

# **Dudes & Dolls SQUARE DANCE CLUB**

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Info at: [www.DudesAndDolls.org](http://www.DudesAndDolls.org)

Second, Fourth, and Fifth Friday Dances at Cedar Valley Grange / 20526 – 52nd Ave. W / Lynnwood WA

## **What's Next for D&D's Joe Bahr? Leaping Tall Buildings in a Single Bound!**

### **Dance at the Fight Against Alzheimers' Disease ...**

There is a Flyer on Page 4 that describes the dance, and the location, and the time. There will be an advertising blitz with radio stations picking up the ball, helping Joe promote the task of helping to defeat this dread disease. Joe has worked tirelessly, announcing at each dance he can get to, that this dance is now a world-wide event, not just in our Mount Baker Council.

As a reader of this Newsletter, you are instructed to look deep into my eyes . you are getting sleepier and sleepier. Your eyelids are too heavy and are closing ... the only thing you can see until Sunday are the following words: "Help fight Alzheimer's Disease by showing up at the Masonic hall in Edmonds on Sunday February 26<sup>th</sup>, and donate some money to the cause." If this works, be aware of a second instruction: "Send Warren money for being a good square dancer."

Seriously, do look at the website: [RememberToDance.org](http://RememberToDance.org), and help Joe and Sally and all the Clubs helping, make this a World Class Event.

### **How do you say, "My Mother passed away?"**

On Friday, at the Dudes & Dolls Dance, at announcement time, there were the usual announcements. Our own Joe Bahr was waiting, and when his turn came up he took the microphone, with a shaky hand, and stunned the audience with the sad words, "My Mom passed away last night at 3:30 in the morning.". The hall was absolutely silent, and the only sound was the teardrops falling from Joe's cheeks. He tried to say more, but his words were drowned by the lump in his throat, and the weight of his grief. He was too emotional, (rightly so), and a hall-wide "Oh No!" was uttered by all in the audience. His square dance club, The Sky Valley Hoppers, the dance club helping sponsor the Alzheimer's Dance, quickly surrounded Joe with the biggest group hug ever, in the history of Cedar Valley Grange Hall. Joe regained his composure, took the mike with a steady hand, and continued his efforts to fight Alzheimer's Disease, honoring his brother, martyr. He knew his Mother would want it no other way.

She will be sadly missed by all her family and her friends.

Her legacy is her son, Joe Bahr, Alzheimer's Disease Fighter.

We could hear it in Joe's speaking; in his enthusiasm for this event.

All you have to do to support it so go and have a great dance time.

So, be there, for Joe, for his Mom, and to help as much as you are able.

### **D&D Website Creator Earns User Accolades ...**

There is not enough emphasis put on the value of our wondrous website. I can work my brain to the bone, trying to emulate what can be viewed on [DudesAndDolls.org](http://DudesAndDolls.org), but our illustrious webmaster, Craig S., is way ahead of me in being able to show in a video, that which I try to emulate in words. Use the website, and all the information it contains to get your questions answered, and also direct others to the site, so to give our club an edge, should someone be looking for a modern, up-to-date square dance Club.

### **D&D General Meeting—Election of Officers ...**

This club belongs to the members. There are benefits of membership that are priceless and friendships formed that are precious. We gather at dances and events, similar to a family, to pursue our love of dancing. We gather at the Club Meetings to determine what the future may bring, and who is in charge of the purse strings and the direction of the club.

On March 25, Sunday evening, Dudes & Dolls are hereby notified that they should be at the meeting, be involved, and even volunteer for one of the many tasks of keeping a club active and healthy.

### **A Night at the PBS Television station KCTS ...**

Who better to answer the phones for pledges called in from all over the State of WA and Canada, and put in a plug for Square Dancing? Mount Baker Council, under the direction of Sally R., arranged for The Council to be on the phones for three hours, taking phone calls from the pledgers.

