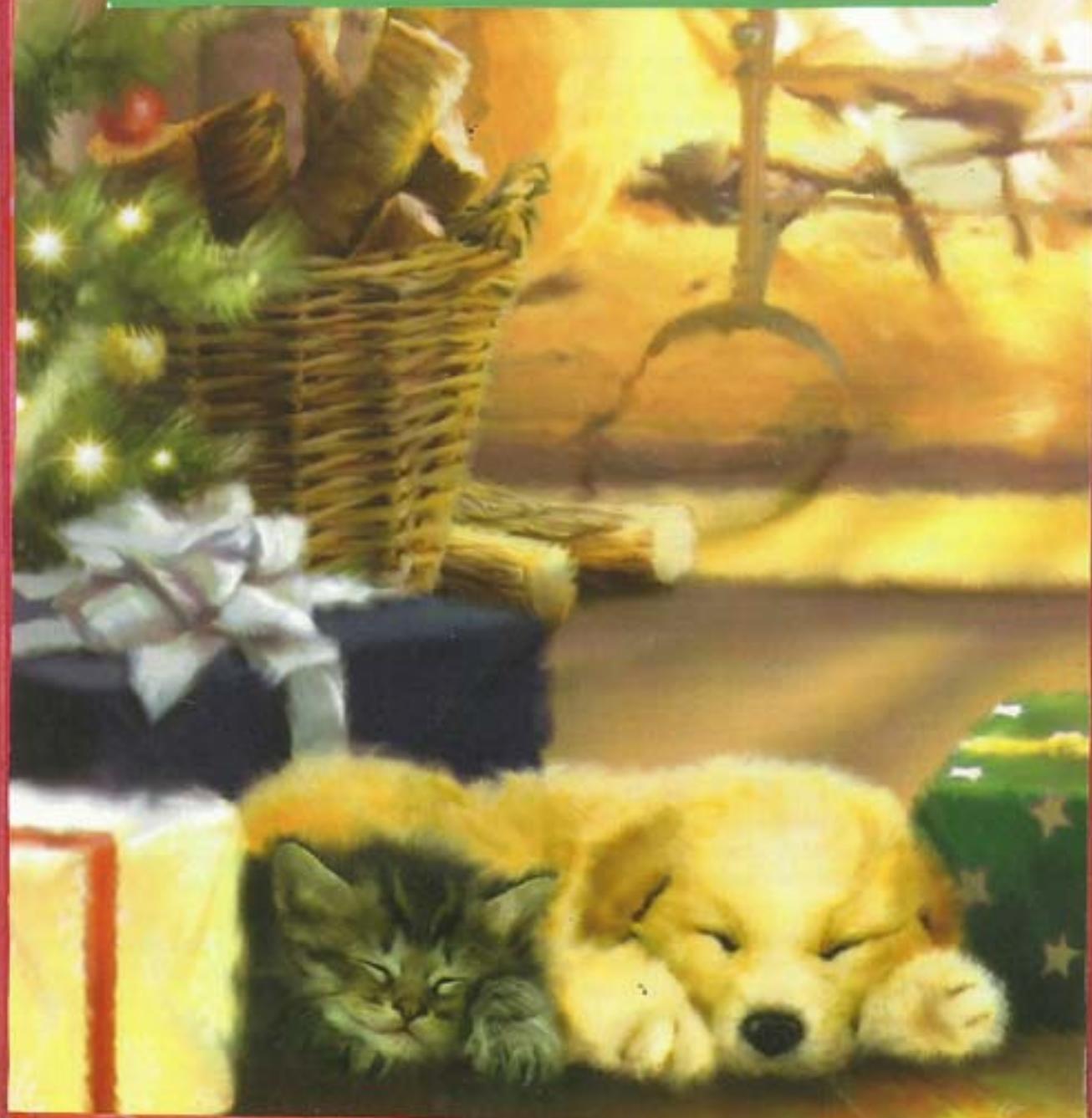


THE BUZZ

HAPPY HOLIDAYS FROM THE BUZZ



THE BUZZ



YOUR PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Comrades

"Merry Christmas" to all my comrades across Canada and in B.C.

Let me first thank everyone for all the cards of condolences I received from all my friends and comrades for my mothers passing.

My Editor tells me The Buzz is not the same without my reports . . . so I'm back.

Unit #68 once again proved why we are called "*The Friendly Club*" as over 30 comrades out of a membership of 63 turned out for our general membership meeting. It was a very informative meeting and congratulations to the 2016 executive who were elected and of course I was very humbled, as over 12 people stood up to nominate me for my 9th consecutive term as our Unit #68 President. Some units have difficulty nominating members for various positions but we had to actually turn members away as there were more volunteers than positions . . . pretty awesome.

You might ask why this is, but I like to think it is because we act as a team and no one person ever dominates the executive meetings or membership meetings. Yes, there are times that we do not all agree but after some give and take on everyone's part we always come to an agreement. As reported by our finance chair Sandi Greenfield, our unit is in a good position, as our executive have made wise financial investments. We again offer \$60.00 membership for couples as an incentive to sign up your significant other and \$35.00 for all other members.

I was very sad to hear the news of the resignation by our B.C. Command Vice-President Jordy Anderson. He had devoted many years to this organization and I had looked forward to the day that he would have become our Provincial President. We had a special relationship and I always felt comfortable calling him whenever I needed his advice. I hope he keeps in touch and we at Unit #68 wish him well.

