

THE BUZZ

AUTUMN



**IN OUR
BEAUTIFUL BRITISH
COLUMBIA!**

THE BUZZ



**YOUR
PRESIDENT'S
REPORT**

Hello Comrades and Friends,

I hope this issue finds you all doing well and keeping in good spirits.

With fall in the air this would be the time we would be planning the poppy campaign for 2020 and the Remembrance Day parade. Restrictions due to the COVID 19 Pandemic has changed everything, Legion Branches and ANAF Units will not have volunteers at store entrances or poppy tagging tables at prominent places in the weeks ahead of November 11th.

This years campaign will feature electronic donation boxes that accept tap payments, along with unmanned traditional donation boxes at grocery stores, banks and many other locations, encouraging donors to pick up their own poppies. People are also encouraged to donate online.

As for our traditional Remembrance Day ceremony the Vancouver police are planning a very small group to lay a wreath at the South Vancouver Memorial Cenotaph. Our Unit 68 is getting together with other Units to lay wreaths at this

location after the police have left. It will be a much smaller ceremony this year, but our Veterans who fought for our freedom will not be forgotten.

We will remember them, lest we forget, lest we forget.

Stay safe and remember social distancing is the new 2020.

Shoulder to Shoulder

Fraternally Yours,
Jan Holt
President,
East Vancouver Unit #68
anavet68@yahoo.com



**OCTOBER
NEWS
FROM YOUR
HONOURARY
PRESIDENT**



Comrades:

This is a Past Colour Sergeants Report as sadly another devoted B.C. Command Colour Guard member from my past service has passed away.

June Rogers who was a dear friend and comrade for 18 years passed on September 24, 2020. My brain went wild reliving some of the greatest times ever that I had with June, when together with many other comrades we went on out of town parade trips. I decided to reflect on those comrades who passed away during my tenure in the colour guard and the list was astonishing. I will list from memory in no particular order those I had the privilege to march with. Please excuse any incorrect spelling of their names as some have been gone many years.

Comrades --Ralph Janisse, Danny Lee, Rudy Elyman, John Helmbold, Roy Blair, John Yates, Shirley Gibbons, Chuck McDonald, Terry Misner, May Nyce and now June Rogers. If I missed anyone please email me and I apologize since this list is over a 20 year period.

My beloved Colour guard became like family and to lose 11 members in such a short time seems unfathomable since there were never more than 15 to 20 members who I considered regulars. These souls would show up as many times as needed giving up their entire summers to represent our veterans and show the public that we will never forget.

My fondest memory (and there were many) was with Charlie Lee who marched until he was almost 90 years young. You are my "hero" Charlie, I once said at his last parade when the temperature was pushing 100 degrees F. His response says it all about the Colour Guard-- "I am no hero sergeant, the heroes are the boys who never came home".

God Bless June and may there be a special place in Heaven so we can all once again march together.



**Fraternally Yours
Bob Rietveld,
Past Colour Sergeant,
Honorary President Unit #68**

"My mission in life is not merely to survive, but to thrive; and to do so with some passion, some compassion, some humor, and some style."

Maya Angelou

***You have to read this it is
absolutely beautiful.....***

*Each year he sent her roses,
And the note would always say,
I love you even more this year,
Than last year on this day.
My love for you will always grow,
With every passing year.'*

*She knew this was the last time
That the roses would appear.
She thought, he ordered roses
In advance before this day.
Her loving husband did not know,
That he would pass away.*

*He always
liked to do things early,
Way before the time..
Then, if he got too busy,
Everything would work out fine.
She trimmed the stems and
Placed them in a very special vase..*

*Then, sat the vase beside
The portrait of his smiling face.
She would sit for hours,
In her husband's favorite chair.
While staring at his picture,
And the roses sitting there.*

*A year went by, and it was
To live without her mate.
With loneliness and solitude,
That had become her fate.*

*Then, the very hour,
The doorbell rang, and there
Were roses sitting by her door.*

*She brought the roses in,
And then just looked at them in shock..
Then, went to get the telephone,
To call the florist shop.*

*The owner answered, and she asked him,
If he would explain, Why would someone
would do this to her, causing her such*

pain?

*'I know your husband passed away,
More than a year ago,' The owner said,
'I knew you'd call, and you would want to
know.'*

*The flowers you received today,
Were paid for in advance.
Your husband always planned ahead,
He left nothing to chance.*

*There is a standing order,
That I have on file down here,
And he has paid, well in advance,
You'll get them every year*

*There also is another thing,
That I think you should know,
He wrote a special little card...he did this
years ago.
Then, should ever I find out that he's no
longer here,
that's the card that should be sent to you
the following year.'*

*She thanked him and hung up the phone,
her tears now flowing hard.
Her fingers shaking,
As she slowly reached to get the card.*

*Inside the card, she saw that he
Had written her a note..
Then, as she stared in total silence,*

This is what he wrote..

