



Service Above Self

# Rotary Club of Essex

## eBulletin

Thursday, July 08, 2010

 Club Web Site

**Editor:** Ron Ricci  
If you have any comments or questions, email the editor.

### Upcoming Events

<b>Essex BIA Cruise Night</b> Jul 8 2010
<b>BBQ Meeting - Ken Blackmore's</b> Jul 12 2010
<b>Belle River Classic Car Cruise</b> Jul 16 2010
<b>BBQ Meeting - Ricci Residence</b> Jul 19 2010
<b>BBQ Meeting - not assigned</b> Jul 26 2010
<b>Monthly Theme - Membership &amp; Extensions</b> Aug 1 2010
<b>No Meeting - Civic Holiday</b> Aug 2 2010
<b>BBQ Meeting - Jaques Residence</b> Aug 9 2010
<b>BBQ Meeting - MacPhee Residence</b> Aug 16 2010
<b>Fish Fry - United Church</b> Aug 21 2010
<b>BBQ Meeting - Crawley Residence</b> Aug 23 2010
<b>BBQ Residence - not yet assigned</b> Aug 30 2010
<b>Monthly Theme - New Generations</b> Sep 1 2010
<b>Trailways BBQ Fundraiser</b> Sep 6 2010
<b>Gesstwood Camp Cooking</b> Sep 11 2010
<b>Meeting - Governor's Visit</b> Sep 13 2010
<b>Meet The Teacher - Gosfield North PS</b> Sep 15 2010

### Meeting Minutes - July 5/10

by Ron Ricci

*Don't forget to sign up for events on Clubrunner.... just click on the events at left and login! E-mail me if you've forgotten your password.*



### ESSEX ROTARY - July 5, 2010

**Attendance:** Rick Barnett, Ken Blackmore, Terry Crawley, Jim Hogan, Rina Hyland, Bruce Jaques, Donna & Jeff MacPhee, Frank Mazzara, Cheryl & Neil McBeth, Henry Mulder, Ina Oliver, James Quenneville, Julie & Ron Ricci, Denise Wellings

**Guests:** Jerry Schinkel, Bob Morand, Matthew Hyland

#### 1. Introductions:

- welcome and thank you to Angela and Paola Leone for hosting and preparing dinner
- toast, anthem, grace
- dinner (bruschetta, tossed salad, penne marinara, chicken parmigiana, butter/rolls, coffee, chocolate cream puffs..... mm..mm..good!!

#### 2. Highlights:

- formal club thank you to Neil & Cheryl for all their work over the past year (gift presentation)
- volunteer list updated, always looking for more
- coming events for next couple weeks

#### 3. Upcoming Event Details & Confirmations:

*Thursday, July 8 - Fun Fest Classic Car Cruise*

... early yes (3 PM) - Rick, Rina, Frank, Ina, Ron, Zack, Virginia H., Marina Q.

... yes (5 PM) - Terry, Nicole, Jim, Bruce, Neil, Cheryl, Henry, James, Julie, Denise, Ashley W., Matt H.

... drinks --> Frank, buns --> Henry, burgers --> Brian, hotdogs --> various, freezies --> Jeff

*Monday, July 12 - BBQ at Ken Blackmore's house*

... yes - Rick, Ken, Terry, Jim, Brian, Rina, Bruce, Donna, Jeff, Cheryl, Neil, Henry, Ina, James, Julie, Ron, Denise

... address: 6643 Snake Lane, Oldcastle (Tecumseh), Ontario, N0R 1L0

... Phone: (519) 737-6198

... map to follow

*Friday, July 16 - Belle River Classic Car Cruise*

... early shift (11 to 4) - Rick, Terry, Rina, Ina, Ron, Denise, Bob M.

<b>Windsor-St. Clair Night</b> Sep 18 2010
<b>Golf Tournament - Hotel Dieu Grace</b> Sep 19 2010
<b>Regular Meeting</b> Sep 20 2010
<b>Regular Meeting</b> Sep 27 2010
<b>Monthly Theme - Vocational Service</b> Oct 1 2010
<b>Regular Meeting</b> Oct 4 2010
<b>No Meeting - Thanksgiving</b> Oct 11 2010
<b>No Meeting - Thanksgiving</b> Oct 11 2010
<b>Monthly Theme - Foundation</b> Nov 2 2010
<b>Remembrance Day</b> Nov 11 2010
<b>Santa Claus Parade</b> Nov 27 2010
<b>Monthly Theme - Family</b> Dec 1 2010
<b>Breakfast With Santa</b> Dec 4 2010
<b>No Meeting - Christmas Holidays</b> Dec 27 2010
<b>District PETS</b> Mar 10 2011 - Mar 12 2011

