

# THE BUZZ



# THE BUZZ



YOUR  
D F 9 G = 8 9 B  
REPORT

Hello Comrades and Friends,

Well it's December 2020 as this year comes to an end, it will go down in history as the year of the COVID 19 Pandemic. Nothing was the same as years past, our annual picnic was cancelled, Remembrance Day was virtually celebrated, poppy tagging was cancelled and no Santa Claus Parade this year. We can only look forward to 2021 coming back to normal as we hear the vaccine is coming soon.

Christmas dinners will be smaller than usual, but phone calls are safe and we need to remember our friends and family during the holidays. Turkey leftovers are great for making turkey pot pies and these can be delivered to friends who missed your Christmas meal.

As President of ANAF East Vancouver Unit #68 I would like to thank all my Executive of 2020 that helped me through the year, helping Veterans and Comrades. Special thanks also goes to my Past President Bill Ritchie as I could not have completed this past year without his support.

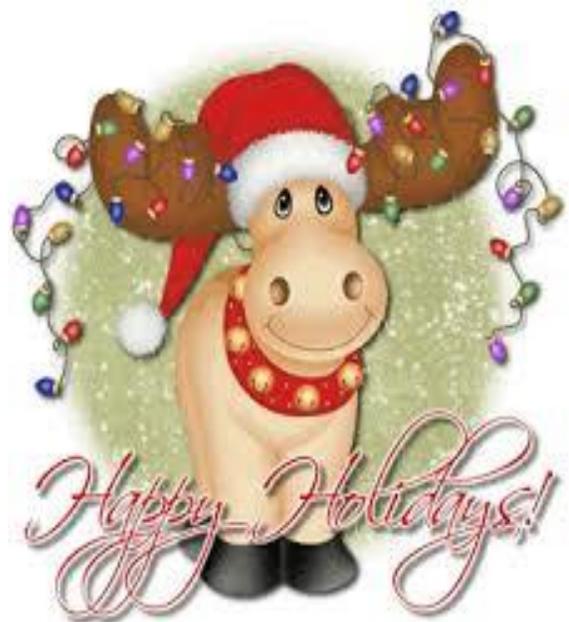
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all of our Comrades, Veterans, ANAF Units, Friends and Family's.

ALL THE BEST FOR 2021. STAY SAFE AND TAKE CARE.

*Shoulder to Shoulder*

**Fraternally Yours,**

Jan Holt  
President,  
East Vancouver Unit #68  
[anavet68@yahoo.com](mailto:anavet68@yahoo.com)



DEC EMBER  
NEWS  
FROM YOU R  
HONOUR ARY  
PRESIDENT



**Comrades:**

It's December 2020 and goodbye to the end of this difficult year. How different this Christmas will be - no mall Santa's, no family get togethers, no watching our grandchildren open their gifts and of course, soon, no more Trump. 2020 has been a difficult year for many, as our units struggled to remain open, meetings held online, and a Remembrance Day like no other.

Statistics tell us the majority of Covid-19 deaths are from the 70 and up age group; the most vulnerable of all are our seniors in care homes, with losses in the thousands. Imagine leaving Mom or Dad at their care home in March and never seeing them again, with no proper send off or celebration of their life.

Our youth are also severely affected; no graduation parties, no birthday get togethers, no sports and of course, no interaction among their own age group, a vital ingredient in their upbringing and mental stability. My own grandson who loved his hockey and soccer has retreated to his cell phone and game world, with no desire to go play outside but sits in his room daily on social media.

As 2021 comes around, a vaccine is promised but many are leery to take it as their development was rushed and the side effects uncertain. Like many I will wait and see how others react. It seems selfish on my part but I'm 76 in January and sadly in that vulnerable age group. Of course, the government might mandate that you have no choice but to take the vaccine, but

jail in my opinion is a better alternative to death.

Oh! -- how negative a report many will say, but these are the facts as the year ends and a reflection of a year like no other. On a more positive note -- Thanks to all those comrades who emailed me about my November 11th report about May Nyce. If you haven't read it go to [anavets68.com](http://anavets68.com)

Please continue to support our Veterans by renewing your 2021 Unit #68 membership.

This will be my 20th year with our unit thanks to Roy Blair who bought me my 1st beer at our 20th and Fraser Street Club in 2001. Also, after over 8 years as your President, I am honoured to be nominated for the executive in 2021, I guess you can call that irony or life goes full circle.

Merry Christmas to all my Comrades and friends.

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



Happy Holidays to all of our  
Friends and Comrades!!

A VERY DIFFERENT  
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

*"= h ð g ' f Y U ` ` m ' U ` ` ' f ] [ \*  
*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.Ġ*

Then he bent and  
he carefully pulled from his bag,  
The red and the white  
... A Canadian flag.

*Ġ = ' W U b ' ` ] j Y ' h \ f c i [ \ ' h \*  
*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."*

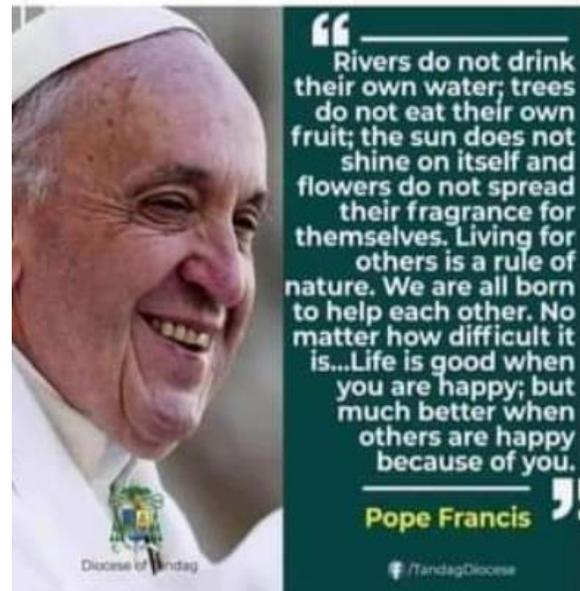
*98 = HCF Ñ G : BWe have included this wonderful poem once again, with our Special Thanks to our friend and comrade Elsie Fraser, of ANAF Assiniboia Unit 283 in Winnipeg, Manitoba, who many years ago brought it to our attention.*

*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.*



I absolutely LOVE this quote from Pope Francis!