*'Hello my love, I know it's been a year
Since I've been gone.
I hope it hasn't been too hard for you to
Overcome.
I know it must be lonely,
And the pain is very real.
Or if
it was the other way,
I know how I would feel.*

*The love we shared made everything
So beautiful in life.
I loved you more than words can say,*

*You were the perfect wife.
You were my friend and lover,
You fulfilled my every need.
I know it's only been a year,
But please try not to grieve.
I want you to be happy,
Even when you shed your tears.*

*That is why the roses will be sent to you
for years
When you get these roses,
Think of all the happiness that we had
together,
And how both of us were blessed.*

*I have always loved you and
I know I always will.
But, my love, you must go on,
You have some living still.*

*Please....try to find happiness,
While living out your days.
I know it is not easy,
But I hope you find some ways.*

*The roses will come every year,
And they will only stop,
When your door's not answered,
When the florist stops to knock.*

*He will come five times that day,
In case! You have gone out.
But after his last visit,
He will know without a doubt!
To take the roses to the place,
Where I've instructed him
And place the roses where we are,
Together once again.*

*Sometimes in life, you find a special
friend;
Someone who changes your life
Just by being part of it.*

*Someone who
makes you laugh
Until you can't stop;
Someone who makes you believe
That there really is good in the world.*

Someone who convinces you

*That there really is an unlocked door
Just
waiting for you to open it.*

This is Forever Friendship.



A SHOPPING REMINDER FOR YOU . . .



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*MY DOCTOR ASKED IF ANYONE IN
MY FAMILY WAS SUFFERING FROM
MENTAL ILLNESS.*

*I SAID; "NO, WE ALL SEEM TO
ENJOY IT"*

**ANAF UNIT #68
MEMBERSHIP . .**



The year 2020 is almost over – please look
for the new memberships for 2021 soon!

SPECIAL OFFER: Our membership is still
available at \$35.00 for the year or \$60.00
for a couple!!

Please see any one of our Executive to
obtain your yearly membership

If you wish to mail in your membership fee,
the following is the address for all of our
Unit #68 correspondence:

A.N.A.F. Unit #68 Membership
c/o Jan Holt
122-6362 Fraser Street
Vancouver, BC V5W 0A1

*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 OCTOBER Celebrants!**



Mike Carpenter William Costain
Gail Jones Susan Ellen King
Pauline O'Reilly Gordie Smith

***Wishing you all a Very
Happy Birthday!!!!***



REMINISCING WITH RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON ..

Editor's Note: We can't celebrate Halloween without reminiscing with Ronnie about a couple of his mischievous Halloween adventures - so ENJOY!



Looking at my calendar I see it's getting dangerously close to Halloween so I'll do my best to get you in a Halloween mood.

First, a brief history of why and how Halloween was created. For many years October 31st was known as "*Hallows Eve*" and finally was given the modern name of "*Halloween*".

Irish, Scots and English called Halloween the "*Night of Mischief*". Householders would bribe the gangs to leave them alone by offering them treats, and that's how the custom of *Tricks or Treats* was formed.

And I bet you never knew that Halloween is also a religious day! October 31st is celebrated as "*All Saints Day*" in the Christian Church. Pumpkins with burning candles inside are believed to ward off the evil spirits of Halloween night.

Enough of history . . . Let's get on with my first Halloween story!

It begins on a very dark night about three days before Halloween, 1935. I call this story '*The Shot That Was Heard Around The Wo.r.l.*' actually it really wasn't heard around the world, it was heard around 41st and Fraser. Myself and three of my gang headed to the huge Chinese Garden located between Chester Street and Windsor Street on 41st Avenue.

Packing our black garbage bags we sneaked over the large fence and began picking our yearly supply of small pumpkins (something we had done for several years). We would sell the pumpkins door to door the following day for prices

ranging from 35¢ and as high as 50¢. Now, try and buy a pumpkin for less than \$5.00!! However this was 1935 and most of the people living in our district were on city relief, now known as welfare.

If our customers had young children we gave them a pumpkin free!! So you see, we weren't the dirty pumpkin thieves you thought we were! We never did receive the Humanitarian Award for our good deeds though.

Now I'll get back to my "*Shot Around The Wo.r.l*" story. As we were picking the pumpkins a very loud gunshot went off. We never knew if the shot was aimed into the air to scare us, or was aimed directly at us. We didn't exactly sit around and discuss the situation we were in.



The four of us flew over the fence with our supply of pumpkins at speeds almost as fast as today's Premier can make up excuses why we should like the HST tax.

One of the four pumpkin thieves mentioned in that story was a very close friend of mine named Peter. On one of the last pumpkin robberies I happened to call him '*Peter Pumpkin*' in 1935. To show you how long the nickname stayed with him it came to light after he passed away four years ago. At his Wake most of the people attending were shocked to learn that Peter's last name wasn't 'Pumpkin'!!

Quite a few years ago our club held a large Halloween Party. I arrived at the club just as they were presenting prizes for the best costumes. I won a prize for being dressed as a tramp. Little did the judges know I was wearing my best clothes at the time!