If you are watching, "Celtic Woman—I Believe" or "Alone in the Wilderness, Part 2" and see some familiar faces during pledge time on the screen that you've been with in a square, do not despair. It is us, there.

I called a friend and told him to watch the program, and when I scratched my nose, it meant "Hello". So if you see me scratching my nose, it is me saying "Hello" to you, too.

We were briefed on what to do, and what not to do, for a few minutes, then were escorted to the "gallery" which you see on the Pledge Drive programs of PBS. We waited for the phones to ring, and it was random choice, so it was almost a shock when your phone rang. Then it was a challenge to get through the first call and enter all the information onto the preformatted screen. It all worked out well, as the people calling were really gentle, as they knew it was our first time.

I know it has been broadcast a few times, as my Grandson was watching TV one day and started whooping and hollering, "I SAW GRAMMA AND GRAMPA on TV!! I SAW GRAMMA AND GRAMPA on TV!!!"

Craig has a video clip of some of us that were on the phones, and planned to put it on the D&D website. Take a gander, go to [DudesAndDolls.org](http://DudesAndDolls.org) Some of the extra-curricular activities of D&D end up being an informative and pleasant experience. Try it; you may like it.

### **The Lady on the Bus ... by Warren B Funnell**

The Lady sat, on the hard bench, head down as if asleep, waiting for the Greyhound bus, in the Bus Depot, in downtown Winnipeg. Outside it was minus 20 degrees F. Twenty degrees below zero, and a ten-miles-an-hour wind. With the wind chill on a human body at -30 degrees F.

The usual sounds and unique smells of the typical bus station were in the air, and the cold outside seemed to hold the odors in the hot, near uncomfortably hot, inside air, and make the odors more distinct.

She had already checked her big, oversize, and overweight suitcase with the bus driver. In it were the Christmas treasures for the family at her final

destination, just North of Seattle; the home of her son, her daughter-in-law, two granddaughters, and a grandson.

The toys and the clothes and the ornaments were for her grandchildren. The American Beauty Rose fine china was for her daughter-in-law. The Eaton's mincemeat cakes, and City Bakery rye bread were for her son.

It was her soulful time to travel, to be at her granddaughter's wedding. She had been to the weddings of the other two grandchildren, so this was a journey with a mission.

Now it was time to go by bus (she hated flying), to Abbotsford, B.C., where she would be picked up by her son. Then on to Lynnwood, just north of Seattle, her previous home of eleven years. Then to the wedding she had to attend.

She carried with her two shopping bags, and an oversized purse.

Appearing to be concerned, and at times distraught, she had had a bout with a pilot light, the cold-hearted gas company conglomerate, the bitter Winnipeg weather, and a huge pampered cat, named Wobbles.

The pilot light went out in her furnace, in her house on Arlington Street. The house got cold, so she called the gas company. The Gas Person said that the customer had to relight the flame, otherwise be charged \$40 to have the employee do it.

Having heard the horror stories about gas explosions, and fearing the worst, this seventy-year-old grandmother reluctantly positioned herself on all fours, held the match, pressed the button, and lit the pilot light, while the gas person stood and watched.

With a sigh of relief, the light stayed lit, the employee left, and life was cool, umm, warm—again. She was shaken, and her heart beat a little faster, and with a little more angina pain, brought on by this incident.

Soon after, the house cools down again, the smell of gas permeates the air, and the lady panics. She calls the Gas Company, lifts her giant cat up into her arms, wraps him in a blanket, goes out into the street, waiting in the freezing cold night air, for her house to explode, or for a gas person to drive up, and save her domicile from destruction.

That evening, it was really cold, and really windy, and she felt the cold and the wind through her blanket, her coat, and even through the warm-blooded cat, held close to her aging bones. She waited for the Gas Company for over half an hour, in the cold, cold night.

The employee finally showed up. The Lady lit the pilot light again, while the employee watched, with more stress than the time before, and the employee stood and watched as the lady struggled through the process, saving herself a precious forty dollars. She was to leave the next evening.

