

# Spanapark Sentinel

*The Spanapark Lions Club Monthly Newsletter*

## Our Mission

### We Serve

Spanapark Lions Club members are dedicated volunteers who serve the surrounding community. We participate in a wide variety of programs designed to make this a better place to live and raise our families.



**Lions Clubs International**

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## Happy Holidays

Ann Fowler - Newsletter Editor

Happy Holidays to all of our members and surrounding clubs. I hope that you are all able to enjoy time with family in whatever method you are able. This year has certainly provided a lot of challenges, changes and curve balls. I would have certainly thought we would be in a much better position with the virus by now, but it seems that we are taking a downward turn. I sincerely hope that things improve and we can all get together again as we have in the past. Until then, use whatever methods you can to stay in touch with those you care about. Let us also remember those who may not ask for help. They are likely the ones who need us the most. Reach out to family or friends and make sure they are okay.

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# A Letter from the President

Ann Fowler - Club President

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December is finally here! ...and it's been quite a year. I'm so grateful and humbled by your continued support of our club and those in need. Thank you. I'm grateful to work with wonderful people like you. Thanks for every single opportunity you give me to serve you at the highest level. You're the best!

I hope that everyone had an enjoyable and safe Thanksgiving Holiday. This year is certainly one to remember - maybe preferably forget. The ups and downs have certainly kept us on our toes. Just when we all thought things were getting better, they take a turn for the worst. I feel fortunate to be able to help those in need and look forward to continuing to service my community in any way that I can.

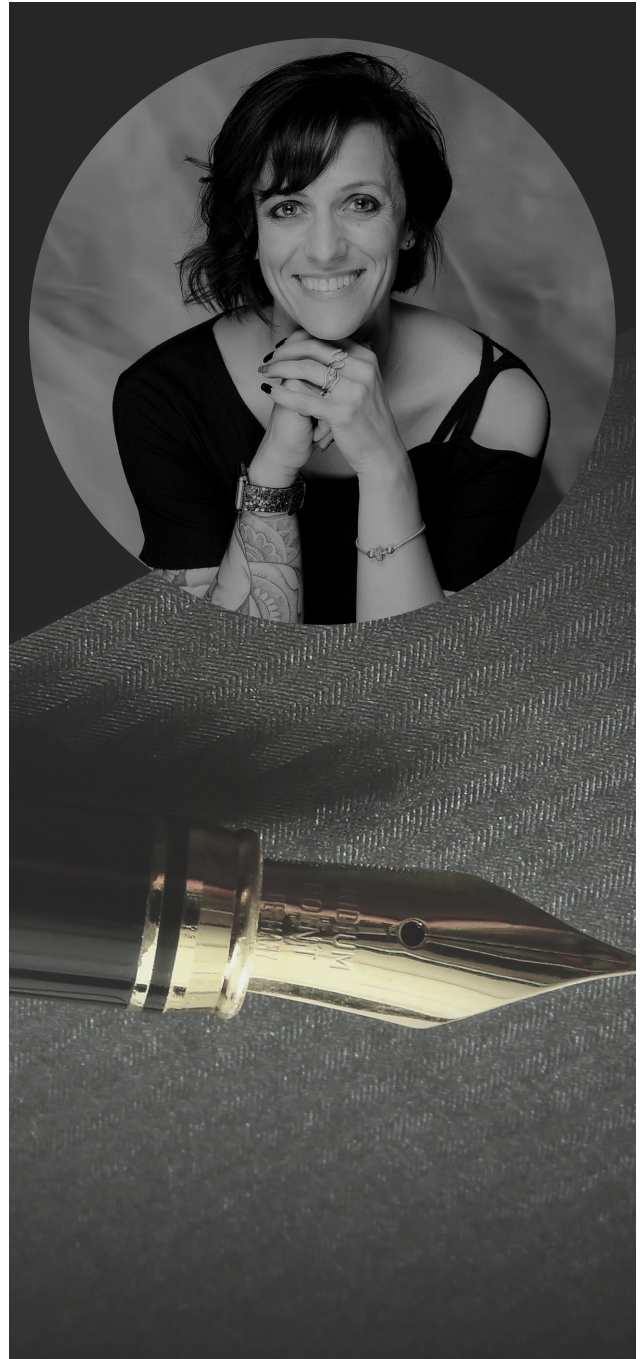
There is so much that we normally do this time of year that the pandemic has forced us to forgo. Typically we would have done a food drive before Thanksgiving, but the Fred Meyers (and other stores) were not allowing vendors outside the doors. Therefore we were unable to hold our normal food drive. Even so, we do still have our adopted families that we help out during the Holiday Season, and despite the pandemic, we are still doing what we can.