Forever in our Memories



HUMOUR IS THE BEST MEDICINE

Morris walks out into the street and manages to get a taxi just going by. He gets into the taxi, and the cabbie says, *"Perfect timing. You're just like Dave."*

"Who?"

"Dave Aronson. There's a guy who did everything right. Like my coming along when you needed a cab. It would have happened like that to Dave."

"There are always a few clouds over everybody," says Morris.

"Not Dave. He was a terrific athlete. He could have gone on the pro tour in tennis. He could golf with the pros. He sang like an opera baritone and danced like a Broadway star."

"He was something, huh?"

"He had a memory like a trap. Could remember everybody's birthday. He knew all about wine, which fork to eat with. He could fix anything. Not like me. I change a fuse, and I black out the whole neighborhood."

"No wonder you remember him."

"Well, I never actually met Dave."

"Then how do you know so much about him?" asks Morris.

"Because I married his widow."

I DO . . .

Seniors have all the right questions and answers. An elderly couple, who were both widowed, had been going out with each other for a long time. Urged on by their friends, they decided that it was finally time to discuss marriage. Before planning

the wedding, they went out to dinner and had a long conversation regarding how their marriage might work.

They discussed finances, living arrangements and so on. Finally, the old gentleman decided it was time to broach the subject of their physical relationship. *"How do you feel about sex?"* he asked, rather tentatively. *"I would like it infrequently"* she replied.

The old gentleman sat quietly for a few moments, then leaned over towards her and quietly whispered - *"I am reticent to ask. But is that one word, or two words?"*

A man calls home to his wife and says, *"Honey I have been asked to go fishing at Paint Lake up in Canada with my boss and several of his friends. We'll be gone for a week."*

"This is a good opportunity for me to get that promotion I've been wanting so would you please pack me enough clothes for a week and set out my rod and tacklebox. We're leaving from the office and I will swing by the house to pick my things up. Oh! Please pack my new blue silk pajamas."

The wife thinks this sounds a little fishy but being a good wife she does exactly what her husband asked. The following weekend he comes home a little tired but otherwise looking good. The wife welcomes him home and asks if he caught many fish? He says, *"Yes! Lot's of Walleye, some Bluegill, and a few Pike. But why didn't you pack my new blue silk pajamas like I asked you to do?"*

The wife replies; *"I did, they were in your tackle box."*

The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it.

--- Oscar Wilde (1854 - 1900)

One of the side effects of Viagra is a headache.

Every time I take a pill, my wife gets a headache

DOGS TEACH US MANY THINGS . . .

(An 'Oldie' but well worth a repeat - -)

When loved ones come home, always run to greet them.

Never pass up the opportunity to go for a joyride.

Allow the experience of fresh air and the wind in your face to be pure ecstasy.

When it's in your best interest, practice obedience.

Let others know when they've invaded your territory.

Take naps and stretch before rising.

Run, romp, and play daily.

Thrive on attention and let people touch you.

Avoid biting, when a simple growl will do.

On warm days, stop to lie on your back on the grass.

On hot days, drink lots of water and lay under a shady tree.

When you're happy, dance around and wag your entire body.

No matter how often you're scolded, don't buy into the guilt thing and pout ... run right back and make friends.

Delight in the simple joy of a long walk.

Eat with gusto and enthusiasm. Stop when you have had enough.

Be loyal.

Never pretend to be something you're not.

If what you want lies buried, dig until you find it.

When someone is having a bad day, be silent, sit close by and nuzzle them gently.



ONE MORNING . . .By **Victoire Médium**

And one morning we get up and we're forty, fifty...

We realize that the years have flashed at all times, that they have left us a few wrinkles in the corner of our eyes. And the clock keeps on turning, fast..... So let's take stock.....

We think about the people we have known more or less, the ones who counted, the ones who left too soon and regret, those who made us laugh or cry...

We think about the moments of happiness, the ones we felt alone about the dreams we had...

We see that everyone has laid their own road, some better than others, but that's when we realize there are several stages in a life. Each of these stages is different, each has a particular taste and smell, and each one equates faces, names, memories.

This is life actually: A succession of memories....

Life is too short for us to hide important words in our hearts. ...
For example: I love you...

LAUGHTER IS SUCH GOOD MEDICINE . . .

Ninety-year-old man: *"Yes! After all these years, I've finally kicked the habit. I'm a free man. From now on, no more sex. I'm going to be celibate for the rest of my life!"*

Friend: *"Wow! What happened? Are you concerned about your declining health?"*

Ninety-year-old: *"No, I'm concerned about my declining wealth. That darn Viagra was so expensive, I couldn't afford cigarettes."*

— — — — —

In 1990 a woman entered a Haagen-Dazs in the Kansas City Plaza for an ice-cream cone. While she was ordering, another customer entered the store. She placed her order, turned and found herself face to face with Paul Newman. He was in town filming a movie.

His blue eyes made her knees buckle. She finished paying and quickly walked out of the store, her heart still pounding. Gaining her composure she suddenly realized she didn't have her cone; she turned to go back in.