Now she sat in the bus station, her breathing was a little short, her eyes were abnormally watery, her bones a little more aching, and her heart was hurting from the traumatic event. The bus announcer's barely intelligible too-loud over-amplified voice echoed throughout the waiting room, announcing the gate number for the bus to Vancouver. Her bus. The noise hurt her eardrums.

She never really felt good, after the Gas Company debacle.

Her seat preferences were already determined, as she lined up to get on the bus. Her target was a spot in the middle of the vehicle, in an aisle seat. She stood in line with the passengers, taking no advantage of pre-boarding because of her age. After small-talking to some of her fellow travelers in the line, she determined the person she would sit next to.

In one of her shopping bags were roast beef sandwiches, on the unique Winnipeg rye bread, her special home-made Scottish shortbread, some Japanese oranges, homemade Christmas cake, sharp cheese, a few chocolate bars, and licorice allsorts English candy. The person she sat next to would likely be an unfortunate that had little or no money for food at the stops made, perhaps just enough for a cup of coffee or two along the way. Certainly without the luxury of ordering mouth-watering expensive café sandwiches and goodies. The food stops broke up the monotony of traveling by bus, but were just a time waster to those without the money to enjoy them.

She waited a few moments, to be sure the person she was sitting next to was the one she knew needed a share of the food in her shopping bag. After the second stop, eight hours on the road, and the traveling companion came back with his second cup of coffee, but nothing else, she reached into her bag, pulled out a package of wax paper-wrapped sandwiches.

"Here," she offered, "Take a sandwich. You look hungry, and I noticed you only had a couple of cups of coffee. You need something substantial to eat."

He attempted to refuse, but she insisted. He takes the sandwich, looks at it lovingly, and tries to eat it in little polite bites. But it is sooo good, he finishes the first half in a couple of bites. He realizes that he was really hungry, and without this lady beside him, the three day trip would put him in dire straits by the end of the trip.

She converses, mostly listening, with him and his story of why he is traveling, where he is going, and what his life situation is. She nods, and speaks with sympathy and hopefulness for him and his plight.

She looks across the aisle, and sees a seemingly too-young mother, traveling with what appears to be a six-year-old daughter. The lady asks if they would like one of the sandwiches, for she observed that they, too, seemingly had limited resources. The young mother, in her tattered coat, and nearly worn out shoes, turned her face to the window, with tears in her eyes, and a lump in her throat. She had sacrificed most of her food to her daughter, and watched the man devour his delicious sandwich in a couple of bites.

It was though the incident opened her mind, and she recognized she was hungry.

"Maybe one for my daughter," she said, stomach growling just for one bite. "Can I have one, Mommy?" asked the child. "Can I have one? It looks and smells so good. Can I mom? Can I?"

The mother turned from the window, tears streaming down her cheeks, and shook her head yes, because the words would not come up to her constricted throat. As she looked across the aisle, she looked into the eyes of this Lady on the Bus. She saw a comfort; a strength; a warmth, and a feeling of hope. The daughter took her sandwich, and the lady offered over one for the mother. The tears would not stop, and increased, as she looked down at this simple roast beef sandwich on rye bread, that meant so much. The mother looked again into the eyes of the Lady on the Bus, saw goodness, mouthed "thank you" and took the sandwich. She slowly bit of small bites, enjoying every moment, caressing her taste buds with the taste of the roast beef and rye bread, with a little salt and too much pepper.

By habit, the little girl did not eat her crusts, and was about to leave them, to be wrapped in the wax paper, and tossed out at the next stop. Her mother looked at the child, then again into the eyes of this Sandwich Lady, and told her daughter to eat the crusts.

"People in China are starving, and would love to have those," the new mother said.

As the mother looked across the aisle, the Lady remembered the times when she used the exact same words on her own children.

The sandwiches, and the shortbread and the oranges and the candy lasted all the way to Abbotsford, B.C., making the trip bearable. Stops for coffee and refreshing ice water, and a bottle of pop were the expenditures made by these travelers. The food came from the seemingly bottomless shopping bag.

