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G.W.R.R.A.
REGION "H" TEXAS CHAPTER
"L"

January 2010

Happy Birthday!!

Jan. 3 - Craig Derouen
Jan. 8 - Carol Vardeman
Jan. 15 - Dianne Koester
Jan 19 - Beverly Barnhart
Jan. 25 - Doc Adams
Feb. 8 Mary Little
Feb. 14 - Dot Duncan
Feb. 22 - Johnny Duncan

Happy Anniversary

Jan. 7 Harry & Dianne Koester
Jan 20 - Gary & Lucy Weeks
Jan. 29 Terry & Carol
Vardeman
Feb. 19 Al & JoAnn Mayo
Feb. 21 - Floyd & Charla
Cauthen

*'We do not stop playing
because we are old; we grow
old because we stop playing.'*
Bev's Jokes & Etc.

**A Wild Night At My House
(HOW TRUE IT IS)**

**Another year has passed
And we're all a little older.**

**Last summer felt hotter
And winter seems much
colder.**

**I rack my brain for happy
thoughts, to put down on my
pad,**

**But lots of things, That come
to mind J=just make me kind
of sad.**

**There was a time not long ago
When life was quite a blast.**

**Now I fully understand
About 'Living in the Past'**

**We used to go to friends
homes, Baseball games and
lunches.**

**Now we go to therapy, to
hospitals, And after-funeral
brunches.**

**We used to have hangovers,
From parties that were gay.**

**Now we suffer body aches
And sleep the night away.**

**We used to go out dining,
And couldn't get our fill.**

**Now we ask for doggie bags,
Come home and take a pill.**

**We used to travel often
To places near and far.**

**Now we get backaches
From riding in the car.**

**We used to go out shopping
For new clothing at the Mall**

**But, now we never bother...
All the sizes are too small.**

**That, my friend is how life is,
And now my tale is told.**

**So, enjoy each day and live it
up...**

~~~~~

**(Signs I want in my house)**

**I serve 3 meals:**

**Frozen**

**Microwave**

**Take out**

**Housework won't kill you but  
why take the chance.**

Laundry Room

Push the button for service if no one answers do it yourself.

My house was clean last week sorry you missed it.

I wasn't going to do anything else today and so far I am right on schedule.

~~~~~  
Law of the Garbage Truck

One day I hopped in a taxi and we took off for the airport.

We were driving in the right lane when suddenly a black car jumped out of a parking space right in front of us.

My taxi driver slammed on his brakes, skidded, and missed the other car by just inches!

The driver of the other car whipped his head around and started yelling at us.

My taxi driver just smiled and waved at the guy. And I mean, he was really friendly.

So I asked, 'Why did you just do that? This guy almost ruined

your car and sent us to the hospital!'

This is when my taxi driver taught me what I now call, 'The Law of the Garbage Truck'

He explained that many people are like garbage trucks. They run around full of garbage, full of frustration, full of anger, and full of disappointment.

As their garbage piles up, they need a place to dump it and sometimes they'll dump it on you. Don't take it personally.

Just smile, wave, wish them well, and move on. Don't take their garbage and spread it to other people at work, at home, or on the streets.

The bottom line is that successful people do not let garbage trucks take over their day.

Life's too short to wake up in the morning with regrets, so ... Love the people who treat you right.