At the door she again came face-to-face with Paul Newman who was coming out. He said to her, *"Are you looking for your ice-cream cone?"*

Unable to utter a word she nodded yes. *"You put it in your purse with your change."*

— — — — —

Q: Why are women's breasts like a train set a kid gets at Christmas time?

A: Because they were originally made for children but it's the fathers who want to play with them.

A FEW HANDY HOLIDAY HINTS FOR YOU and FOR YOUR HOUSEHOLD



Food Containers for Ornament Storage . . .

Empty egg cartons, drink carriers, plastic clamshell boxes from the bakery and other disposable grocery containers are excellent for storing holiday ornaments. They can be stacked neatly inside a larger bin and will keep your ornaments safe while in storage.

Wreath Hanging Hack . . .

Typically, we rely on everything from metal wreath holders to staples, nails and even thumbtacks to hang holiday wreaths on the door, yet each of these familiar methods causes leaves scars on the door. Skip those old methods and try a less damaging tactic by using removable plastic hooks. Place an upside-down Command Hook on the interior side of your door, loop your wreath's ribbon (or s o wrapping paper each time you bring it out of storage. Rather than sticking a piece of tape along the loose edge, cut an empty toilet paper tube lengthwise and wrap it around a roll of wrapping paper. Cinch it up and secure the sleeve with a piece of tape. Next time you use the wrapping, you may rip the sleeve when removing it, but your wrapping paper will remain intact.

Lazy Susan Tree Stand for Wood Floors . . .

Winding the lights around your Christmas tree can be a pain. Here's a great way to rotate the tree in its stand?without scratching up your hardwood floor. Put a bath rug underneath the tree stand, fabric side down, rubber side up. You can easily turn the tree to string your lights and place your ornaments just where you want them. It makes 'undecorating' the tree a breeze too. Fold the rug under the tree skirt to keep it hidden.

Illuminated Holiday Jars . . .

Create illuminating holiday jars with cranberries, greenery and floating candles. Place the greenery (we trimmed ours from a bush outside) followed by fresh cranberries in a jar. Fill the jar with water allowing the cranberries and greenery to float. Add a floating candle to the top, and voila—you have a simple and inexpensive centerpiece to add color and light to your holiday table.

Easy-Clip Tree Ornaments . . .

The wire hooks that come with Christmas tree ornaments can be hard to use and can scratch the ornaments. Instead of wire hangers, use plastic-coated paper clips to hang your ornaments. The paper clips are stronger and easy to use, and best of all, they won't scratch the ornaments, so you can leave them attached when you pack the ornaments away at the end of each season.

Toilet Paper Roll Wrapping Paper Sleeve . . .

This hint will save you from wasting wrapping paper each time you bring it out of storage. Rather than sticking a piece of tape along the loose edge, cut an empty toilet paper tube lengthwise and wrap it around a roll of wrapping paper. Cinch it up and secure the sleeve with a piece of tape. Next time you use the wrapping, you may rip the sleeve when removing it, but your wrapping paper will remain intact.



Fight for the things that
you care about, but do it
in a way that will lead
others to join you

— Ruth Bader Ginsburg

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



SAUSAGE CRESCENT ROLLS

Spicy seasoned sausage mixed with cream cheese and wrapped in crescent rolls. For a different variation, add thin slices of pepperoni on the bottom of crescent roll before the sausage mixture and shred cheddar on top of sausage; roll pastry over.



INGREDIENTS

- < 1 pound fresh, ground spicy pork sausage
- < 1 (8 ounce) package cream cheese
- < 2 (8 ounce) packages refrigerated crescent rolls
- < 1 egg white, lightly beaten
- < 1 tablespoon poppy seeds

DIRECTIONS

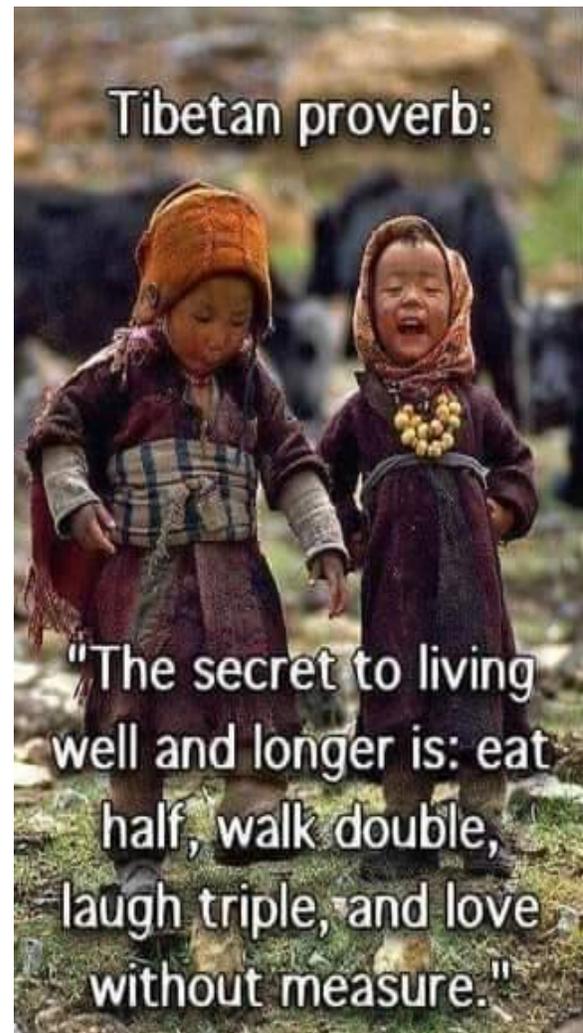
Step 1 Preheat oven to 350 degrees F (175 degrees C).

