

This Week
Mid-Year Club
Assembly
Plans for the next
six (6) months
Guest Program Host:
Steve Cunningham

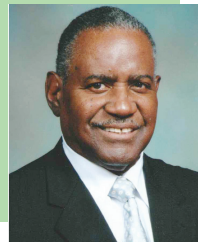
This week the Altadena Rotary Club will be holding its mid-term Club Assembly. This Club Assembly is intended to take a retrospective look at club accomplishments to date and planned activities to come.

President Steve may take the podium and let us know what events and the upcoming programs he is planning as well as what will be happening within each committee. Or he may be planning on calling each committee/subcommittee chair to the podium to present his/her plans for the second half of the Rotary year.

If you are new to Altadena Rotary or have some time to donate, this is a great time to make plans and talk to Committee and Sub-Committee Chairpersons. Think about your interests and which committee/subcommittee is a best fit for you.

This year our mid-term Club Assembly will be held at our regular meeting

Please turn to This Week p.3



Quietly
Quick

by Steve Cunningham, *President*

Absolutely Everything

from The Power of Focus

by **Jack Canfield, Mark Victor Hansen, Les Hewitt**

A Star is Born: The mother and daughter who believed in making better choices.

On June 23, 1940, Wilma Rudolph was born prematurely weighing only 4.5 pounds. She was born into a poor black family who, like many others, were almost destitute because of the Great Depression. Her mother spent the next several years nursing Wilma through one illness after another; measles, mumps, scarlet fever, chicken pox and double pneumonia. However, Wilma had to be taken to the doctor when it was discovered that her left leg and foot were becoming weak and deformed. She was told she had polio, a crippling disease that had no cure. But Mrs. Rudolph would not give up on her daughter. As Wilma later recalled: "The doctor said I'd never walk again. My mother said I would. I believed my mother!" Mrs. Rudolph discovered that Wilma could be treated at Meharry Hospital, the black medical college of Fisk University in Nashville. Even though it was fifty miles away, Wilma's mother took her there twice a week for two years, until she was able to walk with the aid of a metal

leg brace. Then the doctors taught Mrs. Rudolph how to do the physical therapy exercise at home. All of her brothers and sisters helped too, and they did everything to encourage her to be strong and work hard at getting well. Finally, by age twelve, she could walk normally, without the crutches, brace or corrective shoes. Mrs. Rudolph initially made a choice---that her daughter would get well and be able to walk. Her consistency in the face of rejection and extreme hardship finally paid off.

Then Wilma herself made an all-important choice. In high school, she became a basketball star, setting state records

Please turn to Quietly, p.4

January Team

David Smith • Kimmit Haggins
Sue Applegate • Mike Zoeller
Craig Cox • Sarah O'Brien

Meeting Responsibilities

- Setup • Greeter •
- Flag Salute • Song •
- Inspirational Presentation •
- Happy Bucks • 4-Way Test •
- Takedown •

Program Review

Everything You Wanted to Know about HPV But were Afraid to Ask



On December 10, Dr. Martin Kast, PhD, who heads the Kast Lab which is part of the University of Southern California and the Norris Comprehensive Cancer Center, spoke to the club about work being done to develop vaccinations and

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Rotary Club of Altadena - #7185

Chartered: February 14, 1949
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Jacque Foreman Acting Publicity
Jacque Foreman Sparks/Website
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Craig Cox Community
John Frykenberg International
Tony Hill Youth Contests/Awards
Mike Zoeller Youth Projects
Ray Carlson Vocational
Tom McCurry Asst. Vocational

Editor, Design & Typesetting Foreman Graphics
Photography Jacque Foreman

cures for Human Papillomavirus (HPV).

HPV causes over 99 percent of cervical cancers and a growing number of head and neck cancers. Researchers have identified 175 members of the virus family. Genital HPV is transmitted through sexual contact and the risk of infection over a lifetime is 85 percent.

There are three effective prevention methods. Abstinence and lifelong monogamy work. Unfortunately, in our culture these are not practical from a public health perspective. Thankfully, a vaccine called Gardasil 9 has been developed that fully protects against 9 strains of HPV. It is only effective if given before infection.

Gardasil is a vaccine for a sexually transmitted disease that has an 85 percent infection rate. It is marketed as a cervical cancer vaccine because of the public's sensitivity to the idea of young people being sexually active. Because the risk of infection is so high both boys and girls should be vaccinated before they become sexually active. Right now the coverage rate in the United States is 37 percent for girls and 12 percent for boys.

After infection, the lab is seeing some success with treating HPV infections with T



cell therapy, but the work is just beginning.

