

# THE BUZZ

**CELEBRATE THE YEAR 2018!!**



*Happy New Year to you!  
May every great new day  
Bring you sweet surprises-  
A happiness buffet.*

*Happy New Year to you,  
And when the new year's done,  
May the next year be even better,  
Full of pleasure, joy and fun.*

*- Anonymous*

# THE BUZZ



## YOUR PAST PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Comrades . . .

**Happy New Year Unit #68 and Warm Congratulations to our new leader, Bill Ritchie.**

Bill has been elected as our new President and what a great choice. To all those members who have not renewed to date, get your memberships now, as comrade Elect-President Ritchie has "Huge Plans" for our unit.

Bill dropped by my home in Penticton recently and after a short visit he even got me excited with all his ideas. It reminded me of another President over 10 years ago that had the same vigor and determination.

I am very proud of how I handled our unit affairs as your President for almost 9 consecutive years. Today our unit has the same funds in the bank as when I took over in 2008, not bad for a unit with no clubhouse or income.

On January 9th I went to my 1st training session at the Penticton Regional Hospital to become a volunteer. This is a

great city but around the end of November they roll up the sidewalks in Penticton. Until June of each year you could toss a bowling ball down the street and not hit a soul after 6:00 P.M. Since it is not my nature to hibernate, I look forward to this new challenge.

A big thank you to all those comrades and friends that telephoned and emailed me during my cancer scare. I always told my kids not to expect their inheritance until I am 97. On January 07, 2018 I was 876 months old; it was also my 73rd birthday -- 288 months to 97 if you do the math -- OUCH! So to hell with you Hitler . . . I was born in Holland at the end of WW11, 6 weeks pre-mature and weighing less than 3 lbs. Thanks to our Canadian Veterans, I survived.

P.S. If our unit's installation is before the January Buzz issue, delete Past President and my congratulations to Sandi Greenfield, our new Past President!

Note to President Ritchie "*Honorary President*" sounds like a nice new title??

**Fraternally Yours,  
Bob Rietveld  
Past President Unit #68**

## For some, the battle continues at home...

Every year, more military personnel & Veterans die from suicide than any other cause, including combat.

Veterans who have difficulties with the transition to civilian life are the most vulnerable: feeling isolated from the world saps the strength they need to combat depression, post-traumatic stress, or substance abuse.

This period after they leave service has also been shown as the critical point keeping our Vets from winding up on the streets.



### Losing touch with family & community . . .

Our troops tend to be natural protectors, shielding the people they care about from their struggles. Unfortunately this often creates a distance between them that grows over time, leaving our Veterans unable to reach out for the support they need when they need it the most.

There aren't many places for them to go outside the home either. Men and women who spent their adult lives working in disciplined teams with delicate equipment suddenly find themselves in a job market where military skills are often not recognized.

### Connection . . .

Our groups connect Veterans not only to their peers going through the same struggles as them, but with Vets who've successfully overcome their difficulties. For many, this is the first time they can talk openly about their problems and be certain their situation can be understood.

### Communication . . .

Here Vets learn and practice the skills required to communicate effectively in civilian society.

This new ability to be understood rebuilds their relationships, removing their isolation and strengthening families and friendships.

### Self Maintenance . . .

Post-Traumatic Stress and depression can be debilitating, leaving Vets unable to enjoy or even take part in daily life.

Our course not only teaches them how to manage and cope with their symptoms, but makes sure they leave connected to local supports that help them stay healthy.

### Career . . .

After a job where priorities were following orders, protecting others and staying alive, it's common among Vets to feel unfulfilled and aimless in the jobs they land in after leaving the military.

We help Vets define what gave their service personal meaning, and use that to help them plan and start careers they can be proud of.

### Leave a lasting impact on their lives . . .

15 years later, graduates from our first few groups are still volunteering their time today. That's the power of successful transition and the strength of the connections forged between our Vets and their communities.

The only non-governmental service of our kind in Canada, we make sure that each Veteran in need receives at least 100 hours of services from specialized Psychologists *and* leaves with concrete plans for rebuilding their lives.

## OUR STORY & FOUNDERS

### Our Founders . . .



**Dr. David Kuhl**  
**M.D.**

**Dr. Marv**  
**Westwood**  
**R.Psych.**



### *The Beginning . . .*

Our story begins in 1997, when Dr. Marv Westwood met his wife's Uncle Jack at a family function. Jack, a veteran of World War II, struggled with alcoholism and judgement from family for years. The two men sat down and struck up a conversation about Jack's experience during the war. It was then that the veteran, for the first time in his life, revealed that he had killed a man with his bare hands during the war. It had haunted him ever since, and finally being able to open up relieved Jack of the heavy burden he had been carrying his entire life. That moment inspired Dr. Westwood to create opportunities for other veterans to share their stories, and experience the same relief that Jack had felt.

