

Wednesday WRAP-UP

Rotary



Club of Geneva, New York

www.GenevaRotaryClub.org

Miss a meeting? Make it up
at
www.RotaryEClubOne.org

**Wednesday,
June 12, 2024**

Next Week: - TBA

President Diana led us in the Pledge of Allegiance and invocation.

Guests

Barb Warner Deane – Prospective Member

Mary Sue Dehn (pr. “Deen”) Finger Lakes Health – Prospective Member

Ken Camera – guest of Chris Lavin

Garey Adamson – guest of Kathy Fuchs

Rendell Curren Belanger – Interact and Rotary Exchange Student

Announcements

- Diana has dinner tickets for sale to benefit Hilary Shading who is undergoing cancer treatment - July 20th, 5-7 pm. Pasta dinner. \$20 pp at Sons and Daughters of Italy
- Business After Hours at Guardian Glass tonight 4:00-6:00 p.m.
- Bowling tonight at Sunset Bowl – 6:00-8:00 p.m. \$10.00 per person
- Saturday, June 29th, concession stand at Muranda Cheese operated by Geneva Rotarians as fundraiser – still need volunteers
- District Changeover Dinner – June 27 at Kings Catering in Canandaigua. See Diana to sign up.
- Garden Day Saturday, June 22, 9:00 a.m. at Visitors Center
- Habitat for Humanity Framing Frenzy, 10:00 a.m. Meet at Palmyra-Macedon HS. Wrap up by noon with lunch.
- Friday September 13: Geneva Rotary Golf tournament at Big Oak: see email
- Rendell encouraged everyone to attend the dinner to support her exchange program. Friday, June 14, 5:00-7:00 at Sons of Italy
- Kathy Fuchs Spanish classes will begin on Monday, June 17, 5:30-6:30, 4138 High Banks Rd, Geneva. \$10.00 per class. Please RSVP to Kathy 315-521-2400.
- Kathy announced MLK committee will hold a dinner at Club 86 on July 10th to benefit their scholarship committee’s work. \$55pp

- Mary Sue Dehn, who is the new Foundation Director at FLH announced a Virtual Golf Tournament which will run from June 15-September 15. \$10.00 donation to benefit Cardiology Department. Register at runsignup.com.

Happy Dollars:

- Diana had a great time playing pickleball.
- Kathy Fuchs is proud of the Rotarians who played and were good sports!
- Chris Lavin is happy for Mary Gearan's macaroons!
- Dave Cook's Corvair bit the dust. The engine blew up!
- Dave announced that next week's guest baker will be Mary Gearan.
- Mary Gearan is happy for Rendell (*Sorry, Mary, I didn't get the rest!*)
- Ted Baker was happy to report that he broadcast 130 games this year, but he was sad for the \$3000 he had to shell out for an oil change! Also, he recently bought an appliance from a "big box" store which had to be serviced. Since he did not get a response from the company to repair the appliance he filed a complaint with the Attorney General's office and got a full refund! (*Hope I got this right, Ted!and a reminder – buy local!!*)
- Dave Cook is hoping Dana's will serve meatloaf next week!
- Susie Wertman shared an article from her neighbor, David Locke, whose father, Ralph Locke received a medallion from the Paul Harris Foundation.
- Jason Haag had a great time playing pickle ball with Rotarians on Saturday. He announced that Geneva now has a box lacrosse team and will play its first game on Saturday, June 15, at the Rec. Center.

50/50

Chris Lavin shared \$57/\$28 with the Foundation. First time he's won in 9 years!
Congrats Chris!

Baked Goods Auction

Dave Cook auctioned off a sampling of Mary Gearan's macaroons and brownies with the promise that she will bring in a full batch next week. We have raised a total of \$1,723.00 to benefit Rendell's trip. Good work Rotarians!!

