

Based on many of my own personal experiences and on the many observations I have made of other people, I am prepared to suggest that the two most powerful motivators for people to strive, create, and build are hope and having something to look forward to. I define hope as the belief and expectation that life will get better and is worth getting better. If life is already pretty good then hope is the belief and expectation that it will continue being that way. I define having something to look forward to as having a date on a calendar on which

you can write down something good which will happen. Both give us reason to move forward.

As we approach the end of our life's path, hope become less important but having something to look forward to becomes more important. My mother is in a nursing home. Hope is not a commodity in abundance in a nursing home. In fact, I define a nursing home as a waiting room for death. It is much like The Hotel California, you can check in but you can never check out. My sister and I do everything possible to provide our mother with something to look forward to. The next big event is my annual trip out West to

visit my sister and mother over Mother's Day weekend. You can bet this is written down on her calendar.

What I see in much of the world today is the absence of hope and the absence of anything to look forward to. Apparently in this absence people go in the opposite direction and begin to destroy. Destruction replaces building. I believe that people need to be able to look to the future and see something they can accomplish and something good which will happen. I don't know how you can live productively without those feelings. As far as reaching the end of our life's path, as Yogi once said, "It ain't over till it's over." Should I have the misfortune of ending up in a nursing home you can be sure I will be the "wheelchair terror" of the home.

To the extent organizations like The Humanitarian Society can impart the message of hope and having something to look forward to I believe that goodness is served. I believe people need this. I am not sure I know how best this can be done, but I do know that when I meet people that are positive and upbeat it rubs off on me.

So lets be a bunch of people with a positive outlook, lots of hope for the future, and give ourselves things to look forward to. It just might rub off on lots of other people. I have always found The Humanitarian Society to always be planning and looking ahead. This works for me.

Best Regards,
Robert



"We Light Up Their Lives"

PLEASE start thinking of a gift to the Humanitarians. It is a complete write off and you will be helping the needy children and families in dire need. Your most generous donation is needed now. THANK YOU!!

The Humanitarian Society

May/June 2006

Newsletter



Dear Friends,

"Robby's Night"

True Story — Worth Reading!!!

At the prodding of my friends, I am writing this story. My name is Mildred Hondorf. I am a former elementary school music teacher from Des Moines, Iowa. I've always supplemented my income by teaching piano lessons—something I've done for over 30 years. Over the years I found that children have many levels of musical ability. I've never had the pleasure of having a prodigy though I have taught some talented students. However I've also had my

share of what I call "musically challenged" pupils. One such student was Robby. Robby was 11 years old when his mother (a single Mom) dropped him off for his first piano lesson. I prefer that students (especially boys!) begin at an earlier age, which I explained to Robby.

But Robby said that it had always been his mother's dream to hear him play the piano. So I took him as a student. Well, Robby began with his piano lessons and from the beginning I thought it was a hopeless endeavor. As much as Robby tried, he lacked the sense of tone and basic rhythm needed to excel. But he dutifully reviewed his scales and some elementary pieces that I require all my students to learn.

Over the months he tried and tried while I listened and cringed and tried to encourage him. At the end of each weekly lesson he'd always say, "My mom's going to hear me play someday." But it seemed hopeless. He just did not have any inborn ability. I only knew his mother from a distance as she dropped Robby off or waited in her aged car to pick him up. She always waved and smiled but never stopped in.

Then one day Robby stopped coming to our lessons. I thought about calling him but assumed because of his lack of ability, that he had decided to pursue something else. I also was glad that he stopped coming. He was a bad advertisement for my teaching!

Several weeks later I mailed to the student's homes a flyer on the upcoming recital. To my surprise Robby (who received a flyer) asked me if he could be in the recital I told him that the recital was for current pupils and because he had dropped out he really did not qualify. He said that his mother had been sick and unable to take him to piano lessons but he was still practicing. "Miss Hondorf. I've just got to play!" he insisted.

I don't know what led me to allow him to play in the recital. Maybe it was his persistence or maybe it was something inside of me saying that it would be all right. The night for the recital came. The high school gymnasium was packed with parents, friends and relatives. I put Robby up last in the program before I was to come up and thank all the students and play a finishing piece. I thought that any damage he would do would come at the end of the program and I could always salvage his poor performance through my "curtain closer."

Well, the recital went off without a hitch. The students had been practicing and it showed. Then Robby came up on stage. His clothes were wrinkled and his hair looked like he'd run an eggbeater through it. "Why didn't he dress up like the other students?" I thought. "Why didn't his mother at least make him comb his hair for this special night?"

Robby pulled out the piano bench and he began. I was surprised when he announced that he had chosen Mozart's Concerto #21 in C Major. I was not prepared for what I heard next. His fingers were light on the keys, they even danced nimbly on the ivories. He went from pianissimo to fortissimo. From allegro to virtuoso. His suspended chords that Mozart demands were magnificent! Never had I heard Mozart played so well by people his age. After six and a half minutes he ended in a grand crescendo and everyone was on their feet in wild applause.

Overcome and in tears I ran up on stage and put my arms around Robby in joy. "I've never heard you play like that Robby! How'd you do it?" Through the microphone Robby explained: "Well Miss Hondorf . . . remember I told you my Mom was sick? Well, actually she had cancer and passed away this morning. And well . . . she was born deaf so tonight was the first time she ever heard me play. I wanted to make it special."

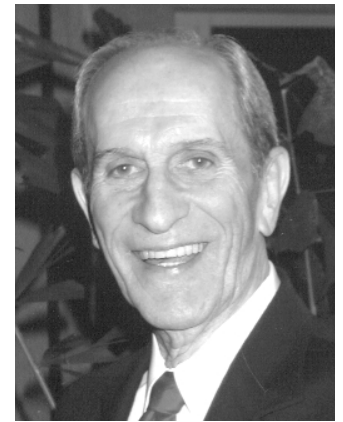
There wasn't a dry eye in the house that evening. As the people from Social Services led Robby from the stage to be placed into foster care, notice that even their eyes were red and puffy and I thought to myself how much richer my life had been for taking Robby as my pupil.

No, I've never had a prodigy but that night I became a prodigy. . . of Robby's. He was the teacher and I was the pupil. For it is he that taught me the meaning of perseverance and love and believing in yourself and maybe even taking a chance in someone and you don't know why.

Robby was killed in the senseless bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City in April of 1995. And now, a footnote to the story.

If you are thinking about cutting this message out and sending it to others, you are probably thinking about which people on your address list aren't the "appropriate" ones to receive this type of message. I, Dr. Wayne T. Moses, am sending this to you believing that we can all make a difference. So many seemingly trivial interactions between two people present us with a choice: Do we act with compassion or do we pass up that opportunity and leave the world a bit colder in the process?

May God bless you today tomorrow and always (PS: My dear friends I had to put this in this newsletter as we can all learn from it in every way. It really doesn't matter if we have money, beautiful clothes, names on buildings and things like that, and the list is endless; only thing that really matters is if we can be a friend to everyone and accept everyone as THE ONE to rub shoulders with - regardless of ragged and wrinkles clothes or black tie, etc. - THINK ABOUT THIS MY FRIENDS!!! Thank you, ROBBY, for teaching us all! I think we can all be a prodigy of Robby's!!!)



Yours Sincerely,
Dr. Wayne T. Moses, President
Louis J. Labadini, Vice President

\$250,000.00 GOAL (Thank you)

Generous Checks that have been given for our \$250,000.00 kick off by The Dominic Foundation (Mae Berlanti), Elenore Reed, Marleen & Harold Forkas, Winfred K. Quick, Jean Tyburski, James L. Johnston (Couch Braunsdorf Insurance - New Jersey), Mr. & Mrs. Marvin Kimmel, Mr. Michael R. Juviler & Ms. Barbara Davis, Elenore Reed, Albert Levenberg, Dolores Gardella, Jean M. Irwin, James L. & Marilyn P. Johnston, Bonnie & Jerry Mason, Jean Tyburski (Again), Chuck & Glenda Laser, Mae & Harold Hagelman, Betty Sweet, Jan Moore, Nancy & Dick Owens, Frank & Marjory Grande, Orla Englander, Estate of Seena Lavine, Jim & Betty Maguire, Christine A. Gudasky, Frank Orcel, Loretta & George Baldwin

BEN STEIN'S CONFESSIONS - "WE REAP WHAT WE SOW"

The following was written by Ben Stein and recited by him on CBS Sunday Morning Commentary, Sunday, 12/18/05.