### *The First Transition Programs . .*

Working out of the University of British Columbia, Dr. Marv Westwood and Dr. David Kuhl ran small palliative care groups of WWII and Korea veterans in 1997. The

veterans wrote up the stories of their war-time experiences, and exchanged them with each other, in what Dr. Westwood calls "guided autobiography" sessions. The program was a great success – for the majority, it was the first time they had ever shared what they went through. At the end of the program, however, one participant quipped, "*Great program Westwood, but you're 50 years too late. You need to do something for the younger guys coming back now.*" And so, the first incarnation of the Veterans Transition Program was born.

Assisted by Tim Black, then a Master's student at UBC, they travelled between Vancouver and Victoria, planning groups and refining the processed based on feedback from the Veterans. Through grants from the BC/Yukon Command of the Royal Canadian Legion they continued to develop their peer-based counselling strategy, and found many younger Veterans of peacekeeping missions eager to participate.

While the original program for WWII vets focused solely on sharing the stories of the veterans, the researchers quickly realized that for the program to be successful with younger veterans, it would require enacting traumatic experiences, rather than just sharing them. As Dr. Westwood explains, "the trauma these vets experience wasn't talked into them, so it can't be repaired just by talking." Westwood introduced Therapeutic Enactment into the programs – allowing Veterans to use action to tell their story instead of just words – and Black piloted the theme of examining experiences with unnatural and abnormal events, practices that our program is still centered on today.

As the youngest participant was in his mid-forties, the team again got the feedback of "*Great program Marv, but you're about 20 years too late. You need to do something for the younger guys that are coming back now.*" In the fall of 1998,

this time in the Christ Church Cathedral in Vancouver, Veterans in their twenties and early thirties shared their experiences in the Battle of the Medak Pocket and in peacekeeping missions in the former Yugoslavia and Cyprus. Later on, the program began to include young Veterans from Afghanistan. Led by Marv, David, Tim and Dr. Paul Whitehead, these sessions continued the group-oriented therapy.

### ***Growing to Our Current Program Format . . .***

*The Veterans Transition Program in its current form is the direct result of the collaboration of many different people including each and every graduate of the VTP that took the time to tell us what they liked, what they hated, and how we could make it better. In 2005, Dr. Tim Black, now a professor in counselling psychology himself, separated the program into two weekends. Sparked by the increasing complexity of issues Veterans brought to the programs, this change allowed the group both time to build cohesion and train essential communication skills, as well as time for emotional recovery and practicing skills in the real world. Eventually, Duncan Shields, the head of the BC Association of Clinical Counsellors, and others created a final third phase that includes, allowing Veterans a chance to consolidate their changes in the final step of their transition and set goals for the future.*

### ***The Mission . . .***

In the years that followed, people began to take notice. Articles about the program began to appear in local and national news outlets, and the number of soldiers attending the programs continued to grow. By 2010, the program had already helped more than 300 veterans.

Then Tim Laidler came on the scene. A returning vet himself, Tim went through the program in 2010 after prompting from a

friend. And it changed his life. In fact, Tim was so impacted by the program, and so impressed with the good it could do, he became a champion for its expansion. He was offered a position as operations co-ordinator, and by 2012, he was the executive director of the program.

Under his leadership, the UBC administered Veterans Transition Program evolved into the non-profit organization now known as the Veteran's Transition Network. From the start, Tim worked to gain official recognition from Veterans Affairs Canada, and secured federal funding for the organization. He also expanded the workforce to include 20 staff across the country.

The staff Tim brought on in 2012 continued to transform the organization. With the funding he secured, they were able to help previously unreached populations, and began to offer programs in a number of new provinces.

*At the sound of the tolling midnight bell  
a brand new year will begin.*

*Let's raise our hopes in a confident toast,  
to the promise it ushers in.*

*May your battles be few, your pleasures many,  
your wishes and dreams fulfilled.*

*May your confidence stand in the face of loss  
and give you the strength to rebuild.*

*May peace of heart fill all your days  
may serenity grace your soul.*

*May tranquil moments bless your life  
and keep your spirit whole.*

unknown

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*“Kind words can be short  
and easy to speak, but their  
echoes are truly endless.”  
Mother Teresa*

**ANAF UNIT #68  
MEMBERSHIP . .**

It is now the time to start thinking about enrolling for the upcoming year 2018 so you may continue receiving all of the wonderful benefits membership accords.

A membership is only \$35.00 per person and \$60.00 for a couple.