Since all cervical cancer is caused by HPV and rising number of vaginal, throat and tonsil cancers, Kast believes everyone should consider getting their children vaccinated. The vaccine contains no genetic material; it only contains a protein that the virus hides in. The protein is what creates the immune response in the body.

For more information on the work of the Kast Lab, go to <http://uscmmi.com/martinkastlab> Craig Cox

January Rotary Awareness

Program Chair, John Frykenberg

January 07 - Mid-Term Club Assembly
January 14 - John Frykenberg - His most recent trip to Nigeria
January 21 - To be Announced
January 28 - To be Announced

Congratulations



Birthdays



01/03 - Betty Ferris
01/14 - Bill Reeder
01/16 - Sarah O'Brien
01/27 - Ann Rider Hill
01/27 - Barbara Yorke

Anniversaries

01/03 - Jim & Karen Gorton
01/04 - Mike & Carol Zoeller
01/22 - John & Joan Frykenberg

User's Guide to Rotary



Congratulations! You joined a Rotary club.

To get the most out of this experience there are some things you will want to consider.

First: Remember that Rotary is a service club. Finding ways to participate in service will make Rotary a lot more fun. Rotary looks at service across different areas – Club; Vocational; Community; International; and Youth.

If there is an area that you are

especially interested in, seek out the director for that area. Mike Zoeller is in charge of community projects. John Frykenberg is director for international. Tony Hill coordinates youth efforts. Charlie Wilson makes sure the club meetings run well.

Second: The first object of Rotary is the development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service. In other words – as friendships grow in Rotary, so does the ability to do service. Therefore, get to know your fellow Rotarians. Invite a Rotarian to a meal. Have fun. Make

some new friends.

Third: Understand how Rotary works. Attend one of the Board Meetings for the club. President Quick can tell you when they meet. You are welcome. Participate in a committee meeting when we put together a service project. Go to a District 5300 training or other event to get an understanding about how the district works.

You will get out of Rotary what you put into Rotary. Thanks for the first step. Let us know ways we can help you on your new adventure.

Membership Bulletin

In accordance with Club Bylaws, the Secretary notifies the membership that the following individual has been proposed for membership in the Rotary Club of Altadena.

The proposal has been approved by the Classification and Membership committees, and the Board of Directors has ordered the name submitted to the membership for approval.

Please notify the Secretary immediately if you think the proposed candidate does not measure up to the following requirements:

1. That he/she is one of the driving forces in his/her business;
2. That the firm he represents is one of the leaders in his/her line of business;
3. That his/her reputation and character are above reproach;

4. That his/her personal credit is unquestioned;
5. That he/she is socially acceptable.

If no objections are received within seven (7) days, membership will be extended to the proposed individual. An objection must be filed in writing to the Board of Directors within the seven-day objection period.

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This Week

Continued from p. 1

place — The Altadena Town and Country Club. Those present will be hearing about new ideas and programs. Since the club has been dark for three weeks, Jacques Foreman is likely to email blast the membership as a reminder of the meeting.

Plan to come, ask questions and support your Altadena Rotary Club by being an active participant.

Quietly

Continued from p. 1

for scoring and leading her team to a state championship. Then she became a track star, going to her first Olympic Games in 1956 at the age of sixteen. She won a bronze medal in the 4 x 4 relay. But this was only the start.

On September 7, 1960, in Rome, Wilma became the first American woman to win three gold medals in the Olympics. She won the 100-meter dash, the 200-meter dash, and ran the anchor on the 400-meter relay team. This achievement led her to become one of the most celebrated female athletes of all times. In addition, her celebrity caused gender barriers to be broken in previously all-male track and field events. Among the many awards she collected during and after her athletic career, she was the first woman to receive the James E. Sullivan Award for Good Sportsmanship, the European Sports-writers' Sportsman of the Year Award, and the Christopher Columbus Award for Most Outstanding International Sports Personality.

Despite her early physical struggles, Wilma Rudolph chose to live and perform on a much bigger stage. In doing so, she became a tremendous role model for disadvantaged children everywhere. In 1997 — three years after her death from brain cancer — Governor Don Sundquist proclaimed June 23 as Wilma Rudolph Day in Tennessee.

By now we hope you are convinced that life is all about choices. Look at the evidence surrounding you every day. Have you noticed that some people choose to lead lives of mediocrity? Sadly, some people even make the ultimate choice — they choose to take their own lives. In contrast, others arise from the most difficult setbacks and choose to create better circumstances for themselves. And they often do it magnificently. Libraries are

full of biographies and autobiographies about men and women who developed the habit of Consistent Persistence to turn their lives around. The trigger point came when they realized they could choose a different future.

