



## Philosopher's Corner December 2013

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### 'Twas the End of the Old Year in Donor Relations

'Twas the end of the old year, and all through Advancement  
Time was a-ticking: last chance for enhancement.

Computers were smokin', and money was booked.  
We added it up—not a cent overlooked.

Coffee was perking, and snacks made it clear  
That the table was loaded to give us good cheer.

We welcomed our task without going berserk,  
And settled right in for a long night of work.

When out in the stairwell arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my desk to see what was the matter.

Into the hallway I flew like a flash,  
What noise could this be? Enough balderdash!

People were crowding in, shoulder to shoulder;  
Their ribald advances got bolder and bolder.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But the glitter of gold in a bright atmosphere.

“We’re donors!” they shouted. “We’ve come to proclaim  
Our generous stake in philanthropy’s game!

Here—trusts and annuities, pledges galore,  
Cold cash and bequests and oh so much more.

We’re giving you all of our worldly possessions,  
We think you’ll be pleased. Do you have any questions?”

They emptied their pockets, and fell to their knees.  
“Take all of our holdings, we’re begging you, please.

It’s the end of the year and not time to possess.  
Accountants are saying we must reassess.

Now use it! Now spend it! Now steward this haul!  
Take care of your donors, ’cause you need us all.”

“Perhaps I am dreaming,” I said to myself.  
“It’s late, and I’m weary of dealing with wealth.”

While revelers partied on out in the streets,  
There I sat struggling over receipts.

Reports and assignments, spreadsheets to explore  
Were causing a headache I could not ignore.

I shut my brain down for a minute or two  
To quiet the internal hullabaloo,

And woke up refreshed with the best of vibrations  
To rise to the challenge of Donor Relations.

We coddle, we cuddle, we cultivate,  
We recognize, patronize, and subjugate.

We do it because we believe in our cause  
And welcome all donors with hearty applause.

I spoke not a word, but went straight to my work.  
Our stewardship matters, and we will not shirk.

And then the clock said it was quarter to midnight.  
My work was complete, and I knew it was just right.

I went to the stairs and saluted the crowd,  
Thanked them for coming, and told them, "Be proud."

They waggled their booty and cheered with a whistle,  
Tickled to death by the chipper dismissal.

And I heard one exclaim as they faded from sight,  
**"Happy New Year to all, and may NASDAQ take flight!"**

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Is there a Donor Relations or Stewardship meta-issue about which you are eager to wax philosophical? Please contact any member of the ADRP *Philosopher's Corner* academy: [Diana Elvin](#), [Julia Emlen](#), or [Erin McVeigh](#).