

## Soroptimist International Sacramento Newsletter December 2017

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### President's Corner

Submitted by President Debbie Rubens



Happy December to everyone. I hope you had a nice Thanksgiving. It is hard to believe that's it's the end of the year already. 2017 will soon be in our rear view mirror. If you are like me, you ask, where did the year go, how can it be December already?

This month is a busy one for SIS. We have our annual Gifts from the Heart program, providing gifts to foster children in our community. This is such a wonderful program and a great SIS tradition. As a reminder, all of the gifts are due by our meeting on December 8<sup>th</sup>, as the county is coming to pick them up there.

Of course we also have our See's candy store, which opens on December 1<sup>st</sup>. Don't forget to support our store by working shifts and of course buying and selling candy. I have a couple of people who every year want to know when I am working my shifts so they can order their yearly holiday candy. These things will keep us all busy as we prepare for the holidays.

Don't forget that our SIS Holiday Party is coming up on December 15<sup>th</sup>. This year's party will be held at Shriners Hospitals for Children. I hope you will join us for some fun, good food and an opportunity to catch up with fellow SIS members as we ease our way into the season.

I'm looking forward to 2018 and the things it will bring, which I hope are all good. I want to wish each and every one of you and your families a happy and healthy New Year!



## A POEM THAT WAS US...

A little house with three bedrooms,  
One bathroom and one car on the street  
A mower that you had to push  
To make the grass look neat.

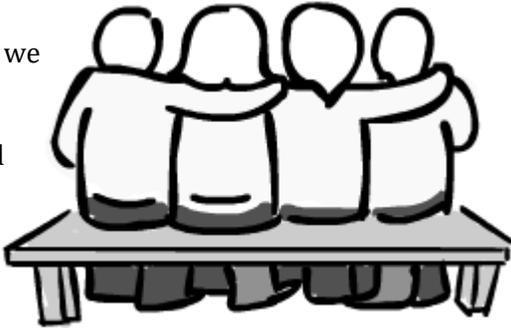
In the kitchen on the wall  
We only had one phone,  
And no need for recording things,  
Someone was always home.

We only had a living room  
Where we would congregate,  
Unless it was at mealtime  
In the kitchen where we ate.

We had no need for family rooms  
Or extra rooms to dine.  
When meeting as a family  
Those two rooms would work out fine.

We only had one TV set  
And channels maybe two,  
But always there was one of them  
With something worth the view

For snacks we  
had potato  
chips  
That tasted  
like a  
chip.  
And if  
you  
wanted  
flavor  
There was Lipton's onion dip.



Store-bought snacks were rare because  
My mother liked to cook  
And nothing can compare to snacks  
In Betty Crocker's book

Weekends were for family trips  
Or staying home to play  
We all did things together –  
Even go to church to pray.

When we did our weekend trips

Depending on the weather,  
No one stayed at home because  
We liked to be together

Sometimes we would separate  
To do things on our own,  
But we knew where the others were  
Without our own cell phone

Then there were the movies  
With your favorite movie star,  
And nothing can compare  
To watching movies in your car

Then there were the picnics  
at the peak of summer season,  
Pack a lunch and find some trees  
And never need a reason.

Get a baseball game together  
With all the friends you know,  
Have real action playing ball –  
And no game video.

Remember when the doctor  
Used to be the family friend,  
And didn't need insurance  
Or a lawyer to defend

The way that he took care of you  
Or what he had to do,  
Because he took an oath and strived  
To do the best for you

Remember going to the store  
And shopping casually,  
And when you went to pay for it  
You used your own money?

Nothing that you had to swipe  
Or punch in some amount,  
And remember when the cashier person  
Had to really count?

The milkman used to go  
From door to door,  
And it was just a few cents more  
Than going to the store.

There was a time when mailed letters

Came right to your door,  
Without a lot of junk mail ads  
Sent out by every store .

