

'Twas the Sunday after Kids Day, when all through Sunday School,  
Not a Judson Kid was learning anything, not even the Golden Rule.  
The "picture songs" were filed away, having done their good deed  
In hopes that your children might soon learn to read.

No Bibles were in sight, not even the Psalms.  
If you want religion this summer, ask your dad or your mom.  
Instead, we have kick balls and crayons and crackers,  
A playhouse, a slide and some building block stackers.

We have hula hoops and basketballs, lemonade and apple juice,  
And should your children desire, they could even read Proust.  
There's a giant gorilla and tons of Teddy Bears,  
And more than enough Poohbettes to provide childcare.

Your children are welcome to partake in the fun,  
As you worship and pray that the announcements are done.  
And who knows, when he's not in Vermont or Aruba (I wish),  
You might spend a summer Sunday with Judson's Grand Poobah.

Lessons will resume in the fall, y'all.

Have a wonderful summer!

Andy  
Grand Poobah