



[HOME](#)

WEEKLY NEWSLETTER

December 17, 2025

**CAPTAIN: MIK SEVERINI**

**Mik** welcomed everyone to the Salty Sisters' Red and White Christmas Party and thanked the Social Committee Chair, **Charl Hadfield**, and her helpers, for the wonderful decorations and festive atmosphere.

**GUESTS:**

We were graced with many guests today! From the SPYC Flag, we welcomed Rear Commodore Mary Hacker. Mary will become the first female Commodore since our late Salty Sister, **Pat Siedenspinner**, held that position. And only the second female Commodore since SPYC was founded in 1909. We also welcomed Susan Cross, spouse of SPYC Vice Commodore, Kevin Cross, and Lisa Funsch, spouse of SPYC Treasurer, Mike Funsch. Our own **Taryn Bergstrom**, spouse of our Current Commodore Christian Bergstrom, was also present. **Ginger Hanner** brought **Kathi Hall**, **Marti Cochran** brought **Angela Kowalik** and **Joanne Simmons**. **Leslie Jeffery** introduced Robin Robinson and **Sigrid Lovfald** introduced her friend, **Marian Moore**. **Karen Lieberman** welcomed **Tinker Mckee** and **PC Helen Larsen** welcomed **Marge Sommer**. **Jill Bridges** welcomed **Judy Clapp** and **PC Ellen Pavone** welcomed **Maureen Twombly**. **Judy Sauers** welcomed **Polly Jones**. **Carol Crawford** introduced her daughter, Kristen Crawford. **Audrey Orgo** welcomed **PC Valerie Massengill**, and **Suzanne Boohar** introduced Joanne Yauge and Susan Hankins. **Pat Burrows** welcomed **Eleanor Koelsch**. And we all recognized **DC Stevenson** at the table today. Welcome all!

**Jenn O'Neill** offered a Christmas prayer and reflection on recent tragic events in the world.

**Anna Olecka** announced that our Salty Sister **Kate Clardy** has given birth to a beautiful baby girl.

**KT Trudeau** has new handbook inserts and is distributing them today.

**Mik** reminded us of the donation bags on the back table to receive contributions to our 5 Charities-Christmas Toy Shop, I Rise, Music Sweet Music, Clothes to Kids and Voices of Hope.

**ENTERTAINMENT: THE SALTY SISTER CLASS OF 2024 SKIT**

Our newest class of Salty Sisters entertained us with a funny skit full of interesting props and action. The Salty Sister Class of 2024, now known as the **Hurricane Hellions**, consists of **Lindsay Carter**, **Cathy Lasky**, **Britt Madigan**, and **Jenny Roche**. Great job by our new Salties!

**HOSPITALITY: JOAN STEPHENSON**

**Joan** announced 5 upcoming birthdays.

**SOCIAL: PC CHARL HADFIELD**

**Charl** thanked everyone for their wonderful red and white attire and awarded the poinsettias and wooden reindeer to two lucky people at each table.

**STORES: KIM KURUZOVICH, CONNIE SMITH**

**Connie** said bracelets with the Salty Sisters logo (\$20) will be available and orders are being taken now. T-shirts and long-sleeved shirts for the cruise can be ordered today. See **Kim** to place your order.

**LUNCH RESERVATIONS:** Use the SPYC website or the app. You may call a dedicated number: **(727) 892-6882**, to reserve your seat. Lunch reservations may not be made by calling the SPYC front desk.

**Jenn O'Neil** closed the meeting with the reading of her nautical version of *The Night Before Christmas*. See copy at the end. Thank you, Jenn!



Scenes from the Salty Sisters Class of 2024, aka the Hurricane Hellions, skit



Some of our beautiful Salty Sisters decked out for the holidays!



Santa and Mrs. Claus with Captain Mik and Co-Captain Audrey

## A Salty Sisters Christmas Ballad



T'was the week before Christmas, when all through the crew  
Not a sailor was stirring — not even you!  
The spinnakers were rigged on the Sonars with care,  
In hopes that St. Elmo would fill them with air.  
The Salties were nestled all snug in their beds;  
Visions of trophies and charms danced in their heads.

The Captain in her Blazer, and I in my Hat  
Had just settled on the Race Course, and there we sat.  
When out on the Bay there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my seat to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Fearful I'd witness some Sailing Center crash.

The moon with such brightness had the water a-glow  
It gave a luster of midday to the buoys below,  
When what to my wondering eyes did appear,  
But a miniature Signal Boat with 8 cases of Beer !  
A Questionable Driver so reckless and quick  
I wondered "who in the world made *this pick!*"

More rapid than a Melges 15 she came,  
And she whistled, and shouted, and called them all names:  
"Hey *Green Boat* — you knucklehead there's a windward mark missing!  
*Go on, reset it,*" she said, loudly hissing.  
To the top of the course, to the big Yellow ball  
They did dash away! dash away! dash to the call.

As palms fronds before wild Hurricanes fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;  
So up to the top of the racecourse they flew  
With a boat full of marks, and signal flags too—  
And then, in a twinkling, I did see the proof  
The bouncing and flouncing of each mark —Poof Poof Poof 🌀 !

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the channel St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in red, from his head to his foot,  
Custom cold tech gear: Nor'Easter Hat, coat & boot;  
A bundle of lines he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a Chandler just needing some slack.

His eyes— they were wrinkled, his voice, kinda scary,  
His cheeks were like leather, his tone made me wary!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
He kept checking his smartphone, looking at SailFlow.  
Trying to untangle some knots with his teeth,  
He finally gave up, just stowed the lines beneath;




He had that tanned face and big beer belly  
From so many Regattas, (maybe also too much Telly).  
He was weathered and plump, rather large for an “elf”  
All those years on the water, I thought to myself;

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head  
Had me soon wondering what this guy just said!  
He mumbled salty words as he went to his “work”  
Spraying all the boat slips! made me think, “what a jerk!”  
Then laying his tiller aside of the hose,  
And giving a nod, out the basin he goes.  
He powered his boat, to his crew gave a whistle,  
And away they all sailed like a ballistic missile.

But I heard him exclaim, as he raced out of sight—  
***“Salty Christmas to all, and to all a good night!”***



Jennifer O’Neill  
Class of ‘21

	<b>Salty Sister Dropbox Photo Albums:</b> Managed by <b>Carol Hansen</b> Click on the Dropbox icon to view and download our photos.
	<b>Salty Sister Facebook Page:</b> Managed by <b>Jill Bridges</b> Click on the Facebook icon on the left and check out our updated Facebook page.
 WEEKLY NEWSLETTER	<b>Newsletter Scribe:</b> Nancy Dunn <b>Coordinator:</b> Gwen Mann <b>Editor:</b> Barbara Mehaffey <b>Committee:</b> Pat Burrows, Beverly Smoak <b>Webmaster:</b> Anna Olecka