The mailman knew each house by name  
And knew where it was sent;  
There were not loads of mail addressed  
To "present occupant"

There was a time when just one glance  
Was all that it would take,  
And you would know the kind of car,  
The model and the make

They didn't look like turtles  
Trying to squeeze out every mile;  
They were streamlined, white walls, fins  
And really had some style

One time the music that you played  
Whenever you would jive,  
Was from a vinyl, big-holed record  
Called a forty-five

The record player had a post  
To keep them all in line  
And then the records would drop down  
And play one at a time.

Oh sure, we had our problems then,  
Just like we do today  
And always we were striving,  
Trying for a better way.

Oh, the simple life we lived  
Still seems like so much fun,  
How can you explain a game,  
Just kick the can and run?

And why would boys put baseball cards  
Between bicycle spokes  
And for a nickel, red machines  
Had little bottled Cokes?

This life seemed so much easier  
Slower in some ways  
I love the new technology  
But I sure do miss those days.

So time moves on and so do we

And nothing stays the same,  
But I sure love to reminisce  
And walk down memory lane.

With all today's technology  
We grant that it's a plus!  
But it's fun to look way back and say,  
Hey look guys, that was us!

"Good friends are like quilts – they age with you, yet  
never lose their warmth."

*Merry Christmas --- Love,  
Mary Kobane*

Wishing **Barbara Coulam** a speedy  
recovery after her knee replacement on  
November 29.



Thanks to our CEO Partners!



## Aunt Bonnie

Submitted by Bonnie Coleman



### Happy Thanksgiving from Yurt, Sweet Yurt!

I've been eager to share this event with you all since I first learned of the possibility for this Thanksgiving. Yes, there was a lovely dinner, made by two excellent cooks whomping up both pork and turkey, with every side imaginable, followed by pies of every color, and snacks and beverages for every taste. Yes, there were lovely people: about a dozen well-mannered people who know how to make hospitality look easy, and who know how to disagree without being disagreeable - not even a murmur from the Gallant who presumably gave up his home so we could have the Experience. Yes the setting was awesome: miles of orchards near Chico. Lots of people are lucky enough to have some or most of those blessings. But this event had a yurt! Yes, a YURT! Need I say more? Well, as I usually do, yes. To wit:

*For those of you who missed the movie about the The Story of the Weeping Camel (not the blockbuster it deserved to be) Mongols herd camels in the Gobi desert and live a nomadic existence in yurts. These camels are not the one-humpy kind in Lawrence of Arabia, they are short, shaggy, two-humpy bactrian ones in, well, Weeping Camel. The camel in the movie couldn't bond with her baby and the whole community had to pull together so that Mom and Baby could bond, but that's not part of this story, although the movie makes more than the first-time-Mom-camel weep.*

The yurts look a little like cupcakes with round, straight walls and tall domed roofs. They have an open floorplan, with dividers for the facilities and movable slides for temporary privacy. The owner and builder of this one, Wayne, put lots of windows

looking out on walnut trees, and a skylight at the top. He also added a kitchenette, a porch, and a kitty door for the resident property manager.

Not knowing quite what to expect, we traveled with airbeds, linens, comforters, and enough snacks and beverages to satisfy a real mongol horde. The yurt accommodated four people, three queen beds, a single bed, and chairs and sofas with no problem. The yurt was just behind a shed which had been converted to a house big enough for the multitude. It was, I imagine, a bachelor's dream, with sleek, modern kitchen appliances, an awesome TV, sports equipment and what looked to this amateur to be a fully functional shop; plus a kittydoor for the aforementioned overseer. It was Guy Nirvana. I was impressed.

Whether in the "Big House", eating and drinking and catching up, sitting by an outdoor fire pit listening to a traveling troubadour and swapping stories, or snuggled up in the yurt resting up for the trip home was each person's choice and none of the choices were bad. If there was anyone harboring disappointment it may have been the cat, who had too much to oversee and too little falling into his food bowl, but even he took it with grace and aplomb.

Would I do it again? In a heartbeat. Of course I would try to forgo the bacterial respiratory infection I came home with, but, hey, it's a YURT and if the cat doesn't complain, how can I?

Due to technical difficulties, the picture of their actual yurt is not available.



