



The Cornpicker

Bulletin of Fairbury, IL Rotary Club

Fairburyrotary.com



2010 - 2011 Officers

President Charlie McDonald
 Pres. Elect Becky Whitfill
 Vice President
 Sec/Treas/Editor Leroy McPherson

DATE/TIME/PLACE: Aug 2, 2011 - 12:00 noon at Marchelloni's

ATTENDANCE: 21

LOTTO: J. Capasso & T. Casson

**PERFECT
ATTENDANCE**

Becky Whitfill

ACTION ON THE AVENUES

CLUB SERVICE

Programs:

- 8/09 - Steve Weeks - Bill Bertram
- 8/16 - Jim Schahrer - The Fairbury Fair
- 8/23 - Dist. Governer Ron Schettler
- 8/30 - OPEN
- 9/06 - Dean Moser
- 9/13 - Becky Whitfill
- 9/20 - UE/JH/HS Music
- 9/27 - H.S. Fall Athletics

AREA CLUB MEETINGS

Bloomington	12:00 Noon	Thurs.	Elks Club
Gibson City	6:45 a.m.	Wed.	The Country Kettle
Gilman	6:05 p.m.	Tues.	Gilman Lounge
Lincoln	11:50 a.m.	Wed.	Elks Country Club
Normal	12:00 Noon	Wed.	Bone Student Center

COMMUNITY SERVICE

- Deb's Minute:** Deb announced that they raised \$11,100.00 at the 3rd annual Munzie Golf Outing to go toward the Fire Station & Complex.
- Food Pantry** - Becky thanked everyone for helping at the Food Pantry last Thursday.
- Dominy Library** - Jim said the Library is coming along well.

Bits & Pieces

We are here, charged with the task of completing (one might say creating) ourselves.
 William Cook

Inspirational Story

Bud Gerber

The first day of school our professor introduced himself and challenged us to get to know someone we didn't already know. I stood up to look around when a gentle hand touched my shoulder. I turned round to find a wrinkled, little old lady beaming up at me with a smile that lit up her entire being.

She said, "Hi handsome. My name is Rose. I'm eighty-seven years old. Can I give you a hug?" I laughed and enthusiastically responded, "Of course you may!" and she gave me a giant squeeze. "Why are you in college at such a young, innocent age?" I asked. She jokingly replied, "I'm here to meet a rich husband, get married, and have a couple of kids..." "No seriously," I asked. I was curious what may have motivated her to be taking on this challenge at her age. "I always dreamed of having a college education and now I'm getting one!" she told me.

After class we walked to the student union building and shared a chocolate milkshake. We became instant friends. Every day for the next three months we would leave class together and talk nonstop. I was always mesmerized listening to this "time machine" as she shared her wisdom and experience with me. Over the course of the year, Rose became a campus icon and she easily made friends wherever she went. She loved to dress up and she reveled in the attention bestowed upon her from the other students. She was living it up.

At the end of the semester we invited Rose to speak at our football banquet. I'll never forget what she taught us. She was introduced and stepped up to the podium. As she began to deliver her prepared speech, she dropped her three by five cards on the floor. Frustrated and a little embarrassed she

leaned into the microphone and simply said, "I'm sorry I'm so jittery. I gave up beer for Lent and this whiskey is killing me! I'll never get my speech back in order so let me just tell you what I know." As we laughed she cleared her throat and began,

"We do not stop playing because we are old; we grow old because we stop playing. There are only four secrets to staying young, being happy, and achieving success. You have to laugh and find humor every day. You've got to have a dream. When you lose your dreams, you die. We have so many people walking around who are dead and don't even know it! There is a huge difference between growing older and growing up. If you are nineteen years old and lie in bed for one full year and don't do one productive thing, you will turn twenty years old. If I am eighty-seven years old and stay in bed for a year and never do anything I will turn eighty-eight. Anybody can grow older. that doesn't take any talent or ability. The idea is to grow up by always finding opportunity in change. Have no regrets. The elderly usually don't have regrets for what we did, but rather for things we did not do. The only people who fear death are those with regrets."

She concluded her speech by courageously singing "The Rose." She challenged each of us to study the lyrics and live them out in our daily lives. At the year's end Rose finished the college degree she had begun all those years ago. One week after graduation Rose died peacefully in her sleep.

The Rose

Some say love, it is a river	It's the heart, afraid of breaking	When the night has been too lonely
That drowns the tender reed	That never learns to dance	And the road has been too long
Some say love, it is a razor	It's the dream, afraid of waking	And you think that love is only
That leaves your soul to bleed	That never takes the chance	for the lucky and the strong
Some say love, it is a hunger	It's the one who won't be taken	Just remember in the winter
An endless aching need	Who cannot seem to give	Far beneath the bitter snow
I say love, it is a flower	And the soul, afraid of dying	Lies the seed
And you, its only seed	That never learns to live	That with the sun's love, in the spring
		Becomes the rose