ode to doc andracher

where chapels look down
as you enter main square,
where footpaths of marble
were laid down with care.

in this town so coquette
with a swan in its name,
there’s a bath full of peat
in a monastery of fame.

in this town tucked away
lives a doc, who is he ?
with an “ur” english name
and a BIG swv.

when you come-in for a shot,
doctor a. is the best,
the fastest needle, no doubt
in all of stiria west!

six hundred moons, is
a long time since he,
saw the light of this globe
and made his first pee.

to this town, without doubt,
all these years he has been,
a pillar of strength
and a man to be seen.

we’ve all met, i can say
his sarcasm and wit,
complemented in turn
by generosity and grit.

his practice, we know,
runs like a well-oiled machine,
with wife eva in charge,
a sight to be seen.
at this milestone in life,
we reflect on the past
with a speech or a poem
giving strength that will last.

our blessings we count
and our future we face,
with concern as we try
to keep up with this pace.

we wish you good health
and good spirits as well
for the next 50 years
and we’re sure time will tell.

may the future bring you
a snuff of gold
a pound of wisdom
and a ton of good luck!

dear gerald,
happy birthday.