ANAVETS AFFA IRS  
AFFORDABLE RENTAL  
HOUSING FOR SENIORS



AN AVET HOUSING  
Vancouver East  
951 East 8<sup>th</sup> Avenue  
Richmond - 11820 No. 1 Road  
North Van. E 245 East 3<sup>rd</sup> St.  
Call 874-8105 or email  
bcanavets@telus.net for more information

New Chelsea Society  
#205 4300 North Fraser Way.  
Burnaby B.C. V5J 0B3.

Patrick Buchannon, Executive Director  
Telephone: 604-395-4370  
Fax: 604-395-4376  
E-mail: admin@newchelsea.ca

VETERANS AFFAIRS CANADA  
MEDALS & SERVICE RECORDS  
P.O. Box 7700 Charlestown, P.E.I. C1A 8M9  
VETERANS AFFAIRS ENQUIRIES  
Suite 1000 E 605 Robson Street,  
Vancouver, B.C. Toll-Free Telephone:  
1-866-522-2122

HEALTH & WELFARE CANADA  
PENSION PLAN  
Inquiries: 1 E 800 E 277-9914  
8 = 8 MCI ? BCKA h \b\eligible i  
for Death Benefits of up to \$ 2,500.00?

LAST POST FUND INC.  
British Columbia Branch #520  
#203-7337 E 137<sup>th</sup> St. Surrey, BC V3W 1A4  
For information regarding financial assistance  
please contact 572-3242 or 1 E 800 E 268-0248.

*ÍThe more you observe politics,  
the more you've got to admit that  
each party is worse than the  
other.Í*

--- Will Rogers

A NAF UNIT # 68  
MEMBERSHIP



The year 2020 is almost over E please plan  
for your 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***

HA PPY BIRTHDAY to our  
Unit #68 DEC EMBER Celebrants!  
a U m



Brian Archer Charlie Lee  
Leslie Leoppky Lund Milton  
Shirley Oda Gordon Woodrow

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

# REMINISCING WITH RON ANDY CAPPIROBINSONA



EDITOR N G B E C This great Christmas column appeared in our 2010 issue of The Buzz and has been repeated a couple of times but is one of the many

it deserved yet another read this Christmas Season



.. No, No .. not that dreaded HST! My HST means Holidays, Santa and Turkey!!

First . . . I have a Christmas Quiz for you. *What event in the year 1939 changed G U b h U D g* found at the end of this column. Now *d f c a ] g Y a Y m c i k c b D h i b h ] m c i D j Y f Y U X a m c h \ Y f k ] g Y = D \ U j Y d c h \ U h a Y U b g m c i D b c h* Christmas time!!

5 b X d Y U g Y G U b h U z X c b D h socks or underwear E you have already given me enough to open a small store on : f U g Y f G h f Y Y h z U b X = D j Y for it E I Socks and Jocks I "

If I survive the next three weeks or so I will have seen 88 Christmases. That means an awful lot of Christmas memories.

One memory I shall never forget happened during my early years and that was watching my Mother busy in the kitchen cooking the plump Turkey in the oven of our wood-burning stove along with the wonderful turkey stuffing, and the scrumptious brown gravy, sending a beautiful aroma all through the house. That fragrance meant that Christmas had finally arrived in the Robinson home!!

Nowadays the Christmas dinners are cooked in modern gas or electric kitchen ranges that have large fans above them

just in case those turkey aromas get loose in your house. Progress E Bah!!!

H \ Y 7 \ f ] g h a U g G Y U g c b celebrated around Fraser Street as it did years ago. We even had a Santa Claus parade a few times, and Christmas music playing in the stores. Not anymore.

For my research for this column I visited a few stores and discovered only one store actually playing Christmas music, and that was the Dollar Store at 49th and Fraser Street.



My five children, (now all adults with children of their own) tell me they can only remember seeing Santa on Fraser Street, and that was at our Unit #26 Kiddies Christmas

Parties that were held in the Fraser Theatre in our club room. However, I do know where there is a Santa Variety Store in the 6000 block (across the street from the Dollar Store) that has been there for 70 years and is there right now. Oh . . . I forgot to tell you that their Santa is mechanical but he is a very good one.

And now the answer to my Christmas Quiz is: **RUDOLPH THE RED-NOSED REINDEER.**



5 c b [ k ] h \ h \ Y U b g k Y f giving you nice BUZZ readers a brief history about our little Red-Nosed friend.

It all began in the year 1939. The Montgomery Ward Department Store in the U.S.A. was busy putting together their 1939 7 \ ] X f Y b D g 7 \ f ] g h a U g asked their chief copy-writer, Robert L. May, if he could come up with something new and interesting that the young children may enjoy.

So, Mr. May created another reindeer for Santa and called him Rudolph, and to a U\_Y \ ] a' g h U b X' c i h' Z f c a reindeers he gave him a red nose .

A song was written about him, and several singers featured it on the radio, but it k U g b D h' i b h ] ` ` ; Y b Y' 5 i h f m Rudolph suddenly became more famous h \ U b' G U b h U D g' c f ] [ ] b U ` f Y l b X Y Y g

Before reading the last of this story, and k ] h \ c i h' d Y Y \_ ] b [ ž' g Y Y' \ c k 8 reindeers you can name. Here they are:

**DASHER, DANCER, PRANCER, COMET, CUPID, DONNER, VIXEN and BLITZEN** (Not so easy is it??)

May you all have a Very Happy Christmas and a Great New Year from the entire Robinson Family, and Lilian . . . and *Good Night Mrs. Calabash . . . wherever you are!*

*Forever in our Memories*



HUMOUR IS THE BEST

MEDICINE

WARNING ...RANT!

