around with struggling goprofessionals,
At last we'd hooked up with some dandy professionals.
With smiles and with winks they filled us with hope,
Then whispered, "Let's pull this off, or we'll sure look like dopes".

They set off to work, at a most frantic pace,
The thought that was foremost, "We must win this race".
Tweren't ice nor snow that shook them most dreadly,
It was Jimmy's wrath if this frame wasn't ready.

Their efforts they doubled to avert a fate tragic,
Our beautiful home frame emerged swift as magic.
Now all here is well 'cuz under Bob's direction,
We're breathless in the ecstasy of this gorgeous erection.