



Our mission

Kiwaniis is a global organization of volunteers dedicated to changing the world, one child and one community at a time.

Send newsletter info, stories, jokes, etc. to:

goldenk.newsletter@gmail.com

DEADLINE is Thursday for the next week's issue.

OFFICERS

President
Jeff Stewart

President-Elect
Allen Green

Past President
John Brubaker

Secretary
Brent Reeves

Treasurer
Harold Boyer

Directors:

Larry Jones
Jim Goettl
Nancy Brown
Steve Armstead
Bill Fennone

Grocery Cards
Harold Boyer

Food Bank
Steve Armstead

Project Smile
Kevin O'Connell

Reporting
Volunteer Hrs:

Community Service to:
Bill Fennone
Or Steve Armstead

Children/Youth Services to:
Larry Jones

PROGRAMS

TODAY—Matt Jackson on Larimer CO Dive/Rescue

Jan. 30—Our annual “Be Our Guest” Day is January 30th. Invite a friend, a neighbor, an exercise buddy, significant other, or anybody that you think will enjoy our Club to join us. Dave Marvin will present what the Club does to improve ourselves and our community.

Feb. meetings to be announced. Stay tuned!!!

LAST WEEK'S MEETING

45 Members present. Mike Martin was back and plans on joining. We had an interclub from Cheyenne. No new updates on members' Welfare. Rod Anderson has been absent for several weeks.

INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE Has a meeting coming up on Feb. 13th at 8 a.m. See Jim Goettl if you are interested.

PIZZA PARTIES

Jan. 19th at Irish Elementary 11:40 am.
Jan. 24th at Laurel Elementary 12:30 pm
Jan. 26th at Putnam Elementary 2 pm.

CHECK OUT THE SIGN-UP SHEETS

CLUB MEETING PRAYER

Jan. 23—Bob Fromme
Jan. 30—Jim Catalano
Feb. 6—Don Edminster
13—Harold Boyer

BIRTHDAYS

Jan. 28—Ken Tharp
Jan. 25—Ann Wallin, Ann VanNice
Jan. 30—Allen Green

ANNIVERSARIES

Jan. 24—Kathryn & Chs. Locke
Jan. 28—Joy & Jeff Stewart

YOU KNOW YOU'RE GETTING SENILE WHEN—JOKES

During a visit to my doctor, I asked her, “How do you know whether or not an older person should be put in an old age home?” “Well”, she said, “we fill up a bathtub, then we offer a teaspoon, a teacup, and a bucket to the person to empty the bathtub.” “Oh, I get it,” I said, “A normal person would use the bucket as it's the biggest.” “No,” she said. “A normal person would pull the plug. Would you like a bed by the window””

A senior citizen driving on US 1 gets a frantic phone call. His wife cries, “I just heard that there's a car going the wrong way on US 1!” “Not just one,” he replies, “There are hundreds of them!”

Seniors are the richest folk on earth: Silver in the hair, gold in the teeth, crystals in the kidneys, sugar in the blood, and an inexhaustible supply of natural gas.

COMMITTEES

HOUSE
Bob Kingsbury

COMMUNITY SERVICE
Bill Fennone
Steve Armstead

SPIRITUAL AIMS & MEMBER CARE
Al Van Nice
Bob Fromme

MEMBERSHIP
Henry Bauer

PROGRAMS
Bill Tosch
Jim Goettl
Bill Robertson
Mary Rezekta
Jim Catalano

SOCIAL
Ken Tharp

CHILDREN & YOUTH
Larry Jones
Keven O'Connell

INTERNATIONAL
Jim Goettl

INTERCLUBS
Don Edminster

FUND RAISING
Lloyd Wilson

PGK FUND
Stephen Andersen

PECANS IN THE CEMETERY

On the outskirts of small town, there was a big, old pecan tree just inside the cemetery fence. One day, two boys filled up a bucketful of nuts and sat down by the tree, out of sight, and began dividing the nuts.

'One for you, one for me, one for you, one for me,' said one boy. Several dropped and rolled down toward the fence.

Another boy came riding along the road on his bicycle. As he passed, he thought he heard voices from inside the cemetery. He slowed down to investigate. Sure enough, he heard, 'One for you, one for me, one for you, One for me...'

He just knew what it was. He jumped back on his bike and rode off. Just around the bend he met an old man with a cane, hobbling along.

'Come here quick,' said the boy, 'you won't believe what I heard! Satan and the Lord are down at the cemetery dividing up the souls!'

The man said, 'Beat it kid, can't you see it's hard for me to walk.' When the boy insisted though, the man hobbled slowly to the cemetery.

Standing by the fence they heard, 'One for you, one for me. One for you, One for me.'

The old man whispered, 'Boy, you've been tellin' me the truth. Let's see if we can see the Lord...

Shaking with fear, they peered through the fence, yet were still unable to see anything. The old man and the boy gripped the wrought iron bars of the fence tighter and tighter as they tried to get a glimpse of the Lord.

At last they heard, 'One for you, one for me. That's all.. Now let's go get those nuts by the fence and we'll be done...

They say the old man had the lead for a good half-mile before the kid on the bike passed him .

AT A PREVIOUS MEETING, BOB FROMME SHARED THE FOLLOWING PRAYER. IT WAS ASKED IF A PRINTED COPY COULD BE SHARED WITH THE MEMBERS. IT WAS IN AN EMAIL A WHILE BACK , BUT I HAVE INCLUDED IT HERE. IT IS STILL MEANINGFUL AND THOUGHT PROVOKING.

I AM THANKFUL

Author Unknown

I am thankful...

For the wife, who says it's hot dogs tonight, because she is home with me and not out with someone else.
For the husband, who is on the sofa being a couch potato, because he is home with me and not out at a bar.

For the teenager, who is complaining about doing dishes, because it means she is at home and not on the street.

For the taxes I pay, because it means I am employed. For the mess to clean after a party, because it means I have been surrounded by friends.

For clothes that fit a little too snug, because it means I have enough to eat

For my shadow that watches me work, because it means I am out in the sunshine.

For a lawn that needs mowing, windows that need cleaning and gutters that need fixing, because it means I have a home.

For all the complaining I hear about the government, because it means we have freedom of speech.

For the parking spot I find at the far end of the parking lot, because it means I am capable of walking and I have been blessed with transportation.

For the lady behind me in church who sings off key, because it means I can hear.

For the pile of laundry and ironing, because it means I have clothes to wear.

For weariness and aching muscles at the end of the day, because it means I have been capable of working hard.

For the alarm that goes off in the early morning hours, because it means I am alive.

DO YOU KNOW?.....

Why we call the end position in chess, “checkmate”? *Checkmate* has nothing to do with either bank drafts or lovers. It comes from a Persian work *sha-mat*, meaning “the king is dead.”

Where the “cole” in “coleslaw” comes from? Illiterate menus to the contrary, *cole* has nothing to do with “cold”. “Coli” means “cabbage” in Latin and “sla” means “salad in Dutch. The Dutch word *koolsla*, appropriately enough, means cabbage salad.