Herewith at this happy time of year, a few confessions from my beating heart: I have no freaking clue who Nick and Jessica are. I see them on the cover of People and Us constantly when I am buying my dog biscuits and kitty litter. I often ask the checkers at the grocery stores. They never know who Nick and Jessica are either. Who are they? Will it change my life if I know who they are and why they have broken up? Why are they so important? I don't know who Lindsay Lohan is either, and I do not care at all about Tom Cruise's wife. Am I going to be called before a Senate committee and asked if I am a subversive? Maybe, but I just have no clue who Nick and Jessica are. If this is what it means to be no longer young. It's not so bad.

Next confession: I am a Jew, and every single one of my ancestors was Jewish. And it does not bother me even a little bit when people call those beautiful lit up, bejeweled trees Christmas trees. I don't feel threatened. I don't feel discriminated against. That's what they are: Christmas trees. It doesn't bother me a bit when people say, "Merry Christmas" to me. I don't think they are slighting me or getting ready to put me in a ghetto. In fact, I kind of like it. It shows that we are all brothers and sisters celebrating this happy time of year. It doesn't bother me at all that there is a manger scene on display at a key intersection near my beach house in Malibu. If people want a creche, it's just as fine with me as is the Menorah a few hundred yards away.

I don't like getting pushed around for being a Jew, and I don't think Christians like getting pushed around for being Christians. I think people who believe in God are sick and tired of getting pushed around, period. I have no idea where the concept came from that America is an explicitly atheist country. I can't find it in the Constitution, and I don't like it being shoved down my throat. Or maybe I can put it another way: where did the idea come from that we should worship Nick and Jessica and we aren't allowed to worship God as we understand Him? I guess that's a sign that I'm getting old, too. But there are a lot of us who are wondering where Nick and Jessica came from and where the America we knew went to.

In light of the many jokes we send to one another for a laugh, this is a little different: This is not intended to be a joke, it's not funny, it's intended to get you thinking.

Billy Graham's daughter was interviewed on the Early Show and Jane Clayson asked her "How could God let something like this Happen?" (regarding Katrina) Anne Graham gave an extremely profound and insightful response. She said, "I believe God is deeply saddened by this, just as we are, but for years we've been telling God to get out of our schools, to get out of our government and to get out of our lives. And being the gentleman He is, I believe He has calmly backed out. How can we expect God to give us His blessing and His protection if we demand He leave us alone?"

In light of recent events...terrorists attack, school shootings, etc. I think it started when Madeleine Murray O'Hare (she was murdered, her body found recently) complained she didn't want prayer in our schools, and we said OK. Then someone said you better not read the Bible in school. The Bible says thou shalt not kill, thou shalt

not steal, and love your neighbor as yourself. And we said OK.

Then Dr. Benjamin Spock said we shouldn't spank our children when they misbehave because their little personalities would be warped and we might damage their self-esteem (Dr. Spock's son committed suicide). We said an expert should know what he's talking about. And we said OK.

Now we're asking ourselves why our children have no conscience, why they don't know right from wrong, and why it doesn't bother them to kill strangers, their classmates, and themselves.

Probably, if we think about it long and hard enough, we can figure it out. I think it has a great deal to do with "WE REAP WHAT WE SOW."

Funny how simple it is for people to trash God and then wonder why the world's going to hell. Funny how we believe what the newspapers say, but question what the Bible says. Funny how you can send 'jokes' through e-mail and they spread like wildfire but when you start sending messages regarding the Lord, people think twice about sharing. Funny how lewd, crude, vulgar and obscene articles pass freely through cyberspace, but public discussion of God is suppressed in the school and workplace. Are you laughing? Funny how when you forward this message, you will not send it to many on your address list because you're not sure what they believe, or what they will think of you for sending it. Funny how we can be more worried about what other people think of us than what God thinks of us.

Cut this out and pass it on if you think it has merit. If not then just discard it... no one will know you did. But, if you discard this thought process, don't sit back and complain about what bad shape the world is in!!!

THE DEACON AND THE BOY

His name is Scott. He has wild hair, wears a T-shirt with holes in it, jeans, and no shoes. This was literally his wardrobe for his entire four years of college. He is brilliant. Kind of esoteric and very, very bright. He became a Christian while attending college.

Across the street from the campus is a well dressed, very conservative church. They want to develop a ministry to the students, but are not sure how to go about it. One day Scott decides to go there. He walks in with no shoes, jeans, his T-shirt, and wild hair. The service has already started and so Scott starts down the aisle looking for a seat. The church is completely packed and he can't find a seat. By now, people are really looking a bit uncomfortable, but no one says anything. Scott gets closer and closer and closer to the pulpit, and when he realizes there are no seats, he just squats down right on the carpet.

By now the people are really uptight, and the tension in the air is thick. About this time, the minister realizes that from way at the back of the church, a deacon is slowly making his way toward Scott. A godly man, very elegant, very dignified, and very courtly. He walks with a cane and, as he starts walking toward this boy, everyone is saying to themselves that you can't blame him for what he's going to do. How can you expect a man of his age and of his background to understand some college kid on the floor?

It takes a long time for the man to reach the boy. The church is utterly silent except for the clicking of the man's cane. All eyes are focused on him. You can't even hear anyone breathing. The minister can't even preach the sermon until the deacon does what he has to do. And now they see this elderly man drop his cane on the floor. With great difficulty, he lowers himself and sits down next to Scott and worships with him so he won't be alone. Everyone chokes up with emotion.

When the minister gains control, he says, "What I'm about to preach, you will never remember. What you have just seen, you will never forget."


Beck and Call Concierge

You Deserve It!

Steven Chesley
(561) 350-4308

- Errands
- House Sitting
- Other Needs


THE HUMANITARIAN SOCIETY'S ADVERTISING DIRECTORY



**BOCA PRINT
&
GRAPHICS**


PRINTING • GRAPHICS • IMAGING

Phone (561) 362-5510 • Fax (561) 362-5854
bocaprint@bellsouth.net • www.bocaprint.com



**DOLLY TROTTO, GRI
REALTOR®, WCR**

(561) 638-0734 EXT 116 BUSINESS
(561) 638-9869 FAX
(800) 460-9130 TOLL FREE
dollytrotto@adelphia.net



RESIDENTIAL REAL ESTATE, INC.
16950 Jog Road, Suite #102
Delray Beach, FL 33446
www.dollytrotto.com

Owned And Operated
By NRT Incorporated



CUSTOMER APPRECIATION DAY
Sal's Monday and Tuesday All Day Blowout

**LARGE CHEESE PIZZA
\$6.95**

**Toppings Additional Charge.
Take-Out Only
Good At This Location Only • Cash Only**

Sal Bartolotta
Francesca Bartolla
7036 W. Palmetto Park Rd, Suite 58
Boca Raton, Florida 33433
Phone: 561-417-4149
Fax: 561-417-4139



**Anderson
RENTALS, INC.**

Portable Restrooms
Mobile Restroom Trailers & Shower Trailers

FLA. 1-800-553-2213
FAX 1-800-575-0789



Est. 1967

Eric Anderson
Corporate Secretary
Internet: <http://www.pottv.com>

P.O. Box 765
Mims, Florida 32754
E-mail: eaari@fdn.com

ANTE VALJIN (561) 391-2424

Ante's
WALLCOVERING

CERTIFIED BY
PAPER HANGING INSTITUTE • EUROPEAN CRAFTSMANSHIP •
CERTIFIED RALPH LAUREN TECHNIQUES APPLICATOR

405 SOUTH FEDERAL HIGHWAY (561) 362-9788
BOCA RATON, FL 33432

Elite Cleaners
"Boca's Best"