To all our out of town comrades, please note that we are forced to cut back on our Buzz mailings in 2016, as the cost last year in postage was very high at approximately \$2 per issue per month. Everyone loves The Buzz and I must note that Mardi and Fred, our editors, do not charge one cent for the 150 copies they print every month. The Unit pays only for the colour cover

each month, and as mentioned, the postage.

You can access The BUZZ at OUR WEB SITE "anavets68.com" or, if you really want the hard copy sent, please provide \$24.00 per year, to cover postage for 12 issues effective January 2016.

Send cheques payable to ANAF Unit #68
c/o: Bob Rietveld
10040 Bamberton Dr.
Richmond B.C. V7A1K3

Fraternally,

Bob Rietveld
President Unit #68

PROVINCIAL COLOUR GUARD REPORT

Comrades,

Those of you who read my October report on 9/11 will recall the unfortunate incident with our Canadian Army Veterans Motorcycle Units (3rd Cav.) and their treatment at this years' ceremony.

I had sent a copy of our buzz to their National Srgt.-At-Arms, Mr. Barry Drews. Comrade Drews was given the Veterans Affairs Commendation Award on 9/11 in 2014 and I asked him for permission to print his response to my article. Here is his response:

Hello Bob,

Thank you very much for your support, it is greatly appreciated! It indeed was a surprising state of affairs, especially as myself & members of 3rd CAV were personally invited to the 9/11 event by Guy Morall (the founder of the 9/11 Memorial Ride). I myself personally deal with the 12 Silver Cross Families from BC all year long. Can you imagine how they'd feel if this was brought to their attention? I also put on the Memorial Ride for the Fallen, this year being our 6th Annual. Stemming from that event alone, we have raised 10's of thousands of dollars for Wounded

Warriors in Canada, MFRC & the Honour House. Also from putting on that Annual event, we got BC's Highway of Heroes dedication, which sparked a National CAV campaign to get the Highway of Heroes dedication's in all provinces across Canada on the Trans Canada Highway. To this date it has been achieved, one Atlantic Province being the final which will be unveiled in 2016!

It is a sad day when some members of a law enforcement detachment, that have not done their Due Diligence refuse a National Veterans Association the right to ride escorted to an event such as the 9/11 event. As you stated in your article, hopefully that will be corrected by the 9/11 committee & the VPD so that doe's not take place again. Thank you for your support & I have sent a copy of your article to the National President of the C.A.V.

Sincerely,

Barry Drews

National Sgt at Arms

Canadian Army Veteran Motorcycle Units

www.thecav.ca

As mentioned in my report, I hope this issue will be rectified for 2015.

Fraternally,
Bob Rietveld
Past Color Sergeant

OUR COLOUR GUARD AT 2015 SANTA CLAUS PARADE



VETERANS AFFAIRS REPORT

Comrades

I was invited to attend a fund raising dinner for **The Equitas Disabled Soldiers Society** on November 6, 2015. They are a national volunteer organization committed to increasing awareness about the deficiencies of Canada's "**NEW VETERANS CHARTER.**" As so many families suffer from their soldiers life changing disability, their theme is focused on the impact to families, lifestyle change and roadblocks to benefits and assistance.

A national law firm (Miller Thomson) have generously agreed to waive their professional fees to initiate a Charter Challenge of Rights and Freedoms in order to seek a fair and equitable compensation package for disabled soldiers with lifelong disabilities. This legal matter is now before the BC Court of Appeal.

At the dinner the feature speaker was the wife of a disabled veteran from Afghanistan who lost both legs and an arm. Tracy Kerr, wife of Cpl. Billy Kerr, who had never given a speech, spoke for 20 emotional minutes about the nightmares of being a care giver and their constant struggle with the system, Billy is only 36 years young with 2 small children.

I ask myself, what is with our government representatives, that our soldiers who sacrificed in some cases not only their bodies but even their lives would have to endure a life of fighting for fair compensation. Without consulting my Unit #68 Executive I took it upon myself to donate \$400.00 from our unit and a personal donation, as the moment was so overwhelming. Of course at our General Meeting on November 22nd my members

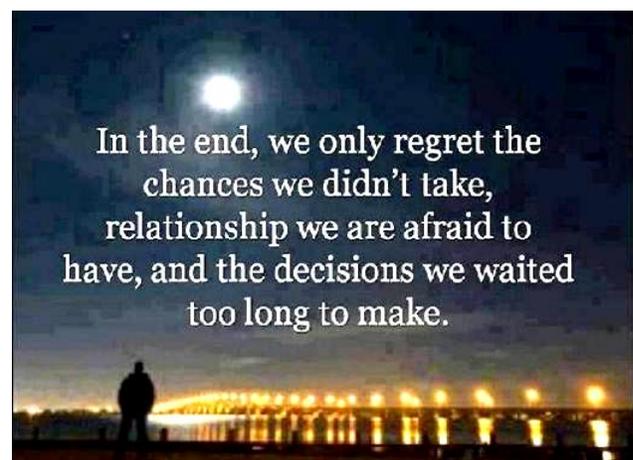
approved the donation without a second thought. Our Unit #68 had donated \$5,000.00 earlier in the year. On Nov 15th I accompanied Brian Archer of The Citadel Canine Society to Unit #302 Sydney where they gave a second donation towards a service dog. We always mention our veterans of the two great wars, as we should, but our new veterans are in need of our help "TODAY"!