Please see any Unit 68 Executive member to renew your membership or to become a new and valued member of our unit.

**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 JANUARY Celebrants!**

Bob Rietveld

**Happy Birthday, Bob!!!!**



## REMINISCING WITH RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON ...



**Editor's Note:** *This is definitely one of my favorite Ronnie columns!!*

### THE CHICKEN COOP CASINO CAPER

**WARNING:** This article may contain 'FOWL' language. Newspaper Headlines a few years ago: "*City Council to Allow Chickens in Vancouver Back Yards.*"

Let me take you back to the late 30's. I lived on East 51<sup>st</sup> Avenue at that time and on our block we had houses with chickens, goats, rabbits and even a cow. Then Vancouver decided that having farm animals and chickens on their property was against the law. Our city ended up with empty chicken houses all over the city.

My best friend Blakey and myself made our pocket money by running errands for the poker players in Memorial Park on the weekends. This is where my story begins.



When it rained we were out of business. My buddy Blakey came up with a great idea. We would give the poker players a dry place to play during the wet weather. Of all the empty chicken coops in our neighbourhood, Blakey's folks had the largest one. He asked his folks if we could clean it up and use it for a club house. They gave us the okay. (Of course we never mentioned that we were using it for a 'poker house').

We scrubbed the coop out and painted the insides with whatever paint we could find. We had enough room for two tables which meant 8 to 10 players.



The place was a huge success. We had a full house (or coop) every weekend rain or shine. Our take was 25¢ from every pot. We decided to sell sandwiches to our poker players. That brought us more revenue. (I can't remember if we washed our hands before we made the sandwiches or after we made them). This all happened seventy years ago and my stomach still gets cramps when I think of those guys eating those egg sandwiches in an old chicken coop!

We became well-known up Fraser Street, and the fellows up in the Fraser Pool Hall gave our chicken house the name '*Chicken Coop Casino*'. Our '*Casino*' was a huge success, and then – it all ended!!



We were located at 52<sup>nd</sup> and Prince Albert. The people on that street didn't like their neighbourhood being overrun by the '*Fraser Avenue Hoodlums*'. The police showed up and closed our little casino.

One of the policemen was 'Harry' (we knew all of the local police by their first names in those days), and he told us they weren't too happy in having to close us down because we had managed to keep the poker games out of Memorial Park.

And no, my friend Blakey and myself were not baby gangsters or baby hoodlums. We were just two young kids trying to make a little pocket money – remember this was during the world's worst depression.

**Editor's Note:** *Ronnie!! – perhaps your little Chicken Coop Casino was the beginning of all of these huge casinos that now dot our landscape!! Little do they know that it all began with two young, enterprising entrepreneurs named Ronnie and Blakey!!*

*Forever In Our Memories*

## AN AIRLINE CAPTAIN'S REPORT

*"The American flag does not fly because the wind moves past it.....*

*The American flag flies from the last breath of each military member who has died serving it."*

AIRLINE CAPTAIN - You will not regret reading this one. I Promise  
My lead flight attendant came to me and said, *"We have an H.R. on this flight."* (H.R. stands for Human Remains.)

*"Are they military?"* I asked.

'Yes', she said.

*'Is there an escort?'* I asked.

*'Yes, I've already assigned him a seat'.*

*'Would you please tell him to come to the Flight Deck. You can board him early,'* I said...

A short while later a young army sergeant entered the flight deck. He was the image of the perfectly dressed soldier. He introduced himself and I asked him about his soldier.

The escorts of these fallen soldiers talk about them as if they are still alive and still with us. *'My soldier is on his way back to Virginia,'* he said. He proceeded to answer my questions, but offered no words.

I asked him if there was anything I could do for him and he said no. I told him that he had the toughest job in the military, and that I appreciated the work that he does for the families of our fallen soldiers. The first officer and I got up out of our seats to shake his hand. He left the Flight Deck to find his seat.

We completed our preflight checks, pushed back and performed an uneventful departure. About 30 minutes into our flight, I received a call from the lead flight attendant in the cabin.

*'I just found out the family of the soldier we are carrying, is also on board',* she said. She then proceeded to tell me that the father, mother, wife and 2-year old daughter were escorting their son, husband, and father home. The family was upset because they were unable to see the container that the soldier was in before we left.

We were on our way to a major hub at which the family was going to wait four hours for the connecting flight home to Virginia. The father of the soldier told the flight attendant that knowing his son was below him in the cargo compartment and being unable to see him was too much for him and the family to bear. He had asked the flight attendant if there was anything that could be done to allow them to see him upon our arrival. The family wanted to be outside by the cargo door to watch the soldier being taken off the airplane.