**News**

<a href="#">Mark Your Calendars!</a>
<a href="#">Thought for the Week:</a>
<a href="#">Who Said It?</a>

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... late shift (4ish to 9) - Ken (?), Bruce, Jeff(?), Neil, Cheryl, James, Denise, Ron (if needed)

... keep it simple (hot dogs, hamburgers, drinks, freezies)

**4. Other Business:**

... reminder of Detroit Club 100th Anniversary on July 24th (\$150 per person)

... Jerry S. suggested a FunFest parade entry to publicize Bike Trail fundraiser (Henry, Jerry, Rina)

... Bike Trail Fundraiser - support from Union Gas may be forthcoming (food and volunteers)

... Bob M. mentioned Tree/Shrub relocation project from DRIC area to municipal areas hit by tornado

... Denise to get details for HDGH Golf Tournament being held on Sunday, Sept. 19th

**5. Closing ceremonies** - no draw (still carry over from Nicole's win roll of "Try Next Week"

**6. Meeting Adjourned** at 8:02 PM

**Amy Bjorkman's Blog 33**

*by Ron Ricci*



*This is the Rotary Approved version on the best trip of my life.*

*39 exchange students from rotary district 4100 and 3 very brave women embarked on the most amazing cross-country adventure of their lives, hitting every major city and taking every breath-taking opportunity. We have a million pictures and even more memories, defining my 3 week journey across the country I love more and more with every passing day.*

**Captains' Log 33 - RUTA MAYA 2010 WEEK II**

Monday March 15th

We left the secluded hotel in Tehuantepec and took the back roads of the country to enter our next state, Chiapas. Before we left in the morning, they advised us to dress water-smart, due to our adventure to the Sumidero Canyon. It's a river boat ride taking you deep into the canyons, with the earth's walls stretching to heights of 900 meters above sea level. The canyon is the base silhouette for the Coat Of Arms for the State of Chiapas, and includes tonnes of wildlife, including the crocodiles we pulled up beside three or four times. We stopped for food, but continued our trip until arriving finally in my favourite stop of all, San Cristobal de Las Casas. The bus had let us off 6 blocks from the hotel, due to the brick-laid streets and inconveniently small intersections. We stayed at an open courtyard dream hotel, complete with snow white wooden beams and Spanish tiled roof. Hand painted tile decor and the most absurd amounts of charm; this hotel is where I will more than likely runaway to someday. The city is extremely safe, so we were let off the leash and toured the city in small groups for the evening.

Tuesday March 16th

The following morning, we were loaded on the bus and taken to see an area hardly touched by the touristic hand. We were led down dirt roads and around hill sides by a 4 foot native, giving us the basic lowdown on

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the communities we were about to visit. Such as no outside police or military are allowed in the villages, and explaining the people are very friendly, but very poor. She said the area we would be entering would probably be like nothing we've ever seen before.

And she was right.

The first community was called San Juan Chamula. The town's graveyard is the first thing we saw, and someone was digging up a used grave welcomed us. We walked into the market, passing by shack stores and dusty buildings. We entered the town square, and facing us across the dirt plain was an obtuse angled, uneven House of the Lord.

There are no pews in the church, and the floor area is completely covered in a carpet of green pine needles and soda bottles (mostly Coca Cola). Curanderos (medicine men) diagnose medical, psychological or 'evil-eye' afflictions and prescribe remedies such as candles of specific colors and sizes, specific flower petals or feathers, or - in a dire situation - a live chicken. The specified remedies are brought to a healing ceremony. (We were lucky enough to see 3 live chickens the day we visited.)

Chamula families kneel on the floor of the church with sacrificial items, stick candles to the floor with melted wax, drink ceremonial cups of Posh, Coca Cola or Pepsi, and chant prayers in an archaic dialect of Tzotz. This was one of the most interesting things I'd ever seen in my life, as you can imagine. I've always had my own opinions on religion, as I am a growing adolescent and in search of what I need in my life to believe, but to see the practices of so many religions and so many cultural traditions, I can't help but notice that this is just more proof, that sometimes you might not believe everyone else, but everyone needs something to believe in.

