

One Faithful Toastmaster

Ten Toastmasters standing in a line, one disliked the president, and then there were nine.

Nine ambitious Toastmasters offered to work late. One forgot the mission, and then there were eight

Eight creative Toastmasters had membership ideas good as heaven. One lost enthusiasm, and then there were seven.

Seven loyal Toastmasters got in a fix. They quarreled over evaluations, and then there were six.

Six Toastmasters remained with spirit and drive. One moved away and then there were five.

Five steadfast Toastmasters wished there were more. One got indifferent, and then there were four.

Four cheerful Toastmasters never disagree 'til one complained of no agendas at meetings, and then there were three.

Three eager Toastmasters couldn't hold a successful meeting. What do they do? One got discouraged, and then there were two.

Two lonely Toastmasters, our rhyme is nearly done. One joined a pinochle club, and then there was one.

One faithful Toastmaster, feeling rather blue, met with an inactive Toastmaster and then there were two.

Two earnest Toastmasters, each reclaimed one more, doubling their number, then there were four.

Four determined Toastmasters just couldn't wait 'til each reclaimed another, then there were eight.

Eight excited Toastmasters reclaimed eight more. In another six verses there will be 1,024!

.....adopted from *One Faithful Member*.

Anonymous, Brain Injury Association of New York State Newsletter, Spring 1996