For those of you who are placing Christmas lights / decorations in your garden, can you please avoid anything that has Red or Blue flashing lights together? Every time I come around the corner, I think it's the police and I have a panic attack.

I have to brake hard, toss my wife out the window, hide the weed, fasten my seat belt, throw my phone on the floor, turn my radio down, and push the gun under the seat, all while trying to drive stick. It's just too much drama, even for Christmas.

Thank you for your cooperation and understanding.

- Jillian Ewan

Starkle starkle little twink  
who the hell you are I think  
I'm not under what you call  
the alcofluence of incohol  
I'm just a little slort of sheep  
I'm not drunk like tinkle peep  
I don't know who is me yet  
but the drunker I stand here  
the longer I get  
Just give me one more drink  
to fill me cup  
'cuz I got all day sober  
to Sunday up.

Having passed the enlistment physical, Jon was asked by the doctor, "Why do you want to join the Navy, son?"

"My father said it'd be a good idea, sir."

"Oh? And what does your father do?"

"He's in the Army, sir."

After listening to some pretty harsh comments & arguing over reopening or completely shutting down for another two weeks, someone in their right mind wrote this.

8 c b Ð h ´ \_ b c k ´ k \ c ´ k f c h Y ´ ] h ž Some have faith in God and expect miracles during this 2020. Others say the worst is yet to come.

#### PERSPECTIVE:

We are not in the same boat ...

I heard that we are all in the same boat, but it's not like that. We are in the same storm, but not in the same boat. Your ship could be shipwrecked and mine might not be. Or vice versa.

For some, quarantine is optimal. A moment of reflection, of re-connection, easy in flip flops, with a cocktail or coffee. For others, this is a desperate financial & family crisis.

For some that live alone they're facing endless loneliness. While for others it is peace, rest & time with their mother, father, sons & daughters.

With the \$600 weekly increase in unemployment some are bringing in more money to their households than they were working. Others are working more hours for less money due to pay cuts or loss in sales.

Some families of 4 just received \$3400 from the stimulus while other families of 4 saw \$0.

Some were concerned about getting a certain candy for Easter while others were concerned if there would be enough bread, milk and eggs for the weekend.

Some want to go back to work because they don't qualify for unemployment and are running out of money. Others want to kill those who break the quarantine.

Some are home spending 2-3 hours/day helping their child with online schooling while others are spending 2-3 hours/day to educate their children on top of a 10-12 hour workday.

Some have experienced the near death of the virus, some have already lost someone from it and some are not sure if their loved ones are going to make it. Others don't believe this is a big deal.

So, friends, we are not in the same boat. We are going through a time when our perceptions and needs are completely different.

Each of us will emerge, in our own way, from this storm. It is very important to see beyond what is seen at first glance. Not just looking, actually seeing.

We are all on different ships during this storm experiencing a very different journey.

Realize that and be kind.

Unknown author

I am not a toy

I am not a  
Christmas Present

I am not disposable  
once the holidays  
are over



I am a 15 - 20  
year commitment



I am family.

## I HAVE BEEN WEARING A MASK ...

I have been wearing a mask in stores (and limiting my trips) since March when this being considerate to others for the common good is now being mocked by some who it needs to stop!!!...

When I wear a mask over my nose and mouth in public and in the stores/Supermarkets/Pharmacies/Offices - I want you to know the following:

I'm educated enough to know that I could be asymptomatic and still give you the virus.

No, I don't "live in fear" of the virus; I just want to be part of the solution, not the problem.

I don't feel like the "government controls me". I feel like I'm an adult contributing to the security in our society and I want to teach others the same.

If we could all live with the consideration of others in mind, the whole world would be a much better place.

Wearing a mask doesn't make me weak, scared, stupid or even "controlled". It makes me caring and responsible.

When you think about your appearance, discomfort, or other people's opinion of you, imagine a loved one - a child, father, mother, grandparent, aunt, uncle or even a stranger - placed on a ventilator, alone without you or any family member allowed at their bedside.....Ask yourself if you could have helped them a little by wearing a mask.

*Brent Reid on Facebook*



An old man calls his son and says, "*Listen, your mother and I are getting divorced. Forty-five years of misery is enough.*"

"*Dad, what are you talking about?*" the son screams.

"*I'm sick of talking about this, so call your sister and tell her,*" and he hangs up....

Now, the son is worried. He calls his sister. She says, "*What? Dad and Mom are divorced!*"

She calls their father immediately. "*Don't do another thing. The two of us are flying home tomorrow to talk about this. Until then, don't call a lawyer, don't file a paper. DO NOT hang up the phone.*"

The old man turns to his wife and says, "*Don't do anything. We're flying home tomorrow to talk about this. Until then, don't call a lawyer, don't file a paper. DO NOT hang up the phone.*"

***The more you observe politics, the more you've got to admit that each party is worse than the other.***

--- Will Rogers

A FEW HANDY  
HOUSEHOLD  
HINTS FOR YOU



*Save Money on  
dishwasher soap . . . .*

**Save money by buying the least expensive dishwasher soap, then add a few teaspoons of vinegar to the dishwasher. ...**

*Make Silver Shine . . . .*

**To slow the tarnishing process of silver, place a piece of chalk in your silver chest or drawer.**

*Bay Leaves . . . .*

**If you place bay leaves in all your kitchen drawers and in the flour and sugar containers, you will keep any crawling critters away.**

*Mice Be Gone . . . .*

**peppermint so plant it around your house or put some oil of peppermint on a piece of cloth and place it in locations you suspect the mice may be visiting.**

*Ants Not Welcome . . . .*

**For a quick ant kill, mix 2 cups of borax with one cup of sugar in a quart jar. Punch holes in the lid and sprinkle around the outside of your house.**

**Another way to get rid of ants is to pour Ivory Liquid Soap around where they are. The apparently is the only soap that works.**

*Plugged Drains . . . .*

**To unclog plugged drain, try using a cup of salt mixed with a cup of baking soda no liquid. Pour the dry solution into the drain, followed by a pot of boiling water.**

*Coffee Stains . . . .*

**To remove most coffee stains from fabric, mix egg yolk with warm water and apply until the stain is gone.**

*Cleaning Your Cookware . . . .*

**Corning Ware cookware can be cleaned by filling them with water and dropping in couple of denture cleaning tablets. Let stand for 30-45 minutes.**

*Removing Chewing Gum . . . .*

**Any cloth material that has chewing gum stuck to it can be placed into the freezer. After about an hour the gum should break off easily.**

*Leftover Wine???* . . . .