We left the world of the Chumulas and visited the village of Zinacantan, a place that had made the turn to tourist income. It's actually a family event; including the parents sending their children out to tell tourists "take my picture!" once the picture is snapped and shown to the kids, they demand 10 pesos for the photo. Naturally you feel like you've been scammed- because well, technically you have been- and pay the kids. About 8 of the exchange kids had this played on them, and all felt betrayed by the scheming children of Zinacantan, so we left with our photos, and without our ten pesos.

Dinner that night was back in San Cristobal de las Casas, and we had another night out and about the most beautiful city in the south.

Wednesday March 17th

Water Wednesday was the worst weathered day we had had all trip. We were scheduled to beat the heat for a day in the Cascadas de Auga Azul (blue water waterfalls). Unfortunately on our way through the mountains and into the clouds, the clouds became mist, which then became rain. It was cold under the canopy of nature, and the damp spirits of the international students worsened with every raindrop. We unloaded the bus, and begin the journey on foot to the first lookout point wanting to just take pictures, and get back on that fricken bus.

But when we saw the waters tumbling and flowing through the mountain and into their pools of crystal clearness, we forgot the rain from above, and could only stare at the waters below. There is almost no way to describe the blue waters body, flowing and swirling, plunging and dipping

into caverns and carvings. Worn away paths and rock walls overflowing with the blue waters were something I'd only believed belonged in paintings... since a picture could never be taken of this kind of vision.

After exploring the mountain side and its small side pools of collected blue waters, we made our way into the frigid waters of Chiapas' famous falls. We swam in its currents and dove from its cliffs. Embraced in the waters of Chiapas was probably the most magical and surreal event of this trip. But only adding to the phenomenon that is the country, Mexico.

We said goodbye to the blue waters and continued our journey across and into the next state, arriving in a Best Western in Palenque, Campeche late in the evening.

The hotel had a really nice swimming pool. I felt bad for the poor chlorinated water though, as it would never have the majestic freedom like the Blue Waters of Chiapas.

...I just stuck my legs in.

This Marks Halfway

The word of the day is "bestia" which means "saweeeeeeeeeeeeeeet"

Love yeh all.  
& until next time,  
Adios,  
Amy

### **Amy Bjorkman's Blog 34**

*by Ron Ricci*

Captains' Log 34 - RUTA MAYA 2010

find it work it groove it



Thursday March 18th - MIDWAY DONE

Thursday held a day of touring Palenque, an ancient Mayan city that flourished in the years of 431-800. After its decline it was absorbed into the jungle, but has been excavated and restored and is now a famous archaeological site. We climbed temples and explored tunnels deep into the heart of the jungle, the site built as most Mayan cities with the sound system of echo technology. It is a detailed and beautiful city, complete with decorative worship carvings and hieroglyphic documentation. After purchasing our souvenirs, we returned to the RUTAMAYA2010 bus, and traveled to the capital city of Campeche only stopping for lunch on the beach, and a quick game of soccer.

The evening we went for dinner, and toured the city streets, including the beach side road lined with stores and nightlife.

March 19th

The morning was an early one, and we packed up our suitcases for the 6th time and loaded the bus for a trip to the one and only Uxmal, an archaeological site that many who visit Cancun or Playa del Carmen have probably made the trip to see. As well, as anyone who has ever visited the

beautiful city of Merida may have made this small side stop. I was able to visit Uxmal in March 2009, so to make it a yearly thing wouldn't be such a bad idea. You may think that all these visits to old ruin cities might get a little boring for a bunch of teenagers, but it was actually the contrary. We found new games to play in each site, and took pictures in every crevice our bodies could squeeze into. Uxmal was beautiful as always, but I couldn't wait to get into the city I actually tried to be placed in for my year here in Mexico.

### Merida

We entered the city driving down boulevards and through neighbourhoods I remember oh so clearly. Anxiety and excitement overwhelming... and hunger, but mostly excitement. We checked into the hotel, and immediately made our way as a group to Burger King. I however could hardly keep my food down. You see Merida is the city where my first ever taste of Rotary International came from. Some of you may remember Evita Gonzalez, a 5 foot nothing angle sent from the gods into Essex County in 2007 to live in our community as a Canadian, and ended up becoming a Bjorkman. We were lucky enough to be Evitas' second and last family, and harboured her in our house for 6 months of her exchange year. We as a family had gone to visit her the last 2 march breaks in a row, making this trip my third to Merida.

