

## **Hank Speaks... So Listen**

Here's a little report about the recent brewoff

# **That Bock Brew Day**

He which had no stomach to this great task, Let him depart; his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse; We would not tarry in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to brew with us. This day is call'd That Bock Brew Day.

He that outlived this day, and came safe home, Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
And rouse him at the name of Homebrew. He that did survive this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours, And say "To-morrow is That Bock Brew Day."  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars, And say "These wounds I had on That Bock  
Brew Day."

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot, But he'll remember, with advantages, What feats he  
did that day. Then shall our names, Familiar in his mouth as household words - Georgine  
and Hank Bienert, Frank Ballero, Marcel the Brewmaster and Brandi Charbonnet, Ron  
LaBorde, Tom Lay, John Foley, Norman and Gloria Crassons, Greg Hackenberg, Bob Annoni,  
Rick Doskey, Judson Wheeler, Chester Vidacovitch, Mike Retzlaff, and that noble beast  
Rusty who boldly removed spilled grain and beer and gave fond greetings and whenever he  
did sit closely offering succor upon that day's labors, did always leave a blessed badge of  
white fur.

And the libations were cold and necessary and copious as was the home brew proffered by  
Bob and Tom. The Morning repast and generous lunch from Georgine's kitchen skills and  
Norman's pie constructions shall continue to refresh and sustain whenever we revisit  
the sweet memories of That Bock Brew Day. This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And That Bock Brew Day shall ne'er go by, From this day to the ending of the world, But we  
in it shall be remembered - We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; For he to-day that  
sheds his sweat and makes his beer with me shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile, This  
day shall gentle his condition; And gentlemen in the nearby lands now-a-bed Shall think  
themselves accurs'd they were not here, And hold their manhoods cheap whilts any speaks  
That brewed with us upon That Bock Brew Day

*This came to me when I was channeling a namesake, Henry (the Fifth)*

*...I think there was a play (with a speech) written about him by W Shakespeare. -*

**- THNX Hank**