**To save leftover wines, freeze them in ice cube trays. They can be used for any dish you would season with wine or can be also used in coolers.**

*Your Wine Cork . . . .*

**To remove a cork from inside of empty wine bottle, pour some ammonia into the bottle, set in well ventilated location. In a few days, the cork will be gone.**

*A Red Wine Spill . . . .*

**If red wine is spilled on a carpet, it can be cleaned with shaving cream, then sponged off with water. Club soda also works.**

*Insects not needed . . . .*

**If you sprinkle salt into the water when you are washing vegetables, it will draw out insects.**

SOME THOUGHTS FOR THIS 2020 DAY . . .

Having plans sounds like a good idea until you have to put on clothes and leave the house.

When I was a kid I wanted to be older...this is not what I expected.

C\ c Wc` UhY` ] g` ; c X Ð g` k Um` likes us a little bit chubby.

Never sing in the shower! Singing leads to dancing, dancing leads to slipping, and slipping leads to paramedics seeing you b U\_ Y X " ` Gc` f Ya Ya V Y f " " " 8 c b Ð a` g ] Y h [ h` ] b [ ` h ] f Y X` c Z` V Y ] b [

My wife asked me to take her to one of those restaurants where they make the food right in front of you. So I took her to Gi V k Um` Ub X` h \ Uh Ð g` \ c k` h \ Y` Z ] f \ h` g h U f h Y X`

During the middle ages they celebrated the end of the plague with wine and orgies. Does anyone know if there is anything planned when this one ends?

I X c b Ð h` h \ ] b \_` h \ Y` h \ Y f U d ] g U m W O W Z` Î` at many times in your first session but here we are...

I see people about my age mountain climbing; I feel good getting my leg through my underwear without losing my balance

We can all agree that in 2015 not a single d Y f g c b` [ c h` h \ Y` U b` W h e Y e f` W X c` m c i` g Y Y` m c i f g Y` Z` )` m Y

Sc` ] Z` U` Wc k` Xc Y g b Ð h` d f c` milk dud or an udder failure?

I Z` m c i` W U b Ð h` h \ ] b \_` c Z` U` k English wof X` Z c f` ] h` Î` H \ U h` k h \ ] b \_` m c i Ð f Y` V ] ` ] b [ i U` ]

Ð a` U h` U` d` U W Y` ] b` a m` ` ] Z` starting to count as going out.

Cronacoaster *noun*: the ups and downs of U` d U b X Y a ] W " ` C b Y` X U m` m c i Ð f bubble, doing work outs, baking banana bread and going for long walks and the b Y l h` m c i Ð f Y` W f m ] b [ ž` X f ] b V f Y U \_ Z U g h` U b X` a ] g g ] b [ ` d Y c` even like.

Ð a` U h` h \ U h` U [ Y` k \ Y f Y` a m` a = Ð a` & - ž` a m` \ i a c f` g i [ [ Y g h g` my body mostly keeps askib [ ` ] Z` = Ð a` g i Æ Ð a` h` b` c` h` ] X` Y` U` X` i` g` m` Y` h` Y`

Dc b Ð h` V Y` k c f f ] Y X` U V c i h` m c i f TV spying on you. Your vacuum cleaner has been collecting dirt on you for years.

Ð a` g ] Y h [ h` ] b [ ` h ] f Y X` c Z` V Y ] b [ historical event.

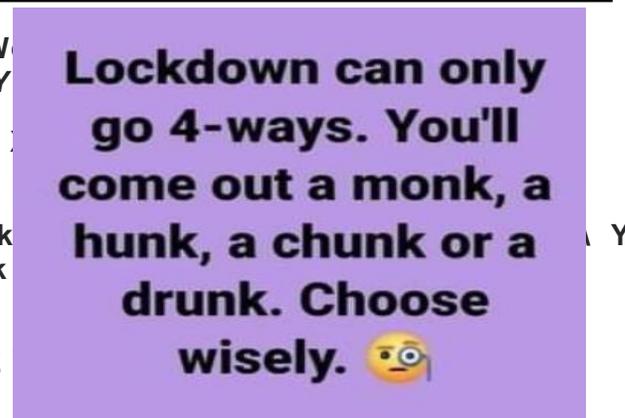
I X c b Ð h` U` k U m g` [ c b u b w h e n i Y l h f U` X c` ] h Ð g` V Y W U i g Y` = ` a ] g g Y X` a

How many of us have looked around our family reunion and thought Í K Y` `` U f Y b Ð h` just two clowns short of a circus3 Î`

At what point can we just start using 2020 as profanity? As in: Í H \ U h Ð g` U` ` c U X 2020. Î` c f` W h a t i n t h e 2020". Î` Í c U V g c 2020- ] g Y g m` f` p` c` g` Y` X` h` c`

Yc i` X c b Ð h` f Y U` ] n Y` \ c k` c` X` r sit on the floor and then try to get back up.

We all get heavier as we get older, because there's a lot more information in our heads. That's my story and I'm sticking to it.



FROM OUR UNIT  
#68 BUZZ RECIPE  
CORNER:



A HOLIDAY SCRAMBLE



Feta Eggs are a very TASTY way to add zip to boring scrambled eggs. . . .

