

PRESIDENT: Wendy Duede

EDITOR: Betty Oakes

.....
Schedule for February

February 11: Lunch meeting
(11:30 at The Cup)

February 18: Dinner/Business
Meeting 5:30.

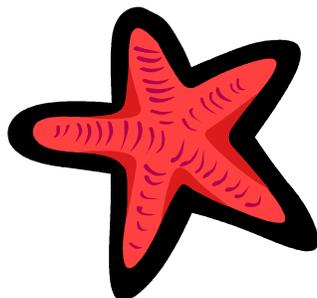
Home of Carol Wise

February Birthdays:

None

Foster Kids Birthday reminders:

JoJo (8 on 3/14) Wendy



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Looking outside my window, I see the spring bulbs starting to send up their shoots. Spring is my favorite season; everything turns green again and we experience the beauty of all new growth.

For anything to sustain itself there has to be a season of growth. I googled the word growth, and here is what popped up: GROWTH: The process of increasing in physical size, maturation, blooming.

Our club has been dwindling in size. We have not experienced a season of growth. Unfortunately, I believe we have all been waiting for someone else in the club to bring in new members, me included. Think of the reasons you chose to join—wouldn't you want to share this group with your friends, co-workers, and sisters? I'm challenging each of you to commit to bringing in a new friend this month. It's time for spring and our season of growth. We need to bring the spring season back to our club for sustainability and to be able to take on the projects we've been known for. Can I count on your support?

There will be an Area Meeting on February 20 in Poulsbo. This one is so close, please try to attend. These meetings are great, they are an opportunity to re-energize and learn what the other clubs are doing. I have plenty of room in my car if you need a ride. Hope to see you soon!

President Wendy

Mark your Calendar:

Area Meeting

February 20, Poulsbo

(See attached registration form.)

2016 NW Region Conference

April 21-24, 2016, Spokane, WA

Davenport Hotel

2016 SIA 44th Biennial Convention:

July 20-23, Orlando, FL

Walt Disney World Dolphin Hotel



Member News:

From Pat Durbin: My news is that I will be visiting Southern California February 9-16. I'll be staying at the snowbird house of the owners of the Lighthouse across the street from me.

My visit is planned to catch up and share time with several very dear friends I worked with who live in the San Diego area. Two are joining me from NY and Washington, DC. It should be lots of fun with many laughs and reminiscences.

From Ella Sandvig: I don't have any news about me, but I do have a quote: "The hardest arithmetic to master is that which enables us to count our

blessings." (From Eric Hoffer, Social Commentator) I do count my blessings every day; I get to live in Port Townsend, in the USA. I have friends and family around me and can get out of bed every day!!!

From Wendy Duede: My new work e-mail address is wendy.duede@fsbwa.com.

From Ruth Gordon: I am sorry but I can't think of a single thing that I am doing. Isn't that sad? I really have nothing to write about. I apologize!

From Betty Oakes: Ruth's news pretty well sums it up from me too. I am sorry I was unable to attend the January dinner/business meeting, but Penny and I had a wonderful time celebrating her sister Sandy's birthday at Lanza's!

Oh, and P.S. I have attached the Area Meeting info to this newsletter. Hopefully you will print it and bring your registration form and check made payable to "SIPT" to the February 11 meeting at the Cup. We will need to send the signed registration forms and one check from the club by February 12.



ELLA'S JOKE CORNER:

I changed my car horn to gunshot sounds. People get out of the way much faster now.

Gone are the days when girls used to cook like their mother. Now they drink like their fathers.

You know that tingly little feeling you get when you really like someone? That's common sense leaving your body.

I didn't make it to the gym today. That makes five years in a row.

I decided to change calling the bathroom the John and renamed it the Jim. I feel so much better saying I went to the Jim this morning.

Last year I joined a support group for procrastinators. We haven't met yet.

Old age is coming at a really bad time.

When I was a child I thought "Nap Time" was a punishment. Now, as a grownup, it feels like a small vacation.

The biggest lie I tell myself is "I don't need to write that down, I'll remember it."

I don't have gray hair—I have "wisdom highlights." I'm just very wise.

Teach your daughter how to shoot, because a restraining order is just a piece of paper.

If God wanted me to touch my toes, he would have put them on my knees.

Why do I have to press "1" for English when you're just going to transfer me to someone I can't understand anyway?

Of course I talk to myself; sometimes I need expert advice.

At my age "getting lucky" means walking into a room remembering why I came in there.

AND ONE FROM BETTY:

Silvio, an 80-year-old Italian, goes to the doctor for a check-up. The doctor is amazed at what good shape the guy is in and asks, "How do you stay in such great physical condition?"

"I'm Italian, and I am a golfer." says Silvio, "And that's why I'm in such good shape. I'm up well before daylight and out golfing up and down the fairways. I have a glass of vino, and all is well."

"Well," says the doctor, "I'm sure that helps, but there's got to be more to it. How old was your father when he died?" "Who said my father's dead?"

The doctor is amazed. "You mean you're 80 years old and your father's still alive? How old is he?"

"He's 100 years old," says Silvio. "In fact, he golfed with me this morning, and then we went to the topless beach for a walk, had a little vino and that's why he's still alive. He's Italian and he's a golfer too."

"Well," the doctor says, "that's great, but I'm sure there's more to it than that. How about your father's father? How old was he when he died?"

"Who said my Nonno's dead?"

Stunned, the doctor asks, "You mean you're 80 years old and your grandfather's still living! Incredible, how old is he?"

"He's 118 years old," says the old Italian golfer.

The doctor is getting frustrated at this point. "So, I guess he went golfing with you this morning too?"

"No, Nonno couldn't go this morning because he's getting married today." At this point, the doctor is close to losing it. "Getting married? Why would a 118 year-old guy want to get married?"

"Who said he *wanted* to get married?"