Owned & Operated by
a family of Professional Dry Cleaners
Since 1959



561/451-5850
Fax 954/427-3165

**Gullo
Graphics,
Inc.**

P.O. Box 962, Deerfield Beach, Florida 33443
cgullo@gullographics.com

Sagemark
Consulting™

A member of Lincoln Financial Group®

Lincoln Financial Advisors, Corp.
800 Fairway Drive Suite 370
Deerfield Beach, FL 33441-1829
phone 954 429-0090 Ext. 187
direct 954 354-1187
fax 954 421-2553
cell 561 504-4694
pwcarmen@LNC.com

www.LFA-Sagemark.com



561/395-1144
Eves: 561/395-1191
Fax: 561/395-1191

Daly
REALTY, INC.
REALTOR

Residential • Commercial • Waterfront



JOAN C. DALY
Licensed Real Estate Broker

499 E. Palmetto Park Road
Boca Raton, Florida 33432

BOTH AIRPORTS

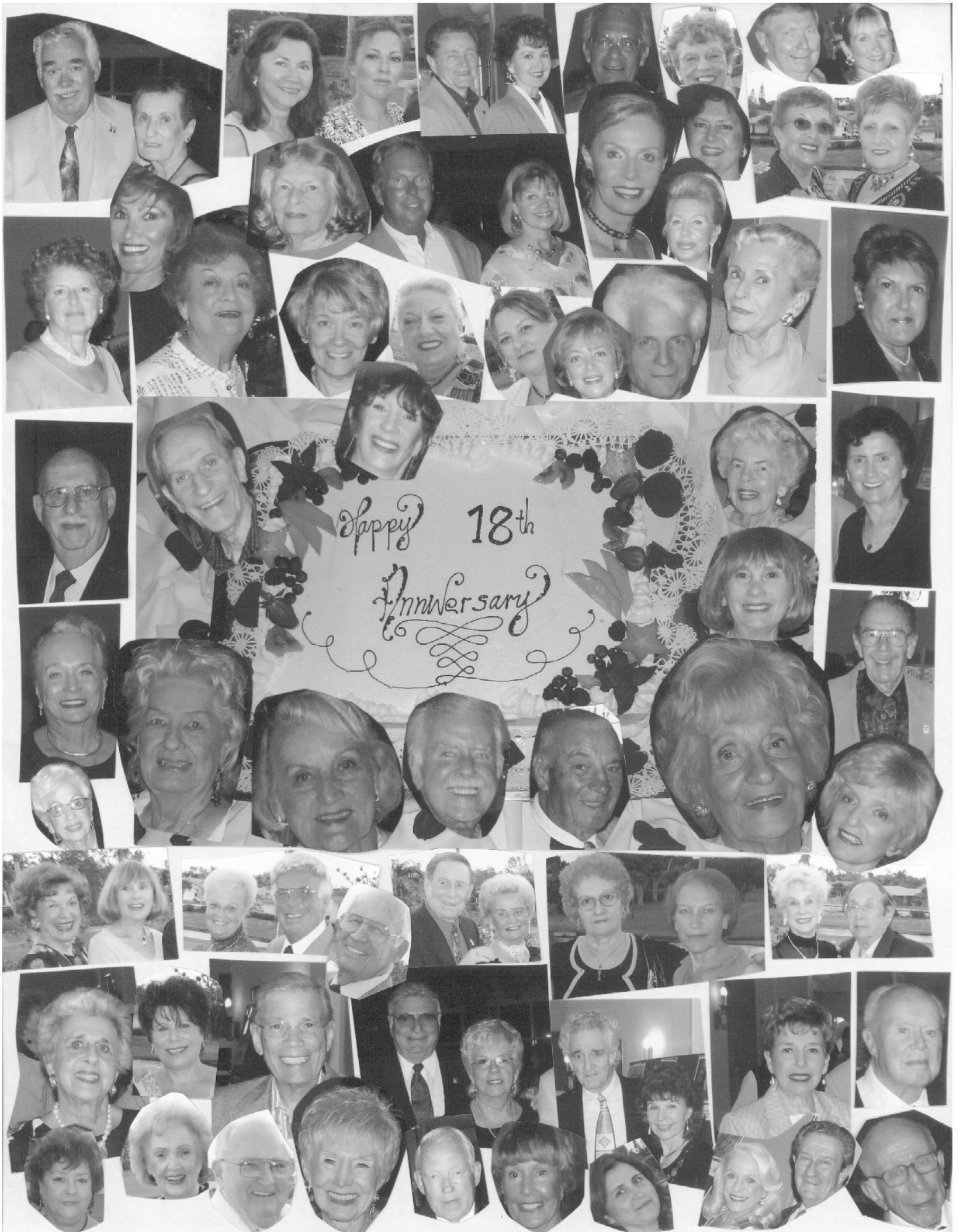
\$30

LOCAL RUNS \$12

NICE CAR/NICE PEOPLE

ON-TIME PICK-UP

561-451-4436



THE HUMANITARIAN SOCIETY, inc.

Founded in 1988 by Dr. Wayne T. Moses

CHARTER MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Dr. Wayne T. Moses - President and Founder
Louis J. Labadini - V.P. Membership/
Recording Secretary/Historian
Robert S. Cimino - Treasurer
Connie C. Lipman - Corresponding Secretary

ADVISORY BOARD

George H. Baldwin
Charles Laser
Roger St. Jacques
Janice A. Stevenson
Susie Robinson
B. Gail Boyd
Harold R. Hagelmann
Tony Napoleone
Bud Allen
Sandra H. Escobar
Carlos M. Santana, Jr.
W. Robert Reardon
Sherry T. Reardon
Anne Postma
William C. Ferris

Alexander L. Martone (Legal Counsel)
Harold R. Hagelmann (Chaplain)

TREASURER:

The books are always current and up to date and opened to the public. Robert S. Cimino,
Treasurer/Accountant - Telephone 561/392-8300

EMAIL ADDRESSES

If you have an EMAIL address and would like to receive Email from me, please let me know your Email address.....in fact, Email your address to me at our new Email address: bocahumanitarian@adelphia.net

THE HUMANITARIAN

is published bimonthly by
The Humanitarian Society, inc.
6811 Villas Drive, Boca Raton, FL 33433
(561) 362-8530
Editor: Boca Print & Graphics

The Humanitarian Society, inc.
is a tax exempt organization (501 (c) 3)
Member of the Greater Boca Raton
Chamber of Commerce.

MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

(won't you please help us help them!!!)

We do accept all Major Credit cards and it is an easy way for you to make a donation to The Humanitarian Society for their worthwhile programs. This year we need moneys more than ever and you could help by calling and say charge it or mail a generous check (TAX DEDUCTIBLE) in to us. As you know 100 percent of your moneys help the little needy children and their families as we have no salaries or administrative costs. PLEASE: WON'T YOU HELP US TODAY???

THE HUMANITARIAN NEWSLETTER

Thanks to Sherry Reardon who created our WEB site, you can now read our newsletter in its entirety for all of those who have an E-mail address. I do hope you will send, or E-mail your E-mail address to me at bocahumanitarian@adelphia.net and each of you who have E-mail can open up our Web Site <http://www.humanitariansociety.org> and select NEWSLETTER to read every other month. This way we can save 60 cents per newsletter, so please e-mail me your e-mail address now and help us save money. You can figure 60 center per member 6 times a year is \$3.60 annually we can save per member.

\$\$\$\$ NEEDED

My dear members, and friends, because of the hurricane Katrina and Wilma and other disasters we need your financial support more than ever. Won't you PLEASE send in your most generous checks today so we can continue our mission. It will be 18 years of sharing and caring for our less fortunate in March 2006 and we do need YOUR generosity in order to continue helping those in dire need in Palm Beach and Broward Counties. You can charge your donation on any major credit card if you want to - just call us and say you will help us help those less fortunate. God bless you and thank you.

FLORENCE FULLER CHILD DEVELOPMENT CENTER

Today (April 7, 2006) we sent \$15,000.00 to Florence Fuller - first 3 installments of a \$50,000.00 pledge that we made to develop (adopt) the main playground at the Florence Fuller Child Development Center for the little ones. YOU can all be very proud of this accomplishment as it is because of YOU that this was made possible. In the near future there will be a dedication so you can all see what you have done and are now a part of. THANKS from me and from those little children who would thank you if they could, so I am doing it for them.