INGREDIENTS

- < 1 tablespoon butter
- < ¼ cup chopped onion
- < 4 eggs, beaten
- < ¼ cup chopped tomatoes
- < 2 tablespoons crumbled feta cheese
- < Salt and pepper to taste

DIRECTIONS

Melt butter in a skillet over medium heat.  
Saute onions until translucent.  
Pour in eggs.  
Cook, stirring occasionally to scramble.  
When eggs appear almost done, stir in chopped tomatoes and feta cheese, and season with salt and pepper.  
Cook until cheese is melted.

ENJOY!! ENJOY!!



RED WINE ICE CREAM FLOAT



Step up your cocktail game with this unlikely combination that is not only completely delicious, but also gorgeous. Two favorites--red wine and ice cream--are combined to make a fun, fruity dessert cocktail.

INGREDIENTS:

- ½ cup chilled fruity red wine
- ¼ cup chilled plain seltzer water
- 1 strawberry, sliced

DIRECTIONS:

Stir wine and seltzer together in a medium glass.  
Add ice cream and top with strawberry slices.

FESTIVE GOAT CHEESE BALLS



These bites have the colors and flavors of the holiday season . . .

INGREDIENTS

- 2 4-ounce packages goat cheese, at room temperature
- 2 oz. cream cheese, at room temperature
- 1/2 c. finely chopped dried cranberries
- 1/2 c. finely chopped pistachios

DIRECTIONS

Mix the goat cheese and cream cheese in a bowl with a mixer until uniform in texture. Refrigerate until firm, about 15 minutes.  
Combine the cranberries and pistachios on a plate. Scoop the cheese mixture into small balls, then roll in the cranberry-pistachio mixture to coat completely. If you on a plate, cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate.

U k U mž

## THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

**A Warrior's Version**

T'was the night before Christmas,  
 he lived all alone,  
 In a one bedroom house made of  
 plaster and stone.  
 I had come down the chimney with  
 presents to give, and to see just who in  
 this home did live.

I looked all about, a strange sight  
 I did see.

No tinsel, no presents,  
 not even a tree.  
 No stocking by mantle, just boots  
 filled with sand.  
 On the wall... hung pictures  
 of far distant lands.

Medals and badges, awards of all kinds,  
 a sober thought came  
 through my mind.  
 This house was different,  
 it was dark and dreary,  
 The home of a warrior, once I  
 could see clearly.

He lay sleeping, silent and alone,  
 curled up on the floor in this  
 one bedroom home.  
 The face was so gentle, the room  
 in such disorder,  
 not how I pictured a Canadian Soldier.

Was this the Hero of whom I'd just read?  
 Curled up on a poncho,  
 the floor for a bed?  
 I realized the families that  
 I saw this night,  
 owed their lives to these who were  
 willing to fight.

Soon round the world, the children  
 would play,  
 and grownups would celebrate a bright  
 Christmas day.  
 They all enjoyed freedom each  
 month of the year,

because of the warriors,  
 like the one lying here.

I couldn't help wonder how  
 many lay alone,  
 on a cold Christmas eve in a land  
 far from home.  
 The very thought brought a tear  
 to my eye,  
 I dropped to my knees and  
 started to cry.

The soldier awakened and I heard  
 a rough voice,  
 "Santa don't cry, this life is  
 my choice;  
 I fight for freedom, I don't ask  
 for more,  
 My Life Is My God, My Country,  
 My Corps."

He rolled over and drifted back to sleep,  
 I couldn't control it,  
 I continued to weep.  
 I kept watch for hours,  
 so silent and still  
 and we both shivered from  
 the cold night's chill.

I didn't want to leave on that cold  
 dark night,  
 this guardian of honor,  
 so willing to fight.  
 Then he rolled over, with a voice  
 soft and pure,  
 whispered, "Carry on Santa, it's  
 Christmas Day, All is Secure."

One look at my watch and  
 I knew he was right.  
 "Merry Christmas My Friend and  
 to All a Good Night."

*God Bless our Troops /  
 on this Christmas Day!!!*



## DID YOU KNOW ???

They used to use urine to tan animal skins, so families used to all pee in a pot & then once a day it was taken & sold to the tannery.....if you had to do this to survive you were "Piss Poor"

But worse than that were the really poor folk who couldn't even afford to buy a pot.....they "didn't have a pot to piss in" & were the lowest of the low

The next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be. Here are some facts about the 1500s:

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May, and they still smelled pretty good by June.. However, since they were starting to smell . . . . . Brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting Married.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children. Last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it.. Hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the Bath water!"

Houses had thatched roofs-thick straw-piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof... Hence the saying "It's raining cats and dogs."

There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could mess up your nice

clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt. Hence the saying, "Dirt poor." The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they added more thresh until, when you opened the door, it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entrance-way. Hence: a thresh hold.

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire.. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while. Hence the rhyme: Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old.

Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man could, "bring home the bacon." They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and chew the fat.

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

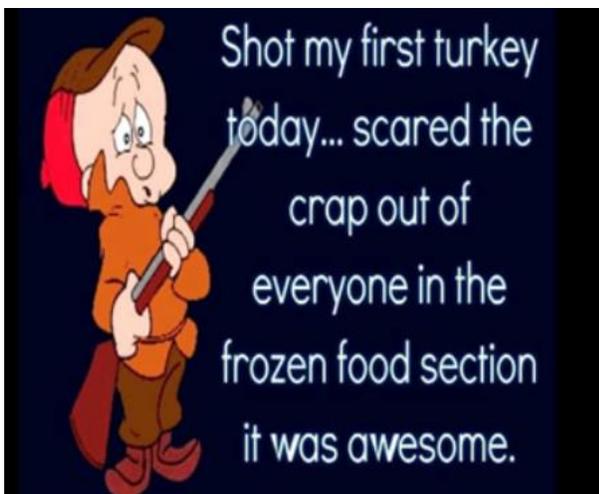
Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or the upper crust.

