

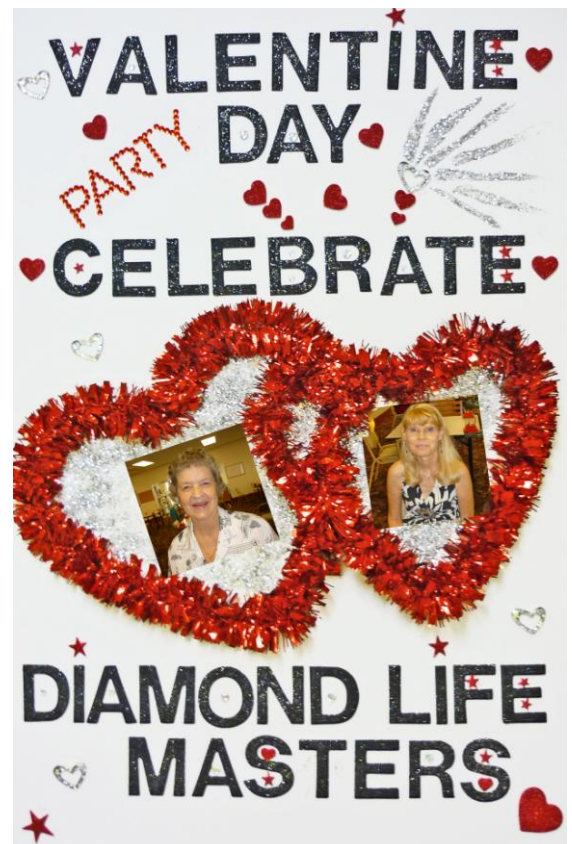
Diamond Party Poem

by Shannon Schneider

Diamond, diamonds, diamonds, galore
Could you ever wish for anything more,
There are diamonds on fingers, tiaras on heads,
But we here - want a another diamond instead
Bridge players seek this gem - that no one can buy,
It's like a great big diamond - high in the sky
We struggle onward - searching to find
That sparkling diamond - that's one of its kind



We have life goals, of bronze, silver, and gold.
But reaching for stars is for few to behold.
Earning points and no money seem strange to others
But to diamond seekers, they're just like our brothers
Today we honor two – who are diamonds to us
But they have requested - please don't FUSS
Linda and Shirley – You are loved by all.
Except when YOUR name is #1 - on the wall!



Linda, is our duplicate bridge teacher to many of us here

Her encouraging smile - we always and still hold dear

She is our source for any convention you name,

But her xyz is PRETTY INSANE!

She is never in line first at a snack table

There is always her bag - that has no label.

We admire you Linda for teaching us all

Thanks for helping make bridge for us - a BALL!

Shirley is our warm greeter to anyone new,

Everyone knows HER- but occasional she DOES miss a few.!

She sends cards and calls us when we are feeling sad

And that coconut cake of hers - tain't BAD!

When playing bridge, she may get in - over her head

But that won't stop her - from baking Amish bread.

We love all the good things she brings here most days

But best of all, we love her CHARMING WAYS

We thank you both for making us proud

That you're a part of our Daytona crowd.

So Linda and Shirley - PLEASE STAND UP NOW

LET US APPLAUD YOU AS YOU TAKE YOUR BOWS.