



**Rockwell Collins CRAFT
CLUB
December 2007**

<http://www.collinsclubs.com/craftclub/>

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16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Next Meeting – December 19 - 4:30 p.m., Main Plant Cafeteria

CRAFT PROJECT: This month we will be making a decoupage wooden picture frame. You will not need to bring anything for this project.

COMMUNITY SERVICE PROJECT: Our charity for this month will be collecting for Christmas.

We will have patterns at the meeting again for knitting OR crocheting Helmetliners for the troops. These are used under their helmets in the areas with cold windy weather.

Last month we gave you an address to send a Christmas card to a Recovering Soldier at Walter Reed. We have since found out that the cards must have a specific soldier's name on it, or they will not be delivered.

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES FOR THIS YEAR?: Remember, our "New Year" starts October 1, so if you haven't filled out your new membership form and paid your \$12, please get that turned in to Kate Leith. Call me or Kate if you need a form.

NOTE ON Rx BOTTLES: Remember to keep saving your empty prescription bottles with labels removed for the Free Clinic. They ask that the bottles also be washed. Please remember that they CANNOT take non-Rx bottles or even the pre-packaged bottles from the drug company—only the usual pharmacy ones that are usually green or brown. TIP – DeSolv It, in a spray bottle cleans the goo from the labels off the bottles.

Thank you!

Arllys Huff and Joyce Smith -- Community Service Projects 2006-2007

REPORTS: Please remember that minutes and the treasurer's reports are available upon request.

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT: Well, once again Christmas is almost here and I have a bunch of shopping to do. Once a procrastinator, always a procrastinator! I do always manage to get it done though. We were going to have Mrs. Yo-Yo Santa for our December craft, but time did not permit, so we will make the picture frame and save Mrs. Santa for later. I hope you all have electricity at your house by now. It's starting to warm up a bit today, so maybe we'll get rid of some of this ice. This seems more like February weather to me. Stay warm and I'll see you on Wednesday.

Shari Burns

TRIPS: ESTHER MICELI 393-7200 or 721-4171 OR THELMA GOETTSCH 396-2700

Keep in mind that anyone can join us on our trips. They do NOT have to be a member of the club.

The Galena trip had to be cancelled due to bad weather. No other trips scheduled at this time.

MISCELLANEOUS:

MITTENS: Any hats or mittens you have finished please bring to any of the meetings. These may be turned in to any officer.

BIRTHDAYS:

December		January	
Mark K. Hartley	12/10	Linda Black	01/11
Joyce Smith	12/22	Kate Leith	01/12
		Norma Angell	01/13
		Nancy Lacy	01/14
		Carolyn McCleary	01/16
		Edith Meyer	01/25

2006-2007 Officers:

President	Shari Burns	366-4774H / 295-8711W	sburns1@rockwellcollins.com
Vice President	Esther Miceli	393-7200	
Secretary/Historian	Jean Strait	363-1688	jean82400@aol.com
Treasurer	Dee Roman	365-4512H / 295-8310W	diroman@rockwellcollins.com
Membership/Address Chgs	Kate Leith	295-4298W / 366-1467H	kmlaith@rockwellcollins.com
Newsletter/Address Chgs	Shari Burns	366-4774H / 295-8711W	sburns1@rockwellcollins.com
Tour Coordinators	Esther Miceli	393-7200	
	Thelma Goettsch	396-2700	
Community Service Projects	Arlys Huff	854-6263	
	Joyce Smith	377-3143	



What? No Santa Claus?

I remember my first Christmas adventure with Grandma. I was just a kid. I remember tearing across town on my bike to visit her on the day my big sister dropped the bomb: "There is no Santa Claus," she jeered. "Even dummies know that!"

My Grandma was not the gushy kind, never had been. I fled to her that day because I knew she would be straight with me. I knew Grandma always told the truth, and I knew that the truth always went down a whole lot easier when swallowed with one of her "world-famous" cinnamon buns. I knew they were world-famous, because Grandma said so. It had to be true.

Grandma was home, and the buns were still warm. Between bites, I told her everything. She was ready for me. "No Santa Claus?" She snorted.... "Ridiculous! Don't believe it. That rumor has been going around for years, and it makes me mad, plain mad!! Now, put on your coat, and let's go."

"Go? Go where, Grandma?" I asked. I hadn't even finished my second world-famous cinnamon bun.

"Where" turned out to be Kerby's General Store, the one store in town that had a little bit of just about everything. As we walked through its doors, Grandma handed me ten dollars. That was a bundle in those days. "Take this money," she said, "and buy

something for someone who needs it. I'll wait for you in the car." Then she turned and walked out of Kerby's.

I was only eight years old. I'd often gone shopping with my mother, but never had I shopped for anything all by myself.

The store seemed big and crowded, full of people scrambling to finish their Christmas shopping. For a few moments I just stood there, confused, clutching that ten-dollar bill, wondering what to buy, and who on earth to buy it for. I thought of everybody I knew: my family, my friends, my neighbors, the kids at school, and the people who went to my church.

I was just about thought out, when I suddenly thought of Bobby Decker. He was a kid with bad breath and messy hair, and he sat right behind me in Mrs. Pollock's grade-two class.

Bobby Decker didn't have a coat. I knew that because he never went out to recess during the winter. His mother always wrote a note, telling the teacher that he had a cough, but all we kids knew that Bobby Decker didn't have a cough; he didn't have a good coat. I fingered the ten-dollar bill with growing excitement. I would buy Bobby Decker a coat!

I settled on a red corduroy one that had a hood to it. It looked real warm, and he would like that.

"Is this a Christmas present for someone?" the lady behind the counter asked kindly, as I laid my ten dollars down.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied shyly. "It's for Bobby."

The nice lady smiled at me, as I told her about how Bobby really needed a good winter coat. I didn't get any change, but she put the coat in a bag, smiled again, and wished me a Merry Christmas.

That evening, Grandma helped me wrap the coat (a little tag fell out of the coat, and Grandma tucked it in her Bible) in Christmas paper and ribbons and wrote, "To Bobby, From Santa Claus" on it. Grandma said that Santa always insisted on secrecy. Then she drove me over to Bobby Decker's house, explaining as we went that I was now and forever officially, one of Santa's helpers.

Grandma parked down the street from Bobby's house, and she and I crept noiselessly and hid in the bushes by his front walk.

Then Grandma gave me a nudge. "All right, Santa Claus," she whispered, "get going."

I took a deep breath, dashed for his front door, threw the present down on his step, pounded his door and flew back to the safety of the bushes and Grandma.

Together we waited breathlessly in the darkness for the front door to open. Finally it did, and there stood Bobby.

Fifty years haven't dimmed the thrill of those moments spent shivering, beside my Grandma, in Bobby Decker's bushes.

That night, I realized that those awful rumors about Santa Claus were just what Grandma said they were: ridiculous. Santa was alive and well, and we were on his team. I still have the Bible, with the coat tag tucked inside: \$19.95.

May you always have LOVE to share, HEALTH to spare and FRIENDS that care....

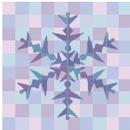
And may you always believe in the magic of Santa Claus!

December

2006

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January

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