Step 2 In a medium skillet, lightly brown sausage and drain. While sausage is still hot, add cream cheese and stir until cheese is melted and mixture is creamy. Cool completely.

Step 3 Separate crescent rolls and arrange into two rectangles. Form log of sausage mixture lengthwise down center of each rectangle. Fold over the long sides of pastry to cover sausage log. Place on ungreased cookie sheet, seam down. Brush with egg white and sprinkle with poppy seeds.

Step 4 Bake 20 minutes until crust is golden. When completely cooled, slice into one and one-half inch slices.

ENJOY!! ENJOY!!



THE GOLDEN YEARS . . .

As I left the hardware store the other day, I was fumbling for my car keys and could not find them. They weren't in my pockets.

Suddenly I realized I must have left them in the car. Frantically, I headed for the parking lot. My wife has scolded me many times for leaving my keys in the car's ignition. She's afraid that the car could be stolen.

As I looked around the parking lot, I realized she was right. The parking lot was empty.

I immediately called the police. I gave them my location, confessed that I had left my keys in the car and that it had been stolen.

Then I made the most difficult call of all to my wife: "I left my keys in the

WU f ' U b X '] h fi g ' V Y Y b ' g h d ' Y b " I

There was a moment of silence. I thought the call had been disconnected, but then I heard her voice. "Are you kidding me?" she barked, "= ' X f c d d Y X ' m c i ' c Z Z

Now it was my turn to be silent. Embarrassed, I said, ' K Y ' ' ž ' Wc a Y [Y h ' a Y ' h \ Y b " ' I

She retorted, ' = ' k] ' ' ž ' U g ' g d convince this cop that I didn't steal m c i f ' V ' c c X m ' WU f ' ' I

"Welcome to the Golden Years"

PONDER THIS . . .

A good friend of mine unexpectedly lost her husband. A couple months later we were running together, chatting about nothing. She asked what my dinner plans were and I told her hubby wanted chili, but I didn't feel like stopping at the store. We ran a few more minutes when she quietly said, "Make the chili."

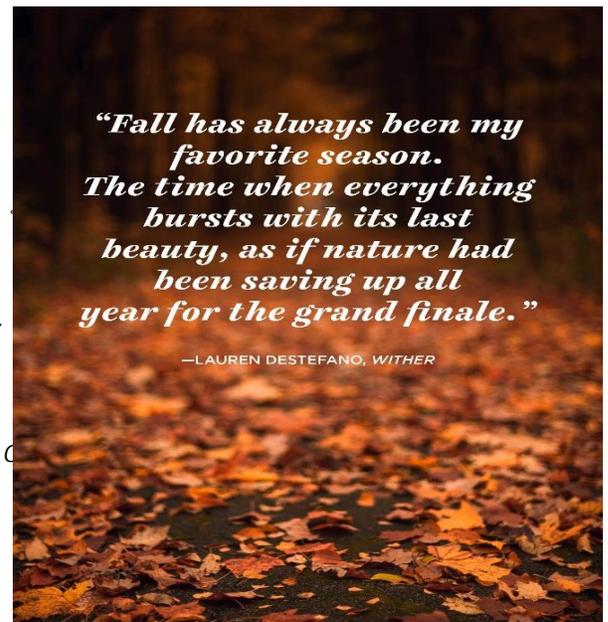
It took me a few minutes to realize we were no longer talking about dinner. It was about going out of your way to do something for someone you love because at any moment, they could unexpectedly be taken from you.

So today I'm sharing with you that wisdom handed to me by my dear friend, that I've thought of many times since that day. Next time someone you love wants you to go for a walk or watch a football game or play a board game or just put your phone down and give them your undivided attention, just do it. Make the chili.

Love deeply and selflessly. ❤️

"Fall has always been my favorite season. The time when everything bursts with its last beauty, as if nature had been saving up all year for the grand finale."

—LAUREN DESTEFANO, WITHER



AN EVENING PRAYER

Dear Lord,

Every single evening
As I'm lying here in bed,
This tiny little Prayer
Keeps running through my head:

God bless all my family
Wherever they may be,
Keep them warm
And safe from harm
For they're so close to me.

And God, there is one more thing
I wish that you could do;
Hope you don't mind me asking,
Please bless my computer too.

Now I know that it's unusual
To Bless a motherboard,
But listen just a second
While I explain it to you, Lord.