COURTESY and REMEMBRANCE

You are cordially invited to send donations and messages to the Remembrance Fund. This is a new way for YOU to express your feelings, and have it printed in our newsletter for someone who lost a loved one or someone who is in the hospital or sick at home, birthdays, anniversaries, weddings, etc. - it is up to you. Please send all information for Courtesy and Remembrance to The Humanitarian Society, Inc. - 6811 Villas Drive, Boca Raton, Florida 33433

REGISTRATION & FINANCIAL INFORMATION

"A copy of the official registration and financial information may be obtained from the Division of Consumer Services by calling toll-free within the state 1-800-435-7352. Registration does not imply Endorsement, Approval or Recommendations by the State."

VISIT OUR WEB SITE = <http://www.humanitariansociety.org>

SEND E-MAIL to the site = bocahumanitarian@adelphia.net

DATES TO REMEMBER

ALWAYS: The Second Monday of each month - Chefs Who Care Theme Dinner Dances - PLEASE READ YOUR MONTHLY POST CARDS

(The Chef's Who Care Theme Dinner Dances are growing by "leaps and bounds" each month. What a beautiful way to spend an evening with great friends and a fellowship that can't be beat. We receive rave comments each month.



2006 CHEFS WHO CARE DINNER DATES (FOR YOUR REFRIGERATOR DOOR)

June 12	Boca Country Club	World War 2 Vets Night
July 10	Boca Country Club	Christmas in July
August 14	Boca Country Club	Dinner Dance
September 11	Boca Country Club	Dinner Dance
October 9	Boca Country Club	Rose Ball
November 13	Boca Country Club	Thanksgiving
December 11	Boca Country Club	Christmas

AMERICA'S NATIONAL ANTHEM

"ALL FOUR STANZAS" By Isaac Asimov

I have a weakness—I am crazy, absolutely nuts, about our national anthem. The words are difficult and the tune is almost impossible, but frequently when I'm taking a shower I sing it with as much power and emotion as I can. It shakes me up every time. I was once asked to speak at a luncheon. Taking my life in my hands, I announced I was going to sing our national anthem—all four stanzas. This was greeted with loud groans. One man closed the door to the kitchen, where the noise of dishes and cutlery was loud and distracting. "Thanks, Herb," I said. "That's alright," he said. "It was at the request of the kitchen staff." I explained the background of the anthem and then sang all four stanzas. Let me tell you, those people had never heard it before—or had never really listened. I got a standing ovation. But it was NOT me; it was the anthem.

More recently, while conducting a seminar, I told my students the story of the anthem and sang ALL four stanzas. Again there was a wild ovation and prolonged applause. And again, it was the anthem and NOT me.

So now let me tell you how it came to be written. In 1812, the United States went to war with Great Britain, primarily over 'freedom of the seas'. We were in the right. For two years, we held off the British, even though we were still a rather weak country. Great Britain was in a life and death struggle with Napoleon. In fact, just as the United States declared war, Napoleon marched off to invade Russia. If he won, as everyone expected, he would control Europe, and Great Britain would be isolated. It was no time for her to be involved in an American war. At first, our seamen proved better than the British. After we won a battle on Lake Erie in 1813, the American commander, Oliver Hazard Perry, sent the message "We have met the enemy and they are ours." However, the weight of the British navy beat down our ships eventually. New England, hard-hit by a tightening blockade, threatened secession.

Meanwhile, Napoleon was beaten in Russia and in 1814 was forced to abdicate. Great Britain now turned its attention to the United States, launching a 'three-pronged' attack. The northern prong was to come down Lake Champlain toward New York and seize parts of New England. The southern prong was to go up the Mississippi, take New Orleans and paralyze the west. The central prong was to head for the mid-Atlantic states and then attack Baltimore, the greatest port south of New York. If Baltimore was taken, the nation, which still hugged the Atlantic coast, could be split in two. The fate of the United States, then, rested to a large extent on the success or failure of the central prong.

The British reached the American coast, and on August 24, 1814, took Washington, D.C. Then they moved up the Chesapeake Bay toward Baltimore. On September 12, they arrived and found 1000 men in Fort McHenry, whose guns controlled the harbor. If the British wished to take Baltimore, they would have to take the fort. On

one of the British ships was an aged physician, William Beanes, who had been arrested in Maryland and brought along as a prisoner. Francis Scott Key, a lawyer and friend of the physician, had come to the ship to 'negotiate' his release. The British captain was willing, but the two Americans would have to wait. It was now the night of September 13, and the 'bombardment' of Fort McHenry was about to start.

As twilight deepened, Key and Beanes saw the American flag flying over Fort McHenry. Through the night, they heard bombs bursting and saw the red glare of rockets. They knew the fort was resisting, and the American flag was still flying. But toward morning the bombardment ceased, and a dread silence fell. Either Fort McHenry had surrendered and the British flag flew above it, or the bombardment had failed and the American flag still flew.

As dawn began to brighten the eastern sky, Key and Beanes stared out at the fort, trying to see which flag flew over it. He and the physician must have asked each other over and over, "Can you see the flag?" After it was all finished, Key wrote a four stanza poem telling the events of the night. Called "The Defence of Fort McHenry," it was published in newspapers and swept the nation. Someone noted that the words fit an old English tune called "To Anacreon in Heaven"—a difficult melody with an uncomfortably large vocal range. For obvious reasons, Key's work became known as "The Star Spangled Banner", and in 1931 Congress declared it the 'official anthem' of the United States. Now that you know the story, here are the words. Presumably, the old doctor is speaking. This is what he asks Key:

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming? And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof through' the night that our flag was still there. Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

("Ramparts," in case you don't know, are the protective walls or other elevations that surround a fort.) The first stanza asks a question. The second gives an answer: On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep. As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream 'Tis the star-spangled banner. Oh! long may it wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

("The towering steep" is again, the ramparts.) The bombardment has failed, and the British can do nothing more but sail away, their mission a failure. In the third stanza, I feel Key allows himself to gloat over the American triumph. In the aftermath of the bombardment, Key probably was in no mood to act otherwise. Since the time of that war (1812), the British have been our staunchest allies, hence this third stanza has not been sung. However, I know it, so here it is:

And where is that band who so dauntingly swore That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion A home and a country should leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution. No refuge could save the hireling and slave From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave, And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. The fourth stanza, a pious hope for the future, should be sung more slowly than the other three and with even deeper feeling:

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the war's desolation, Blest with vic'ry and peace, may the Heav'n - rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation. Then conquer we must, for our cause is just, And this be our motto:—"In God is our trust." And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

I hope you will look at the national anthem with new eyes. Listen to it, the next time you have a chance, with new ears. And don't let ANYONE ever take it away!!!! PS: MY FRIENDS, I DR. WAYNE T. MOSES, AS YOU ALL KNOW, LOVE THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AND OUR FLAG WHICH PROUDLY FLIES FREELY ON A LOVELY BRONZE FLAG POLE ABOVE MY HOME. I HAD TO FIGHT HOAs TO KEEP IT FLYING ON A BEAUTIFUL FLAG POLE, BUT THANK GOD, AND THANK GOV. JEB BUSH, WE WERE VICTORIOUS!!! AND PLEASE, don't get me started on HOAs as they are a ROADWAY TO HELL ran by dictators, Gestapo and Hitlers. AMEN!!!