We finished our food, and I devised a cunning and well planned scheme to find Evita... in a really big city I'd been to twice in my life, on the other side of Mexico, in 3 hours, and be back for dinner reservations at Resturante Pancho's at 8. Thankfully I pride myself on my sense of direction and memory of landmarks etc, so with the help of Ida and Heather, we flagged down a taxi, and began the search for "Evitas house." The driver knew zero English, but was willing to work with the 3 tourists looking for nothing more than "a street a few blocks from a giant tree, to the left of a blue building called '# 1 Smoking Club'."

But it worked.

After calling a few "turn right here, now a quick left.... wait... yes I know this street... left here" we were on the door step of The Gonzalez's. Even With our unannounced arrival, Evitas dad was thrilled to see us, and immediately called Evita to deliver the news. We all headed to Evita's parents' insurance company, and I was reunited with my baby Evita and her mother, Evi. After a quick visit and a time check, we quickly headed out to get a few friends from visits before, and headed to the mall for some visiting and needed sandals. We made plans for the night, and were back at the hotel with time to spare.

The evening held a dinner with the exchange group in a beautiful open concept restaurant, and an exciting arrival of Evita, her best girlfriends, their boyfriends, and all of which, my friends. After some introducing and explaining how I knew this group of people all yelling, the coordinators and exchange students released me for the night, and I had a night out with my sister back in the beautiful city of Mérida.

Since we were leaving the following morning for Cancun, we spent as much time as we could together that evening, and as hard as the goodbyes have always been, this one we both knew, would defiantly not be the last.

March 20th

After the memory filled evening with Evita, we were off to another familiar attraction site, Chichen Itza. We went to the ruined city and played all the games as always, one being, "human pyramid in front of a real pyramid. That was fun. Elton John was scheduled to play there the following weekend, so the grounds were exceptionally green and beautiful. We were also lucky enough to be there extremely early in the morning, when there is no one there. Except for a film crew making a music video for Plácido Domingo, they were there too. We all took pictures with him, regardless if we knew his work or not. We spent most of the day there, but we're all pretty ready to begin the real Yucatan fun that evening.

Cancun

We arrived on the Saturday of the end of American spring break. That should basically sum it up. We got our rooms, and immediately hit the showers, doing hair, and applying or shaving faces. Underagers created German Fake ID's; since those are actually the most ridiculously easiest piece of identification to forge I've ever seen. We left the hotel that night at 9 with about 100 more Germans than we showed up with, and it all goes from there.

We went to Coco Bongo Nightclub for the evening, and if you don't know what I'm talking about, go there.

Coco Bongo is a must see - it is a cross between Circus de Soleil/Concert/Theatre/Nightclub. Everything from dance teams to trapeze artists, gymnasts and scenes from The Matrix and Batman is played out to mainstream dance music. The night really is a performance, not like any other club, and you are there to be entertained and amazed. There is a giant stage above the crowd, where Elvis, Madonna, The Mask, Bob Sinclair and Moulin Rouge make their appearances, and as did I, being invited by a midget to dance above the crowd on a platform solo. (As if I could say no to a midget.) so I disappeared from the group, and minutes later appeared onstage with my 40 exchange kids scattered down below, each eventually looking up to find a familiar face shakin' it.

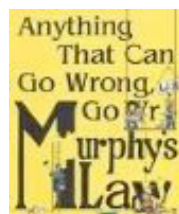
The night was amazing, and we returned to the hotel.... whenever we got there.

the word of the day is Alberca: which is a pool

As always, i Love yeh all,  
& until next week,  
Adios,  
Amy

### **Murphy's Law at Work.....**

*by Ron Ricci*



If you change the contents of the bulletin, nobody will notice.

## Quiz Time!!

by Ron Ricci

### Still no takers



Q1: The Battle of the Bulge was a counter-offensive move of the \_\_\_\_\_ in World War II.

- a) Australians
- b) Germans
- c) Japanese
- d) Soviet Russians

Q2: Who was making headlines in late summer and fall of 1888?

- a) Lindbergh Baby Kidnaper
- b) Boston Strangler
- c) Charles Manson
- d) Jack the Ripper

Q3: Stasi was the intelligence agency of the former:

- a) Soviet Union
- b) Yugoslavia
- c) East Germany
- d) Czechoslovakia

Q4: What city was captured during the Six-Day War?

- a) Tel Aviv
- b) Jerusalem
- c) Mecca
- d) Baghdad

Q5: The phrase "dog days" dates from:

- a) Ancient Rome
- b) Colonial America
- c) Medieval Europe
- d) Ancient Greece

## Deep Thoughts.....

by Ron Ricci



**"Why is palindrome not a palindrome?".**

..... by Ron Ricci