You see, that little metal box
Holds more than odds and ends;
Inside those small compartments
Rest so many of my friends.

I know so much about them
By the kindness that they give,
And this little scrap of metal
Takes me in to where they live.

By faith is how I know them
Much the same as you.
We share in what life brings us
And from that our friendships grew..

Please take an extra minute
From your duties up above,
To bless those in my address book
That's filled with so much love.

Wherever else this prayer may reach
To each and every friend,
Bless each e-mail inbox
And each person who hits 'send'.

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On your own Great CD-ROM,
Bless everyone who says this prayer
Sent up to GOD.Com

Amen

**A NEWFOUNDLAND
LOVE POEM
(And who said Newfoundlanders
weren't romantic?)**

Of course I loves ya darling
You're a bloody top notch bird
And when I say yer gorgeous
I means every single word

So yer arse is on the big side
I don't mind a bit of flab
It means that when I'm ready
There's somethin there to grab

So yer belly isn't flat no more
I tell ya, I don't care
So long as when I cuddle ya
I can get my arms round dere

I'm tellin ya the truth now
I never tells ya lies
I think its very sexy
Dat you've got dimples on yer thighs

I swear on me grannies grave
From the moment that we met
I thought you was as good as
I was ever gonna get

No matter what you look like
I'll always love ya dear
Now shut up while the hockey's on
And get me a nudder beer.

**Doesn't it just bring a tear to the
eye?**

The Gold and Ivory Tablecloth . . .

At Christmas time men and women everywhere gather in their churches to wonder anew at the greatest miracle the world has ever known. But the story I like best to recall was not a miracle — not exactly. It happened to a pastor who was very young but his church was very old.

Once long ago it had flourished. Famous men had preached from its pulpit and prayed before its altar. Rich and poor alike had worshipped there and built it beautifully. Now the good days had passed from the section of town where it stood. But the pastor and his young wife believed in their run-down church. They felt that with paint, hammer, and faith they could get it in shape. Together they went to work.

However late in December a severe storm whipped through the river valley and the worst blow fell on the little church — a huge chunk of rain-soaked plaster fell out of the inside wall just behind the altar. Sorrowfully the pastor and his wife swept away the mess but they couldn't hide the ragged hole. The pastor looked at it and had to remind himself quickly, "*Thy will be done!*" But his wife wept, "*Christmas is only two days away!*"

That afternoon the dispirited couple attended an auction held for the benefit of a youth group. The auctioneer opened a box and shook out of its folds a handsome gold and ivory lace tablecloth. It was a magnificent item, nearly 15 feet long; but it, too, dated from a long vanished era. Who, today, had any use for such a thing?

There were a few halfhearted bids. Then the pastor was seized with what he thought was a great idea. He bid it in for \$6.50. He carried the cloth back to the church and tacked it up on the wall behind the altar. It completely hid the hole! And the extraordinary beauty of its shimmering handwork cast a fine, holiday glow over

the chancel. It was a great triumph. Happily he went back to preparing his Christmas sermon.

Just before noon on the day of Christmas Eve as the pastor was opening the church, he noticed a woman standing in the cold at the bus stop. "The bus won't be here for 40 minutes!" he called and invited her into the church to get warm. She told him that she had come from the city that morning to be interviewed for a job as governess to the children of one of the wealthy families in town but she had been turned down. A war refugee, her English was imperfect.

The woman sat down in a pew and chafed her hands and rested. After a while she dropped her head and prayed. She looked up as the pastor began to adjust the great gold and ivory cloth across the hole. She rose suddenly and walked up the steps of the chancel. She looked at the tablecloth. The pastor smiled and started to tell her about the storm damage but she didn't seem to listen. She took up a fold of the cloth and rubbed it between her fingers. "It is mine!" she said. "It is my banquet cloth!" She lifted up a corner and showed the surprised pastor that there were initials monogrammed on it. "*My husband had the cloth made especially for me in Brussels! There could not be a n o t h e r l i k e*

i t . "

For the next few minutes the woman and the pastor talked excitedly together. She explained that she was Viennese and that she and her husband had opposed the Nazis and decided to leave the country. They were advised to go separately. Her husband put her on a train for Switzerland. They planned that he would join her as soon as he could arrange to ship their household goods across the border. She never saw him again. Later she heard that he had died in a concentration camp. "I have always felt that it was my fault — to leave without him," she said. "Perhaps these years of wandering have been my punishment!" The pastor tried to comfort

her and urged her to take the cloth with her. She refused. Then she went away.