Again I respectfully ask, any B.C. unit that needs to spend their meat draw accounts before the end of 2015, to please contact me and support this worthy cause, or if you have already donated and you feel the urge to follow Unit #302 with a second donation, please call me. Currently our clubs in B.C. have sponsored 8 service dogs, making it 17 dogs in B.C. and a total of 40 dogs trained and given out nationally by this society. None of the donations made in B.C. leave this Province and are for our local veterans. Go to the Citadel's web site or Facebook for up-dated videos. --- CALL ME TODAY " 604-240-7084-cell

E-mail, text or do whatever it takes to pressure your new Liberal Government.

Submitted in honour Of Roy Blair.

**Fraternally,
Bob Rietveld.**



A FOND FAREWELL . . .

Comrades

Our Dear Comrade Bert Darvault joined East Vancouver Unit #68 in 1992. Therefore this year is his 23rd year as a loyal affiliate member. On December 20th Bert has decided to move to Quebec to be close to his family; a move we all feel is a very wise decision. I personally will miss that cantankerous Frenchman and I say that with all due respect and love. Both Bert and his partner May Nyce, have been close friends of Rose and myself for over 15 years. We celebrated many New Year's Eves together, along with hundreds of Unit #68 functions. I cannot begin to share the many stories, laughter and good times we all experienced along with many other of Bert's friends.

On Sunday December 13, 2015 our unit have arranged a "**Bon Voyage Party**" for Bert, and at the time of writing this report I can only guess on the number of friends that will show up to say their farewell. Unfortunately Bert has been diagnosed with terminal cancer and we are all praying for a miracle. We lost May suddenly almost 2 years ago, so this sad news is very overwhelming for myself, and I try to remain positive that we will meet again.

God Speed my friend
Bob Rietveld



2015 POPPY FUND . . .

Our ANAF Unit #68 raised \$ 18,328.45 this year.

Special Thanks to our taggers Sandi and Ella Kanciruk, Kay Grieve, Bobbi Cameron, and our **special tagger '95 years young' Agnes Keegan**, and to our driver Kerr Adamson. We could not have done this without their help.

We are a small but mighty club!

Jan Holt, Director

BLESSING OUR VOLUNTEERS . . .

Dedicated hearts like yours
Are not so easy to find.
It takes a special person to be
So generous and kind.

To care so much for your
fellow man
Is a quality all too rare.
Yet you give of your time
and talents,
For all in need to share.

So thank you for being
a volunteer,
We're privileged to work with you.
We want you to know how
appreciated you are,
Not just today, but the whole
year through.

Unknown author

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A QUOTE THAT IS SO VERY TRUE . .

*“In the end, we will remember not the
words of our enemies, but the silence
of our friends”*

– Dr. Martin Luther King.

SIX LITTLE STORIES. . .

{1} Once all villagers decided to
pray for rain, on the day of prayer all the
people gathered, but only one boy came
with an umbrella.

That's FAITH

{2} When you throw a baby in the
air, she laughs because she knows you
will catch her.

That's TRUST

{3} Every night we go to bed,
without any assurance of being alive the
next morning, but still we set the alarms to
wake up.

That's HOPE

{4} We plan big things for tomorrow
in spite of zero knowledge of the future.

That's CONFIDENCE

{5} We see the world suffering, but
still we get married and have children.

That's LOVE

{6} On an old man's shirt was
written a sentence 'I am not 80 years old....
I am sweet 16 with 64 years experience'

That's ATTITUDE

**Have a happy day; live your life like
the six stories!**



*A Very Merry
Christmas and a
Happy New Year to
all of our Comrades
and Friends!!!!*

REMINISCING WITH RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON . . .



Editor's Note:

We have combined two of our Ronnie's best Christmas memories – from December 2011 and 2012.

Climb aboard the Robinson TIME MACHINE! I'm taking you back to 1930. I was 10 years old and we lived in a house on 49th Avenue and Prince George Street; the same house I mentioned some time ago in one of these columns about all those big juicy turkeys escaping from our basement.

About a block and a half from our house, 49th and Fredrick Street (first street off of Fraser Street) is where Sam Browne and his wife Mildred lived. Two of the nicest people I have ever met. I often wished that everyone could have such wonderful neighbours.

Sam was the perfect Santa Claus, and us kids were lucky that we had our very own Santa in our very own neighbourhood. Sam had the same white beard displayed in drawings of Santa and was addressed as 'Santa' more than he was as 'Sam'.

He was a train engineer for the CPR for 35 years. He was never seen without his engineer's cap on, whether he was working in his back yard or shopping in the Piggly Wiggly store at 45th and Fraser (now known as Buy Low). He was never without that CPR cap. People used to say he even slept with it on, but it was never proven.

After his retirement he became the Santa Claus for one of Vancouver's largest department stores, a position he held for 26 years.

Both Sam and Mildred are gone now but those around the same age as I am (I'm two months from 94 years) may remember our 'Santa'.