I hope that you can all attend the Christmas potluck on December 22. Those who do not feel comfortable attending, we totally understand. We can host both virtually and in person. I look forward to seeing you all there!

As the year comes to an end, make sure you take time to unwind and reflect. Enjoy those special moments online, on the phone, or face-to-face with friends and family and celebrate the things that matter most to you or make you feel cared for.

As always, I appreciate you. I put my heart into serving people well, and you and other Lions clubs make it that much more rewarding.

To me, you were one of the best parts of 2020.



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*Christmas isn't a season. It's a feeling.*

EDNA FERBER

## Special Events

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# 24TH ANNUAL BOWLING CLASSIC

MAR  
**28**  
2021

Check-In | Bowling Starts  
**10:00AM | 11:00AM**

## EARLY BIRD PRICING

Early Bird Pricing Ends 3/21/21 Add \$5 at the door

**Adults \$25**

**Kids (12 & Under) \$15**

Nine Pin No-Tap  
Bowling Tournament  
Silent Auction  
Dessert Auction  
Door Prizes  
Raffles

NARROWS PLAZA BOWL  
2200 MILDRED STREET W  
UNIVERSITY PLACE, WA

FOR MORE INFO CONTACT CHRIS:  
253-318-9766 | LIONCHRISFOWLER@GMAIL.COM



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# Announcements

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## *Chevron Award Recipients*

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Congratulations to our Chevron Award recipients for Spanapark Lions Club.

Wally Chyr	10 Yrs
John Francis	25 Yrs

Thank you both for your continued dedication and service to our club and our community.

## *Face Masks*

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A few of our members have generously taken the time to sew masks to sell for those who need them. Half the money will fund the price of the materials and the other half will be donated to our club. The masks are \$5 each. Please reach out to Lion Betty Burns to purchase a mask.

## *COVID-19 Testing Sites*

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As the rise in Covid cases continues across our region, please take care of yourselves and keep each other safe. If you think you may be experiencing symptoms, please stay home and seek medical advice where needed. If you are interesting in getting a COVID-19 test completed, please reference the following site which contains testing sites and dates.

Be Safe!

[https://www.piercecountywa.gov/6758/Covid-19-Mobile-Testing\\_](https://www.piercecountywa.gov/6758/Covid-19-Mobile-Testing_)

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# News from our District and Beyond

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## *Leadership Training*

MD-19C

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Leadership: Unleash your Inner Beast training at the Northwest Lions Leadership Institute.

June 3-5, 2021

Harrison Hot Springs, BC

visit [nwlli.org](http://nwlli.org) for more information.



## *Certified Guiding Lion Learning*

MD-19C

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## A VIRTUAL LEARNING EVENT

**JANUARY 16, 2021**

**10:00 AM – 2:30 PM PST**

All Lions are Welcomed to attend. Please RSVP by email to Lion Anne Smarsh, PID [t.smarsh@att.net](mailto:t.smarsh@att.net) by January 13, 2021 to secure your spots.



**Multiple District 19  
Lions Clubs International**

# Coming Up Next

*This Month's Meetings*

**22**

## DECEMBER

General Membership - Meeting  
Christmas Potluck/Gift Exchange

*This Month's Birthdays*

*Happy*  
**BIRTHDAY**

No Birthdays This Month!

If I missed someone, let me know!