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whisky. The combination would sometimes knock the imbibers out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial.. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up. Hence the custom of holding a wake.

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a bone-house, and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, 1 out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive... So they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the graveyard shift.) to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be, saved by the bell or was considered a dead ringer.

And that's the truth...Now, whoever said History was boring?

*Source: Jeremy Hanlon on Facebook*



I spent an hour in the bank with my Dad as he had to transfer some money. I couldn't resist myself and asked: *Í Dad, why don't we activate your internet banking?Í*

*Í Why would I do that?Í* he asked.

*Í Well, then you won't have to spend an hour here for a thing like a transfer. You can even do your shopping online. Everything will be so easy.Í*

I was so excited about initiating him into the world of net banking. *Í If I do that I won't have to step out of the house?Í* he asked.

*Í Yes!Yes!Í* I told him how groceries can even be delivered to the door now, and that Amazon delivers everything.

His answer left me tongue-tied.He said, *Í Since I entered this bank today I have met four of my friends. I have chatted a while with the staff who know me very well by now. You know I am alone . . . and this is the company I need. I like to get ready and come to the bank. I have enough time, it is the physical touch that I crave. Two years back I got sick. The store owner from whom I buy fruits, came to see me and sat by my bedside and cried.*

*When your Mum fell down a few days back while on her morning walk, our local grocer saw her, and immediately got his car to rush her home because he knows where we live. Would I have that human touch if everything became online?Í*

*Í Why would I want everything delivered to me, and force me to just interact with just my computer? I like to know the person I'm dealing with and not just the 'seller' It creates bonds of relationships. Does Amazon deliver all this as well?Í*

Technology isn't h... ] Z Y ...  
Spend time with people, not with devices.

**Writer: unknown.**

## DESIDERATA

**GO PLACIDLY** amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons.

**Speak your truth** quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant; they too have their story.

**Avoid loud and aggressive persons;** they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.

**Enjoy your achievements** as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.

**Exercise caution** in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism.

**Be yourself.** Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass.

**Take kindly the counsel** of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.

**Nurture strength of spirit** to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.

**Beyond a wholesome discipline,** be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here.

**And whether or not it is clear** to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God,

whatever you conceive Him to be. And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

By Max Ehrmann © 1927



During WWII, the Coast Guard Beach Patrol...

- The Morning Feed

During WWII, the Coast Guard Beach Patrol covered more than 3,700 mile of coast and employed about 24,000 men. Patrols on horseback worked in pairs, riding about 100 feet apart, usually covering a 2-mile stretch. They were call "Sand Pounders" and were able to cover difficult terrain quickly and efficiently. c 1945

Love the Coast Guard, they're always ready for the call.

Semper Paratus!

Her eyes met mine - - -

Her eyes met mine as she walked down the corridor peering apprehensively into the kennels. I felt her need instantly and knew I had to help her.

I wagged my tail, not too exuberantly, so she wouldn't be afraid. As she stopped at my kennel I blocked her view from a little accident I had in the back of my cage. I didn't want her to know that I hadn't been walked today. Sometimes the overworked shelter keepers get too busy and I didn't want her to think poorly of them.

As she read my kennel card I hoped that she wouldn't feel sad about my past. I only have the future to look forward to and want to make a difference in someone's life.

She got down on her knees and made little kissy sounds at me. I shoved my shoulder and side of my head up against the bars to comfort her. Gentle fingertips caressed my neck; she was desperate for companionship. A tear fell down her cheek and I raised my paw to assure her that all would be well.

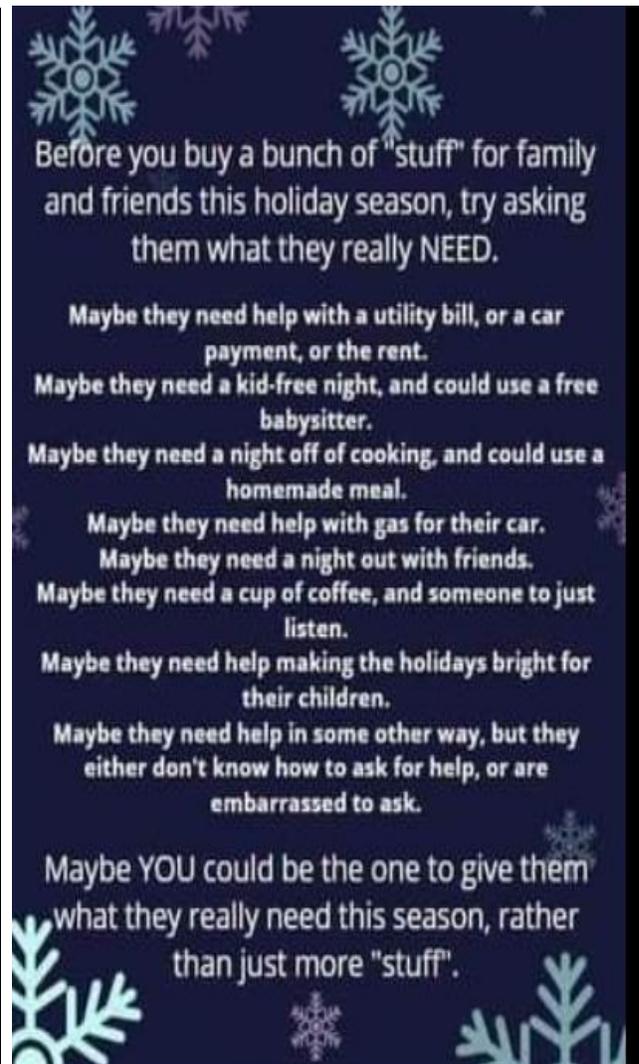
Soon my kennel door opened and her smile was so bright that I instantly jumped into her arms.