POEM THAT GIVES YOU GOOSEBUMPS

A drunk man in an Oldsmobile They said had run the light
That caused the six-car pileup On 109 that night. When broken
bodies lay about And blood was everywhere, The sirens
screamed out eulogies, For death was in the air. A mother,
trapped inside her car, Was heard above the noise; Her plaintive
plea near split the air: "Oh, God, please spare my boys!" She
fought to loose her pinned hands; She struggled to get free, But
mangled metal held her fast In grim captivity. Her frightened
eyes then focused On where the back seat once had been But all
she saw was broken glass and Two children's seats crushed in.
Her twins were nowhere to be seen; She did not hear them cry, "
And then she prayed they'd been thrown free, "Oh, God, don't let
them die!" Then firemen came and cut her loose, But when they
searched the back, They found therein no little boys, But the seat
belts were intact. They thought the woman had gone mad And
was traveling alone, But when they turned to question her, They
discovered she was gone. Policemen saw her running wild And
screaming above the noise In beseeching supplication, "Please
help me find my boys!" "They're four years old and wear blue
shirts; "Their jeans are blue to match." One cop spoke up,
"They're in my car", "And they don't have a scratch." "They
said their daddy put them there And gave them each a cone, "
"Then told them both to wait for Mom To come and take them
home." "I've searched the area high and low, " "But I can't find
their dad." "He must have fled the scene, " "I guess, and that is
very bad." The mother hugged the twins and said, While wiping
at a tear, "He could not flee the scene, you see, " "For he's been
dead a year." The cop just looked confused and asked, "Now,
how can that be true?" The boys said, "Mommy, Daddy came "
"And left a kiss for you." "He told us not to worry" "And that
you would be all right," "And then he put us in this car with The
pretty, flashing light. He wanted him to stay with us, because we
miss him so, But Mommy, he just hugged us tight And said he
had to go. He said someday we'd understand "And told us not
to fuss, " "And he said to tell you, Mommy, " "He's watching
over us." The mother knew without a doubt That what they
spoke was true, For she recalled their dad's last words, " I will
watch over you." The firemen's notes could not explain The
twisted, mangled car, And how the three of them escaped
Without a single scar. But on the cop's report was scribed, In
print so very fine, An angel walked the beat tonight on Highway
109. The 7 Second Prayer, Just repeat this phrase and see how
God moves.. "Lord, I love you and I need you, come into my
heart, and bless my family, my home, my friends, and me. Amen.
" Give this message to 7 people - You will receive a miracle
tomorrow. He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to
Spare!!!!

BRAVO CAL THOMAS

Observing the pro-immigration demonstrations in Phoenix,
Los Angeles, Atlanta and elsewhere in recent days, I wondered:
whose country is this? Why are many illegal aliens who broke our
laws to get here and who continue to break our laws to stay here,
demanding that the United States not only allow them to remain,
but support them with the taxes of law-abiding citizens?

Have we gone mad?

"Thousands Rally For Immigrants' Rights" read a headline
about the Phoenix march. What rights? If they are here illegally,
they have the right to leave. They have no rights under our
Constitution, anymore than I might expect the rights of a Mexican
citizen should I choose to live illegally in Mexico. Marchers in Los
Angeles carried Mexican flags, which should tell us about their
primary allegiance.

There were work stoppages and school walkouts. Every per-
son who left school or job should be required to prove they are in
America legally. If they cannot, or will not, they should be deemed
illegals and deported.

THANK YOU LETTERS RECEIVED

Dear Dr. Wayne & Lou:

Thank you so very much for your visit and your interest in help-
ing our children - - along with the many other fine caring things that
you continue to do for this community at large. Any town would be
proud to have individuals like you two leading the way to help those
in need. We will draft an agreement to cover a multi year \$5,000.00
arrangement which, in turn, will give you the opportunity to ADOPT
our main playground. I think that this will offer many FEEL GOOD
opportunities for your members in the coming years. I look forward to
seeing this project finalized and a dedication held before I leave the
Centers. It will be a most rewarding occasion for me as well. My best
to you and your members who, together, are making life better for oth-
ers. Sincerely, Anna Marie King, Director of Development

Dear Humanitarians: I would like to take this opportunity to
thank you for the donation of 895 \$10.00 calling cards that you have
provided for our Florida National Guard Soldiers while they are
deployed. Due to your generous donation, we will continue to be able
to assist Guard families for contacting their loved ones. If we can be of
any service to you, please feel free to call upon us at 1-800-226-0360.
On behalf of our families, we are extremely thankful and appreciative
for your contribution. Sincerely, Bobbie O. Hall, Chief Warrant
Officer Four, Florida National Guard, State Family Readiness Director
(Department of the Army and the Air Force, Office of the Adjutant
General, St. Francis Barracks, St. Augustine, Florida)

Dear Dr. Wayne T: The N. E. Focal Point Thrift Shop thanks you
for your donations. Quality merchandise of this nature will upgrade
our shop and increase our sales. Your donations helps us enhance the
lives of others. Again, thank you for your assistance and continued
support. Sincerely, Robert Matteson, Thrift Shop Manager

Dear Dr. Wayne, Lou and members of the Humanitarian Society:
We are extremely gratified that you responded to our request for help
with a generous contribution and long term pledge for children
enrolled at the Florence Fuller Centers. Your dollars will be used to
restore and maintain the east front playground and your name will be
displayed on a recognition plaque in the area. We look forward to
everyone attending an unveiling reception. It is with pleasure and sin-
cere gratitude that we send our thanks. Your thoughtful gift will help
to assure the continuation of our tradition of providing quality inclu-
sive childcare and family support in preparation for a lifetime of posi-
tive learning. Sincerely, Anna Marie King, Director of Development.

JESUS AND THE REDNECK

An Irishman in a wheelchair entered a restaurant one afternoon
and asked the waitress for a cup of coffee. The Irishman looked across
the restaurant and asked, "Is that Jesus sitting over there?" The wait-
ress nodded "yes," so the Irishman told her to give Jesus a cup of cof-
fee on him.

The next patron to come in was an Englishman with a hunched
back. He shuffled over to a booth, painfully sat down, and asked the
waitress for a cup of hot tea. He also glanced across the restaurant and
asked, "Is that Jesus over there?" The waitress nodded, so the
Englishman said to give Jesus a cup of hot tea, "my treat."

The third patron to come into the restaurant was a Redneck on
crutches. He hobbled over to a booth, sat down and hollered, "Hey
there, sweet thang. How's about gettin' me a cold glass of Coke!" He,
too, looked across the restaurant and asked, "Is that God's boy over
there?" The waitress once more allowed as how it certainly was, so the
Redneck said to give Jesus a cold glass of Coke, "on my bill".

As Jesus got up to leave, he passed by the Irishman, touched him
and said, "For your kindness, you are healed." The Irishman felt the
strength come back into his legs, got up, and danced a jig out the door.

Jesus also passed by the Englishman, touched him and said, "For
your kindness, you are healed." The Englishman felt his back straight-
ening up, and he raised his hands, praised the Lord and did a series of
back flips out the door.

Then Jesus walked towards the Redneck. The Redneck jumped up
and yelled, "Don't touch me. I'm drawin' disability. "

THE SANDPIPER BY ROBERT PETERSON

(a true story)

She was six years old when I first met her on the beach near where I live. I drive to this beach, a distance of three or four miles, whenever the world begins to close in on me. She was building a sand castle or something and looked up, her eyes as blue as the sea. "Hello," she said. I answered with a nod, not really in the mood to bother with a small child. "I'm building," she said. "I see that. What is it?" I asked, not really caring. "Oh, I don't know, I just like the feel of sand." That sounds good, I thought, and slipped off my shoes.

A sandpiper glided by. "That's a joy," the child said. "It's a what?" "It's a joy. My mama says sandpipers come to bring us joy." The bird went gliding down the beach. Good-bye joy, I muttered to myself, hello pain, and turned to walk on. I was depressed, my life seemed completely out of balance. "What's your name?" She wouldn't give up. "Robert," I answered. "I'm Robert Peterson." "Mine's Wendy... I'm six." "Hi, Wendy." She giggled. "You're funny," she said. In spite of my gloom, I laughed too and walked on. Her musical giggle followed me. "Come again, Mr. P," she called "We'll have another happy day."

After a few days of a group of unruly Boy Scouts, PTA meetings, and an ailing mother, the sun was shining one morning as I took my hands out of the dishwasher. I need a sandpiper, I said to myself, gathering up my coat. The ever-changing balm of the seashore awaited me. The breeze was chilly but I strode along, trying to recapture the serenity I needed. "Hello, Mr. P," she said. "Do you want to play?" "What did you have in mind?" I asked, with a twinge of annoyance. "I don't know. You say." "How about charades?" I asked sarcastically. The tinkling laughter burst forth again. "I don't know what that is." "Then let's just walk." Looking at her, I noticed the delicate fairness of her face. "Where do you live?" I asked. "Over there." She pointed toward a row of summer cottages. Strange, I thought, in winter. "Where do you go to school?" "I don't go to school. Mommy says we're on vacation."

She chattered little girl talk as we strolled up the beach, but my mind was on other things. When I left for home, Wendy said it had been a happy day. Feeling surprisingly better, I smiled at her and agreed.