I could hear the desperation in the flight attendants voice when she asked me if there was anything I could do. *'I'm on it',* I said. I told her that I would get back to her.

Airborne communication with my company normally occurs in the form of e-mail like messages. I decided to bypass this system and contact my flight dispatcher directly on a secondary radio. There is a radio operator in the operations control center who connects you to the telephone of the dispatcher. I was in direct contact with the dispatcher. I explained the situation I had on board with the family and what it was the family wanted. He said he understood and that he would get back to me.

Two hours went by and I had not heard from the dispatcher. We were going to get busy soon and I needed to know what to tell the family. I sent a text message asking for an update. I saved the return message from the dispatcher and the following is the text:

*'Captain, sorry it has taken so long to get back to you. There is policy on this now, and I had to check on a few things. Upon your arrival a dedicated escort team will meet the aircraft. The team will escort the family to the ramp and plane side. A van will be used to load the remains with a secondary van for the family.'*

*The family will be taken to their departure area and escorted into the terminal, where the remains can be seen on the ramp. It is a private area for the family only. When the connecting aircraft arrives, the family will be escorted onto the ramp and plane side to watch the remains being loaded for the final leg home.*

*Captain, most of us here in flight control are veterans. Please pass our condolences on to the family. Thanks.*

I sent a message back, telling flight control thanks for a good job. I printed out the message and gave it to the lead light attendant to pass on to the father. The lead flight attendant was very thankful and told me, *'You have no idea how much this will mean to them.'*

Things started getting busy for the descent, approach and landing. After landing, we cleared the runway and taxied to the ramp area. The ramp is huge with 15 gates on either side of the alleyway. It is always a busy area with aircraft maneuvering every which way to enter and exit. When we entered the ramp and checked in with the ramp controller, we were told that all traffic was being held for us.

*'There is a team in place to meet the aircraft', we were told. It looked like it was all coming together, then I realized that once we turned the seat belt sign off, everyone would stand up at once and delay the family from getting off the airplane. As we approached our gate, I asked the copilot to tell the ramp controller, we were going to stop short of the gate to make an announcement to the passengers.. He did that and the ramp controller said, *'Take your time.'* I stopped the aircraft and set the parking brake. I pushed the public address button and said: *'Ladies and gentleman, this is your Captain speaking: I have stopped short of our gate to make a special announcement. We have a passenger on board who deserves our honor and respect. His name is Private XXXXXX, a soldier who recently lost his life. Private XXXXXX s under your feet in the cargo hold. Escorting him today is Army Sergeant XXXXXX. Also, on board are his father, mother, wife, and daughter. Your entire flight crew is asking for all passengers to remain in their seats to allow the family to exit the aircraft first. Thank you.'**

We continued the turn to the gate, came to a stop and started our shutdown procedures. A couple of minutes later I opened the cockpit door. I found the two forward flight attendants crying, something you just do not see. I was told that after we came to a stop, every passenger on the aircraft stayed in their seats, waiting for the family to exit the aircraft.

When the family got up and gathered their things, a passenger slowly started to clap his hands. Moments later, more passengers joined in and soon the entire aircraft was clapping. Words of *'God Bless You', 'I'm sorry, thank you, be proud,* and other kind words were uttered to the family as they made their way down the aisle and out of the airplane. They were

escorted down to the ramp to finally be with their loved one.

Many of the passengers disembarking thanked me for the announcement I had made. They were just words, I told them, I could say them over and over again, but nothing I say will bring back that brave soldier.

I respectfully ask that all of you reflect on this event and the sacrifices that millions of our men and women have made to ensure our freedom and safety in these United States of AMERICA.

**Foot note:**

I know everyone who reads this will have tears in their eyes, including me.

Please say a short prayer for our American *and* Canadian service men and women. They die for me and mine and you and yours and deserve our honor and respect...

Prayer Request: When you read this, please stop for a moment and say a prayer for our troops around the world...

Of all the gifts you could give a Marine, Soldier, Sailor, Airman, and others deployed in harm's way, prayer is the very best one.

**GOD BLESS YOU!!!**

Thank you all who have served, or are serving. We will not forget!!!!



## HOW TO STAY YOUNG . . .

1. Try everything twice. On Madam's tombstone (of Whelan's and Madam) she said she wanted this epitaph: Tried everything twice...loved it both times!

2. Keep only cheerful friends. The grouches pull you down. (keep this in mind if you are one of those grouches;)

3. Keep learning: Learn more about the computer, crafts, gardening, whatever. Never let the brain get idle. "An idle mind is the devil's workshop."