Now for some history: Santa was originally known as St. Nicholas of Myra. In Holland and elsewhere in Europe the custom of giving gifts to children on December 6th was called 'Feast Day'.

In England, Santa became known as 'Father Christmas'. When the legend arrived in the United States it became known as 'Santa Claus' and gifts for children was moved to December 24th and 25th.

Now I'm going to tell you how the Santa we know here in North America was born. It was 1916 in New York City where a freelance illustrator named Norman Rockwell was commissioned by the Saturday Evening Post magazine to draw the front page cover picture for their Christmas issue. He drew a picture of what he thought Santa looked like. The rest is history! All Santas now look like the one in his drawing, as did our very own Sam Browne!



I notice on my calendar that Christmas is only a matter of short days away, so that means my readers would be expecting Christmas stories.

Last Christmas I wrote about our most famous and dearly loved South Hill resident, Sam Browne. He and his wife Mildred lived in a small house a short block off of Fraser and 49th on Fredrick Street almost all their adult lives. Sam was Vancouver's most famous Santa Claus.

Now I ask a question: "Where did all our Christmases go?"

I compare today's Christmases with Christmas celebrations of my childhood around Fraser.

The Christmas Season always opened with a Santa Claus Parade down Fraser Street with Santa and the local bands playing all the Christmas music plus marching bands from all our local schools.

Fraser Street was decorated with real Christmas trees and loads of ornaments.

On the Sunday before Christmas the Fraser Theatre was open for a children's Christmas Party. (Theatres were not allowed to open on Sunday during those years, but were given permission for this one day!)

Besides lots of cartoons and a visit from Santa, every child received a brown bag full of cookies, candy, nuts and a small gift all donated by the two Veteran's Clubs in our neighbourhood: The Army, Navy and Air Force, and the Royal Canadian Legion., as well as the Fraser Street merchants.

For South Vancouver kids the Christmas Season never really began until your Mother took you on the old Number 7 Streetcar for a visit to Woodward's Department store to see those wonderful Christmas displays in the large windows on Hastings Street.

Then following that it was a trip up to the fifth floor to see the wonderful toy department, and then a visit to Santa and an Elf handing you a wonderful candy cane!

As I asked at the beginning of my column, ***"Where did our Christmases go??"***

And now I want to wish all you wonderful people a great Christmas and the best New Year ever, from myself, Lilian and the huge Robinson family!!!

EDITORS NOTE: Ronnie, I remember those wonderful Woodward's windows at Christmastime!!! They were amazing! Then

The Bay started doing that also – you just don't see great Holiday displays like that anymore.

As always, Christmas would not be Christmas Ronnie without your wonderful stories of your life experiences!!!!

And we want to wish you, Lilian and your wonderful family a very Merry Christmas and a New Year with memories to cherish for many more years to come.



ANAF UNIT #68

MEMBERSHIP . . .

The membership chair for Unit #68 is our unit secretary - **Jan**

Holt – please renew for the year 2016 as soon as possible so you may continue receiving all of the wonderful benefits membership accords.

PLEASE REMEMBER . . . *We need 'YOU', and your continued support as loyal and dedicated Members. An active membership makes for an active club!*

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to our Unit #68 DECEMBER Celebrants!



Gordon Allen Charlie Lee
Shirley Oda Peter Pasenan
John Stiles Peter Walton
Gordon Woodrow

Happy Birthday Everyone!!!!

**Special Birthday Congratulations to
Charlie Lee who turns 93 years
young on December 28th!!!**

**Belated Birthday Greetings to Grace
Browning who celebrated her birthday in
November**

HUMOUROUS GEMS from our Special Friend Elsie Fraser of ANAF Assiniboia Unit 283 in Winnipeg, Manitoba

The Crocheted Tablecloth . . .
a beautiful story that makes you understand that things happen for a reason.

The brand new pastor and his wife, newly assigned to their first ministry, to reopen a church in suburban Brooklyn, arrived in early October excited about their opportunities. When they saw their church, it was very run down and needed much work. They set a goal to have everything done in time to have their first service on Christmas Eve.

They worked hard, repairing pews, plastering walls, painting, etc., and on December 18 were ahead of schedule and just about finished.

On December 19 a terrible tempest - a driving rainstorm hit the area and lasted for two days.

On the 21st, the pastor went over to the church. His heart sank when he saw that the roof had leaked, causing a large area of plaster about 20 feet by 8 feet to fall off the front wall of the sanctuary just behind the pulpit, beginning about head high.

The pastor cleaned up the mess on the floor, and not knowing what else to do but postpone the Christmas Eve service, headed home. On the way he noticed that a local business was having a flea market type sale for charity so he stopped in. One of the items was a beautiful, handmade, ivory colored, crocheted tablecloth with exquisite work, fine colors and a Cross embroidered right in the center. It was just the right size to

cover up the hole in the front wall. He bought it and headed back to the church.

By this time it had started to snow. An older woman running from the opposite direction was trying to catch the bus..... She missed it... The pastor invited her to wait in the warm church for the next bus 45 minutes later.

She sat in a pew and paid no attention to the pastor while he got a ladder, hangers, etc., to put up the tablecloth as a wall tapestry. The pastor could hardly believe how beautiful it looked and it covered up the entire problem area.