Please understand this. It's vital. All of the results you are currently experiencing in your life are absolutely perfect for you. This includes your career, personal relationships and financial status. How could it be otherwise? The reason you are where you are in life is simply a result of all the choices you have made to this point. In other words, the consistency of your positive choices — or the lack of them — has given you the lifestyle you

now own. When you accept total responsibility for this fact, you are well on your way to enjoying peace of mind. Many people endure a life filled with frustration because they are stuck in Have-Tos.

When you say things like, "She made me angry," the truth is that you chose to be angry. You didn't have to be angry. You responded with anger instead of making a different choice.

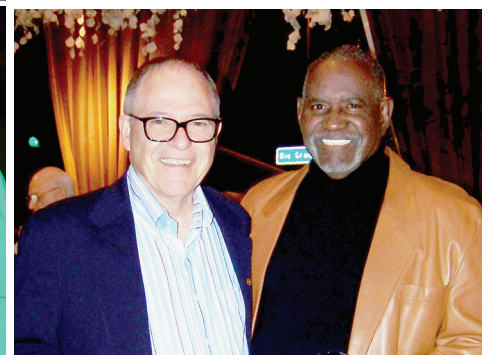
Other popular commentaries you'll hear are, "I'm stuck in this relationship." In other words, I have to stay stuck. Or, "I hate this job, I'll never make enough money to enjoy real freedom," which really means, "I have to stay in this low paying job forever," How sad! ○

An Altadena Rotary Christmas

This year we held our annual Christmas party at Pinocchio's in Pasadena. We had a separate room and a dedicated waitress. The food was excellent, with a nice variety served buffet-style.

Immediate Past President, Hal Yorke --

along with his wife Barbara -- made all the arrangements. Remember to thank them. Tea drinkers are quite often forgotten, but that evening not so. There was a nice selection of house teas and a large dispenser of hot water. A photo essay follows. ○



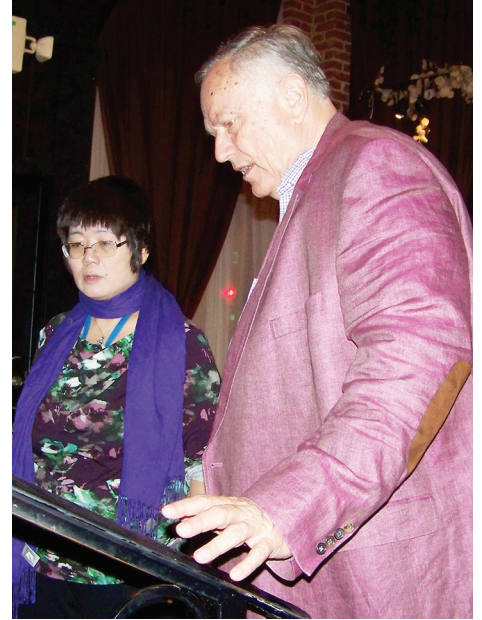
Find more pictures on p. 5

Sparks - Altadena Rotary Club Newsletter



Find more pictures on p. 6

More Christmas Party Photos



A Letter from Michael

I heard this letter read on Christmas night and decided to share it with all of you. I don't know about you, but I want the letter to be true because I want to believe in miracles and angels. If you have heard it and wanted a copy, feel free to share this copy that I found on the internet. If you think the letter could not be true and do not and/or do not want to believe, that's ok, too.

Jacque Foreman, Sparks Editor

There's a story about a young Marine named Michael who wrote a letter home to his mother while he was in the hospital after having been wounded in Korea in 1950. A Navy Chaplain named Father Walter Muldy apparently was given the letter, checked the facts and concluded what was in the letter was true. A year later he read the letter in public for the first time, to a gathering of some 5,000 Marines at the Naval Base in San Diego. Here is the letter:

Dear Mom,

I wouldn't dare write this letter to anyone but you because no one else would believe it. Maybe even you will find it hard but I have got to tell somebody. First off, I am in a hospital. Now don't worry, ya hear me, don't worry. I was wounded but I'm okay you understand. Okay. The doctor says that I will be up and around in a month.

But that's not what I want to tell you.

Remember when I joined the Marines last year; remember when I left, how you told me to say a prayer to St. Michael every day. You really didn't have to tell me that. Ever since I can remember you always told me to pray to St. Michael the Archangel. You even named me after him. Well I always have.

When I got to Korea, I prayed even harder. Remember the prayer that you taught me? "Michael, Michael of the morning, fresh chord of Heaven adorning," you know the rest of it. Well I said it everyday. Sometimes when I was marching or sometimes resting. But always before I went to sleep. I even got some of the other fellas to say it.

Well, one day I was with an advance detail way up over the front lines. We were scouting for the Commies. I was plodding along in the bitter cold, my breath was like cigar smoke.

