



Photo by John Watkins

Ode to TCNA on Her 90th Birthday



On the shores of Lake Chocorua in 1921
The women would gather enjoying the sun
They spoke of their families, their travels, and
dreams
They talked of their wishes for this town so
pristine.

“I wish we had someone to call when Johnny’s
got fevers or earaches again.”

“I know what you mean,” said one of the
dames
“Last week George fell down - oh is he lame.”

“There’s no one to call to guide us along
when someone is sick and not very strong.”

“Well what should we do just sit and
complain?”

“No, I know of a nurse. Mary Curran’s her
name.”

“Why don’t we unite and ask her to come.
We can pay her a wage a fair but modest sum.”

“She can help with my mother.” “She can help
with Aunt Ann.”

“She could help with the children.” “Oh it
would be grand!”

“The whole town could use her.

“What a wonderful sight
To see her arriving all dressed in starched
whites.”

And so it began, on that hot summers day.
The birth of the service we call TCNA.
90 years later, it’s still going strong.
The nurses still visit and help us along.

“They gave me my flu shot!”

“They bandaged my ear.”

“They were with Uncle Harry
when he died last year.”

“She came when I called her.”

“She came late at night.”

“She came on a weekend
but not dressed in white.”

Now TCNA turns
90 years young.

It’s work still continues
With much to be done.

So here’s to the founders,
those women of yore.
It’s them you should thank
for that nurse at your door.

Thanks to the nurses who served all
these days

And here’s to the donors who support us
today!

Here’s to the Board who’s guided the way!
A happy, happy birthday dear TCNA!!!!