Toller Old St. Nieu

'Twas the night before Christmas, and in each isolette

Little creatures were squirming and getting all set:

Machinery sat by their bedsides with care, In hopes that good breathing skills soon would be there

Day shifters were home all snug in their beds, As visions of overtime danced in their heads; While preemies on ventilators, and some on CPAP, Had just settled down for a long winter's nap...

When out in the hall there arose such a clatter, The residents woke up to see what was the matter.

Away from the sink I flew like a jet To make sure all was well at my baby's isolette.

Some bilirubin lights with their powerful glow Gave the lustre of mid-day to babies below, When, there before my wondering eyes, it would seem,

Was an oversized stroller and a medical team. With a handful of needles with which they could stick you,

I knew in a moment it must be St. Nicu.

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More rapid than eagles his specialists came, And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name: "Now, Nurses! Now, Residents! Now, Neonatologists! On, Social Workers! On, Respiratory and Occupational Therapists!

From the front of the unit! To the end of the hall! Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

Up to each baby's cribside they flew, With the stroller full of toys, and St. Nicu too. And then, in a twinkling, they stopped at each bed And tucked in the babies and got them all fed.

As I looked at my baby, and was turning around, Down our aisle St. Nicu came with a bound. He was dressed in red scrubs, and I could instantly tell That his clothes had an obvious hospital smell; A bag of stuffed animals was flung on his back, And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.













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