Three weeks later, I rushed to my beach in a state of near panic. I was in no mood to even greet Wendy. I thought I saw her mother on the porch and felt like demanding she keep her child at home. "Look, if you don't mind," I said crossly when Wendy caught up with me, "I'd rather be alone today." She seemed unusually pale and out of breath. "Why?" she asked. I turned to her and shouted, "Because my mother died!" and thought, My God, why was I saying this to a little child? "Oh," she said quietly, "then this is a bad day." "Yes," I said, "and yesterday and the day before and—oh, go away!" "Did it hurt?" she inquired. "Did what hurt?" I was exasperated with her, and with myself. "When she died?" "Of course it hurt!" I snapped, misunderstanding, wrapped up in myself. I strode off.

A month or so after that, when I next went to the beach, she wasn't there. Feeling guilty, ashamed and admitting to myself I missed her, I went up to the cottage after my walk and knocked at the door. A drawn looking young woman with honey-colored hair opened the door. "Hello," I said, "I'm Robert Peterson. I missed your little girl today and wondered where she was." "Oh yes, Mr. Peterson, please come in. Wendy spoke of you so much. I'm afraid I allowed her to bother you. If she was a nuisance, please, accept my apologies." "Not at all — she's a delightful child" I said, suddenly realizing that I meant what I had just said.

"Wendy died last week, Mr. Peterson. She had leukemia. Maybe she didn't tell you." Struck dumb, I groped for a chair. I had to catch my breath. "She loved this beach so when she asked to come, we couldn't say no. She seemed so much better here and had a lot of what she called happy days. But the last few weeks, she declined rapidly." Her voice faltered, "she left something for you ... if only I can find it. Could you wait a moment while I look?" I nodded stupidly, my mind racing for something to say to this lovely young woman. She handed me a smeared envelope with "MR. P" printed in bold childish letters. Inside was a drawing in bright crayon hues — a yellow beach, a blue sea, and a brown bird. Underneath was carefully printed: A SANDPIPER TO BRING YOU JOY.

Tears welled up in my eyes and a heart that had almost forgotten to love opened wide. I took Wendy's mother in my arms. "I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry," I uttered over and over, and we wept together. The precious little picture is framed now and hangs in my study. Six words — one for each year of her life — that speak to me of harmony, courage, and undemanding love. A gift from a child with sea blue eyes and hair the color of sand — who taught me the gift of love.

NOTE: This is a true story sent out by Robert Peterson. It happened over 20 years ago, and the incident changed his life forever. It serves as a reminder to all of us that we need to take time to enjoy living, and life, and each other. The price of hating other human beings is loving ones self less. Life is so complicated, the hustle and bustle of everyday traumas can make us lose focus about what is truly important or what is only a momentary setback or crisis.

This week, be sure to give your loved ones an extra hug, and by all means, take a moment...even if it is only ten seconds, to stop and smell the roses. This comes from someone's heart, and is read with many, and now I share it with you.

May God Bless everyone that is reading this! There are NO coincidences! Everything that happens to us happens for a reason. Never brush aside anyone as insignificant. Who knows what they can teach us? I wish for you, a SANDPIPER.....

CAR ACCIDENT

Connie Lipman has been in North Broward Hospital after suffering a fractured ankle in a car accident. She is wearing a walking cast and is (at this writing on March 29) now in Physical Therapy. She does walk a short distance on a walker. She is a very fortunate lady as she knows. Keep your prayers with her and if you want to send her a card you can call me for her address and phone number, as I do not like to put it in writing for everyone to see. Of course, my number is 561/362-8530. (April 7, 2006) Connie is now home and doing quite well. She does have help come in for Physical Therapy a few times a week and also has an aide for a few hours each day, so she is in good hands.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Nonna and Nonno Bartolotta (Francesca & Salvatore) and to Nonna (Concetta) and the late Nonno (Angelo) Sculara on their new grandson, Salvatore Angelo Bartolotta, son of Fabio and Marie Bartolotta, born on March 2, 2006. This is their first grandchild so you know he will be spoiled. Fabio's brother Filippo is a proud uncle.



Salvatore Angelo Bartolotta

\$\$\$\$ THANK YOU

(General donations and horse show donations)

Bonnie & Jerry Mason, Nancy & John Owens, Dorothy LeCronier, Tony & Catherine Ardizzone, Winnie Quick, Anne Postma, Frank & Marjory Grande, Chuck & Glenda Laser, Harold & Mary Ann Perper, Bobbi Bernstein, Betty & Jim Maguire, Rose Cassandra, Orla Englander, Jean Tyburski, Estate of Seena Lavine, Lourenco & Antoniette Faria, George & Loretta Baldwin, Elenore Reed.

THANK YOU (in-kind items)

Tom Carlesi (computer equipment, printer and software), Rick Newman (furniture and dishes), Audrey Burch for table top TV, Connie Lipman for clothes, Bonnie Peck for clothing and miscellaneous. Shilah Kurla for children's items & furniture

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Dear Friends, In tears we saw you sinking, we watched you fade away, you suffered much in silence, you fought so hard to stay.

You faced your task with courage, your spirit did not bend, but still you kept on fighting, until the very end. God saw you getting tired, when a cure was not to be, so He put His arms around you and whispered, "Come with Me." It broke our hearts to lose you, but you did not go alone, for part of us went with you, the day God called you home. We love you and will see you soon. We do not forget you and we remain your loving family.



Dorothy O'Brien, Lillian (Lilly) Sonsini, Seena Lavine, William "Bill" L. Thorstad, Lois Landino, Dr. Stephen D. Sherman, Nino Sabatini, Herman F. Hinz, Jr., Nicole Tamborini, Robert L. Bartholomew, John W. Ennis, John V. Matteis, Robert F. Shelton, Donald E. Irwin, Bernard Sheldon Young, Robert "Bob" Babione, Michael Pietri, Thomas J. Arria, Robert S. Barna, Warren "Buck" Beaver, Marion Y. Betzenderfer, Dina P. Boichot, Edward A. Brady, R. Prentice Budd, Robert J. Daly, Pat D'Amato, Lewis C. Davis, Lois L. Deicke, Ainslie Dencker, Sophia A. Edwards, Betty U. Evans, David Evans, Frances M. Foster, Viola A. Fox, Joe Fredman, Betsey H. Freiburger, Loretta Stanley, Jane G. Gladfelter, Robert Glicklin, Jarmila Goinga, Irene N. Goldberg, Harry T. Gray, Natalie Greenberg, William P. Hannah, Virginia Healy, Mary L. Heyer, Helen Heyman, Marjorie N. Hill, A. J. Norris Hill, June Howell, Gertrude T. Ingrisich, Walter Kahn Dorothy L. Keller, Mathilde L. Kiel, Alan M. Kridel, Lorraine Stanley, Guy LaFerrera, Elizabeth "Betty" LaRocca, Dr. Saul P. Lehv, David E. Lewis, Margaret K. Lindemann, Kathleen L. Lindner, Dr. Alfred J. Lippman, Rosalind M. Lippman, Edith "Edie" Locke, Rosalie MacDonald, Margaret "Peggy" M. Marshall, Lewis H. Mayne, E. Gladys Meisner, Harry A. Michel, Norman Mitchell, George Molinaro, Israel Moses, Sidney H. Nash, Dorothy "Dee" Nichols, Frank J. O'Connor, Grethe Olesen, Thomas P. Pepitone, Lawrence "Larry" K. Pike, Dolores Polletti, Fedor Previc, Irma K. Rabinowe, Marie S. Rattner, Amb. Leonard Rochwarger, Edward W. Rusczyk, Count Adolphe de Hoernle, Barbara D. Rush, Ralph I. Schell, Carol Sonet, Evvilla "Billie" F. Stanley, Minerva Steele, Marcella Stevenson, Helen M. Tewksbury, Isabel Van Vechten, Patricia K. Sweeney, Arthur B. Tuttle, George B. Van Zee, David C. Wilbert, Margaret (Peggy) B. Smalle, Dolores A. Mutter, Carmen A. Danella, Shirley-Jayne Loberbaum, Kathleen Lindner, F. Dent Sharp, Dorothy "Dottie" D. Allen, Jean Schaefer, Nicholas A. Jeantet, Dolina "Denny" Burnett, Walter Herring, Raymond (Bud) A. Grawburg, John Hinman, George F. Jaeger, James C. McNeese, Thomas J. Dinan, Mae M. Chastain, Nunzio C. DiBattista, Margaret "Peggy" Dunn, Ruth Mitchell (Mrs. Norman), Alice McCarroll, Jo Newswanger, Lucille D'Orazio, Mary Collins Eastman, Barbara Anderson, Roland N. Price, Sam Martino, Elisabeth Previc-Foster, Winifred M. Ennis

PRAYER LIST

Connie Lipman, Elenore Reed, Ray Schroeder, Janet Campagnone, Mildred MacIntosh, Orla Englander, Lenny Magazzolo, Mary Trionfo, Claire Sylvia, Dr. Helen Denny Feuer, Leah Adamo.
(PS: My dear friends, if you know of anyone that needs prayers, please let me know so we can put them on our "Prayer List.")