Then he noticed the woman walking down the center aisle. Her face was like a sheet.... 'Pastor,' she asked, 'where did you get that tablecloth?' The pastor explained. The woman asked him to check the lower right corner to see if the initials, 'EBG' were crocheted into it there. They were. These were the initials of the woman, and she had made this tablecloth 35 years before, in Austria..

The woman could hardly believe it as the pastor told how he had just gotten the Tablecloth. The woman explained that before the war she and her husband were well-to-do people in Austria. When the Nazis came, she was forced to leave. Her husband was going to follow her the next week. He was captured, sent to prison and never saw her husband or her home again.

The pastor wanted to give her the tablecloth, but she made the pastor keep it for the church. The pastor insisted on driving her home; that was the least he could do. She lived on the other side of Staten Island and was only in Brooklyn for the day for a housecleaning job.

What a wonderful service they had on Christmas Eve. The church was almost full. The music and the spirit were

great. At the end of the service, the pastor and his wife greeted everyone at the door and many said that they would return.

One older man, whom the pastor recognized from the neighborhood continued to sit in one of the pews and stare, and the pastor wondered why he wasn't leaving.

The man asked him where he got the tablecloth on the front wall because it was identical to one that his wife had made years ago when they lived in Austria before the war and how could there be two tablecloths so much alike.

He told the pastor how the Nazis came, how he forced his wife to flee for her safety and he was supposed to follow her, but he was arrested and put in a prison.... He never saw his wife or his home again all the 35 years in between.

The pastor asked him if he would allow him to take him for a little ride. They drove to Staten Island and to the same house where the pastor had taken the woman three days earlier.

He helped the man climb the three flights of stairs to the woman's apartment, knocked on the door and he saw the greatest Christmas reunion he could ever imagine.

True story - submitted by Pastor Rob Reid - *Who says God does not work in mysterious ways....*

Editor's Note: Elsie submitted this story to us back in 2009 – it is a very beautiful Christmas story, and we are sure she won't mind our repeating it in this Christmas issue!!!

— — — — —

MINORITIES . . .

We need to show more sympathy for these people.

They travel miles in the heat.

They risk their lives crossing a border.

They don't get paid enough wages.

They do jobs that others won't do or are afraid to do.

They live in crowded conditions among a people who speak a different language.

They rarely see their families, and they face adversity all day every day. I'm not talking about illegal Mexicans!

I'm talking about our troops!

Doesn't it seem strange that so many are willing to lavish all kinds of social benefits on illegals, but don't support our troops? Wouldn't it be great if we took the \$360,000,000,000 (that's billion) we spend on illegals every year, and spend it on our troops!!!



Wishing Everyone a Merry Christmas Season



CHRISTMAS POEM

The embers glowed softly, and in their dim light,
I gazed round the room and I cherished the sight.

My wife was asleep, her head on my chest,
My daughter beside me, angelic in rest.

Outside the snow fell, a blanket of white,
Transforming the yard to a winter delight.
The sparkling lights in the tree I believe,
Completed the magic that was Christmas Eve.

My eyelids were heavy, my breathing was deep,
Secure and surrounded by love I would sleep.
In perfect contentment, or so it would seem,
So slumbered I, perhaps I started to dream.

The sound wasn't loud, and it wasn't too near,
But I opened my eyes when it tickled my ear.
Perhaps just a cough, I didn't quite know,
Then the sure sound of footsteps outside in the snow.

My soul gave a tremble, I struggled to hear,
And I crept to the door just to see who was near.

Standing out in the cold and the dark of the night,
A lone figure stood, his face weary and tight.
A soldier, I puzzled, some twenty years old,
Perhaps a Trooper, huddled here in the cold.

Alone in the dark, he looked up and smiled,
Standing watch over me, and my wife and

my child.

"*What are you doing?*" I asked without fear,

"Come in this moment, it's freezing out here!

Put down your pack, brush the snow from your sleeve,

You should be at home on a cold Christmas Eve!"

For barely a moment I saw his eyes shift,
Away from the cold and the snow blown in drifts.

To the window that danced with a warm fire's light

Then he sighed and he said "*It's really all right,*

I'm out here by choice. I'm here every night."

"It's my duty to stand at the front of the line,

That separates you from the darkest of times.

No one had to ask or beg or implore me, I'm proud to stand here like my fathers before me.

My Gramps died in Europe on a day in December,"

Then he sighed,

"That's a Christmas 'Gram always remembers."

I've not seen my own son in more than a while,

But my wife sends me pictures, he's sure got her smile."

Then he bent and he carefully pulled from his bag,

The red and the white ... A Canadian flag.

"I can live through the cold and the being alone,

Away from my family, my house and my home.