I thought I knew every guy in the patrol, when along side of me comes another Marine I never met before. He was bigger than any other Marine I'd ever seen. He must have been 6'4" and built in proportion. It gave me a feeling of security to have such a body near.

Anyway, there we were trudging along. The rest of the patrol spread out. Just to start conversation I said, "Cold ain't it." And then I laughed. Here I was with a good chance of getting killed any minute and I am talking about the weather.

My companion seemed to understand. I heard him laugh softly. I looked at him, "I have never seen you before, I thought I knew every man in the outfit."

"I just joined at the last minute", he replied. "The name is Michael."

"Is that so," I said surprised. "That is my name too."

"I know," he said and then went on, "Michael, Michael of the morning ..."

I was too amazed to say anything for a minute. How did he know my name, and a prayer that you had taught me? Then I smiled to myself, every guy in the outfit knew about me. Hadn't I taught the prayer to anybody who would listen. Why now and then, they even referred to me as St. Michael. Neither of us spoke for a time and then he broke the silence.

"We are going to have some trouble up ahead."

He must have been in fine physical shape or he was breathing so lightly I couldn't see his breath. Mine poured out in great clouds. There was no smile on his face now. Trouble ahead, I thought to myself, well with the Commies all around us, that is no great revelation. Snow began to fall in great thick globs. In a brief moment the whole countryside was blotted out. And I was marching in a white fog of sticky particles. My companion disappeared.

"Michael," I shouted in sudden alarm.

I felt his hand on my arm, his voice was rich and strong, "This will stop shortly."

His prophecy proved to be correct. In a few minutes the snow stopped as abruptly as it had begun. The sun was a hard shining

A Letter from Michael continues on the next page

A Letter from Michael, Continued

disc. I looked back for the rest of the patrol, there was no one in sight. We lost them in that heavy fall of snow. I looked ahead as we came over a little rise.

Mom, my heart stopped. There were seven of them. Seven Commies in their padded pants and jackets and their funny hats. Only there wasn't anything funny about them now. Seven rifles were aimed at us.

"Down Michael," I screamed and hit the frozen earth.

I heard those rifles fire almost as one. I heard the bullets. There was Michael still standing. Mom, those guys couldn't have missed, not at that range. I expected to see him literally blown to bits. But there he stood, making no effort to fire himself. He was paralyzed with fear. It happens sometimes, Mom, even to the bravest. He was like a bird fascinated by a snake. At least, that was what I thought then. I jumped up to pull him down and that was when I got mine I felt a sudden flame in my chest. I often wondered what it felt like to be hit, now I know.

I remember feeling strong arms around me, arms that laid me ever so gently on a pillow of snow. I opened my eyes, for one last look. I was dying. Maybe I was even dead. I remember thinking well, this is not so bad. Maybe I was looking into the sun. Maybe I was in shock. But it seemed I saw Michael standing erect again only this time his face was shining with a terrible splendor. As I say, maybe it was the sun in my eyes, but he seemed to change as I watched him. He grew bigger, his arms stretched out wide, maybe it was the snow falling again, but there was a brightness around him like the wings of an angel. In his hands was a sword. A sword that flashed with a million lights. Well, that is the last thing I remember until the rest of the fellas came up and found me. I do not know how much time had passed. Now and then I had but a moment's rest from the pain and fever. I remember telling them of the enemy just ahead.

"Where is Michael," I asked.

I saw them look at one another. "Where's who?" asked one.

"Michael, Michael the big Marine I was walking with just before the snow squall hit us."

"Kid," said the sergeant, "You weren't walking with anyone. I had my eyes on you the whole time. You were getting too far out. I was just going to call you in when you disappeared in the snow."

He looked at me, curiously. "How did you do it kid?"

"How'd I do what?" I asked half angry despite my wound. "This marine named Michael and I were just ..."

"Son," said the sergeant kindly, "I picked out this outfit myself and there just ain't another Michael in it. You are the only Mike in it."

He paused for a minute, "Just how did you do it kid? We heard shots. There hasn't been a shot fired from your rifle. And there isn't a bit of lead in them seven bodies over the hill there."

I didn't say anything, what could I say. I could only look open-mouthed with amazement.

It was then the sergeant spoke again, "Kid," he said gently, "every one of those seven Commies was killed by a sword stroke."

That is all I can tell you Mom. As I say, it may have been the sun in my eyes, it may have been the cold or the pain. But that is what happened.

Love, Michael

*This may be the prayer referred to in the letter**

Michael, Michael, of the morning,
Fresh chord of Heaven adorning,
Keep me safe today
And in time of temptation,
Drive the devil away.

**It is said that this prayer must be prayed upon rising every morning.*