

***Christus Rex Tales*, by Linda Twedt Baesler, Dec 1971**

(Going away gathering as Clyde & Sheryl Eisenbeis moved from college to work)

There once was this fella named Clyde
His trusty guitar at his side
He'd play all the day
And all night he did play
And at Christus Rex did abide.

Then one day his Sheryl he did meet
He'd ne'r seen a girl half so sweet
With his voice he couldn't whisper
And so he just kissed her
And swept sweet Sheryl off her feet.

Now with the Good News Folks they toured
And as their relationship matured
We noticed that Clyde
Had much energy inside
And wondered how Sheryl endured.

At night he'd bowl and talk 'til 5
While the rest of us were snug in our hive
And in the morning he'd be
As wide awake as you and me
And exclaim 'twas great to be alive.

Yes they lived life with such zest
They'd both work to pass every test
And because they were concerned
Much praise they both earned
And rank in our book with the best.

Last summer the best of them both
Did unite in a beautiful betroth
So now what we see
Is not he and she
But a unity bound by an oath.

There are some strange stories to tell
And some could embarrass like hell
But for these happy folk
Life is no joke
They take the good and the bad just as well.

So now Clyde and Sheryl as you go
All our joy and our sorrow we show
Our joy and our cheer
For having you here
And as you leave our sorrow bestow.

So let us all ponder awhile
The distance that's set by each mile
And when we're alone
We won't pine or grown
We'll just think of Clyde and smile.