

# The Kiwanis Chronicles

News of the Club and the Community it Serves

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**"A Record of Tomorrow's  
Good Fortunes"**



**Serving the Children of the  
World**

**La Mirada Kiwanis Club,  
La Mirada, CA**

## For Auld Lang Syne

The old man dozed by the fire side. He would awake occasionally to look at the clock, but found himself sound asleep when the door bell rang. He moved slowly as the bones of a hard life refused to respond as they once did. The door bell rang again, followed by a hard rap.

"OK, OK, I'm coming," he muttered as he glanced at the clock showing 11:55. "You're a bit early," he grouched as he opened the door to find a young chap with a countenance that looked like he wanted to take on the world.

"Hey, old man, my mom dropped me off. Said she couldn't handle me anymore and I am supposed to live here. She tried Nebraska but it just passed a law that that says I can only be a few months old to be dropped off. You may not believe it but I am even younger than that but I'm big for my age." The lad flexed his muscles to show he was ready to take on anything including the world.

The old man felt the night air and instinctively pulled his bath robe closer about himself. "You're early," he muttered.

"Can I come in and see what you've been doing these last few days? It looks like you've taken some lumps in your lifetime."

The old man fingered some scars on his face as he tried to straighten up and appear more hale than he felt. "It's been a tough time," he responded. "If you are interested I'll tell you about it." He let the lad pass him as they both headed back toward the fire side. "It's easy to be pessimistic," he started. "A lot of my friends, even my relatives have so much greed that they stole from me. I'm just about broke. The neighborhood is going to pot. Old men and kids alike are shooting each other in the name of God and anybody else they can blame. I don't know why you want to move into this neighborhood."

"I have no choice," the lad countered. "Remember, my mom dropped me off. But I can take it. I can take on the world," he said with a bit of bravado that perhaps was just a front for his actual feelings.

The old man smiled, remembering that he was the same way a short time ago. "Think you can clean up the neighborhood?" he taunted, with just a bit of his old fervor.

"Not only can I clean it up, but I can make it safe for all who want to be here," the lad insisted. "Is there anything good you can tell me about the community? Can I get help from anyone?"

The old man put his hand into his pocket and fingered some pieces of paper. He withdrew them from his pocket and carefully opened the tattered scraps. He began to read, "Thank You. Dear Kiwanis Club, you are my angel, You went out of your way to help kids like me to have a wonderful day shopping and eating a beautiful and yummy breakfast. I thank you and hope you have a Merry Christmas this year."

He picked out another. "Thank you for letting us go shopping at Sears and letting us eat breakfast at Ruby's. I also had fun." And also, "Dear Kiwanis Club, Thank you for everything because I really needed clothes. My Mom doesn't have a lot of money to spend and this means a lot to her and myself."

The youngster broke in, "This doesn't sound like the world you have been telling me about. Who are these people called Kiwanians? What nationality are they?"

The old man smiled, "They are all nationalities. They cover the globe, meeting in small groups and trying to bring hope and help to those in the communities that are in need. Those letters I have been reading are from one of the Clubs who have a Shopping Spree every year for kids who might need a little boost. They do many other things like cook pancakes for athletic events, and help students get an education through scholarships"

Their thoughts were interrupted by a din from outside. The young lad looked at the clock and said, "It's time, you know. You have to go."

"But I have so many more things to tell you," the old man protested as he limped toward the door. "But you are right. I have to go."

The old man shuffled out the door and shivering, headed toward the west. As the lad turned back inside he could hear a faint but recognizable song coming from the old man's lips, "For Auld Lang Syne, my friend, for Auld ..."

## December 31 Dollars and Nonsense

GERALD PEEBLER led us in the Pledge as we started our sparsely attended meeting on New Years Eve. PAT RUIZ led us in "God Bless America." RICHARD RIVERA led us in the Invocation after Gerald led us through the Peebler Discipline.

When it was time for the bucks attendance to be taken, PAT RUIZ got out her tally sheet. LOU PILTZ was happy to be here and added one for the tables not being filled and one for the great things we are doing. And for our great club. REED TAYLOR gave for great Christmas cards and pondered the question that was posed earlier by a couple of fellow Kiwanians, "What did Betty see in me?"

GERALD PEEBLER had no pin but did take time to define a heifer. (The conversation at Table one must have left everyone "cowering.") RON KNIGHT was glad to see the old year out and the new one in.. TONY ARMAS gave for a good year (He survived a couple of scares.) Ron added another buck to compliment Tony on his new shoes. Nicholas put in a buck that Grandma furnished, happy to be here. RICHARD RIVERA gave one for being a part of a great Club and for his wife, Monica, being here.

JIM MCGIRR gave for a great Club. (Funny we haven't had any Mighty Ducks bucks lately.) MARK ROYSTON gave for Nicholas being here, for a great 2008 and a great one coming up. Dr. ED NORMAN gave for a great year and our Club projects. DEBBIE SCHEIBEL hopes for a better year.

### Evening Meeting

Don't forget the Evening Meeting at El Camino High School tomorrow evening at 7:00PM. You can be a few minutes late if you bring a permission slip from the Bingo Master.

### Spaghetti Dinner To Benefit Meals On Wheels

The Spaghetti Dinner is scheduled for Friday, January 30 in the Multi-Purpose Room of La Mirada High. LOU PILTZ is the Chair and will be needing everyone's help to continue making this a highly successful event.

### Who Am I?

My father was a fruit and vegetable broker.  
My brother is an optometrist.  
They used to call me "Banana" in high school.  
Who am I?  
Remember I could be an evening member.



### The Winner of the Princess Award

For those of you who waited for the Kiwanis float to roll majestically by and were disappointed by the Media, here are a couple of pictures of the float taken by granddaughter Sarah.

The top picture?? It's a preview of next year's Rose Parade Float

### Who Am I?

I have two sons and two grandkids, one a boy 13 months and one a girl nine years.  
I have two hot rods, one a 2=1965 NOVA Chevy and the other a 1956 210 Sport Coupe Chevy.  
I have a cabin in Big Bear Lake.  
Who am I?  
**Bill Dawson**