



The Goose Lights Holiday Drive

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A Children's Story in the Style of Dr. Seuss

The Day We Drove to the Spruce Goose!

On a chilly, gray morning in old Progress Town,
Twelve Porsches lined up, oh, all shiny and brown,
And green, and red, and silver, and blue!
(And one Audi—yes, Audis are wonderful too!)

The drivers were ready, with hats pulled down tight,
But some shook their heads, "Let's drive tops down tonight!"
"No rain will stop us! No clouds will bring fear!"
So they laughed and they cheered, "Let's bring holiday cheer!"



Up Hills, Through Valleys, and Fog So Very Thick

We zoomed through the valleys, through Carlton and more,
We twisted and turned—Oh, what fun was in store!
The engines went vroom, and the tires went squeal,
The Porsches were flying on roads made of steel.



Then up Bald Peak Hill, we went zooming with glee,
But oh, what appeared? What was this we did see?
A fog, oh so thick, like the fluff of a cloud,
It wrapped all around, like a magical shroud.

The taillights ahead glowed a bright, glowing red,
Like lanterns, like fireflies, guiding instead.
We followed their light through the mist and the gray,
And on we went driving, our hearts shouting, "Hooray!"

At Last! The Big Goose in a Hall Full of Lights

We reached the museum—oh, what a sight!
The Spruce Goose stood waiting, all covered in light!
Big, shiny, and glowing, with lights red and green,
The grandest old airplane the world's ever seen!



The children went running, their eyes full of wonder,
They shouted, "It's HUGE! It's as big as the thunder!"
They looked at small planes, at jets and at wings,
At pilots and engines and marvelous things.

The Spruce Goose was smiling (if planes smile at all),
And the lights danced around it like stars in the hall.
We laughed and we played, young and old, big and small,
At the Goose Lights Drive—the best trip of them all!

Dinner! And Stories, With Friends All Around

Then off to McMinnville we traveled once more,
To eat and to laugh and to share tales galore.
The tables were crowded, with faces so bright,
And the food tasted yummy—a pure delight!

We talked about fog, and the Goose full of light,
We talked about Porsches with tops open wide,
We talked about taillights like fireflies glowing,
And the joy of a drive where no rain had been showing.

Our bellies were full, and our hearts were so light,
As we said our goodbyes on that magical night.
The Goose Lights Holiday Drive was a treat,
A day to remember, so happy and sweet.

So Remember the Drive, With Your Friends and Your Crew

If you ever go driving on a cold, foggy day,
With friends in their cars, zipping roads far away,
Look up at the clouds and the sky big and wide,
And remember the fun of that wonderful ride.

Remember the Goose with its wings spread so bright,
And taillights that glowed like a magical light.
Remember the laughter, the cheer, and the friends,
For the joy of the road never truly ends!



Carlos Santayana and Kym Allen in their jump seats