I can stand at my post through the rain and

the sleet,

*I can sleep in a foxhole with little to eat.
I can carry the weight of killing another,
Or lay down my life with my sister and
brother.*

*Who stand at the front against any and all,
To ensure for all time that this flag will not
fall."*

*"So go back inside," he said, "harbour no
fright,
Your family is waiting and I'll be all right."*

*"But isn't there something I can do, at the
least,
"Give you money," I asked, "or prepare
you a feast?
It seems all too little for all that you've
done,
For being away from your wife and your
son."*

Then his eye welled a tear that held no
regret,
*"Just tell us you love us, and never forget.
To fight for our rights back at home while
we're gone,
To stand your own watch, no matter how
long.*

*For when we come home, either standing
or dead,
To know you remember we fought and we
bled.
Is payment enough, and with that we will
trust,
That we mattered to you as you mattered
to us."*

EDITOR'S NOTE:

*We have included this wonderful poem
once again, with our Special Thanks to our
friend and comrade Elsie Fraser who once
again brought it to our attention.*

*Christmas will be coming soon and a great
deal of credit is due to our Canadian*

*service men and women for our being able
to celebrate these festivities.*

*Let's try in this small way to pay a tiny bit
of what we owe. Make people stop and
think of our heroes, living and dead, who
sacrificed themselves for us.*



WHAT DO WE LOVE ABOUT CHRISTMAS?

*What do we love about Christmas;
Does our delight reside in things?
Or are the feelings in our hearts
The real gift that
Christmas brings.*

*It's seeing those we love,
And sending Christmas cards, too,
Appreciating people who bring
us joy
Special people just like you.*

By Joanna Fuchs



THE HOMETOWN BATTLEFIELD

A song written by J.P. Cormier
(A repeat but so very worth it!!)

He got home from service as the spring
began its turn
12 long months away
He folded up his uniform with the medals
tucked inside
Started living for today

But the present could not find him,
nor could his wife and kids
He was there but he was gone
Soon his only comfort was a bottle
and his gun
Something right that went so wrong

And silence keeps on coming as the movie
plays again
you can smell that yellow dust and death
hanging on the wind
and we thought the war was over, but the
headlines do reveal
That another soldier died today on the
hometown battlefield

He sits outside the courthouse with his
pant legs tucked away
No one knows his name
One wrong step there in the sand put him
where he is today
One more just the same
All his memories live there in the space
below his knees
Back when he was whole
But that IED didn't just relieve him of
his legs
It blew apart his soul

And if you're wearing loafers you ain't
walked the burning sands
And you ain't never had to shoot another
living man
It don't matter if we won
It don't matter if we lost
They were following their orders
No matter the cost

So I remember what they've given when I
see my flag unfurled
Free against the sky
And the way we seem to lose them when
they get back to the world
Can someone tell me why

And silence keeps on coming as the movie
plays again
you can smell that yellow dust and death
hanging on the wind
and we thought the war was over, but the
headlines do reveal
That another soldier died today on the
hometown battlefield

We prayed the war was over, but the
headlines do reveal
That another soldier died today on the
hometown battlefield

— — — — —

J.P. Cormier is a very popular and well-known singer and song composer who was born in U.S.A. His parents were from Cape Breton, a small French village. His father, Jos Cormier, was also a well-known fiddler. J.P. made numerous trips to C.B. as a young lad and decided later on in life to live there. In my opinion, this song is wonderful, and unfortunately so very true and I hope everyone enjoys it as much as we did. It definitely makes one reflect!!!

Go to PP Cormier's website at www.jp-cormier.com and listen to this song – It will touch your heart, & your soul.



A HUG CERTIFICATE FOR YOU!

This poem is very sweet.

*If I could catch a rainbow
I would do it just for you
And share with you its beauty
On the days you're feeling blue.*

*If I could build a mountain
You could call your very own;
A place to find serenity,
A place to be alone.*

*If I could take your troubles
I would toss them in the sea,
But all these things, I'm finding,
Are impossible for me.*

*I cannot build a mountain
Or catch a rainbow fair,
But let me be what I know best,
A friend who's always here..*

This is our Hug Certificate for all of our Comrades!!

*You're a good friend.
There are angels watching
over You!*

*Life is a coin,
You can spend it anyway you wish,
But you can only spend it once.*

*Do not miss an opportunity to tell
your friends you care*

HUG'S
ONE SIZE FITS ALL ↓

pass them on !!

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THE BIG MOMENT

For months he had been her devoted admirer. Now, at long last, he had collected up sufficient courage to ask her the most momentous of all questions.

"There are quite a lot of advantages to being a bachelor," he began, "but there comes a time when one longs for the companionship of another being...a being who will regard one as perfect, as an idol; who will be kind and faithful when times are hard; who will share one's joys and sorrows..."

To his delight he saw a sympathetic gleam in her eyes as she nodded in agreement. She replied, *"Yes, I agree, I think it would be a great idea! That would make a huge difference to your life and is just what you need. Sure, I'll gladly help you find a nice puppy dog for you."*



...and a cup for
Mommy so she
won't have to
drink straight from
her wine box.



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Two Traveling Angels...

this one will make you think twice!

Two traveling angels stopped to spend the night in the home of a wealthy family.

The family was rude and refused to let the angels stay in the mansion's guest room. Instead the angels were given a small space in the cold basement.

As they made their bed on the hard floor, the older angel saw a hole in the wall and repaired it.

When the younger angel asked why, the older angel replied, "*Things aren't always what they seem*"

The next night the pair came to rest at the house of a very poor, but very hospitable farmer and his wife. After sharing what little food they had the couple let the angels sleep in their bed where they could have a good night's rest.

When the sun came up the next morning the angels found the farmer and his wife in tears. Their only cow, whose milk had been their sole income, lay dead in the field.

The younger angel was infuriated and asked the older angel how could you have let this happen?

The first man had everything, yet you helped him, she accused. The second family had little but was willing to share everything, and you let the cow die.