I would promise to keep her safe. I would promise to always be by her side. I would promise to do everything I could to see that radiant smile and sparkle in her eyes.

I was so fortunate that she came down my corridor. So many more are out there who haven't walked the corridors. So many more to be saved. At least I could save one.

I rescued a human today.

*by Kellie Taylor-Lafevor*



Buy What is NEEDED . . .  
NOT STUFF!!!

I remember tearing across town on my bike to visit . . .

I remember tearing across town on my bike to visit Grandma on the day my brother dropped the bomb: *"There is no Santa Claus,"* he jeered. *"Even dummies know that!"*

My Grandma was not the gushy kind, never had been. I fled to her that day because I knew she would be straight with me. I knew Grandma always told the truth, and I knew that the truth always went down a whole lot easier when swallowed with one of her *"world-famous"* cinnamon buns. I knew they were world-famous, because Grandma said so. It had to be true.

Grandma was home, and the buns were still warm. Between bites, I told her everything. She was ready for me. *"No Santa Claus?"* she snorted, *"Ridiculous! Don't believe it. That rumor has been going around for years, and it makes me mad, plain mad!! Now, put on your coat, and let's go."*

*"Go? Go where, Grandma?"* I asked. I hadn't even finished my second world-famous cinnamon bun. *"Where"* turned out to be Kirby's General Store, the one store in town that had a little bit of just about everything. As we walked through its doors, Grandma handed me ten dollars. That was a bundle in those days. *"Take this money,"* she said, *"and buy something for someone who needs it. I'll wait for you in the car."* Then she turned and walked out of Kirby's.

I was only eight years old. I'd often gone shopping with my mother, but never had I shopped for anything all by myself. The store seemed big and crowded, full of people scrambling to finish their Christmas shopping.

For a few moments I just stood there, confused, clutching that ten-dollar bill,

wondering what to buy, and who on earth to buy it for.

I thought of everybody I knew: my family, my friends, my neighbors, the kids at school, the people who went to my church.

I was just about thought out, when I suddenly thought of Bobby Decker. He was a kid with bad breath and messy hair, and he sat right behind me in Mrs. Pollock's grade-two class. Bobby Decker didn't have a coat. I knew that because he never went out to recess during the winter. His mother always wrote a note, telling the teacher that he had a cough, but all we kids knew that Bobby Decker didn't have a cough; he didn't have a good coat. I fingered the ten-dollar bill with growing excitement. I would buy Bobby Decker a coat! I settled on a red corduroy one that had a hood to it. It looked real warm, and he would like that.

*"Is this a Christmas present for someone?"* the lady behind the counter asked kindly, as I laid my ten dollars down. *"Yes, ma'am,"* I replied shyly. *"It's for Bobby."*

The nice lady smiled at me, as I told her about how Bobby really needed a good winter coat. I didn't get any change, but she put the coat in a bag, smiled again, and wished me a Merry Christmas.

That evening, Grandma helped me wrap the coat (a little tag fell out of the coat, and Grandma tucked it in her Bible) in Christmas paper and ribbons and wrote, *"To Bobby, From Santa Claus"* on it.

Grandma said that Santa always insisted on secrecy. Then she drove me over to Bobby Decker's house, explaining as we went that I was now and forever officially, one of Santa's helpers.

Grandma parked down the street from Bobby's house, and she and I crept noiselessly and hid in the bushes by his front walk. Then Grandma gave me a

b i X [ Y All right, Santa Claus," she whispered, "get going."

I took a deep breath, dashed for his front door, threw the present down on his step, pounded his door and flew back to the safety of the bushes and Grandma.

Together we waited breathlessly in the darkness for the front door to open. Finally it did, and there stood Bobby.

Fifty years haven't dimmed the thrill of those moments spent shivering, beside my Grandma, in Bobby Decker's bushes. That night, I realized that those awful rumors about Santa Claus were just what Grandma said they were -- ridiculous. Santa was alive and well, and we were on his team.

I still have the Bible, with the coat tag tucked inside: \$19.95.

*May you always have LOVE to share,*

*HEALTH to spare and FRIENDS that care...*

*And may you always believe in the magic of Santa Claus!*

Vicki Dais on Facebook



LAUGHTER IS HEALTHY . . . .

One night at the dinner table, Jill commented, "*When we were first married, you took the small piece of steak and gave me the larger. Now you take the large one and leave me the smaller; You don't love me any more...*"

"Nonsense, darling," replied John, "you just cook better now."

*íHappiness is nothing more than good health and a bad memory.î*

--- Albert Schweitzer

Two guys were discussing popular family trends on sex, marriage, and values. Ron said, "*I didn't sleep with my wife before we got married, did you?*"

Greg replied, "*I'm not sure, What was her maiden name?*"



## MESSAGE TO OUR ADULT KIDS

**My children ask me each year.....**  
*"What do you want for Christmas? "*

After thinking about it, • I decided to give them my real answer:

I want you to keep coming around.  
 I want you to ask me questions. Ask my advice.  
 Tell me your problems.  
 Ask for my opinion. Ask for my help.  
 I want you to come over and rant about your problems,  
 rant about life. Whatever.  
 Tell me about your job. Your worries. Your classes.  
 I want you to continue sharing your life with me.  
 Come over and laugh with me, or laugh at me.  
 I don't care, hearing you laugh is music to me.

I want you to spend your money making a better life for you.  
 I have the things I need. I want to see you happy and healthy.

When you ask me what I want for Christmas I say "Nothing"  
 because you've already been giving me my gift all year.

**I want you.**

LIFE IS SIMPLE . . . .

**On a thundering rainy day in November, Mum went to pick up her six-year-old son from school thinking that he would be afraid of the lightening. But she found him smiling at the sky for every lightening strike . . .**

**She asks, *Í Why are you smiling?Í***

**Son: *Í God is taking my picture, and I need to look good!Í***

Life is Simple Ì We Complicate It!!



