

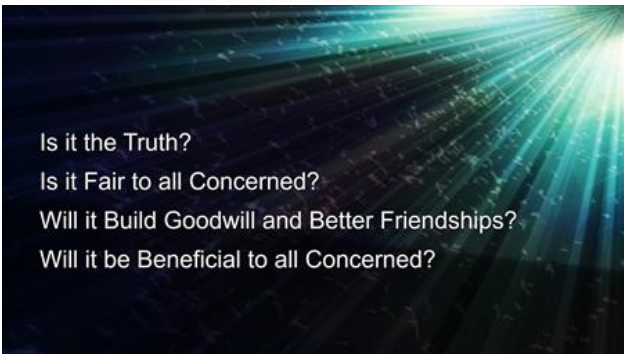
Naake Charms the Snake



Issue 14 October 25, 2018



Rotary 
Point West - Sacramento



Is it the Truth?
Is it Fair to all Concerned?
Will it Build Goodwill and Better Friendships?
Will it be Beneficial to all Concerned?

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October 18, 2018 Meeting Recap

Greeters: Dave Christenson

Song of Day: When the Saints Go Marching In

Pledge: Scott Osborne

4 Way Test: Mary Lynn Kagan

Song: Lindsey Burch led club singing the Saints Go Marching In. Lindsay also took the opportunity to thank the members who will be tutoring at Greer Elementary. Contact Lindsay if you would like to volunteer. Lindsay also thanked the B Street Theater for hosting the meeting.

Invocation: Anne Osborne reflected on the Rotary motto of Service Above Self. She also shared the lyrics of Rhythm of the Games followed by a playing of the song. This inspired Brad McDowell and Gary Pevey to start dancing joined by Rick Bixler and Kathleen McNabb.

Introductions: There was no head table tonight. President Carl thanked Lindsay for setting up the meeting at the B Street Theater and Paul Friedrich for coordinating the food. President Carl recognized the return of Jim Fritzsche from his medical condition.

Announcements: Larry Challis reminded members of the memorial service for member Tim Armstrong. Larry also announced there is a need for four more facilitators at the Encina Leadership Conference. Lori Curry reminded membership of Saturday's Cocktail Party. Greg Garcia reminded members of the Comfort Cases Packing Party on November 10 from 10:00 AM to 1:00 PM at Pacific Neon. This is a shared event with the Active 20-30 Club. Lawana Welch with Mike Bede and Dina Levkov reminded membership of Professional Mixer on November 7 from 6:30-8:30 PM at Uptown Studio's. Proceeds will go to My Sister's House. Jim Fritzsche joined them at podium to give his endorsement of My Sister's House great work. Jessica Haskin of My Sister's House gave a presentation on the work they do helping women and children. Lawana Welch reminded members the Satellite club meets every first and third Thursday of the month from 6:30 -8:00 PM at the Black Bear Diner on Arden Way. These meetings count as a make up for PWR members. Kathleen McNabb and Gary Pevey announced Putting for Polio at our October 26th meeting starting at 6:30 AM before the meeting and lasting until 9:00 AM. Any donation received for this event will be matched by the District. There is a prize of two rounds of golf at Del Paso CC with Dave Christenson. Rick Bixler reminded members of the upcoming PWR Club Board election. Contact Rick if you are interested in running for the position. Sandi Sava of District 5180 presented past President Rick with a Presidential Citation from the Rotary International President. This was earned by Rick submitting goals for his year and accomplishing them. Well done Rick!

Bell Ringer: Mark and Kathy Copeland rang the bell for taking a European vacation celebrating their 20th anniversary (they met at Rotary). Bea Maurer rang the bell for the recovery of her son and Mike Bede who both survived bouts with pulmonary embolism.

Speaker: No speaker.

Thank You:

Money-Larry Challis
Tickets-Dave Christenson
Credit Cards-Christine Cahill-Reams

Gino's Opportunity

\$10 Winner-Robert Ellis
\$10 and opportunity for \$350-Glen Cheron



Speakers

Oct 26, 2018

Kent Kern, Suprintendent

San Juan USD

Nov. 2, 2018

Gregory Favre, Editorial Avisor

CPR Politifact

Nov. 9, 2018

VETERANS DAY PROGRAM

Gary Bright

Marine Helicopter Pilot

Vietnam

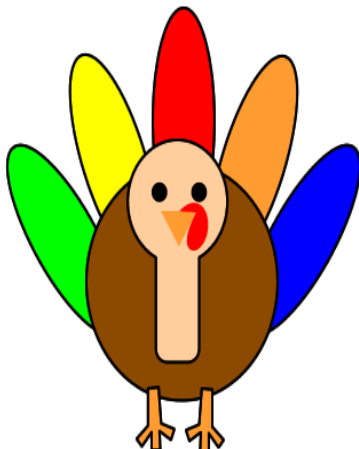
Nov. 16, 2018

NO MEETING

NOV 23, 2018

NO MEETING

ENJOY YOUR THANKSGIVING!



