

The Pride

Liberty, Intelligence, Our Nation's Safety



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CLUB MEETS

EVERY TUESDAY

Two Rivers Plaza -- 12 Noon

We'll see you next Tuesday!
 Bring another Lion with you!

Board meets every fourth Monday
 of the month

Nathan Watchman, Newsletter Editor
 Hugh Plumleigh, Pianist
 Alan Workman, Song Leader
 Brad Higgenbotham, Chaplain
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Lions Trivia

Veterans Day originated as " _____ " on Nov. 11, 1919,
 the first anniversary of the end of World War 1.

November Birthdays

Bob Van Iderstine	7th
Craig Glogowski	11th
Gregg Palmer	17th
Justin Hemmer	18th
Bill Rohr	18th
Randy Van Gundy	21st
Craig Hall	26th
Jeri Brownfield	29th
Laura Holm	29th



Upcoming Events

November 7th - Math and Science Center
 November 14th - Dog Officers
 November 21st - Turkey Raffle
 November 25th - Thanksgiving
 & Turkey Trot 5K
 November 28th - CBC (Closed meeting)



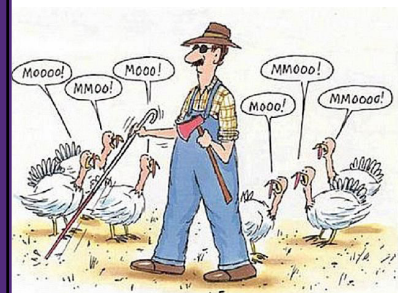
Ramblings from Lion President Jim Nickerson

November is a time of the year where we look forward to spending time with our families as the nights become shorter and the rush of the holiday season gets into full swing.

This is a month of giving thanks, both to our veterans and to those who impact our lives daily. Please take a moment to reflect on the important people in your life. One practice you will find that shows gratitude is to stop and thank a veteran for their service. They have fought for our freedoms, and this moment of recognition does so much to show that we care for and support our men and women in the Armed Services.

Don't forget about the Turkey Raffle on November 21st and be sure to attend the December 5th luncheon to pick up your Random Acts of Kindness gift. This is another sure way to make a difference in the lives of those in our community.

I want to thank each and everyone of you for your continued support of the Grand Junction Lions Club. You are what makes our community great!





High Comedy in Low Places

War means something different to every person, especially every participant. We did manage a few laughs here and there in Aghanistan. We took our missions seriously, but that didn't mean we had to take ourselves seriously every second of the day.

A Peck of Afghan Peppers

Early in 2003, my engineer team frequently worked directly with the Afghans. On any given day we dealt with Afghan construction contractors, their laborers, Afghan National Army (ANA) soldiers and officers, our interpreters, and even local officials. Thus, we frequently dined with them on all types of meals from ANA chow hauls, contractor lunches around the gas stove, or extravagant meals in officers' and officials' homes.

On one particular instance, five of us from our team met with a senior ANA officer in his home for a big lunch. It was a modest apartment in Kabul but he and his family pulled out all the stops. There was chicken, lamb, rice with currants, even some beef which was a rarity. Among the vegetables were, I presumed, some slices of a rather misshapen green bell pepper.

About midway through the meal I grabbed a slice of that pepper and took a bite. Now, I'm as Anglo-European-American as they come, but I do like spicy food. I can make it about 2/3 of the way down the spicy sauce list at the local wings place before I begin having second thoughts. This morsel, however, was less bell pepper than it was white phosphorus vegetable grenade.



Lions Club was well represented at the All Services Ball

DAVE'S STORIES

The sometimes amusing, occasionally philosophical adventures of a father, husband, outdoorsman, veteran

About two seconds into chewing I felt fire growing in my mouth. Soon I felt like I had a mouthful of acid about to burn my face off like a giant match head that just touched a flame. This was the hottest pepper I had ever come in contact with...the sweat forming on my forehead, eyes, neck and palms told the story as the ANA officer grinned in amusement. Before long I had inhaled my water and my Pepsi and was doing my best to ask for more rice without hacking up a lung. At one point I'm pretty sure I saw the face of Elvis in the apartment wall.

That was all big fun for the whole crew and I just chalked it up to experience. Experience that would indeed prove handy.

The next week, the kindly ANA officer again invited our team for lunch. We had a slightly different crew after

a sergeant from the Texas National Guard had been assigned to us over the weekend. SSG Morales accompanied us to the same apartment where the same table fare was laid out in front of us all.

I warned SSG Morales about my faux bell pepper incident but he just scoffed. "Sir, let this real Chicano show you Gringos how to handle 'hot' food," he said with good-natured Spanish bravado.

I gave him a palms-up "Suit yourself," as the food started getting served up. He tried the meat, the rice, and then I saw out of the corner of my eye him take the whole slice of that thermonuclear pepper into his mouth. I stopped and stared in rapt anticipation, hoping for his sake he was right.

He wasn't. I had never seen a darker-skinned human turn purple before that day. His eyes bugged out, he sat

up straight, and I heard muffled phrases unsuitable for repeating. He sucked down his bottle of water. He sucked down his Pepsi. He reached over, stole and sucked down MY Pepsi, then did the same to the teammate to his left.

We were all laughing uncontrollably at this point as we watched Morales recover. We used to tell each other that every soldier was an ambassador. I'm not sure whether the State Department would chalk up that lunch as a plus or a minus in overall foreign policy.

Dave's Stories is a collection of wartime anecdotes written by our very own, Lion Dave Hartmann.

For more of Dave's Stories, visit www.davesstories.com.