"*Things aren't always what they seem,*" the older angel replied.

"When we stayed in the basement of the mansion, I noticed there was gold stored in that hole in the wall. Since the owner was so obsessed with greed and unwilling

to share his good fortune, I sealed the wall so he wouldn't find it."

"Then last night as we slept in the farmers bed, the angel of death came for his wife I gave him the cow instead. Things aren't always what they seem."

Sometimes that is exactly what happens when things don't turn out the way they should. If you have faith, you just need to trust that every outcome is always to your advantage. You just might not know it until some time later...

Some people
come into our lives
and quickly go.



Some people
become friends
and stay awhile...

Leaving beautiful
footprints on our
hearts....
and we are
never
quite the same
because we have
made a good
friend!!

*Yesterday is history.
Tomorrow a mystery.
Today is a gift.
That's why it's called the present!*

I think this is special . . . live and savor every moment . . . This is not a dress rehearsal!

*Talent is God-given. Be humble.
Fame is man-given. Be grateful.
Conceit is self-given. Be careful.
~ John Wooden*

A TOUCH OF SENIOR HUMOUR . . .

Sam made an appointment with a urologist, famous for his work in the field of impotence. The doctor examined him and said, "You're in remarkably good condition for a man of 85. Why are you here?"



Sam replied, "My friend Max says he has sex twice a week. I can't do that."

The doctor shrugged. "Yes you can. You can certainly SAY you have sex as many times a week as you like."

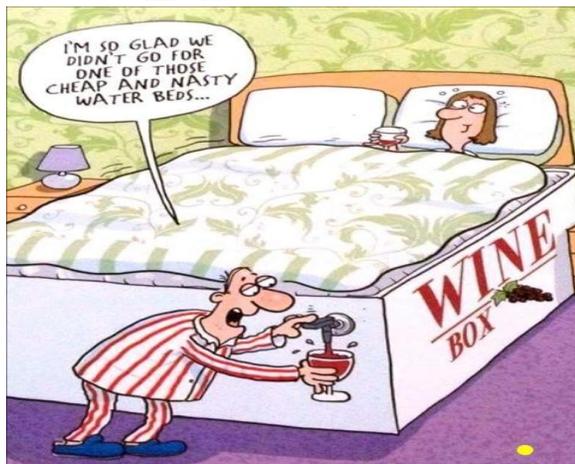
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Two neighbors who had been rivals all their lives followed different career paths. One eventually became an Admiral in the Navy, the other went into the Catholic Church and became a Bishop.

As fate would have it, they happened to meet at an Airport. The Bishop spied the Admiral first and said loudly, "Oh porter, from what gate is the flight to Dallas leaving?"

The Admiral approached, bowed, and said "Gate 7 Madame, but should you be traveling in your condition?"

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FROM OUR UNIT #68 BUZZ RECIPE CORNER:



MACARONI CHEESE CUPS

This is a great 'comfort food' and just in time for the chilly New Year . . .

ENJOY!



INGREDIENTS:

- 1 1/2 cups crushed Ritz crackers (about 30)
- 2 cups cheddar cheese, grated, divided
- 4 tbsp butter, melted
- 4 cups cooked macaroni
- 2 large eggs, beaten
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1/4 cup sour cream

METHOD:

- Preheat oven to 350 degrees F.
- Grease 8 cups of a 12-cup muffin pan.
- In a medium bowl, combine crackers, 1 cup of cheese and butter.
- Press firmly into the bottom and up the sides of the muffin cups.
- In a large bowl, mix macaroni with 1/2 cup cheese.
- Combine eggs, milk and sour cream in a small bowl and add to macaroni.
- Spoon 2 tablespoons of mixture into each cup and top with the remaining cheese.
- Bake until the cheese is browned and slightly crispy, about 20 min.
- Cool slightly before serving.

Jesse the Chicken Plucker

What a wonderful story . . . we never knew.....

As a boy, Jesse was a chicken plucker. That's right. He stood on a line in a chicken factory and spent his days pulling the feathers off dead chickens so the rest of us wouldn't have to.

It wasn't much of a job. But at the time, Jesse didn't think he was much of a person. His father was a brute of a man. His dad was actually thought to be mentally ill and treated Jess rough all of his life.

Jesse's older brother wasn't much better. He was always picking on Jesse and beating him up.

Yes, Jesse grew up in a very rough home in West Virginia. Life was anything but easy and he thought life didn't hold much hope for him.

That's why he was standing in this chicken line, doing a job that darn few people wanted.

In addition to all the rough treatment at home, it seems that Jesse was always sick. Sometimes it was real physical illness, But way too often it was all in his head.

He was a small child, skinny and meek. That sure didn't help the situation any.

When he started to school, he was the object of every Bully on the playground. He was a hypochondriac of the first order.

For Jesse, tomorrow was not always something he looked forward to.

But, he had dreams. He wanted to be a ventriloquist. He found books on ventriloquism. He practiced with sock puppets and saved his hard earned dollars

until he could get a real ventriloquist dummy.

When he got old enough, he joined the military. And even though many of his hypochondriac symptoms persisted, the military did recognize his talents and put him in the entertainment corp.

That was when his world changed. He gained confidence. He found that he had a talent for making people laugh, And laugh so hard they often had tears in their eyes.