TEN THINGS GOD WON'T ASK YOU

1. God won't ask what kind of car you drove. He'll ask how many people you drove who didn't have transportation.
2. God won't ask the square footage of your house, He'll ask how many people you welcomed into your home.
3. God won't ask about the clothes you had in your closet, He'll ask how many you helped to clothe.
4. God won't ask what your highest salary was. He'll ask if you compromised your character to obtain it.
5. God won't ask what your job title was. He'll ask if you performed your job to the best of your ability.
6. God won't ask how many friends you had. He'll ask how many people to whom you were a friend.
7. God won't ask in what neighborhood you lived, He'll ask how you treated your neighbors.
8. God won't ask about the color of your skin, He'll ask about the content of your character.
9. God won't ask why it took you so long to seek Salvation. He'll lovingly take you to your mansion in heaven, and not to the gates of Hell.
10. God won't have to ask how many people you will give this to; He already knows your decision.

SYMPATHY

Elinore Chase, beloved mother of Cheryl C. Jalbert, passed away (3/06) after a long illness. Please remember Cheryl and her family in your prayers. Just got word that Winifred "Winnie" Ennis passed away - Winnie was a wonderful member for years!

God looked around His Garden and found an empty place. He then looked down upon the earth and saw your tired face. He put His arms around you, and lifted you to rest; God's Garden must be beautiful, He always takes the best. He knew that you were suffering, He knew you were in pain. He knew that you would never get well on earth again. He saw the road was getting rough, and the hills were hard to climb, so He closed your weary eyelids and whispered, "Peace be thine." It broke our hearts to lose you, but you didn't go alone for a part of us went with you the day God called you home.

WHAT A WONDERFUL WAY TO EXPLAIN DEATH

What a wonderful way to explain it. A sick man turned to his doctor, as he was preparing to leave the examination room and said, "Doctor, I am afraid to die. Tell me what lies on the other side." Very quietly, the doctor said, "I don't know." "You don't know? You, a Christian man, do not know what is on the other side?" The doctor was holding the handle of the door; from the other side came a sound of scratching and whining, and as he opened the door, a dog sprang into the room and leaped on him with an eager show of gladness. Turning to the patient, the doctor said, "Did you see my dog's behavior? He's never been in this room before. He didn't know what was inside. He knew nothing except that his master was here, and when the door opened, he sprang in without fear. I know little of what is on the other side of death, but I know my Master is there and that is enough."

THANK YOU (BABY BOTTLE MONEY)

Rose Cassandra, Marianna Garsi, Gerry & Bonnie Mason, Phyllis Kennedy, Gerry Green-Perrer, Louis Sarafian. Sal's Ristorante (Sal & Francesca Bartolotta, Owners), Lou J. Labadini, Marlee's Restaurant

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Charles Massaria Ann Marie Massaria Robert Stanton
George O'Sullivan Harriet Abrams (LIFE MEMBER)
Thomas Carlesi Robert Stanton

AMERICANS WHERE ARE YOU?

(Author: Jim Nixon, US Army, Retired)

My childhood days were pleasant and nice No worry about illegal aliens and all the nice Streets and neighborhoods were always safe. America was a wonderful place. Through the years, many changes came about But few Americans stood up to complain or shout Events came about which caused us to fear But no one complained to hold America dear. I thought 9/11 would cause Americans to wake up And to demand a complete Government shakeup The American flag flew high and wide With loyalty and pride at each persons side. Time has past and so has the theme America has been lost in that wonderful dream Illegal aliens are the cause and what has been done? Our borders still open to everyone. The INS was the Government's blame The inefficiency of this agency is a shame Examinations showed our Government was at fault But Americans did not demand a halt. Illegal aliens come here by the thousands a day But Americans do not have anything to say Many go about their merry old way, Soon it will be too late for them to have their say. Over \$200,000 dollars are being spent in Phoenix city To be used for a hiring hall for illegal aliens-what a pity! There is a town in Texas where English cannot be used This is another case where my language is abused. Democrats want the Hispanic vote And welcome illegal aliens who come by boat Republicans want the cheap labor here to stay These political parties must wake up- I pray. Some states grant illegal aliens licenses to drive This will aid and permit their illegal activities to survive Crime, drug smuggling and murder occur every day, That seems to be the current American way. Mexican consulates give Matriculas ID cards for their people here. This is another problem that is quite clear. This is an alternative form of ID's for some And for our elected officials to accept these are dumb. We have legal means to come here Why don't people follow this and adhere. America is not the place I once knew To solve this, many Americans don't even have a clue The concept of Aztlan is to take over the southwest This is very serious and not a jest The movement is very active and real And seven U. S. states they want to steal. Aztlan is not immigration- annexation is the correct name With over 13 million illegal aliens in the U. S., We are to blame. Aztlan's goal is to take over in about 8 years Unless Americans do something, we are all going to be in tears. The area of the U. S. is 3.6 million square miles or their about This area cannot be increased, there is no doubt. Our current population is 281 million or more By 2050 it will be 500 million if we don't shut the door! We Americans must get involved To get this monumental problem solved. If we still want America to be the home of the brave we better wake up or become a Mexican slave. If nothing is done to protect the U.S. of A. The choice is clear, what more can I say, The facts are there and well known to me Let's get politicians to hear our plea. Americans- Where are you? What are you going to do? Stand up for your right! Get in there and fight!

HUMANITARIANS SALUTE WORLD WAR 2 VETERANS and \$\$\$\$ THANK YOU TO HELP UNDERWRITE THE EVENING

On Monday, June 12, 2006, we celebrated with thanks a few of our World War 2 Veterans. Lou, Dominick DiFiglia and myself chaired this wonderful gala and you will receive the whole story in the next newsletter (July/August Newsletter). Thank the following for helping to underwrite this beautiful evening: Elenore Reed, Christine A. Gudasky, Frank Orcel, Chuck & Glenda Laser, Dr. Wayne T. Moses, Louis J. Labadini. It doesn't matter how much you gave as every penny helps build up our coffers. If you care to help just call 561/362-8530 to let us know. We do thank all major credit cards and, of course we also accept cash and checks.



L-R: Dr. Wayne, Pam Leon, Ray Cloninger, Bonnie Phillips, Lou Labadini

2006 CHALLENGE OF CHAMPIONS WORLD CLASS CHARITY HORSE SHOW (OUR 8TH YEAR)

Yes, we are all ready working on the next Horse Show. The dates will be November 9, 10 & 11, 2006 and we will celebrate 7 & 8 years combined. Mark your calendar now and support this worthy fund raiser for the needy children and families in Palm Beach and Broward Counties. Winnie Quick is our first Bronze Sponsor for the Horse Show 2006. Thanks, Winnie - you are always there for us.

CHARLES PLUMB - NAVY JET PILOT

Charles Plumb was a US Navy jet pilot in Vietnam. After 75 combat missions, his plane was destroyed by a surface-to-air missile. Plumb ejected and parachuted into enemy hands. He was captured and spent 6 years in a communist Vietnamese prison. He survived the ordeal and now lectures on lessons learned from that experience!

One day, when Plumb and his wife were sitting in a restaurant, a man at another table came up and said, "You're Plumb! You flew jet fighters in Vietnam from the aircraft carrier Kitty Hawk. You were shot down!" "How in the world did you know that?" asked Plumb. "I packed your parachute," the man replied. Plumb gasped in surprise and gratitude. The man pumped his hand and said, "I guess it worked!" Plumb assured him, "It sure did. If your chute hadn't worked, I wouldn't be here today."