Program

Kathy Fuchs read a heartfelt and moving story about her Dad, Larry Fuchs, titled "Sawdust and Light". Her dad was a Geneva police officer and he shared three qualities for a police officer: Compassion, Common Sense, and a Sense of Humor.
(a copy of the story is attached)

**Respectfully submitted,
Ruth Leo**

Future Programs

TBA

Community Service Corner:

Saturday June 22nd at Geneva Rotary Garden at the Lakefront (9:00am to 11:00am) – volunteers needed! We plan to weed and add mulch at the Geneva Rotary Garden to make it look great. Many hands make light work 😊. Can you join us? Please bring gardening gloves and tools!

Saturday June 29th at Muranda Cheese (12:00 to 5:00) – volunteers needed! Please help volunteer at a Geneva Rotary fundraising opportunity!! We will be providing food and drink concessions for those attending the weekend Muranda Barn musical entertainment. We will be providing pulled pork sandwiches, coleslaw, chips, drinks and cannoli from the Sons of Italy for dessert! ***We need volunteers, coolers, tables, and crock pots.*** Muranda Cheese is located at 3075 State Route 96, Waterloo, NY. All money raised will support Geneva Rotary benevolent projects in our community. Please sign up at an upcoming weekly meeting or email Diana Perry at dnperry12@gmail.com

Four way test:

“Of the things we think, say or do:”

- 1. Is it The Truth?**
- 2. Is it Fair to All Concerned?**
- 3. Will it Build Goodwill and Better Friendships?**
- 4. Will it be beneficial for All Concerned?**

Diana Perry
President

Jason Haag
President-Elect

Kerry Lippincott
Vice President

Ford Weiskittel
Secretary

Bob McFadden
Club & Foundation Treasurer

Sawdust and Light
Memories of My Father
Kathleen Fuchs

My bull of a father passed away several months ago; I was with him, at his side, watching that once strong man gasp for breath. It didn't seem too unreasonable to let him go...at the time. For, at the time, he looked so different: without his dentures, aged, oh so aged, so different-without his street clothes, or his American Legion commander garb, or his police uniform, wearing that nightmare nightgown, so different, I thought to myself, "Who is this man?"

I worked as a teacher next door to the VA hospital, so I often visited my dad after school. Yet this morning, I had arrived early to see if my dad would like a banana for breakfast as he had been craving one. When the doctor on call saw me, she looked horrified and said, "Did your mom already call you? Your father is in cardiac arrest." I wasn't sure what that meant, but my heart started pounding in my chest. I ran to my father's room where he lay in a bed that looked ready for transport. I kissed his arm and looked into his gray blue eyes. We hugged occasionally, but I had not been overly affectionate with him in years. I connected my eyes with his. The doctor said that my dad's heart surgery was failing; his breathing was failing too, but it was his rock-hard spirit failing that worried me more. The bed shook as he grasped to take in air.

I waited for my dad's wink. He had always given me the wink to tell me, "Everything's okay, Kath." In this moment, everything was not okay, and he didn't wink; however, I looked into his eyes, and I knew that we were connected. I felt it, and I knew that I had come from his loins and that he loved me, and that he had always loved me despite the pain we had each created for each other from time to time in our lives. I knew something about hospice work, and someone had told me that we, the living, are supposed to let the dying know that's okay to let go. So, I gave my father permission to pass.

Because that's what they tell you to do, you know. They, the experts on death and dying- they tell us to let go and to let our loved ones know that we are letting go. So being a reasonable woman of a reasonable time in my adult life, age, over thirty, I decided to tell my dad I would be fine, and he could go to the next existence, form, place, whatever that might be; I wasn't sure. And it did seem to be the right thing to do. The hiccup of death in his chest, the oxygen mask over his face; I felt compelled to say "yes" although I felt a profound sadness in my being.

I thought of my father's work as a carpenter, the sawdust smell of our many projects together. A speck of sawdust- such a minute detail to capture the spirit of a man, but my father too was a carpenter. He was many things: a compassionate policeman, a hero of sorts, a loyal generous friend to so many, a great story teller, a talented amazing chef, an admired brother, a plumber, a philosopher, a creator, a hearty Black Velvet whiskey drinker, a husband who loved his wife but made things difficult for her at times, a carpenter...a loving nervous father.

