



'Twas the Last of November
(With Apologies to Clement Clarke Moore)

'Twas the last of November and all through the fall,
There'd been no donations – no, nothing at all!
With Ryan disgruntled and Kathi upset,
We feared that December'd be even worse yet!
But hope will persist, like a star in the night,
And we hoped that TIRF donors really just might
Remember to send us a check or a wire
To help sponsor research, to light a great fire
To brighten up policy and education.
We are so grateful for every donation!

But as twilight came in, we grew very weary.
Our heads, they did nod. Our eyes, they were blurry,
As we worried and pondered our financial gap.
We must have dozed off for an afternoon nap.
Then out in the hall there arose such a clatter,
We sprang from our chairs to see what was the matter,
When a little old mailman so lively and quick
Came into our office. Just in the nick
Of time he arrived with a bag full of letters,
Each one with a check. That made us feel better!

Then PayPal began to send messages too
About more contributions – Nine hundred and two
New donors decided that they would support
The volunteers' efforts to hold down TIRF's fort.
In the face of recessions and hard times worldwide,
They gave money to TIRF, and we noted with pride
That their gifts will support many doctoral grants
With no negative "No's!" No "Sorry – we can't's!"
No sad excuses to tell us just why
There'd be no donations. (The thought made us cry.)





The gifts were astounding, the donors amazing!
We sent them all letters of thanks that were praising
The wonderful help from all these donors, who
Support the Foundation. Our happiness grew,
Until with a jolt we both did awaken
To find that our fundraising dreams had been shaken.
There was no mailman with bags full of cash,
No wire transfers coming. We saw in a flash
That we had been dreaming sweet fundraising dreams
But no gifts had arrived, as sad as that seems.

“We have to work harder,” said Kathi to Ryan.
“I gotcha,” he said, “but we have been a tryin’.
What more can we do to promote contributions?
To generate rev’nue? Come up with solutions?
What can we tell donors to drive the point home?”
“Well maybe,” said Kathi, “we’ll write them a poem,
With verses and rhyme schemes to make readers merry,
And urge them to donate to TIRF and not tarry
In sending a check or going online.
To donate to TIRF would make them feel fine!”

And so we have written this doggerel verse.
We hope when you read it you will not feel worse.
We hope you’ll decide to send TIRF a check
To help us help others, and, hey – what the heck!
We’d love to list your name on [TIRF’s donor page](#)
At this season of giving, when it’s all the rage
To give unto others and spread the good cheer –
We hope you’ll remember at this time of year.
Please won’t you support us? Please don’t say no!
Please help the Foundation continue to grow.