# Recipe of the Month

*Recipe courtesy of Tuscan Chic*

<https://www.tuscanychic.com/tasty-home-made-tuscan-bread/>

## TUSCAN BREAD

### INGREDIENTS

- 1000 gr (=2.205 pounds= 10 cups) of soft flour (type 0)
- 700 ml (=2.959 cups) of warm water
- 10 gr of salt (=0,022 pounds = 2 teaspoons)
- 6 spoons (50 gr) (=0.110 pounds) of extra virgin olive oil
- 2 teaspoons of sugar (10 gr) to help leavening
- 14 gr of powder yeast (=4 1/2 teaspoons dry yeast)

### INSTRUCTIONS

How to make Tuscan Bread:

1. Note: I recommend you make your bread pastry absolutely by hand!
2. First of all you need to dissolve the yeast together with the warm water; until it is completely melt. Note that the water has to be just lightly warm.
3. Put the flour in another basin and add the water with the yeast in it little by little, then add all other ingredients and work the pastry very well on a table for at least 10 minutes.
4. Put the pastry in a basin, cover it with a damp cloth and let it leaven for no less than 2 hours, in a warm area of the kitchen. Once the dough is raised (it should double its volume), you have to work it all again by using some flour, then divide it in 2 or more parts, cover again with a damp cloth and let rest for another hour.

How to cook bread in the oven?:

1. Finally cook it in the oven at 230 °C (Celsius corresponding to 450 °F Fahrenheit) for about 20 minutes, and then for other 20 minutes at 200 °C (390 °F), until your bread gets of a brownish color, or according to your preferences.

My Tips to Have a Great Tuscan Bread:

1. If you are going to make bread at home, never be in a hurry! It takes at least three hours in all to make the bread rise properly.
2. The main feature of Tuscan bread, besides its lack of salt, is that it has to be particularly soft inside. This requires long rising times. To have a great Tuscan bread soft inside, you need to let the dough very soft, even mushy, this is the reason why the quantity of water is more in comparison to other bread recipes.
3. How to have a crisp and crumbly crust? Once bread is cooked, turn off the oven and leave bread inside it for another 10 minutes so to get a crisper crust. Remove and let cool. A further tip to have a crusty bread is to put a little pan full of water in the oven and leave it there in the first cooking stage (20 minutes).Homemade bread keeps well also for some days, it may be a good idea to warm it up in the oven just before eating it; in case you like it warm like me

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# A Cup of Christmas Tea

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*by Tom Hegg*

submitted by Lion Don Becker

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A log was in the fireplace,  
all spiced and set to burn.  
At last the yearly Christmas race  
was in the clubhouse turn.  
All the cards were in the mail,  
all the gifts beneath the tree.  
And 30 days reprieve  
'till VISA could catch up with me.  
And though smug satisfaction  
seemed the order of the day,  
Something still was nagging me,  
and would not go away.  
A week before, I got a letter  
from my old Great Aunt.  
It read: "Of course, I'll understand  
completely if you can't.  
But if you find you have some time,  
how wonderful if we  
Could have a little chat  
and share a cup of Christmas tea."  
She'd had a mild stroke that year  
which crippled her left side.  
Though housebound now, my folks had said  
it hadn't hurt her pride.  
They said: "She'd love to see you.  
What a nice thing it would be  
For you to go and maybe  
have a cup of Christmas tea."  
But boy! I didn't want to go!  
Oh what a bitter pill.  
To see an old relation  
and how far she'd gone downhill.



I remembered her as vigorous,  
as funny and as bright.  
I remembered Christmas Eves  
when she regaled us half the night.  
I didn't want to risk all that.  
I didn't want the pain.  
I didn't need to be depressed,  
I didn't need the strain.  
And what about my brother?  
Why not him? She's his Aunt, too!  
I thought I had it justified,  
but then before I knew,  
The reasons not to go  
I so painstakingly had built  
Were cracking wide and crumbling  
in an acid rain of guilt.  
I put on boots and gloves and cap, shame  
stinging every pore,  
And armed with squeegee, sand and map,  
I went out my front door.