Pray for the ones who don't.

~~~~~



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### Senior Road Trip

While on a road trip, an elderly couple stopped at a roadside restaurant for lunch. After finishing their meal, they left the restaurant, and resumed their trip. When leaving, the elderly woman unknowingly left her glasses on the table, and she didn't miss them until they had been driving for about forty minutes. By then, to add to the aggravation, they had to travel quite a distance before they could find a place to turn

around, in order to return to the restaurant to retrieve her glasses.

All the way back, the elderly husband became the classic grouchy old man. He fussed and complained, and scolded his wife relentlessly during the entire return drive. The more he chided her, the more agitated he became. He just wouldn't let up for a single minute. To her relief, they finally arrived at the restaurant. As the woman got out of the car, and hurried inside to retrieve her glasses, the old geezer yelled to her, "While you're in there, you might as well get my hat and the credit card."



# Coping With The Cold - Street Survival

February 24, 2009

By Evan Kay



For some folks, winter simply marks the end of daylight saving time. For many [motorcyclists](#) 🇺🇸, though, it signals something far more important-the end of the riding season. But just because the days are short and the air is cold, it doesn't mean you have to stash the ol' scooter. With a little knowledge and the right combination of gear, you can feasibly ride year-round (except for those of you located in the icy, snowy, northern climes).

When it's cold, your primary goals should be to keep your body warm and to [avoid hypothermia](#) 🇺🇸 (which often means keeping a lid on perspiration, too). Hypothermia is a condition brought about by the body's temperature dropping lower than it needs to function normally. The initial symptoms include shivering, which can occur with as little as a 1.5-degree (Fahrenheit) decrease in body temperature. At this point, just stepping inside from the cold and getting something warm down your gullet usually is all it takes to recover.

But if your clothing gets damp (from either perspiration or the elements), it's a good idea to change into dry togs pronto-wet gear offers very little (if any) protection from the cold. Don't take wind chill for granted, either. As air moves past your body (either as wind or while you're riding through it), it causes greater loss of heat than would occur with no air movement. In other words, wind makes conditions feel colder than they are (most of the chilling effect occurs by 30 mph).

Fortunately, the right gear can mitigate potential riding misery. For protection from the cold, the wind and the rain, consider the following:

**Helmet:** A lid offers insulation as well as crash and wind protection. If it's downright frigid outside, add a balaclava with thin, insulating material on the head (so it's easier to slip on a helmet) and thicker insulation around the neck.

**Base Layer:** This is the layer of clothing closest to your skin that keeps you comfortable (and, ideally, wicks away moisture). There is a variety of fabrics to choose from-wool blends, silk, silk blends and various nylon and polypropylene materials-but there's only one rule: no cotton. Cotton can be wonderful in the summer, but in the winter, it retains moisture and dries slowly. Also, when choosing tops, pick one that claims to be odor resistant. You'll thank us later.

**Mid-layer:** This layer provides the bulk of the warmth, retaining body heat and letting perspiration escape. It's usually made of man-made fabric, like fleece, which comes in different

weights for varied temperature ranges. Some of these garments even have their own windproof and/or waterproof/breathable membranes, making them suitable for wearing off the bike.

**Outer Layer:** This is where your jacket and riding pants come in. Think textile—despite leather's superior abrasion resistance, it's usually neither windproof nor waterproof, and thus not ideal for winter wear (unless, of course, it has a built-in windproof and waterproof barrier).

**Gloves:** Again, windproof and waterproof/breathable barriers are your friends, and a little insulation goes a long way, too. Extra glove liners will come in handy if it's really cold.

**Boots:** As with the gloves, jackets and pants, an included windproof and waterproof barrier is essential for riding comfort. And don't forget the synthetic socks! You can choose from a variety of motorcyclist-specific designs these days, and ski and snowboard socks work well, too. Additional liners can help keep things cozy and dry.

With the right wardrobe and a smart approach, it shouldn't be too difficult to get out of the garage and onto a backroad for a comfortable winter ride. If the temperature starts to warm up, you can always stop and peel off a layer; if you're really cold-blooded, there's hope, in the form of our buyer's guide to electrically heated riding gear in this issue's BTL section.

## THE SIMPLE WHITE ENVELOPE

(I know Christmas is over but this was so good I wanted everyone to see it, Bev)

It's just a small white envelope stuck among the branches of our Christmas tree. No name, no identification, no inscription. It has peeked through the branches of our tree for the past 10 years or so.

It all began because my husband Mike hated Christmas --oh, not the true meaning of Christmas, but the commercial aspects of it -- the overspending, the frantic running around at the last minute to get a tie for Uncle Harry and the dusting powder for Grandma --the gifts given in desperation because you couldn't think of anything else..

Knowing he felt this way, I decided one year to bypass the usual shirts, sweaters, ties, and so forth. I reached for something special just for Mike. The inspiration came in an unusual way. Our son Kevin, who was 12 that year, was wrestling at the junior level at the school he attended.

Shortly before Christmas, there was a non-league match against another team sponsored by an inner-city church.

These youngsters, dressed in sneakers so ragged that shoestrings seemed to be the only thing holding them together, presented a sharp contrast to our boys in their spiffy blue and gold uniforms and sparkling new wrestling shoes. As the match began, I was alarmed to see that the other team was wrestling without headgear, a kind of light helmet designed to protect a wrestler's ears. It was a luxury the ragtag team obviously could not afford.

Well, we ended up walloping them. We took every weight class. And as each of their boys got up from the mat, he swaggered around in his tatters with false bravado, a kind of street pride that couldn't acknowledge defeat.

Mike, seated beside me, shook his head sadly, "I wish just one of them could have won," he said. "They have a lot of potential, but losing like this could take the heart right out of them." Mike loved kids -- all kids -- and he knew them, having coached little league football, baseball, and lacrosse.

That's when the idea for his present came. That afternoon, I went to a local sporting goods store and bought an assortment of wrestling headgear and shoes and sent them anonymously to the inner-city church. On Christmas Eve, I placed the envelope on the tree, the note inside telling Mike what I had done and that this was his gift from me. His smile was the brightest thing about Christmas that year and in succeeding years. For each Christmas, I followed the tradition --one year sending a group of mentally handicapped youngsters to a hockey game, another year a check to a pair of elderly brothers whose home had burned to the ground the week before Christmas, and on and on. The envelope became the highlight of our Christmas. It was always the last thing opened on Christmas morning, and our children, ignoring their new toys, would stand with wide-eyed anticipation as their dad lifted the envelope from the tree to reveal its contents.

As the children grew, the toys gave way to more practical presents, but the envelope never lost its allure. The story doesn't end there. You see, we lost Mike last year due to cancer. When Christmas rolled around, I was still so wrapped in grief that I barely got the tree up. But Christmas Eve found me placing an envelope on the tree, and in the morning it was joined by three more. Each of our children, unbeknownst to the others, had placed an envelope on the tree for their dad. The tradition has grown and someday will expand even further with our grandchildren standing around the tree with wide-eyed anticipation watching as their fathers take down the envelope.

Mike's spirit, like the Christmas spirit, will always be with us.

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