## INTERESTING

Submitted by Nancy Wolford Landers

Unfortunately, it comes at a time when there aren't many people left (alive) that I can forward this to who would know it's true relevance to now and then.

Eventually, the life experiences the 30s' 40s' and 50s' will disappear. CHILDREN OF THE 1930s and 1940s are "THE LAST ONES" Born in the 1930s and early 1940s, we exist as a very special age cohort. We are the "LAST ONES."

We are the last, climbing out of the depression, who can remember the winds of war and the war itself with fathers and uncles going off. We are the last to remember ration books for everything from sugar to shoes to stoves. We saved tin foil and poured fat into tin cans. We saw cars up on blocks because tires weren't available.

We are the last to hear Roosevelt's radio assurances and to see gold stars in the front windows of our grieving neighbors. We can also remember the parades on August 15, 1945; VJ Day.

We are the last who spent childhood without television; instead imagining what we heard on the radio. As we all like to brag, with no TV, we spent our childhood "playing outside until the street lights came on." We did play outside and we did play on our own. There was no little league. The lack of television in our early years meant, for most of us, that we had little real understanding of what the world was like.



Our Saturday afternoons, if at the movies, gave us newsreels of the war and the holocaust sandwiched in between westerns and cartoons Newspapers and magazines were written for adults. We are the last who had to find out for ourselves.



As we grew up, the country was exploding with growth. The G.I. Bill gave returning veterans the means to get an education and spurred colleges to grow. VA loans fanned a housing boom. Pent up demand coupled with new installment payment plans put factories to work. New highways would bring jobs and mobility. The veterans joined civic clubs and became active in politics.

In the late 40s and early 50s the country seemed to lie in the embrace of brisk but quiet order as it gave birth to its new middle class. Our parents



understandably became absorbed with their own new lives. They were free from the confines of the depression and the war. They threw themselves into exploring opportunities they had never imagined. We weren't neglected but we weren't today's all-consuming family focus. They were glad we played by ourselves "until the street lights came on." They were busy discovering the post war world. Most of us had no life plan, but with the unexpected virtue of ignorance and an economic rising tide we simply stepped into the world and went to find out. We entered a world of overflowing plenty and opportunity; a world where we were welcomed Based on our naïve belief that there was more where this came from, we shaped life as we went. We enjoyed a luxury; we felt secure in our future.

Of course just as today, not all Americans shared in this experience. Depression poverty was deep rooted. Polio was still acrippler. The Korean War was a dark presage in the early 1950s and by mid-decade school children were ducking under desks. China became Red China. Eisenhower sent the first "advisors" to Vietnam. Castro set up camp in Cuba and Khrushchev came to power. We are the last to experience an interlude when there were no existential threats to our homeland.

We came of age in the late 1940s and early 1950s.. The war was over and the cold war, terrorism, climate change, technological upheaval and perpetual economic insecurity had yet to haunt life with insistent unease. Only we can remember both a time of apocalyptic war and a time when our world was

secure and full of bright promise and plenty. We experienced both.

We grew up at the best possible time, a time when the world was getting better not worse! We did not have it easy. Our wages were low, we did without, we lived within our means, we worked hard to get a job, and harder still to keep it. Things that today are considered necessities, we considered unreachable luxuries. We made things last. We fixed, rather than replaced. We had values and did not take for granted that "somebody will take care of us." We cared for ourselves and we also cared for others.

### **WE ARE THE "LAST ONES!"**

### **It's Never Too Early!**

To be thinking about donations, that is! Our annual Crab Fiesta is just 5 months away, on Saturday, March 3, 2018. We are currently seeking donations for our Live Auction, Silent Auction, and Wall of Wine. Past Live Auction items have included weekend getaways, sailing and lunch on a lake, and beautiful gourmet dinners. Silent Auction items have included theater tickets, gift baskets, home décor, jewelry, makeup, cookware, hardware, gift cards, sports memorabilia, etc. And if you just don't know what to donate, we will gladly accept cash donations and do the shopping for you! You can also help by donating gift basket supplies – decorative boxes, baskets, ribbons, and cellophane will all be put to good use. Please contact - Lisa Bartoe at [ljbartoe@yahoo.com](mailto:ljbartoe@yahoo.com) or (916) 508-6326. with any questions.



