‘Twas the Night Before Christmas, and All Through the Dojo

(I dedicate this to my Sensei for all she has taught me about karate and life.)

‘Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the dojo, It was quiet, and peaceful, in Okinawan, Ahuso;
The belts were hung on their racks with care, In hopes that Master Claus soon would be there;

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‘Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the dojo, It was quiet, and peaceful, in Okinawan, Ahuso;
The belts were hung on their racks with care, In hopes that Master Claus soon would be there; The practitioners, in their bunks they slept, While they all dreamed of being adept; And Sensei in her room, and on his bed lay Sempai,
Who had just fallen asleep as quickly as I. When on the roof there arose such a bang, All of us, out of our bunks we sprang; Quickly Sensei bowed out at the door, And we all followed her into the snowy galore. The bright shining moon, lighting the sky, Helped us see the figure fly by. Of what the sight had been, all of us knew, Master Claus in his cart, it had to be true. With a muscular driver, looking so keen, I knew I was right of who I had seen. More graceful than dancers, his helpers they came, He yelled and shouted and called them by name; “Now GOSHI! Now SEIGO! now GICHIN! now GOGEN! On GOSEI! on MOTOO! on KANRYO and CHOJUN! To the top of the roof! to the front of the gate! Now forward, for we can not be late!” As fast as a go move came the team of masters, I did not think they could come much faster; Up to the roof the team went so fast, Then to the gate they went at last. He got out of his cart, and approached us slow, Then acknowledged us with a respectful bow. We returned the greeting and watched him walk by, Then we slowly followed our superior inside. He was dressed in his gi, so clean and so white, And around his waist, his black belt tied tight. The patch on his chest of the Karate Do Kyokai, Looked so beautiful, even though it was the same as mine. His face, how stern, his eyes so keen, His body how large, muscular, and lean. Loosely his lips, curled into a grin, With the grayish goatee, hanging down off his chin. His fists, clenched tight his body all tensed, He was going to do something I sensed. He yo-ied then began a kata in mushin, And started doing the breathing kata, Sanchin. In the Three Battle Stance, is how the kata was done, The battle of mind, body, and spirit mixed into one. This kata, representing our style, completely, Was done, for us, by Master Claus so perfectly.
The movements, so smooth, yet so dynamic, And the breathing so perfect, made the kata a relic. When he finished, he bowed, so genuinely respectful, Then bowed to us, in a manner so civil. He hastened to his cart, and ordered to his team, To hurry along, for there were more dojos to be seen. I heard his voice boom, as he flew out of sight "MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND TO ALL A TEST NIGHT."