

The Shuffleboard Challenge

The shuffleboard game is a challenge. At times, it could be a preacher curse. You're "hooked" after playing a couple of games. It's like trying to quench a thirst.

The air resounds with happy voices, like a group of children at play.
A closer look reveals the 55-plus, on any shuffleboard day.
Friendly faces are all around, but this is my admonition –
That shuffler sitting beside you is just waitin' and itchin'
To shoot that little ole' disc of yours right into the kitchen.
The name of this game is to make a score and show your opponent
"clout."

But, you know for sure you won't make a score when you throw your
darn arm out.

Sometimes you can't hit, sometimes you can't miss those little discs
down there. Wow!

Then you'll hear that familiar phrase: "I think I'll go home now."
It's just as in a tournament when the game is getting hot,
And it's down to the "nitty-gritty" and that very important shot.
You set yourself and push your disc. It glides down the court in double
time.

Then those mournful words ring out, "Oh my God, it went on the line!"
We go to the courts to try to win, but I think most will agree
The important thing that's displayed here is the "Camaraderie."

Lord help us to lose gracefully and be humble when we win,
And we ask that You'll watch over us 'til we meet at the courts again.

Let us savor these times in this southern clime, and the friendships
we've made on the way

Will be nice to recall and the fun of it all we will remember for all our
days.

*This poem is dedicated to all current shufflers, to those who can
participate no more,
And, last of all, but not the least, to those shufflers who have gone
before.*

– ETHEL L. FLINT