4. Enjoy the simple things.

5. Laugh often, long and loud. Laugh until you gasp for breath. And if you have a friend who makes you laugh, spend lots and lots of time with HIM/HER.

6. The tears happen: Endure, grieve, and move on. The only person who is with us our entire life, is ourselves. LIVE while you are alive.

7. Surround yourself with what you love: Whether it's family, pets, keepsakes, = music, plants, hobbies, whatever. Your home is your refuge.

8. Cherish your health: If it is good, preserve it. If it is unstable, improve it. If it is beyond what you can improve, get help.

9. Don't take guilt trips. Take a trip to the mall, even to the next county, to a foreign country, but NOT to where the guilt is.

10. Tell the people you love that you love them, at every opportunity.

11. Forgive now those who made you cry. You might not get a second time.

***If you are 70+ this is something to Ponder . . . if not, you should read it anyway . . .***

***CHILDREN OF THE  
GREATEST GENERATION  
(and their children - so they will understand)***

***Born in the 1930s and early 40s, we exist as a very special age cohort. We are the Silent Generation.***

***We are the smallest number of children born since the early 1900s. We are the "last ones."***

***We are the last generation, climbing out of the depression, who can remember the winds of war and the impact of a world at war which rattled the structure of our daily lives for years.***

***We are the last to remember ration books for everything from gas to sugar to shoes to stoves.***

***We saved tin foil and poured fat into tin cans.***

***We saw cars up on blocks because tires weren't available.***

***We can remember milk being delivered to our house early in the morning and placed in the "milk box" on the porch.***

***We are the last to see the gold stars in the front windows of our grieving neighbors whose sons died in the War.***

***We saw the 'boys' home from the war, build their little houses.***

***We are the last generation who spent childhood without television; instead, we imagined what we heard on the radio.***

***As we all like to brag, with no TV, we spent our childhood "playing outside". We did play outside, and we did play on our own.***

***There was no little league.***

***There was no city playground for kids.***

***The lack of television in our early years meant, for most of us, that we had little real understanding of what the world was like.***

***On Saturday afternoons, the movies, gave us newsreels of the war sandwiched in between westerns and cartoons.***

***Telephones were one to a house, often shared (party Lines)and hung on the wall.***

***Computers were called calculators, they only added and were hand cranked; typewriters were driven by pounding fingers throwing the carriage, and changing the ribbon.***

***The 'internet' and 'GOOGLE' were words that did not exist.***

***Newspapers and magazines were written for adults and the news was broadcast on our table radio in the evening by Gabriel Heater.***

***We are the last group who had to find out for ourselves.***

***As we grew up, the country was exploding with growth.***

***The G.I. Bill gave returning veterans the means to get an education and spurred colleges to grow.***

***VA loans fanned a housing boom.***

***Pent up demand coupled with new installment payment plans put factories to work.***

*New highways would bring jobs and mobility.*

*The veterans joined civic clubs and became active in politics.*

*The radio network expanded from 3 stations to thousands of stations.*

*Our parents were suddenly free from the confines of the depression and the war, and they threw themselves into exploring opportunities they had never imagined.*

*We weren't neglected, but we weren't today's all-consuming family focus.*

*They were glad we played by ourselves until the street lights came on.*

*They were busy discovering the post war world.*

*We entered a world of overflowing plenty and opportunity; a world where we were welcomed.*

*We enjoyed a luxury; we felt secure in our future.*

*Depression poverty was deep rooted.*

*Polio was still acrippler.*

*The Korean War was a dark presage in the early 50s and by mid-decade school children were ducking under desks for Air-Raid training.*

*Russia built the "Iron Curtain" and China became Red China .*

*Eisenhower sent the first 'advisers' to Vietnam.*

*Castro set up camp in Cuba and Khrushchev came to power.*

*We are the last generation to experience an interlude when there were no threats to our homeland.*

*We came of age in the 40s and 50s. The war was over and the cold war, terrorism, "global warming", and perpetual economic insecurity had yet to haunt life with unease.*

*Only our generation can remember both a time of great war, and a time when our world was secure and full of bright promise and plenty. We have lived through both.*

*We grew up at the best possible time, a time when the world was getting better. not worse.*

***We are the Silent Generation - . /  
"The Last Ones"***

***More than 99% of us are either retired or deceased, and we feel privileged to have "lived in the best of times"!***

*Now do you feel old?*



## ***A GREAT STORY ABOUT TIME!***

A young man learns what's most important in life from the guy next door.

Over the phone, his mother told him, *"Mr. Belser died last night. The funeral is Wednesday."* Memories flashed through his mind like an old newsreel as he sat quietly remembering his childhood days.