I was the carpenter's assistant, and to this day, whenever I smell freshly shaved planks, I feel more alive somehow. I experience a sense of bliss from this smell. It brings me back to

working side by side with my father during those many long summers of my youth. Back then though, I wanted to flee the dusty floors and the various improvements to our home. I wanted to leave my father, run outside and play in the sun. I didn't feel the beauty of the work. My dad felt it. He knew it. He would stand back after a finished wall, a cabinet, a new light fixture, smoking a cigarette, smiling with a satisfied sigh.

I didn't understand then. Yet now I have my own home; we have been working on an addition. Three months ago, I tried to smooth a lineputty perfect on a seam of freshly sheet-rocked wall, and I found tears streaming down my face. For the first time in my life, I could not call my father to ask him how this task should be properly completed. He would relish the explanation, and I would bask in his details...now. I wouldn't want to rush off and be somewhere else...in other light, in other sun.

People often say that it's the little things we remember when someone dies. It seems so sappy, so trite; yet really, it is the small things when it comes to loss. The small things become great elements of finely polished memory when our loved ones are gone. This father of mine, a dream of something beautiful, sawdust on the hair of his forearm...I see it. I see my father's blonde hair, his bold sculpted forearm.

I've always loved sturdy forearms in men; exquisite forms they are to me. I consciously know that it is of my father that this appreciation grows. A shiny new cupboard accompanied by the smell of sawdust, a police officer with a boisterous jolly laugh holding a child's hand as he crosses the street, a Pittsburgh Steelers bumper sticker, the smell of sauerkraut and pork, yeasty homemade bread or pizza baking, or the look of a man who has drunk too much. I look for the beauty, worlds coinciding, longing, longing, aching for a connection...where are you, dad? In a dream. In my dream there is no hurry.

Dad says, "Sit down, Kath; I want to talk to you for a minute." I say, "Dad, I need to get going." Yet I sit. I listen as we often do: thirty seconds in the future, twenty in the past, with maybe ten seconds in the present dad moment. What I would give now for the full sixty, what I would give now. No hurry. No hurry.

Into the light of the dream's deepest desires, into the place I remember, one word uttered: love. "You know I love you, Kath." "I know, dad. I love you too, even though we drive each other crazy sometimes." And we continue to walk and talk in the dream; we are in no hurry as I gaze into the brightness of his now clear blue eyes.

My father has passed. Yet the Spirit of him remains- in me... in memory... in sawdust...and in white light.

Afterward:

I wrote my dad a letter the year before he passed. I had no idea he would be gone by the next year. I told him all the wonderful gifts he gave to me, and how much I loved and appreciated him. I now assign this activity to my college students every semester as an important extra credit possibility. I brag about my father's police portrait on the wall of our small

city's courtroom. It brings me gratitude because I know he is loved and still remembered fondly by many. My dad's mother died suddenly when my dad was 12 years old. His father was devastated and the family fell apart. My father changed his birth certificate and joined WWII on a Merchant Marine ship. He was at the Battle of Normandy dropping off supplies from a Navy Ship. He never talked about it, but shared that with my niece much later in his life. Our dad was also a very good drinker and smoked cigars. I would write him letters begging him to stop his unhealthy habits- not knowing or understanding the depth of his inner workings. My new favorite expression is: We all have something. Each of us has a habit we might want to change, but it's not always possible and certainly not easy for most of us! As I matured, I told my dad I understood it was very difficult to change habits, and I stopped bugging him but rather tried to accept and love him. Human beings are complicated, and we are all saints and sinners who need a lot of love, acceptance, and forgiveness. I hope this story might soften someone's heart and realize we are all, most likely, trying to do the best we can.

Januay 2024