

THE GOLDEN rotarian

LA JOLLA GOLDEN TRIANGLE ROTARY CLUB'S NEWSLETTER

JUNE 22, 2018

www.lajollagtr Rotary.org



**ROTARY:
MAKING A
DIFFERENCE**

RI President 2017-18
IAN H.S. RISELEY

District 5340 Governor 2017-18
SCOTT C. CARR

LJGT Rotary President 2017-18
ALEXANDER S. MONROE

SPEAKERS AND EVENTS



JUNE 2018 - SPEAKER

29..... Alex & Rick show
Passing the Gavel

JULY 2018 - SPEAKER

06..... DANK

13..... Sal Mariscal
Living a fantastic life after cancer

20..... Tim Campion
Wreaths Across America San Diego



CAMP PENDLETON

SECURITY AND EMERGENCY SERVICES BATTALION
U.S. MARINE CORPS IN 2018

Colonel Keane was raised in the Bronx, New York and Spring Lake Heights, New Jersey. He enlisted in the Marine Corps Reserves in June 1989. In January 1990, following Boot Camp and MOS school, he was assigned to 6th Engineer Support Battalion in Tucson, Arizona. He graduated from the University of Arizona and commissioned a Second Lieutenant in May 1994.



COLONEL STEPHEN F. KEANE
SES Commanding Officer

Colonel Keane deployed to Iraq in October 2003 with the Department of Defense Criminal Investigation Task Force, an inter-agency counter-terrorism task force. Upon returning from deployment in 2004, Colonel Keane assumed the duties of Senior Prosecutor and Military Justice Officer at the Legal Services Support Section, 2nd Force Service Support Group, Camp Lejeune, NC.

In May 2009, Colonel Keane assumed duties as a Military Judge for the Western Judicial Circuit, Navy-Marine Corps Trial Judiciary. From 2012-2013, he completed Top Level School as the Commandant of the Marine Corps Fellow to the U.S. Department of Justice, National Security

Division, Counter-Terrorism Section. From 2013-2015, Colonel Keane was the Commanding Officer of Marine Corps Security Force Battalion Bangor, Washington. Prior to his current assignment, Colonel Keane was the Regional Trial Counsel (Senior Supervisory Prosecutor) for Marine Corps Installations West.

Colonel Keane's personal decorations include the Defense Meritorious Service Medal, Meritorious Service Medal, Joint Service Commendation Medal, Navy-Marine Corps Commendation Medal, Navy-Marine Corps Achievement Medal and other unit and service awards.





JUNE 2018

22..... Dennis Bucko

29..... Jacque Reilly

JULY 2018

06..... DARK

REPORT

from the last meeting



ROTARY WELCOMES A NEW MEMBER



RANJAN LAHIRI

I have lived in San Diego for almost 30 years. I graduated from UCSD with a BA in History, have a Masters in Environmental Management from National University, and received my JD from the USD School of Law. I am currently a defense attorney, practicing civil litigation for a law firm downtown.

I have had the opportunity to travel abroad many times and have travelled to India, England, Scotland, and Wales, among other places. My mother, Vivien, is an active member of the Rotary Club of Albuquerque Sandia. In my spare time, I enjoy golfing, swimming, and enjoying the ocean.

With the gong of the Rotary bell, President Alex, opened the meeting at 7:29 AM. Before bringing the Rotarian of the Day, Steve Brown, he announced winner of the last week's trivia as Bonnie Aroa and awarded her with a gift card for Starbucks. ••• **Rotarian**

of the Day, Steve Brown, opened his talk with a inspirational poem of "The Dash (-)" by Linda Ellis. The poem is about man who stood to speak at a funeral of a friend. He noted that first came the date of birth and spoke of the following date with tears, but said what mattered most of all was the dash between those years. That dash represents all the time they spent alive on earth and now only those who loved them know what that little line is worth. For it matters not, how much we own, the cars...the house...the cash. What matters is how we lived and loved and how we spend our dash. **FOR THE REST OF THIS WONDERFUL INSPIRATIONAL THOUGHT YOU MAY WANT TO ASK GOOGLE BABA!** ••• Mr. Brown then went on to share the history of Father's Day.

