

The Night Before Christmas

Story by: Matt Hoying

Featuring the
Choice One
Traffic Engineers



T was the night before Christmas, and all through the city
Not a driver was cursing, not even an old lady.
The signals were hung by their mast arms with care,
A sign that traffic engineers had certainly been there.

The children were nestled all snug in their car seats,
With visions of green lights replacing their treats.
With mama in the passenger seat, and I behind the wheel,
Had just settled in for a long winter's trip in our automobile.

When out on the highway, there arose such a clatter,
I scanned the horizon to see what was the matter!
Through the intersection I made it, thanks to a gap,
To see a traffic engineer tear open his coat and throw on his cap.





The moon on the back of his superhero cape
Gave the luster of calm to everyone needing escape.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a new controller, and eight tiny loops, just here!

With a brief installation, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it would all just click.
More rapid than it began, the gridlock disappeared,
We whistled, and shouted, and all gave a big cheer.

"Now, Tesla! Now, Mustang! Now, Prius and Pilot!
On, Caddy! On Lexus! On Civic and Camry!
To the top of the hill! Past the mall!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"



A nd then, with an extension, he let us all through,
Our Christmas party arrivals were all over due.
As we smiled and waved and could stop turning around,
Down the support pole he came with a bound.



He was dressed in his green, from his head to his hat,
His clothes all tarnished with needless exhaust and wasted gas.

A bundle of tools he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.



His eyes -- how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the shine of his safety vest glowed as white as the snow.

A push button he held tight in his hand,
With a pedestal and a ped head to band.
He had little time to work,
And so many controller settings to quirk.

He was calm and collected, and confident in himself,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And pulled all the wire, then turned with a jerk.
And laying his finger aside of his controller,
And giving a nod, to the cabinet his hand twitched.

He sprang to his feet, and flipped all the switches,
And away we all drove like red ants marching into the night.
But I heard him exclaim, as we drove out of sight,



Kole Egbert

Tyler Thobe

Jeff Kunk

Jeff North

Aaron Plas

Ryan Lefeld

Nick Selhorst

Megan Bornhorst

Troy Niese

Jeff Puthoff

Ryan Francis

Wes Goubeaux

Michael Kunzi

Kristi Moorman

Chad Henry

Jonathan Murphy

Lexy Bolin

Max Keeley

Allen Bertke

Sammy Kuck

Holly Fannon

Brian Barhorst

Rob Pressel

Chris Fluegeman

Jacqueline Huelskamp

Craig Frilling

Caray Schmiesing

Dan Perreira

Brad Warnock

Ryan Bruns

Jacquie Catman

Kyle Siegrist

Brad Walterbusch

Craig Eley

Rodney Jackson

Zach Borchers

Brian Goubeaux

Dane Sommer

Luke Hemmelgarn

Wes Wolters

Brian Schmidt

Matt Lefeld

Jake Bertke

Mike Goettemoeller

“ Merry Christmas to all,
and to all a good-night! ”

ChoiceOne
Engineering

Michael Seeger

Matt Hoying

Mitch Thobe

Andy Shuman

Jake Cordonnier

Adam Gill

Nick Sanders

Brittany Clinehens

Casey Reichert

Kaye Borchers

Allan Heitbrink

Eric Kuck

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