**The RMS Queen Elizabeth pulling into New York with service men returning home after World War II !!!**

PONDER THIS . . .

**= h Ð g ´ g WU f m´ h c ´ h \ ] Ð f Y´h \ U**  
 going to have to live without our  
**Mother or Father or Sister or Brother or**  
**Husband or Wife.**

**On that one day weÐ f Y´ [ c ] be[ to h c ´ \ U**  
 walk this earth without our Best Friend  
 by our Side, or them without us.

**Appreciate your loved ones while you can, because none of us are going to be here forever!**

Author Unknown

And that will last a lifetime!!!

My oldest recently asked me what I got for Christmas when I was a kid.

So I told him. I told him that I honestly remember the bike with the little white basket and pink streamers flowing from the handlebars. And of course I remember the puppy. But,

awesome, non-materialistic kid. I loved a [ c c X ' d f Y g Y b h ž ' U b X ' = Đ a ' g the things in the Sears catalog.

= h Đ g ' g ] a d ` m ' h \ U h ' k \ U h ' g h ] W g f #christinasmagic2020 a c g h

Decorating the tree with my favorite Hallmark ornaments, Christmas music ringing through the house.

G ` Y X X ] b [ ` X c k b ` h \ Y ` b Y ] [ \

Sipping hot cocoa from mugs adorned with snowmen and snowflakes and Santa.

Baking Christmas candy and cookies to deliver to neighbors and friends.

Watching Christmas movies just about Y j Y f m ` b ] [ \ h ` Z f c a ` H \ U b o u s e w o r k . ] b [ ` i h ` ` Christmas Eve.

Driving around town in search of the best lights, singing Christmas carols along the way.

Because the stuff? It fades. It breaks. It gets lost. It loses its sparkle and shine and excitement.

But those memories? Those moments?

H \ U h Đ g ` ` ] Z Y " ` 5 b X ` ^ c m " ` 5 b X `

5 b X ` h \ U h Ñ ` ` ` U g h ` U ` ` ] Z Y h ] a c

Unknown Author



IÑA ` G I F 9 ` G C A 9 ` K = @ @ ` F 9 @ 5 H 9  
THIS . . .

I remember the cheese of my childhood,  
And the bread that we cut with a knife,  
When the children helped with the

housework,] b [ ` i h ` ` And the men went to work not the wife.  
The cheese never needed a fridge,  
And the bread was so crusty and hot

The children were seldom unhappy  
And the wife was content with her lot.  
I remember the milk from the bottle,  
With the yummy cream on the top,

Our dinner came hot from the oven,  
And not from the fridge; in the shop.  
The kids were a lot more contented,  
They didn't need money for kicks,

Just a game with their mates in the road,  
And sometimes the Saturday flicks.  
I remember the shop on the corner,  
Where a penny's worth of sweets was sold

Do you think I'm a bit too nostalgic?  
Or is it . . . I'm just getting old?

A QUOTE THAT TELLS IT  
JUST THE WAY IT IS . . . .

Ġ We, the healthcare workers  
are not your frontliners  
any longer.

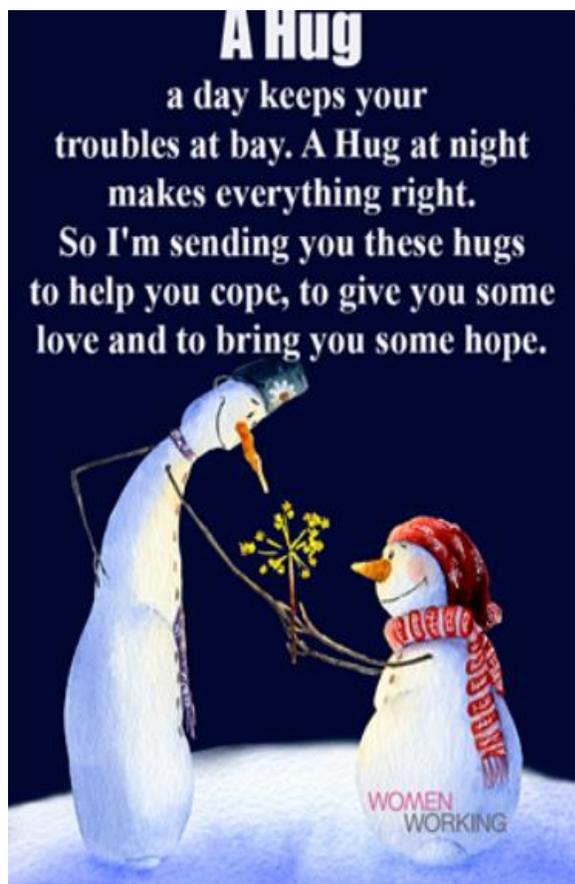
We are your LAST LINE  
OF DEFENSE.

YOU, my fellow people,  
are the frontliners now.

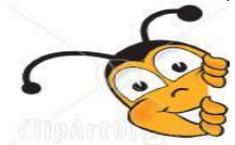
The war has shifted to the  
community and it is up to you.

This cannot be won in the  
confines of a hospital . . . Ġ

- Dr. B. Calinawagan



FROM YOUR  
EDITOR MARDI . . .



**Special Happy Birthday Wishes to our Buzz this month. This year 2020 is the entrance of the 23rd year of The Buzz Ę and it has been an enjoyment that is unparalleled! Our first edition was December 1997!! And as the saying goes . . . Ġ I remember it well!!Ġ**

For me, as your Editor, it has always been, and continues to be, a joy putting this newsletter together each month Ę the research is always fun and informative Ę all in all Ę I have learned so much, and certainly enjoy a giggle or two each and every day!

This December Buzz is a little bit longer than usual Ę I just got carried away Ę and anyway Ę it is our Birthday!

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!

And Please Remember Comrades - Be Kind, Be Calm and Be Safe! May the coming year 2021 be a Joy, filled with Good Health, and one that we will want to look back on!!

Your Editor  
MARDI