As the church began to fill on Christmas Eve, it was clear that the cloth was going to be a great success. It had been skillfully designed to look its best by candlelight. After the service, the pastor stood at the doorway. Many people told him that the church looked beautiful. One gentle-faced middle-aged man — he was the local clock-and-watch repairman — looked rather puzzled. “*I t i s s h e s a i d i n h i s s o f t a c c e n t . “ M a n y y e a r s a g o m y w i f e — G o d r e s t h e r — a n d I o w n e d s u c h a c l o t h . I n o u r h o m e i n V i e n n a , m y w i f e p u t i t o n t h e t a b l e — a n d h e r e h e s m i l e d — “ o n l y w h e n t h e b i s h o p c a m e t o d i n n e r . ”*

The pastor suddenly became very excited. He told the jeweler about the woman who had been in church earlier that day. The startled jeweler clutched the pastor’s arm. “*C a n i t b e ? D o e s s h e l i v e ?*

Together the two got in touch with the family who had interviewed her. Then in the pastor’s car they started for the city. And as Christmas Day was born, this man and his wife who had been separated through so many saddened Yule tides were reunited.

To all who hear this story, the joyful purpose of the storm that had knocked a hole in the wall of the church was now quite clear. Of course, people said it was a miracle; but I think you will agree it was the season for it!

What do we know of this tale?

I t ’ s c a l l e d “ T h e G o l d a n d I v o r y T a b l e c l o t h ” ; i t w a s w r i t t e n b y t h e R e v . H o w a r d C . S c h a d e , p a s t o r o f t h e F i r s t R e f o r m e d C h u r c h i n N y a c k , N e w Y o r k ; i t w a s p u b l i s h e d i n t h e D e c e m b e r 1 9 5 4 i s s u e o f R e a d e r ’ s ; D a n c y e i s t w a s a n t h o l o g i z e d i n C h r i s t i a n S t o r i e s f o r t h e H e a r t i n 1 9 9 8 . S i n c e t h e

story is undated, there is no way of telling how long the separated couple reunited by the tablecloth had been apart. The few details contained in the tale seem to indicate that the couple separated sometime after the German annexation of Austria (also known as the Anschluss) in 1938, which means that since their story had been written by 1954, they could not have been split up for more than sixteen years. Certainly sixteen years is a tragically long time to be separated from one’s spouse, but if placed in the 1970s (as presented in the Internet-circulated version), the couple would have been apart for nearly forty years!

As for verifying the truth of this remarkable tale, there’s precious little information, and the story as presented is remarkably devoid of detail for a supposedly “trifling” drama: no dates, no names, no locations — no starting point whatsoever that would prove useful in verifying it. And perhaps the oddest factor of all is that apparently no one other than the Rev. Schade — not another writer, not the pastor who reunited the tragically separated spouses, not the couple themselves — ever chronicled this amazing story or identified its subjects.



Gray's

THE WAY IT WAS . . .

By Sandra Willford

They ran to the groceries, they filled up
their carts,
They emptied the Tops and Price Chopper
and Walmart,
They panicked and fought and then
panicked some more,
Then they rushed to their homes and they
locked all the doors.
The food will be gone! The milk eggs and
cheese!
The yogurt! The apples! The green beans
and peas!
The stores have run out, now what will we
do?
They'll be starving and looting and nothing
to do!

Then they paused, and they listened a
moment or two.
And they did hear a sound, rising over the
fear,
It started out far, then began to grow near.

But this sound wasn't sad, nor was it new,
The farms were still doing what farms
always do.

The food was still coming, though they'd
emptied the shelves,
The farms kept it coming, though they
struggled themselves,

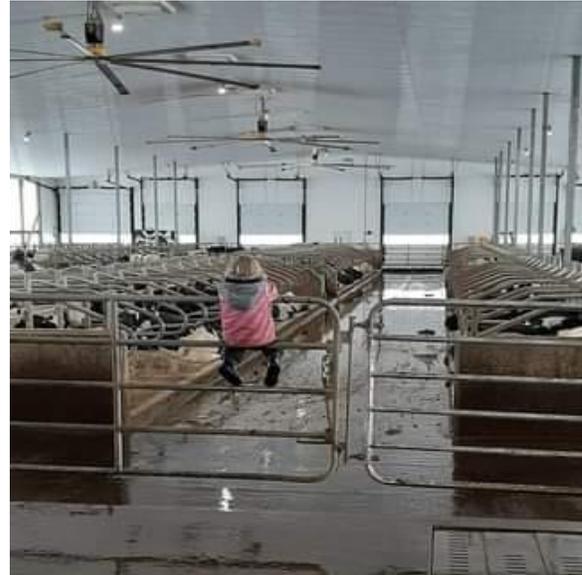
Though the cities had forgotten from
where their food came,
The farms made them food every day, just
the same.
Through weather and critics and markets
that fall,
The farms kept on farming in spite of it all.

They farmed without thank yous.
They farmed without praise.
They farmed on the hottest and coldest of
days.

They'd bought all the food, yet the next day
came more,
And the people thought of something they
hadn't before.

Maybe food, they thought, doesn't come
from a store.
Maybe farmers, perhaps, mean a little bit
more.

*Borrowed from a fellow farmer *



A SAD FAREWELL . . .

