

Merry Christmas, Happy Chanukah, joy to you for all of the holidays.

For regular readers, you will remember (who wouldn't?) that we have brought you a special holiday poem crafted in 2010 by our special Christmas team and reprised it for the past five years. It's been republished in a number of insurance publications over the years, with our blessing. If you've missed it, or want the joy of rereading our earlier missive, it's here.

This year, our joyful team has gathered again, with a slight change in composition, to offer you a new message of joy and hope. With special thanks to Clement Moore (or less), once again...

Saving Christmas...

Another Tale of Joy and Happiness

Dan D. Kohane
and his merry band of Christmas elves
(appearing alphabetically)

Howard Altman, Mike Perley, Tim Sullivan, Richard Traub

T'was a month before Christmas
At Hurwitz & Fine.
Our thoughts turned to friendships,
And goblets of wine.

My sister's turned vegan, and I groaned "Oh boy,"
As my Thanksgiving meal would be focused on soy.
So I sat on the couch, while the others were snacking,
Sad at the thought that Turducken was lacking.

The first wisps of winter left a chill in the air,
The thrill of a good year, with lawyers who care.
But something was missing, as I pondered my station,
Perhaps what we needed was a new situation.

For once the associates were focused on billing,
But good gratis work, the old partners were willing.
Just sitting with eggnog was quite a temptation,
We had Christmas ahead, and the courts on vacation.

An elf was in charge of the firm's full compliance,
Keeping track of these things was an art, not a science.
"Pro bono, we're short," And we cannot be liars,

More hours accrued to retain our “Esquires.”

“What we need,” said the elf, is a “worthy endeavor,”
A special sweet gift we’ll remember forever.
So, Thanksgiving I used for real heavy thinking,
While brothers and sisters were spending time drinking.

I thought of Saint Nick, a joyous old giver,
When I suddenly felt the most curious shiver.
To my left was a creature, returning my stare,
Short in stature, quite serious, with flowing white hair.

He was wearing a suit, with a holly sprayed tie,
With a button down shirt and a twinkling eye.
While I can’t say for sure, that he looked very jolly,
I did catch a scent of sweet incense and holly.

“Excuse me young man, please forgive me this banter,
They call me old Sidney, I’m counsel to Santa.
We heard you were looking to help out the needy.
We need an assist, but it has to be speedy.”

“We have a real problem, a pain in the neck
And short time to act before events turns a wreck.
As you all know, Santa’s elves make toys at the Pole.
We’ve expanded our workforce to China and Seoul.”

“The Santa Claus team is good with logistics,
With many strange tongues, they’ve mastered linguistics.
Boxes are shipped ‘round the globe by big sledders,
Dolls, toys, trains and games; and some ugly red sweaters.”

“The workers they ship the gifts far and wide,
So, Santa can refill on his long winter ride.
They go into depots, warehouses and lots.
The reindeer, and Santa, they know all the spots.”

The lawyer then looked at his feet with a frown,
I could tell that some problem was getting him down.
“Tell me Sidney,” I asked, “what’s the problem with that?”
He dried a new tear, with the top of his hat.

“The shippers are bankrupt, they can’t enter port.
A lien and a judgment were filed in court.
Our cargo is trapped in containers all over,

In other words, friend, we're dead in the clover."

Those boats hold our goodies, shown here on this screen,
And it near time for Santa to star in his scene.
Time's running quick; we're a few weeks away,
To unravel these judgments and undo the stay.

I knew then and there, as I help Sidney steady,
We'd help him save Christmas, our firm would be ready.
It's time to aid Santa; we know we can do it,
We've solved problems tougher; we'll help him get through it.

He handed me papers - court orders and briefs,
From courts 'round the world, they're very thick sheaves.
Send out your young lawyers, with gray beards to guide them,
And spring loose our toys; we'll need time yet to hide 'em.

After wine, homemade cookies, and a slice of mince pie,
I rang up the partners, and laid out this great cry.
We'll send out the young'uns by plane and by car,
The ports are world-wide, some near and some far.

We'll file all the motions, we have the gumption,
To seek out the writs, and secure the injunction.
In Re: Santa Claus versus Mean Port Protectors,
We seek court intervention to instruct the inspectors.

So, for weeks going forward, we corralled all our crew,
Good pro bono work and some nice travel too.
And papers we drew and served in courts 'round the globe,
With young lawyers showing the patience of Job.

We said what we'd do, and we did what we said,
With friends 'round the world matters came to a head.
By land, sea and air, every lock had been busted,
With the help of good friends, who can always be trusted.

Christmas was saved, through the efforts of many,
Though bonds were required, and they cost quite a penny.
As court granted motions, elves unloaded cargo.
We even used accounts opened once in Wells Fargo.

With all said and done, and the reindeer in stable,
We all sat together at the holiday table.
A communal project, one sure to endure,



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And a holiday greeting, to those that insure.

So from Dan, Mike and Richie and Howard and Tim,
We're glad that you gave our new missive a skim.
Please sit by the fire, and tune in Pandora,
Enjoying your tree or the nine-branched menorah.

We wish to our colleagues, and friends near and far,
Let your season be splendid, wherever you are.
May this be a year you have pleasure and luck in,
(Though I'm sorry to say, I've still no Turducken).