

*'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the
stores,
The flooring was stacked high from the ceiling to floor.
Consumer confidence was shaky, just fifty-two,
And flooring execs wondered what next they should do.*

*Housing and remodeling felt stuck in the mud,
Interest rates high, 2025 was a dud.
Their hopes for the new year were cautious, suppressed,
Knowing recovery would be a challenging quest.*

*Across the wide globe, tensions did swell,
Europe braced for conflict, a fear we all felt.
Stress filled our hearts, and our spirits were weak,
The future uncertain, the path seemed oblique.*

*Then out of the night came a jolly old man,
With a twinkle in his eye and a warm, cheerful plan.
He smiled and he said, "Though the road may be tough,
Keep hope in your heart, I know you're strong enough."*

*“Your work brings warmth to each home that you touch,
Your care and your craft, they all mean so much.
So hold to your kindness, your laughter, your cheer,
And floors will delight families year after year.”*

*He whisked up his sleigh, and from high on the roof,
In a voice so deep, he told the great truth:
“What matters most isn’t wealth, power, or fame,
But kindness and joy, and the love you proclaim.”*

*So hold dear your family, your friends, and your health,
Spread goodwill and joy, for they are true wealth.
And far in the distance, a bright light shone so bright,
“Happy Holidays to all, and to all a good night!”*