I drove in from the suburbs  
to the older part of town.  
The pastels of the new homes  
gave way to gray and brown.  
I had that disembodied feeling  
as the car pulled up  
And stopped beside the wooden house  
that held the Christmas cup.  
How I got up to her door,  
I really couldn't tell...  
I watched my hand rise up  
and press the button of the bell.  
I waited,  
aided by my nervous rocking to and fro,  
And just as I was thinking  
I should turn around and go,  
I heard the rattle of the china  
in the hutch against the wall.  
The triple beat of two feet and a crutch  
came down the hall.  
The clicking of the door latch  
and the sliding of the bolt  
And a little swollen struggle  
popped it open with a jolt.



She stood there, pale and tiny,  
looking fragile as an egg ...  
I forced myself from staring at the brace  
that held her leg.  
And though her thick bifocals  
seemed to crack and spread her eyes.  
Their milky and refracted depths  
lit up with young surprise.  
"Come in! Come in!" She laughed the words.  
She took me by the hand,  
And all my fears dissolved away,  
as if by her command,  
We went inside, and then,  
before I knew how to react,  
Before my eyes and ears and nose  
was Christmas past ... alive ... intact:  
The scent of candied oranges,  
of cinnamon and pine  
The antique wooden soldiers  
in their military line;  
The porcelain Nativity  
I'd always loved so much...  
The Dresden and the crystal  
I'd been told I mustn't touch...  
My spirit fairly bolted,  
like a child out of class,  
And danced among the ornaments  
of calico and glass.  
Like magic, I was six again,  
deep in a Christmas spell,  
Steeped in the million memories  
the boy inside knew well.  
And here, among old Christmas cards,  
so lovingly displayed,  
A special place of honor  
for the ones we kids had made.  
And there, beside her rocking chair,  
the center of it all...  
My Great Aunt stood and said  
how nice it was I'd come to call.  
I sat ... and rattled on about ...  
the weather and the flu.  
She listened very patiently,  
then smiled and said,  
"What's new?"

Thoughts and words began to flow.  
I started making sense.  
I lost the phoney breeziness  
I use when I get tense.  
She was still passionately interested  
in everything I did.  
She was positive. Encouraging.  
Like when I was a kid.  
Simple generalities  
still sent her into fits.  
She demanded the specifics.  
The particulars. The bits.  
We talked about the limitations  
that she'd had to face.  
She spoke with utter candor,  
and with humor and good grace.  
Then, defying the reality  
of crutch and straightened knee,  
On wings of hospitality,  
she flew to brew the tea.  
I sat alone with feelings  
that I hadn't felt in years.  
I looked around at Christmas  
through a thick, hot blur of tears..  
And the candles and the holly  
she'd arranged on every shelf..  
The impossibly good cookies  
she still somehow baked herself..  
But these rich, tactile memories  
became quite pale and thin  
When measured by the Christmas  
my Great Aunt kept deep within.  
Her body halved and nearly spent,  
but my Great Aunt was whole.  
I saw a Christmas miracle ...  
the triumph of a soul.  
The triple beat of two feet and a crutch  
came down the hall.  
The rattle of the china  
in the hutch against the wall.  
She poured two cups. She smiled  
and then she handed one to me.  
And then, we settled back  
and had a cup of Christmas tea.





## Contact Us

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### EMAIL

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spanaparklions.com



## Join a Meeting

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**1ST & 3RD  
TUESDAYS**

AMERICAN LEGION HALL POST #2

1204 PARK AVE SOUTH,  
TACOMA, WA 98444

*Guests are always  
welcome!*

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# Notes from the Editor

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## *Editorial Policy*

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Members of Spanapark Lions Club are encouraged to submit articles, poems, jokes and pictures which they believe will be beneficial to our community. While the effort is made to not publish anything which might be offensive to anyone, we seek to make access available to everyone. Spanapark Sentinel is published by and for the members of Spanapark Lions Club.

Submission Deadline is the 20th of the Month. Early Submission is always appreciated.



## *Meet the Editor*

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### **Ann Fowler**

Hello all! I am the current President, Editor, and Lions Member Galore. A "Jill of All Trades" if you will. In addition to my volunteer work for the Spanapark Lions Club, I also work as a Civil Engineer. Your time is just as valuable as mine and I appreciate the time you all take to read up on the happenings of our Club and submitting whatever news you all wish to share!

*Ann Fowler*