Yes, little Jesse had found himself.

You know, folks, the history books are full of people who overcame a handicap to go on and make a success of themselves, but Jesse is one of the few I know of who didn't overcome it. Instead he used his paranoia to make a million dollars, and become one of the best-loved characters of all time in doing it!

Yes, that little paranoid hypochondriac, who transferred his nervousness into a successful career, still holds the record for the most Emmy's given in a single category.

The wonderful, gifted, talented, and nervous comedian who brought us Barney Fife (The Andy Griffith Show) was **Jesse Don Knotts.**



Jesse Donald 'Don' Knotts
(July 21, 1924 - February 24, 2006)

Last week, I took my grandchildren to a restaurant. My seven-year-old grandson asked if he could say grace. As we bowed our heads he said, *"God is good, God is great. Thank you for the food, and I would even thank you more if Grandpa gets us ice cream for dessert. And liberty and justice for all! Amen!"*

Along with the laughter from the other customers nearby, I heard a woman remark, *"That's what's wrong with this country. Kids today don't even know how to pray. Asking God for ice cream! Why, I never!"*

Hearing this, my grandson burst into tears and asked me, *"Did I do it wrong? Is God mad at me?"*

As I assured him that he had done a terrific job, and God was certainly not mad at him, an elderly gentleman approached the table. He winked at my grandson and said, *"I happen to know that God thought that was a great prayer."*

"Really?" my grandson asked.

"Cross my heart," the man replied. Then, in a theatrical whisper, he added (indicating the woman whose remark had started this whole thing), *"Too bad she never asks God for ice cream. A little ice cream is good for the soul sometimes."*

Naturally, I bought my grandchildren ice cream at the end of the meal. My grandson stared at his ice cream for a moment, and then did something I will remember the rest of my life.

He picked up his sundae and, without a word, walked over and placed it in front of the woman. With a big smile he told her, *"Here, this is for you. Shove it up your a** you grouchy old bitch! "*

Touches the heart doesn't it?

This is brilliant, I knew there had to be a reason....

A FULL DISK!!!

Brains of older people are slow because they know so much. People do not decline mentally with age, it just takes them longer to recall facts because they have more information in their brains, scientists believe.

Much like a computer struggles as the hard drive gets full, so, too, do humans take longer to access information when their brains are full. Researchers say this slowing down process is not the same as cognitive decline.

The human brain works slower in old age, said Dr. Michael Ramscar, but only because we have stored more information over time. The brains of older people do not get weak. On the contrary, they simply know more.

Also, older people often go to another room to get something and when they get there, they stand there wondering what they came for. It is NOT a memory problem, it is nature's way of making older people do more exercise. SO THERE!

Now when I reach for a word or a name, I won't excuse myself by saying *"I'm having a senior moment."* Now, I'll say, *"My disk is full!"*



We have more friends we should send this to, but right now we can't remember their names. So, please forward this to your friends - they may be our friends, too

FROM YOUR EDITORS . . .

As we welcome winter here in LotusLand we bid a very fond farewell to our special friend and comrade, Bert Darvault, as he heads back to Quebec to be with his friends and family there. Ahhhh Bert – we will miss you so!!!



Not only is Bert a very special comrade in our Unit #68 but he is a top-notch volunteer – always there ready to give a helping hand where needed. Every year at our annual picnic at Trout Lake, Bert is there, bright and early, starting to do the clean-up that is always desperately needed at that location. One year there he was, up on a ladder and hanging a huge Happy Birthday Banner that his May had made for our unit's birthday. Bert is also one heck of a Bar-B-Q chef and starred in that role at our picnic for many years!



But I think the most special picnic moment for Fred and I was when we would bring our gorgeous Springer Samson to the picnic with us. Bert was in the middle of a tight bocce ball match and had just thrown a bright red ball across the grass when Samson took off like a shot after that red ball. Bert yelled at him, 'Stop Samson – don't you touch my #%&^&*ng ball!!!' Well, unbelievably Samson stopped just short of the ball and looked back at Bert as if to say . . . "What – I'm a dog, and that's a ball – it's mine, right?" But miraculously he turned around and trotted back to us. Bert won that game, but we still think to this day that Samson pushed that ball to a win with his breath!!

Another treasured memory for me as The Buzz Editor is how Bert always rolls out the 'welcome mat' for me when I arrive at the club with the Buzz. He always makes sure I have a seat at our table, even if he has to shoo someone out of that spot, which he never hesitates to do!! He always makes me feel very special . . . and of course he always likes to be the first to receive a Buzz!!

In closing Bert, we want to wish you a safe trip home, and want you to know that you always have a spot both at our table, and in our hearts!! We will miss you so, and just maybe you will surprise us at our picnic in 2016 by dropping by to visit us!! That would be the best surprise ever!! Our thoughts and prayers are with you, Bert!! Always remember We love you!!



Your Editors,
Mardi & Fred



**This poem is dedicated to you,
Bert – our Special Volunteer**

To a Special Volunteer

--(Author Unknown)

*Sometimes we seem so lucky,
Or maybe we're just blessed,
When there seems to be too much to do-
Along comes a volunteer like you!*

*You've made our days much brighter,
Our work a joy to share,
We know we'll always make it through-
As long as there's a volunteer like you!*