October 2018

Sun Mon Tue Wed Thu Fri Sat

	1	2	3	4	Cracker Barrel Fri-day Fun No DPCC	6
7	8	9	10	11	DPCC	13
14	Blood	WEEK	17	Joint meeting with Satellite Club	dark	Cocktail Party
21	22	23	24	25	DPCC	27
28	29	30	31			



November 2018

Sun Mon Tue Wed Thu Fri Sat

				1	DPCC	Foundation Dinner Doubletree
4	5	Youth Leadership Dante Club 8-3:30	7	PWR Professional Mixer Uptown Studio 6:30-8:30	DPCC	10
11	12	13	14	15	Dark	17
18	19	20	21	22	Dark	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

A VIEW ON AUTUMN

Nothing is quite so remarkable as the change that takes place in the autumn. Where not so long ago we were surrounded by bushes and trees resplendent in their summer greens, we are now living in a world of jumbled hues of orange and gold and rust. Where just days ago the lawn around the house was a well-vacuumed carpet of grass, clipped and tidy, it is now virtually covered over with fallen dried leaves.

Autumn lingers like pleasant memories from a good friend's visit, like the fresh-scrubbed oxygen that a thunderstorm leaves behind. It is a time of change, when every morning brings new colors, new smells, and an altered vista. It is a time when even as the pace of change quickens in the natural world, the pace of man slows. It is the season of meandering strolls through multihued glens, through the melancholy fluttering of leaves falling to the ground.

Autumn is a time of introspection, when the sniff of drying foliage and loam slow the mind to consider days past, the highs and lows of a life. Every season has its own beauty, but autumn, like spring, brings with it a mood. If spring exults in new life, autumn examines the old; if spring is the anticipation of tomorrow, autumn is a meditation on yesterday.

So much of life is process; so much of it is just paying attention. What good is our stumbling if we never look back to understand why we tripped? What good is a victory if it doesn't leave us more humble? What good is life itself if tomorrow doesn't find us better than we were the day before? In the magnificent untidiness of our life-walk, it is necessary to pause beneath the drifting, dying leaves of autumn and examine the grace just spent. I want to learn to pay better attention: to listen, to observe, to learn.

Nature never stands still; it is always moving, pressing into the next day. Today's tree will be taller tomorrow—or it will be fallen, lying dead and rotting in last year's leaves. Today's grass, luxuriously pliant and green, will tomorrow be brittle and parched, brown and sharp to the touch. The fawn that accompanies his mother today will next year be taller and on his own—or he may become a hunter's trophy.

Some young plants and trees still need to be watered in the autumn. They ask for deep-rooted sustenance to carry them through the dormancy of winter. As I fill the old galvanized bucket with water and carry it to the base of the small tree newly planted in the yard, I notice a few drops leaking from the bottom edge, trailing a glistening path of drips through the drying leaves that carpet the grass.

And I realize that when we are born, we are each given a bucketful of days. God fills our bucket to overflowing, pouring into it, as well, all God's goodness and blessings, gifts and opportunities. As time passes, the days drip out, one by one, until, at our earthly end, the bucket is dry. Our days have run out. Our gifts and opportunities have reached their end. No more. Each of us begins with a bucketful of days. But only God knows how many days are in our bucket. Will we spend them well?

(Continued on next page)

Time never stops. Season passes into season, change inevitably comes. As I gaze out my window, into the trees of Land Park that each day put on new clothes, I feel a sense of urgency. What have I accomplished today? The days continue to tick by; what am I doing that will yield eternal results? The person I pass on the street today will tomorrow be older—or dead. What have I done today so that his tomorrow will be something more than just his being one day older?

Have I been kind to those around me, or have I been impatient and rude? Do I expect everyone to be perfect like me? Or do I allow for the imperfections everyone else permits me? Will the world be better—or larger—tomorrow, because of something I've done today? Have I filled up each day using the gifts God has graciously entrusted to me? Have I used them or have I squandered them?

Above is the Invocation presented by Karen McClaflin presented two meetings ago. It gives us reflections and things to think about.



Sunrise in Kauai. Rotary is well represented here. Courtesy of Michael Barger.