

Rotary Club of Savannah South

a 100% Paul Harris Fellow Club

Holiday E-Bulletin



Volume 0910

2009-2010

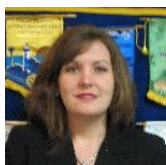
December 24, 2009

Editor's Note:

Earlier this month, I sent out a note asking for RCSS members to send me a note about their most memorable Holiday celebration. When these letters came in, I was flabbergasted and couldn't wait to share them with you. A special thanks to all those who sent stories!

Happy Holidays!

Lee Hyer



From Rebecca Page:

This is my most memorable Christmas story. My kids do not understand just how fortunate they are...

When I was growing up, my parents struggled to make ends meet. My mom was a stay-at-home mom, primarily due to a lack of education, and my dad was (is) a structural welder. My dad would have a job for several months out of the year, and it seemed that at Christmas time each year, the project would end or the companies would have layoffs. I remember one Christmas when I was about ten years old, my dad had just returned to work after being laid off for several months. My parents simply did not have the money to buy a Christmas tree. About two days before Christmas my mom happened to be listening to the radio, and a local plant store in Savannah had their remaining Christmas trees for free...first come first serve. That was wonderful, and we were very excited, but there was a slight problem....my mom did not drive, and even if she did, we had only one car, which my dad used to travel back and forth to work. Fortunately, the mother of a friend was home, and she had a mini van. She was more than willing to be our carriage to the plant store. We loaded the most beautiful Christmas tree into the van. We were very grateful, humbled, and excited all at the same time. That year, fate gave us a little joy in what would have otherwise been a very somber Christmas.

Rebecca Page



From Dennis McKeever:

Our most emotional Holiday experience was receiving a call from our son on Christmas Eve, 1990.

The call came via a satellite phone from a bunker on the border of Saudi Arabia and Kuwait where he was serving the country as a member of a USMC Recon team - and was only allowed to call because of an urgent family matter. The sound of Iraqi FROG missiles exploding in the background was jarring to say the least.

There were no more communications for months - perhaps thankfully so since we didn't know until after the fact that he was behind enemy lines weeks before Desert Storm was officially launched. While he returned safely, we recall this experience every Christmas and think of our young military volunteers who also serve our nation so bravely. And, we think of their parents and family members who go through the holidays - living with a great measure of uncertainty.

Let us all pray for their safe return and for comfort for their families and friends.

Dennis McKeever