••• It all began in May of 1909, when Sonora Dodd of Spokane, Wash., was sitting in church listening to a Mother's Day sermon. This young woman wanted to honor her dad, a Civil War veteran, a single parent who raised his six children there. The first Father's Day was thus observed in the State of Washington on June 19, 1910. The idea of officially celebrating fatherhood spread quickly across the United States, as more and more states adopted the holiday. ••• In 1972, President Richard Nixon permanently established the observance of the third Sunday in June as Father's

Day in the United States. ••• Sonora Dodd, artist and a poet, lived to see her idea come to fruition. She died in 1978 at the ripe old age of 96. **SONORA DODD WAS STEVE'S AUNT NORA!!** Following Steve's presentation, Frank McGrath made a comment that, "Steve you left out one important thing, Father's day comes 9 months before Mother's Day!!" ••• **Michael Slentz, welcomed visiting guests and Rotarians.** Linda Andrews introduced her guests (Mary Jo, Economic Director, Sun Valley and Todd works for a company that did Economic Development work in Iraq). Sheila Henry introduced her granddaughter who just got her MS degree and is looking for job. Also introduced were two visiting Rotarians (Buddy Thomas and ??) and three UCSD Rotaractors. •••

Announcements included: Clothing drive for the community center continues thru next week (Alex); Deadline for signups for Promote/Demote gala is next Friday (Antonio); Please sign up for Ronald McDonald House event scheduled for 24 June. Looking for 10-12 individuals (Jacque); Denny Jacobs congratulated Susan Lee (Rotaract) on her graduation from UCSD. Alex thanked her and other Rotaracts for their immense contribution toward various community service projects completed this year by our club. ••• **Rich Papike was our High Five and Fine Master for the day.** High Fives included: \$20 from Steve Balch to recognize the UCSD Rotaractors for supporting the various community service projects throughout this Rotary Year; from Lisa Galstian for her daughter for completing the first year of college

and getting her first job (at Rubios); from Susan Schwarz for noticing that Bev Fritschner is wearing a wonderful new piece of jewelry (a ring); from Denny Jacobs for Sheila Henry who made him avoid a rear end collision while she was walking her dog on Nobel Drive. Jacque Reilly mentioned that Bev is so happy to be back that she gave \$50. ••• President Alex mentioned that the Rotary Convention is in Toronto later this month. Wished individuals that are going a happy and safe travel and proceed to introduce: ••• **Speaker of the Day**, Jabez Lebet, whogave a very engaging, inspirational and entertaining presentation about a Tuition-Free Boarding High School to solve San Diego underserved and disengaged youth problem. Jabez, who was once a homeless and a high school dropout and on a path to nowhere, went on to graduate from Gonzaga University. He formed ther 501(c)(3) based Sisu Academy where the students are taught to embrace failure as a catalyst for growth and future success. Sisu is a four-grade high school that will enroll and house a total of 350 students from the local community in San Diego. It will provide an environment with wraparound support services for those in need, including healthy food, farming, project-based learning, The first such school is scheduled to open in the Fall of 2019. Jabez concluded his presentation with Q & A from the audience. ThePresident thanked Jabez for his awesome presentation and his contribution to San Diego community and closed the meeting by thanking everyone for making a difference throughout this Rotary Year.





PHOTOS

from the last meeting



Mrs. John Bruce Dodd (Sonora)
Founder of Father's Day



La Jolla Golden Triangle ROTARY CLUB

Chartered - June, 1986 • La Jolla, California

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LJGT ROTARY LEADERSHIP 2017 - 2018

PRESIDENT	Alex Monroe
PRESIDENT ELECT (2018-19)	Rick Binder
PRESIDENT ELECT ELECT (2019-20)	Kim Schafer
TREASURER	Sharon Council
SECRETARY	Beverly Fritschner
PAST-PRESIDENT/FOUNDATION	Antonio J. Grillo-López, MD

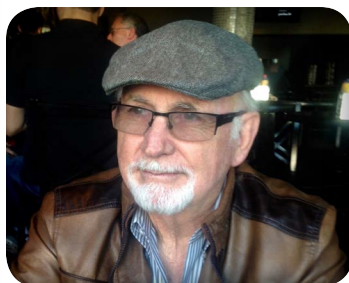


UPCOMING
ROTD

JUNE 2018

29.....Michael McQuary

ROTARIAN
OF THE DAY



WAYNE DAVIS COULD YOU IMAGINE ME AS A “FARMER”?

