

July 29, 2010

Make-up Opportunities:
Biddeford-Saco-Wed 12:15 pm, Captain's Galley, OOB – **Breakwater Daybreak**-Wed., 7:15 am, Betsey Ross House, 99 Preble St., So Portland - **Kennebunk**-Thurs-12:15 pm, Holy Cross Lutheran Church – **Kennebunk Porside**- Tues. 7:15 am, Community House, Temple St., K'port – **Ogunquit**-Wed. 12:00 pm, Jonathan's Rest, Bourne Lane, **Portland**- Fri. 12:15 pm, The Portland Club, State St. – **Sanford-Springvale**- Thurs. 7:30 am, Knights of Columbus Hall, High St. – **Scarborough**- Tues.6:50 am Henry VIII, Cabella's Plaza, **South Portland-Cape Eliz.**,- Wed. 6:15 pm, Purpoodock Club, 300 Spurwink Ave., C.E. – **Wells**, Mon. 7:30 am, The Bull n'Claw, Rt. 1

PROGRAMS

- August 5 Pam Payeur - The Warrior Legacy Foundation's work with injured veterans.
- August 12 Cathy Walters – Alzheimer's association
- August 19 UNE Trailblazers
- August 26 Membership District Chairman, Mike McGovern

Ted – visiting guests and Rotarians

Charles Petersen, Rich Murt, Jennifer Boucher Jameson, Barbara Boucher, Chris Boucher, John Owen Jameson, Diane Libby Rose, Michael Nazemetz, John Mixon, Timothy Grant

Announcements

- ⇒ Dru - Kudos for Chicken BBQ
- ⇒ Doc – Dues are past due



Paul Harris Fellow. Doc Hammond's poignant poem introduced the presentation of a Paul Harris Fellow to Ed Ed Boucher



Check for \$500 to John Mixon for Veterans Run on August 22 (he could use help with people standing at mile markers)

50-50

(looking for ace of spades) Jeff Shaw – 9 of hearts

Sergeant at Arms – Phil Hatch



Phil attempts to heal the microphone

Funds collected are going to the charity of month, Learning center in Portland

Pay up...

- Lates, \$2 scoots, MIA, missing pins and badges
- Birthday/Anniversary for month of July
- Dan Cote in paper – pay a buck
- A table was quizzed “Whose recipe was featured in last week’s *baywatch*”. They got it right. Every other table paid a buck.
- Who’s wearing socks (pay a buck)
- Chicken BBQ – if did not buy a ticket, or did not participate

Speaker

District Governor Ann Lee Hussey

- Presentation of Cliff Dockerman book to Dru
- World of Rotary is a giant spinning ball. The sun never sets on Rotary. Many ways to participate in Rotary District events. Not two organizations – district and club. We are together. Various community, national, and international efforts and service projects.



Strengthening and growing our clubs. We are at our best when we are at our boldest. It takes courage. We are encouraged for us to engage in our club visioning process. Involvement, attendance, community and service are integral to strengthening our club. Not about credentials, but about caring.

- Rotary Foundation
- Polio Plus. We are very close to eradicating this devastating disease. Effect of Polio Plus program has far reaching benefits. The system that made Polio Plus effective has benefited many other efforts. Gates grant is testimony to our effectiveness
- Who else could have done what Rotary has done? Rotary's promises do not come with expiration dates.
- "How many lives will you change this year?"

"start our week on Thursday. Let your Rotary show"

Special member feature

Jim McAvoy heartrending essay on service above self. (part one)



If it please your neighbor to break the sacred calm of night with the snorting of an unholy trombone, it is your duty to put up with his wretched music and your privilege to pity him for the unhappy instinct that moves him to delight in such discordant sounds.

I did not always think thus: this consideration for musical amateurs was born

of certain disagreeable personal experiences that once followed the development of a like instinct in myself.

Now this infidel over the way, who is learning to play on the trombone, and the slowness of whose progress is almost miraculous, goes on with his harrowing work every night, uncurled by me, but tenderly pitied. Ten years ago, for the same offense, I would have set fire to his house. At that time I was a prey to an amateur violinist for two or three weeks, and the sufferings I

endured at his hands are inconceivable. He played "Old Dan Tucker," and he never played anything else; but he performed that so badly that he could throw me into fits with it if I were awake, or into a nightmare if I were asleep. As long as he confined himself to "Dan Tucker," though, I bore with him and abstained from violence; but when he projected a fresh outrage, and tried to do "Sweet Home," I went over and burnt him out. My next assailant was a wretch who felt a call to play the clarionet. He only played the scale, however, with his distressing instrument, and I let him run the length of his tether, also; but finally, when he branched out into a ghastly tune, I felt my reason deserting me under the exquisite torture, and I sallied forth and burnt him out likewise. During the next two years I burned out an amateur cornet player, a bugler, a bassoon-sophomore, and a barbarian whose talents ran in the base-drum line.

I would certainly have scorched this trombone man if he had moved into my neighborhood in those days. But as I said before, I leave him to his own destruction now, because I have had experience as an amateur myself, and I feel nothing but compassion for that kind of people. Besides, I have learned that there lies dormant in the souls of all men a penchant for some particular musical instrument, and an unsuspected yearning to learn to play on it, that are bound to wake up and demand attention some day. Therefore, you who rail at such as disturb your slumbers with unsuccessful and demoralizing attempts to subjugate a fiddle, beware! for sooner or later your own time will come. It is customary and popular to curse these amateurs when they wrench you out of a pleasant dream at night with a peculiarly diabolical note; but seeing that we are all made alike, and must all develop a distorted talent for music in the fullness of time, it is not right. I am charitable to my trombone maniac; in a moment of inspiration he fetches a snort, sometimes, that brings me to a sitting posture in bed, broad awake and weltering in a cold perspiration. Perhaps my first thought is, that there has been an earthquake; perhaps I hear the trombone, and my next thought is, that suicide and the silence of the grave would be a happy release from this nightly agony; perhaps the old instinct comes strong upon me to go after my matches; but my first cool, collected thought is, that the trombone man's destiny is upon him, and he is working it out in suffering and tribulation; and I banish from me the unworthy instinct that would prompt me to burn him out.

(Next week Jim continues his fascinating essay by describing his travails as an aspiring accordion player)