

Hi Gruppe, Family, and Friends,

Here is one of my very favorite seasonal Porsche pieces. All my best for a great holiday season with your families and friends, and to a wonderful 2021!

Let's get this Covid 19 behind us and we hope to see you all soon!

Hope your cars are all happily tucked in for what we hope is a very short winter.

Tw'as the night before Christmas and the Porsche was dead.

Should I work on the car, or go straight to

bed? Everything was connected, in proper place.

What was I missing? My steps I'll retrace.

The wires were nestled all snug on their plugs, Just

waiting to fire, new pistons and jugs.

And Mamma in bed, and I in the shop, I twisted the key, a sputter, a pop.

When from the back end, there arose such a clatter

I banged my head, then my lip got fatter.

Away to the engine, I flew like a flash

Tore open the lid, and burnt my moustache!

I grabbed the extinguisher, just in time.

And stood there in awe, like a motionless mime.

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,

A gas leak, and tin work, and decals that seared.

With a little old screwdriver, so lively and quick

I tightened the clamp, What a DIPSTICK!

More rapid than eagles my curses they came

Oh I was pissed, but I was to blame

"You, IDIOT! You, FOOL! You're STUPID and a BUM!

You're PATHETIC! You're a HACK! You're

a TURKEY and DUMB!"

Back to the cockpit! A twist of the switch!

Now crank away! Crank away! Crank away bitch!

As gas started gass'n and sparks started spark'n

They both came together; the exhaust started bark'n

So up on the tach, the RPM's flew

I'm going for a drive, beyond my curfew.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard from the house

The pissing and moaning, of my strict little spouse

As I backed out the door, and was turning around

Across the driveway she came, with jacket and hound

She was dressed and prepped, to go for a ride

How could I fault her, we all got inside

We motored with snow, billowing over the roof

Too bad this tub, isn't rustproof!

Her lights-- how they twinkled!

Her handling how merry!

Her temperature was rising,

I was smitten by Ferry!

His cool little car, ripped down the road

Hope we make it back home, without getting towed

I was excited and nervous, white knuckled the wheel

A friendship was forming, like B.B. and Lucille.

My smile grew bigger, from ear to ear

As I threw in the clutch, and shifted the gear

We slid and dog tracked around every turn I redlined

and redlined with little concern

The smooth power curve, of the Maestro cam

Guidance and books; I'm happy as a clam

I continued to drive, through the downtown

Past carolers and skaters, without a letdown

And easing my shoe, into the throttle

We headed home, with no further doddle

As we pulled out of town, a sweet buzz and

whistle, escaped from the Bursch,

like a lethal scud missile

And the list members heard, as I roared out of sight,

"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a Good-Night"

- We are looking forward to a very exciting 2021. My granddaughters, Miss Brooke Leslie Boettcher and Miss Paige Marie Boettcher, continue to be the center of our universe. Opa and Santa are alive and well!**

Vintage Porsche Regards,

Peter Opa/Santa Boettcher

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