Both of my parents migrated from the central part of Missouri as a part of the westward movement following the depression. They met each other in the small town of Santa Paula, CA, where my sister and I were born and raised. But there was a longing they had to raise us on a farm back in Missouri near some of their family who stayed behind to farm their lands - so I thought I would share a few of the experiences I remember during their quest to find a farm in Missouri-----.

At age 6, we set off to “move” to Missouri by temporarily living with my grandparents on a working farm, located about a mile out of Morrisville, Missouri (population of 293) where my Dad was born and raised. With one general store a post office a one-pump gas station and one school for grades 1 - 12. This is where I started school in the 1st-grade in a class that also taught 2nd, 3rd and 4th grades in the same room with the same teacher.

This was a true “Live-Off-The Land” existence. The farmhouse did not have plumbing or gas but did have electricity. Food came from the farm’s gardens which my grandfather plowed with a mule-pulled hand plow - an acre in size. The milk cows provided daily milk and my grandmother’s hand churned butter and cheese. More chickens than I can remember provided eggs and fried chicken - where I was shaken

to my core watching my grandmother either “wringing” the neck of a chicken or simply lopping off its head on a chopping block with a hatchet. About a dozen pigs had to be fed each morning - ever hear of “slopping the pigs”? Well, when preparing meals, any vegetable type material not used in the meal was placed in the “slop-bucket” (we now refer to this as a “compost bucket”) which you would add water to and this would be collected and fed to the pigs along with the grains. Some of the pigs were sold or traded for other goods but some were slaughtered by my grandfather for hams and bacon for home consumption. There was a “smoke-house” where remaining portions of the pig where hung to cure for later consumption. This “smoke-house” also served as the “well-house” where ALL water for any personal use had to be drawn. Water for cooking, drinking and bathing - yes bathing, once a week in a large galvanized bathtub with water heated on the wood burning kitchen stove.

A day in the life there as I remember it. My Grandmother would be up before sunrise to cook up a huge breakfast often consisting of fried eggs, bacon, biscuits, gravy, fried chicken, milk and coffee. I can remember the aroma’s as if it were yesterday. After breakfast, I was either off to walk about a mile to school (the road was dirt and served horse drawn wagons as well as vehicles) or, working with my grandfather on the farm feeding chickens, pigs, gathering eggs, picking blackberries, picking corn, drawing buckets of water from the well or trying to milk a cow (not as easy as you might think). I can even remember my grandmother making “lye soap” by boiling rendered fat, water and lye in a large cast iron kettle over an open fire in the yard until it became a gelatinous substance that she would scoop out into molds to harden into bars of soap. These would be cut for hand soap or grated for a detergent for laundry soap.

We would occasionally visit my Dad’s brother and his family on their dairy farm of about 160 acres. With 4 cousins there in the same age range as my sister and me, we had many more

“life-on-the farm” experiences. Not only did this farm not have plumbing or gas, but there was no electricity - we really learned what dawn to dusk life was like. Having a dairy farm in the 1940’s, you needed tons of hay for the cows - so most of the 160 acres was farmed for alfalfa which needed to be harvested and stored in the barn. With three of my cousins being boys who were expected to help out with the farming, and as another boy in the mix, I was not left out. The one experience that stands out in my memory was the summer harvest (or “haying” as it was called locally). A horse-drawn harvester (or sickle-mower) would cut the “hay” and the hay would be raked into rows where it could dry. After a few weeks, a horse drawn wagon would be pulled along and hay would be placed on the wagon to be delivered to the barn. This is where my part came in ----- sort of ----- . While I was mostly just riding along on the wagon, once we got to the barn, there was a large grapple hook that would grab large bunches of the hay to be hoisted up into the hay loft. While this was going on, I was just sitting on the wagon’s seat where you hold the reins of the horses ----- you know that clicking sound you make to get the horse to move forward???? -- Yep - I thought I would see if I could make that sound. -- **Success!** ----- the horses started to move and so did the guys working on the wagon. It was a very short-lived career as a “team horse driver”.

Ultimately, we never made it to living on a farm - but I cherish those experiences as they added a rich understanding for me of our heartland in this country and the lives that farmers have lived and still do live that most of us probably can only imagine.

I’m very grateful that my parents did introduce me and my sister to a sample of what their life was like growing up on a working farm and that we did come back to California, unscathed, but enriched. **Being in this Rotary club brings another enriching phase of my life — wouldn’t miss it for anything. Thanks for being!**