### **Soroptimist Protocol Submitted by Wendy Haydon**

I googled the Soroptimist Pledge, and found both "allegiance to Soroptimist" and "allegiance to Soroptimism"



used by various clubs.....and here in Germany, they use the term "Soroptimist sisters."

### **SI Manhattan Submitted by Janet Galliani**

I was able to attend a business meeting held by SI Manhattan during my visit to NYC. After the meeting we packaged hats, gloves and scarves for the woman's shelter which is one of their projects. I also met one of the members for coffee this past week. She too is bi-coastal but here other half is spent in Switzerland!



**2017-2018**

**Soroptimist Offers Scholarships (SOS) and Donations**

Maggie Bender-Johnson  
Janet Galliani  
Eva Garcia  
Nilda Valmores  
Elaine Pesce  
Idelle Claypool  
Mary Kobane  
Jennifer Willis  
**Pat Canterbury**  
**Phyllis Moist**

**Memorials:**

\$50 from Nancy Landers for Leamon Landers (Odell's brother)  
\$25 from Pat Canterbury for Leamon Landers  
\$25 for Susann Handlers' brother in law  
**\$50 from Nancy Wolford Landers in memory of Sandra Chadbourne**  
**\$25 from Pat Canterbury in memory of Bo York's brother**

Save Mart      \$201.81

**Board Action Items -**

**Officers and Board of Directors 2017-2018**



President – Debbie Rubens  
First Vice President – Sarah Lee  
Second Vice President – Caty Diepenbrock  
Recording Secretary – Carol Adams  
Corresponding Secretary – Jennifer Willis  
Treasurer – Kathy Platz  
Assistant Treasurer – Phyllis Moist  
Board of Directors 2017-2019  
    Lisa Bartoe  
    Celia Walker  
Board of Director 2017-2018  
    Lauren Buchanan  
Board of Directors – 2016-2018  
    Paula Wright  
    Rosalie Gladden  
Parliamentarian (appointed) – Idelle Claypool

**December Soroptimists!**



**Happy Birthday**

Hazel Lew	December 7
Elizabeth Jenkins	December 8
Lauren Buchanan	December 12
Karen Smith	December 18
Kalissa (Kali) Crawford	December 22
Kris Lea	December 26
Celia Wheeler	December 30

**SIS Program Schedule for  
2017-2018**

<b>Date</b>	<b>Speaker / Topic</b>	<b>SIS Member Contact</b>
<b>December</b>		
12/01/17	Business Meeting	
12/08/17	Grant Recipients	
12/15/17	Holiday Luncheon	
<b>January</b>		
01/05/18	Business Meeting	
01/12/18	Joann Tremeline or Nilda	Sarah
01/19/18	Amy Supinger, Supinger Strategies, Rising cost of higher education	Idelle
01/26/18	LYD Awards Luncheon	
<b>February</b>		
02/02/18	Business Meeting	
02/09/18	Multicultural Day	
02/16/18	CEO Partners	
02/23/18	Alice Jarboe	Debbie
<b>March</b>		
03/02/18	Business Meeting	
03/09/18	Ruthie Bolton	Pat C.
03/16/18	Women's Wisdom Art	Nilda
03/23/18	Johyne - Commercial Jet Sales	Pat
03/30/18	Dark	
<b>April</b>		
04/06/18	Business Meeting	
04/13/18	Debbie Jolly, Traditional Acupuncture	Idelle
04/20/18	Scholarships	
04/27/18		Sarah
<b>May</b>		
05/04/18	Business Meeting	
05/11/18	Foster Care	Debbie
05/18/18	Cap Public Radio	Idelle
05/25/18	Dark	
<b>June</b>		
06/01/18	Business Meeting	
06/08/18	Committee Signups	
06/15/18	Celebrating Success	
06/22/18	Installation	