*It is with saddened hearts that we
relay the sudden passing of Darlene
Ludwig, beloved wife of Mike Ludwig
and a long time member of our
ANAF Unit #68. Darlene and Mike
moved to Kelowna a few years back
to look after Darlene's aging mother.*

*Both Darlene and Mike have still
maintained their membership with
our Unit #68 even after their move
to Kelowna.*

*Darlene was an avid member of our
Shuffleboard Community and
played last with The Terminators.*

Darlene, you will be sadly missed

THE SNEEZE

They walked in tandem, each of the ninety-two students filing into the already crowded auditorium. With their rich maroon gowns flowing and the traditional caps, they looked almost as grown up as they felt .

Dads swallowed hard behind broad smiles, and Moms freely brushed away tears.

This class would NOT pray during the commencements, not by choice, but because of a recent court ruling prohibiting it.

The principal and several students were careful to stay within the guidelines allowed by the ruling. They gave inspirational and challenging speeches, but no one mentioned divine guidance and no one asked for blessings on the graduates or their families.

The speeches were nice, but they were routine until the final speech received a standing ovation.

A solitary student walked proudly to the microphone. He stood still and silent for just a moment, and then, it happened.

All 92 students, every single one of them, suddenly SNEEZED !!!!

The student on stage simply looked at the audience and said,

'GOD BLESS YOU'

And he walked off the stage. .

The audience exploded into applause. This graduating class had found a unique way to invoke God's blessing on their future with or without the court's approval.

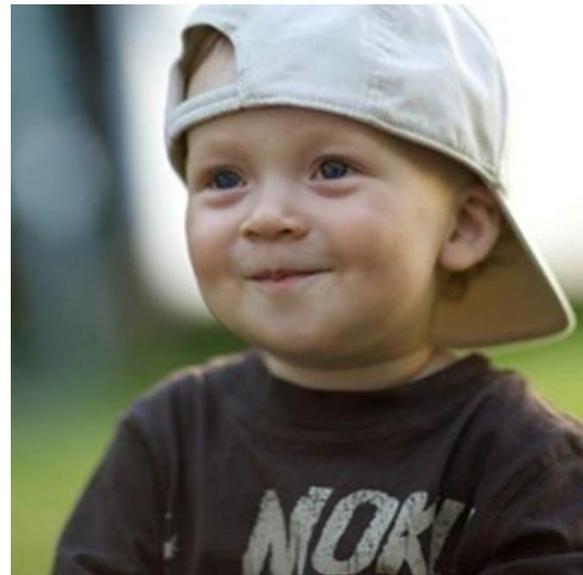
This is a true story; it happened at Eastern Shore District High School in Musquodoboit Harbour ,Nova Scotia.

A CHILDREN'S SERMON . . .

A Catholic priest was presenting a children's sermon. During the Sermon, he asked the children if they knew what the resurrection was.

Now, asking questions during children's sermons is crucial, but at the same time, asking children questions in front of a congregation can also be very dangerous.

Having asked the children if they knew the meaning of the Resurrection, a little boy raised his hand.....



The priest called on him and the little boy said, *"I know that if you have a resurrection that lasts more than four hours you are supposed to call the doctor."*

It took over ten minutes for the congregation to settle down enough for the service to continue.

SOMETIMES KIDS ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO MAKE SENSE!!!

A three-year-old boy went with his dad to see a litter of kittens. On returning home, he breathlessly informed his mother,

"There were 2 boy kittens and 2 girl kittens."

"How did you know?" his mother asked.

"Daddy picked them up and looked underneath," he replied. "I think it's printed on the bottom."

— — — — —

Another three-year-old put his shoes on by himself. His mother noticed that the left shoe was on the right foot.

She said, *"Son, your shoes are on the wrong feet."*

He looked up at her with a raised brow and said, *"Don't kid me, Mom. They're the only feet I got!"*

— — — — —

A mother and her young son returned from the grocery store and began putting away the groceries. The boy opened the box of animal crackers and spread them all over the table.

"What are you doing?" his mother asked.

"The box says not to eat them if the seal is broken," the boy explained. "I'm looking for the seal."

— — — — —

A father was at the beach with his children when his four-year-old son ran up to him, grabbed his hand, and led him to the shore, where a seagull lay dead in the sand.

"Daddy, what happened to him?" the son asked.

"He died and went to Heaven," the dad replied. The boy thought a moment and then said, "Did God throw him back down?"

FROM YOUR EDITOR MARDI . .



Be Strong and Stay Safe continues to be our motto this Autumn!!!!

We are always very grateful to all of our front line workers for all of their loyal dedication to the task at hand. May they all continue to stay safe also!!

You may notice, if you are a loyal Buzz reader, that sometimes I repeat an article or item from time to time. I do this only when I feel that it deserves the repeat!! So please continue to enjoy – as you take a fresh look at each insert!

Our year 2020 is fast coming to a close – and as I am sure many of us feel – it isn't a minute too soon! But we can learn from this past few months – and I hope we will continue to follow our Dr. Bonnie Henry's advice and Be Kind, Be Calm and Be Safe!

As always, my wish for all of our Comrades is to stay healthy, and do remember to send all of your family and friends 'air' hugs to let them know how very much you care about their health and well-being!!

**Your Editor
MARDI**