*"Jack, did you hear me?"*

*"Oh, sorry, Mom. Yes, I heard you. It's been so long since I thought of him. I'm sorry, but I honestly thought he died years ago,"* Jack said...

*"Well, he didn't forget you. Every time I saw him he'd ask how you were doing. He'd reminisce about the many days you spent over 'his side of the fence' as he put it,"* Mom told him.

*"I loved that old house he lived in,"* Jack said.

*"You know, Jack, after your father died, Mr. Belser stepped in to make sure you had a man's influence in your life,"* she said.

*"He's the one who taught me carpentry,"* he said. *"I wouldn't be in this business if it weren't for him. He spent a lot of time teaching me things he thought were important. Mom, I'll be there for the funeral,"* Jack said.

As busy as he was, he kept his word. Jack caught the next flight to his hometown. Mr. Belser's funeral was small and uneventful. He had no children of his own, and most of his relatives had passed away.

The night before he had to return home, Jack and his Mom stopped by to see the old house next door one more time.

Standing in the doorway, Jack paused for a moment. It was like crossing over into another dimension, a leap through space and time. The house was exactly as he remembered. Every step held memories. Every picture, every piece of furniture. Jack stopped suddenly...

*"What's wrong, Jack?"* his Mom asked.

*"The box is gone,"* he said

*"What box?"* Mom asked.

*"There was a small gold box that he kept locked on top of his desk. I must have asked him a thousand times what was inside. All he'd ever tell me was 'the thing I value most,'"* Jack said.

It was gone. Everything about the house was exactly how Jack remembered it, except for the box. He figured someone from the Belser family had taken it.

*"Now I'll never know what was so valuable to him,"* Jack said. *"I better get some sleep. I have an early flight home, Mom."*

It had been about two weeks since Mr. Belser died. Returning home from work one day Jack discovered a note in his mailbox: *"Signature required on a package. No one at home. Please stop by the main post office within the next three days,"* the note read. Early the next day Jack retrieved the package. The small box was old and looked like it had been mailed a hundred years ago. The handwriting was difficult to read, but the return address caught his attention. *"Mr. Harold Belser"* it read. Jack took the box out to his car and ripped open the package. There inside was

the gold box and an envelope. Jack's hands shook as he read the note inside.

*"Upon my death, please forward this box and its contents to Jack Bennett. It's the thing I valued most in my life."* A small key was taped to the letter. His heart racing, as tears filling his eyes, Jack carefully unlocked the box. There inside he found a beautiful gold pocket watch.

Running his fingers slowly over the finely etched casing, he unlatched the cover. Inside he found these words engraved:

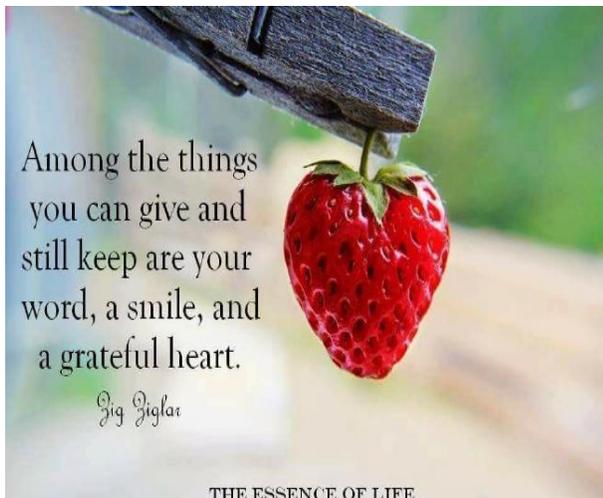
*"Jack, Thanks for your time! - Harold Belser."*

*"The thing he valued most was . . . my time"*

*Jack held the watch for a few minutes, then called his office and cleared his appointments for the next two days. "Why?" Janet, his assistant asked.*

*"I need some time to spend with a friend," he said.*

*"Oh, by the way, Janet, thanks for your time!"*



MY HIGH SCHOOL  
ASSIGNMENT WAS TO  
ASK A VETERAN  
ABOUT WORLD WAR  
II.

Since my father had served in the Philippines during the war, I chose him. After a few basic questions, I very gingerly asked, "Did you ever kill anyone?"

Dad got quiet. Then, in a soft voice, he said, "Probably. I was the cook."