Plumb couldn't sleep that night, thinking about that man. Plumb says, I kept wondering what he had looked like in a Navy uniform: a white hat; a bib in the back; and bell-bottom trousers. I wonder how many times I might have seen him and not even said 'Good morning, how are you?' or anything because, you see, I was a fighter pilot and he was just a sailor." Plumb thought of the many hours the sailor had spent at a long wooden table in the bowels of the ship, carefully weaving the shrouds and folding the silks of each chute, holding in his hands each time the fate of someone he didn't know.

Now, Plumb asks his audience, "Who's packing your parachute?" Everyone has someone who provides what they need to make it through the day. He also points out that he needed many kinds of parachutes when his plane was shot down over enemy territory — he needed his physical parachute, his mental parachute, his emotional parachute, and his spiritual parachute. He called on all these supports before reaching safety.

Sometimes in the daily challenges that life gives us, we miss what is really important. We may fail to say hello, please, or thank you, congratulate someone on something wonderful that has happened to them, give a compliment, or just do something nice for no reason. As you go through this week, this month, this year, recognize people who pack your parachutes.

So, my friends, I am sending you this in this newsletter as my way of thanking you for your part in packing my parachute and that of the Humanitarian Society, Inc. . And I hope you cut it out and will send it on to those who have helped pack yours!

GEORGE CARLIN ON HURRICANE KATRINA IN NEW ORLEANS

"Been sitting here with my a— in a wad, wanting to speak out about the bullish— going on in New Orleans. For the people of New Orleans...First we would like to say, Sorry for your loss. With that said, Let's go through a few hurricane rules: First of all it was a hurricane, NOT an earthquake. WE KNEW IT WAS COMING.

#1. A mandatory evacuation means just that...Get the hell out!!! Don't blame the Government after they tell you to go. If they hadn't said anything, I can see the argument. They said get out... if you didn't, it's your fault, not theirs. I don't want to hear this sh— about how you couldn't. If you don't have a car, you have feet; you have a thumb; and there were buses that came and no one rode out!?!"

#2. If there is an emergency and you plan not to evacuate, stock up on water and non perishables (and rubber rafts). If you didn't do this, it's not the Government's fault you're starving and wet.

#2a. If you run out of food and water, find a store that has some. Remember, shoes, TV's, DVD's and CD's are NOT edible. Leave them alone!

#2b. If the local store has been looted of food or water, leave your neighbor's TV and stereo alone. (See #2a) They worked their a— off to get their stuff. Just because they were smart enough to leave during a mandatory evacuation and you were stupid enough to stay doesn't give you the right to take their sh—...it's theirs, not yours.

#2c. If you're one of those a—— who subjected their children to this disaster by staying in New Orleans, putting what you wanted to do before their safety, then you need to be prosecuted for endangering their lives. If you are a person who stole non edible items in front of your children then you should be prosecuted for contributing to the delinquency of minors. And if your child was hurt, became ill due to the conditions or died during this disaster, then your a— should be executed.

#3. If someone comes in to help you don't friggn shoot at them and then complain no one is trying to help you!!! I'm not getting my a— shot to help save some stupid son of a b—— who didn't leave when he was told to.

#4. If you are in your house that is completely under water odds are your belongings are too far gone for anyone to want them so saying that is the reason for staying put is ridiculous. If someone does want them, let them have them and hopefully they'll die in the filth. Just leave! It's New Orleans, for Christ's sake - find a voodoo warrior and put a curse on them.

#5. MY tax money should not pay to rebuild a 2 million dollar house, a sports stadium or a floating casino. Also, MY tax money shouldn't go to rebuild a city that is under sea level. You wouldn't build your house on quicksand would you? You want to live below sea-level, do your country some good and join the Navy.

#6. Regardless of what the Poverty Pimps Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton want you to believe, The US Government didn't create the hurricane as a way to eradicate the black people of New Orleans and the Russians didn't do it as a way to destroy America. The US Government didn't cause global warming that caused the hurricane. For crying out loud, we've been coming out of an ice age for over a million years!!!

#7. The government isn't responsible for giving you anything. This is the land of the free and the home of the brave, but you gotta work for what you want. McDonalds and Wal-Mart are always hiring, get a damn job and stop spooning off the people who are actually working for a living.

#8. This situation was the fault of your state's power-hungry Governor (dumb b—h didn't want to admit she wasn't in control and hand things over to FEMA and National Guard) and your proud, but innately ignorant Mayor . . . the year after he was elected, Nagin took ALL the \$4.5 Million in emergency funds allocated to assist New Orleans' residents in just this type disaster and used them to teach minority kids to play sports. So if you're up to your waist in muck and starving, ask a kid with a basketball for some assistance because he is the one that got all the money for just such an emergency. "Thank you for allowing me to rant."

GO GEORGE CARLIN!!!! GO!!!! YOU SAID IT ALL AND RIGHT ON TARGET!!!

DOES EVIL EXIST???????

A University professor at a well known institution of higher learning challenged his students with this question. "Did God create everything that exists?" A student bravely replied, "Yes he did!" "God created everything?" The professor asked. "Yes sir, he certainly did," the student replied. The professor answered, "If God created everything; then God created evil. And, since evil exists, and according to the principal that our works define who we are, then we can assume God is evil." The student became quiet and did not answer the professor's hypothetical definition. The professor, quite pleased with himself, boasted to the students that he had proven once more that the Christian faith was a myth.

Another student raised his hand and said, "May I ask you a question, professor?" "Of course", replied the professor. The student stood up and asked, "Professor, does cold exist?"

"What kind of question is this? Of course it exists. Have you never been cold?" The other students snickered at the young man's question. The young man replied, "In fact sir, cold does not exist. According to the laws of physics, what we consider cold is in reality the absence of heat. Every body or object is susceptible to study when it has or transmits energy, and heat is what makes a body or matter have or transmit energy. Absolute zero (-460 F) is the total absence of heat; and all matter becomes inert and incapable of reaction at that temperature. Cold does not exist. We have created this word to describe how we feel if we have no heat."

The student continued, "Professor, does darkness exist?" The professor responded, "Of course it does." The student replied, "Once again you are wrong sir, darkness does not exist either. Darkness is in reality the absence of light. Light we can study, but not darkness. In fact, we can use Newton's prism to break white light into many colors and study the various wavelengths of each color. You cannot measure darkness. A simple ray of light can break into a world of darkness and illuminate it. How can you know how dark a certain space is? You measure the amount of light present. Isn't this correct? Darkness is a term used by man to describe what happens when there is no light present."

Finally the young man asked the professor, "Sir, does evil exist?" Now uncertain, the professor responded, "Of course, as I have already said. We see it everyday. It is in the daily examples of man's Inhumanity to man. It is in the multitude of crime and violence everywhere in the world. These manifestations are nothing else but evil. To this the student replied, "Evil does not exist, sir, or at least it does not exist unto itself. Evil is simply the absence of God. It is just like darkness and cold, a word that man has created to describe the absence of God. God did not create evil. Evil is the result of what happens when man does not have God's love present in his heart. It's like the cold that comes when there is no heat, or the darkness that comes when there is no light."

The professor sat down.

The student's name - Albert Einstein

WHAT'S REALLY IMPORTANT

Some people understand life better, And they call some of these people "retarded"... At the Seattle Special Olympics, nine contestants, all physically or mentally disabled, assembled at the starting line for the 100-yard dash. At the gun, they all started out, not exactly in a dash, but with a relish to run the race to the finish and win. All, that is, except one little boy who stumbled on the asphalt, tumbled over a couple of times, and began to cry. The other eight heard the boy cry. They slowed down and looked back. Then they all turned around and went back.....every one of them. One girl with Down's Syndrome bent down and kissed him and said, "This will make it better." Then all nine linked arms and walked together to the finish line. Everyone in the stadium stood, the cheering went on for several minutes. People who were there are still telling the story... Why? Because deep down we know this one thing: What matters in this life is more than winning for ourselves. What matters in this life is helping others win, even if it means slowing down and changing our course.