

We lived far, and sometimes near
But Irene lived very near;
In log cabin, more than near;
For many years she was right here.
She went to places all did know,
But also where but few did go.
Arch Cape was a secret place
When there Irene first showed her face.
The trip was long but mostly fun
In pouring rain or sometimes sun
If trip went on too near sunset
Then Irene asked "Are we there yet?"
Before Hug Point, Irene would fret,
"If tide is high, we might get wet!"
But far above the low tide line
The road around Hug Point worked fine;
Round Hug Point they drove in style,
Then in Arch Cape they stayed a while.
Then she grew up, lived far and wide
Even places without tide.
Some were hot and some were dry;
When she lived there, she wondered why.
Sometimes those places she'd escape
To spend some time back in Arch Cape.
If she left Arch Cape, she soon returned;
The reason why, we now have learned.
She was bound by String of Steel.
A string too fine to see or feel.
Mr Steel was very strong,
Did not let her stay for long.
Too long away, then String was stretched
And with a Bang, back she was fetched.
Irene sitting at a meal
Was yanked away by String of Steel
With a Snap, she bounced back in,
Inside the Arch Cape log cabin.

So to Irene it then was clear
String Steel would always keep her here.
"From bouncing back, I'm getting sore;
I think I'll stay here by the shore!"
Then Steel had no work to do,
He blamed Irene, now wouldn't you?
Then Steel not hauling back Irene
Began to lose his steely sheen.
To stay fit it's haul he must;
He feared he might begin to rust.
String Steel decided to retire
And go and join his cousin, Wire.
When Steel was no longer there,
Irene could feel it in the air.
So Irene could go once more,
And leave the cabin by the shore.
But she stayed long in neighborhood;
For neighbors that was very good.
At last she started to believe
Now might be the time to leave.
It could be fun, it could be good
To live in a new neighborhood.
Suzanne Elise would be a scene
That would welcome our Irene.
So Irene moved, and now she's here
A brand new chapter starts this year
Suzanne Elise, the lucky place
Can now enjoy her smiling face,
And Arch Cape stories, tales of old
Some of which have not been told.
This may be a few days late,
But not too late to celebrate.
And so we really want to say,
To you Irene, **Happy Birthday!**

Jim Markham, August 2009