### **A QUOTE TO PONDER . . .**

*"The Census Bureau reported that Las Vegas is about to pass Washington, D.C. in population. Of course, there's a huge difference Vegas and Washington. See, in Las Vegas, people gamble with their own money."*

---Jay Leno

**FROM OUR UNIT  
#68 BUZZ RECIPE  
CORNER:**



**BREAKFAST  
HASH  
BROWN  
CUPS**

*Tender-crisp hash browns topped with eggs, bacon, spinach & mushrooms.*

**INGREDIENTS:**

- 1 (20-ounce) package refrigerated hash brown potatoes
- 4 large eggs
- 2 tablespoons milk
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon hot sauce
- Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 2 slices bacon, diced
- 8 ounces cremini mushrooms, thinly sliced
- 1 bell pepper, diced
- 1 cup chopped baby spinach
- 1/2 cup shredded Monterey Jack cheese, divided

**DIRECTIONS:**

1. Preheat oven to 375 degrees F. Lightly coat a 12-cup muffin tin with nonstick spray.
2. Divide potatoes into each of the 12 muffin tins, pressing carefully to make sure there is an opening in the center. Place into oven and bake for 22-25 minutes, or until golden brown; set aside.
3. In a medium bowl, whisk together eggs, milk, Worcestershire and hot

sauce; season with salt and pepper, to taste. Set aside.

4. Heat a large skillet over medium high heat. Add bacon and cook until brown and crispy, about 6-8 minutes. Transfer to a paper towel-lined plate; drain excess fat, reserving 1 tablespoon in the skillet.
5. Add mushrooms and bell pepper to the skillet. Cook, stirring occasionally, until tender, about 4-5 minutes. Stir in egg mixture until the eggs are completely set, about 3-4 minutes. Stir in spinach, 1/4 cup cheese and bacon until the spinach has wilted, about 2 minutes.
6. Spoon egg mixture into the muffin tins and sprinkle with remaining 1/4 cup cheese. Place into oven and bake for 3-4 minutes, or until the cheese has melted.
7. Serve immediately.

**ENJOY!!!!**

**HOME NEEDED**



This is Lexi, she's an 8 week-old German Shepherd.

I bought Lexi as a surprise for my wife but it turns out she is allergic to dogs so we are now looking to find her a new home.

She is 68 years old, an attractive and caring woman who drives, is a great cook and keeps a clean house.



**To all you  
OWLS (Older  
Wiser Laughing  
Souls)**

**WISDOM FROM GRANDPA**

Whether a man winds up with a nest egg, or a goose egg, depends a lot on the kind of chick he marries

Trouble in marriage often starts when a man gets so busy earnin' his salt that he forgets his sugar

Too many couples marry for better or for worse, but not for good.

When a man marries a woman, they become one; but the trouble starts when they try to decide which one

If a man has enough horse sense to treat his wife like a thoroughbred, she will never turn into an old nag

On anniversaries, the wise husband always forgets the past – but never the present

A foolish husband says to his wife, "honey, you stick to the washin', ironin', cookin' and scrubbin'. No wife of mine is gonna work."

Many girls like to marry a military man - he can cook, sew, and make beds, he's in good health, and he's already used to taking orders

Eventually you will reach a point when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it.

Some people try to turn back their odometers. Not me, i want people to know "why" i look this way. I've travelled a long way and some of the roads weren't paved How old would you be if you didn't know how old you are

You know you are getting old, when everything either dries up or leaks

Old age is when former classmates are so grey and wrinkled and bald, they don't recognize you.

**Keep laughing! . . .  
it's good for the soul!**

**REALITY FOR YOU . . .**

The new Supermarket near our house has an automatic water mister to keep the produce fresh. Just before it goes on, you hear the sound of distant thunder and the smell of fresh rain.

When you approach the milk cases, you hear cows mooing and witness the scent of fresh hay.

When you approach the egg case, you hear hens cluck and cackle and the air is filled with the pleasing aroma of bacon and eggs frying.

The veggie department features the smell of fresh buttered corn.

I don't buy toilet paper there any more.



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

***An oldie but a goodie and great  
advice for all . . .***

If you can always be cheerful, ignoring  
aches and pains,  
If you can resist complaining and boring  
people with your troubles,  
If you can eat the same food every day and  
be grateful for it,  
If you can understand when your loved  
ones are too busy to give you any time,  
If you can take criticism and blame without  
resentment,  
If you can conquer tension without  
medical help,  
If you can relax without alcohol,  
If you can sleep without the aid of drugs,

**Then You Are Probably The Family Dog!**

**And you thought I was going to get all  
spiritual . . .**

**Handle every stressful situation  
like a dog.**

**If you can't eat it or play with it,  
Piss on it and walk away.**

— — — — —

Two little old ladies were sitting on a park  
bench outside the local town hall where a  
flower show was in progress. The older  
one leaned over and said, "*Life is so  
boring. We never have any fun any more.  
For \$10.00 I'd take my clothes off and  
streak through that stupid, boring flower  
show!*"

"*You're on!*" said the other old lady,  
holding up a \$10.00 note.