At her last stop, the Lady got off the bus, with her oversized purse, and one shopping bag, still full of the special goodies for her family. She waited as the driver unloaded her giant suitcase.

The mother and daughter realized that The Lady On The Bus was no longer on the bus. The young man had fallen asleep in his seat, and woke as the bus driver shut the door, preparing to leave for the next stop. The Lady was at her destination. She was no longer a part of the lives of the People on the Bus. The sandwiches, the oranges, the sweet succulent shortbread, the candies, and the Lady were now just a memory for these travelers three.

The Lady had slipped what appeared to be a note into the hand of the mother, and another into wrapper of the three cookies, left on the lap of her sleeping companion. The mother unrolled the paper, and saw it was a twenty-dollar bill. The tears of gratefulness started again. She peered through the raindrop spattered window, trying to get a final glimpse of The Lady On The Bus.

The young mother looked at the empty seat, and cried silently. Not so much for sadness, but for gratefulness, feeling blessed that she had met this lady. She leaned over, and asked the young man if he knew the lady.

"Never met her before," he said, "But she sure left me with a good feeling. And look, she left me her delicious shortbread cookies, and this." He held up a twenty-dollar bill.

He leaned over, almost across the aisle of the bus, and said, "Let's each have one of these special cookies."

And as The Lady On The Bus stood in the doorway of the bus depot in Abbotsford, BC, protected from the driving rain, as the bus pulled away, in the window she saw the faces of her three traveling companions, savoring her shortbread cookies, and talking with each other and looking happy that they were with each other.

She smiles to herself, and waits in the cool rainy night air for her son to pick her up.

The lady told him, as they drove in the night, on the rain soaked freeway, of her incident with the Gas Company. She said she did not feel well because of the turmoil and the standing in the cold, cold winter weather. She told of her traveling companions, and that she was worried about her cat, Wobbles.

I never traveled with the Lady on the Bus. She was like an angel to those she met, but to me, all she was, was my mother.

The two travelers arrived at the destination in Lynnwood, three hours later.

She watched over her granddaughter, at the wedding, and visited with all the guests.

The next morning she said she did not feel very well.

Concerned, I asked her if she felt it was anything serious. She told me, "I'm okay. I'm okay."

As far back as my memory goes, she always said everything twice to me, from advice to consoling. When I was a kid, being picked on and teased by my peers, she told me, "Wait. Wait. They will get what is coming to them."

The next day the ambulance was called early in the morning. She lay in the emergency room at Stevens Hospital, on the stretcher, looking chipper, and said to me, "Don't worry. Don't worry. Go to work. Go to work."

Ever since I was a kid, when she was giving me a direction, or an order, she always said it twice.

Those were to be her last words to me.

And in her heart, she knew it.

She died that day at 2:41 in the afternoon, in the hospital, while I raced from Seattle to be by her side.

Time was not on my side, I was too late. She died alone.

I wanted to turn the clock back to the morning, and stay with her while she prepared herself for her next step in her life.

Of all my memories of my Mother, one of the most vivid and recurring one is when she told me, on her last day on earth, with her final words to me: "Don't worry. Don't worry."

**Warren B Funnell**

### ***Elvis with two of his many Square Dance Fans ...***



If you missed it this year, be on the lookout next year for the Dudes & Dolls "Elvis is in the House" Dance. "Our" Elvis placed second out of 19 contestants in an Elvis sing and lookalike competition.

It was his first time entered, whilst this year's winner had been trying to win for a number of years. The gig was at the EMT Theatre right under the Space Needle. Watch for it next year.

Dudes & Dolls is extremely fortunate to have the services of Scott Coon as a caller, Debbie Taylor is also such an asset to our club. Both perform their skillful calling and cueing. Stop Scott and Debbie and let them know how much they are appreciated.

Without their determination and dedication, our club would be a much different club that it is today.

Three cheers for Debbie and Scott!!!