The first little old lady slowly fumbled her  
way out of her clothes and completely  
naked, streaked (as fast as an old lady  
can) through the front door of the flower  
show.

Waiting outside, her friend soon heard a  
huge commotion inside the hall, followed  
by loud applause and shrill whistling.  
Finally, the smiling and naked old lady  
came through the exit door surrounded by  
a cheering, clapping crowd.

"*What happened?*" asked her waiting  
friend.

"*I won \$1000 as 1st prize for 'Best Dried  
Arrangement'.*"

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### ***THE POSITIVE SIDE OF LIFE:***

Living on Earth is expensive, but it does  
include a free trip around the sun every  
year.

How long a minute is depends on what  
side of the bathroom door you're on.

Birthdays are good for you; the more you  
have, the longer you live.

Happiness comes through doors you  
didn't even know you left open.

Ever notice that the people who are late  
are often much jollier than the people who  
have to wait for them?

Most of us go to our grave with our music  
still inside of us.

Some mistakes are too much fun  
to only make once.

We could learn a lot from crayons:  
some are sharp, some are pretty,  
some are dull, some have weird names,  
and all are different colours . . . but  
they all exist very nicely in the same box.

You may be only  
one person in the  
world, but you may  
also be the world to  
one person.



## GETTING A GUN

Yesterday I got my permit to carry a concealed weapon. So, today I went over to the local Bass Pro Shop to get a 9mm handgun for home/personal protection.

When I was ready to pay for the pistol and ammo, the cashier said, - *"Strip down, facing me."*

Making a mental note to complain to the NRA about the gun control wackos running amok, I did just as she had instructed.

When the hysterical shrieking and alarms finally subsided, I found out she was referring to how I should place my credit card in the card reader!

As a senior citizen, I do not get flustered often, but this time it took me a while to get my pants back on.

I've been asked to shop elsewhere in the future. They need to make their instructions to seniors a little more clear.

I still don't think I looked that bad!

Just need to wear underwear more often . . .



## A GREAT QUOTE . . . .

*"Regret for the things we did can be tempered by time; it is regret for the things we did not do that is inconsolable."*

--- Sidney J. Harris

## GREETINGS FROM AROUND OUR BUZZ WORLD . . .

### Greetings from Chase, B.C. . .



*Jim Dunn and Janice Graham joining with Chase's very own Santa and Mrs. Claus to send us all a Season's Greeting from Chase!!!*



### And from 'Snowy Penticton' . . .

Our Past President Bob and his lovely wife Rose celebrating the incoming New Year 2018 in style . . .



*May 2018 be a Year to Remember Fondly as we gaze into our Memory Books in the future!!*

## NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

by Charlotte Anselmo

Thank you Lord for giving me  
The brand new year ahead  
Help me live the way I should  
As each new day I tread.

Give me gentle wisdom  
That I might help a friend  
Give me strength and courage  
So a shoulder I might lend.

The year ahead is empty  
Help me fill it with good things  
Each new day filled with joy  
And the happiness it brings.

Please give the leaders of our world  
A courage born of peace  
That they might lead us gently  
And all the fighting cease.

Please give to all upon this earth  
A heart that's filled with love  
A gentle happy way to live  
With Your blessings from above.

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*The New Year lies before you,  
like a spotless track of snow...  
be careful how you tread on it,  
for every mark will show.*



## FROM YOUR EDITORS . . .

Wishing all of our faithful readers and contributors a Very Happy and Healthy New Year 2018 – May our ANAF Unit #68 enjoy a very successful coming year!!



We want to, as always, thank all of our loyal readers who send us great items and cartoons, etc. for our newsletter every month – it is very much appreciated!! Please keep them coming!

As we have mentioned in previous issues, we are hoping to keep our faithful and loyal readers by emailing the monthly Buzz to you. Please forward your email address to me at [pal mardi@yahoo.ca](mailto:pal mardi@yahoo.ca) with BUZZ in the Re: line. Then we will be happy to place you on our Buzz List and you can look forward to reading our newsletter every month in FULL COLOUR!!

My partner and co-editor Fred remains in Peace Arch Hospital at this time still recovering from a broken hip – he is doing very well and should be ready to return home soon!!! He sends his 'Hello' to all of our friends and comrades, as well as a Hug for the New Year 2018!

And Remember this famous quote as we approach the coming year together . . .

***“Alone we can do so little;  
together we can do so much.”***

~ Helen Keller

Your Editor MARDI

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*'Life is better when you are happy, but life is best when other people are happy because of you'*

Unknown Author