



The President's Message:

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Jim Dunn, Mike Haley, Gail
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Syrengelas

Membership Director:

George Dooley

Tail Twister:

Dewey Linehan

Lion Tamers:

Jeff Coplen

Jay Boire

Past President:

Scott Newton

Leo Advisor:

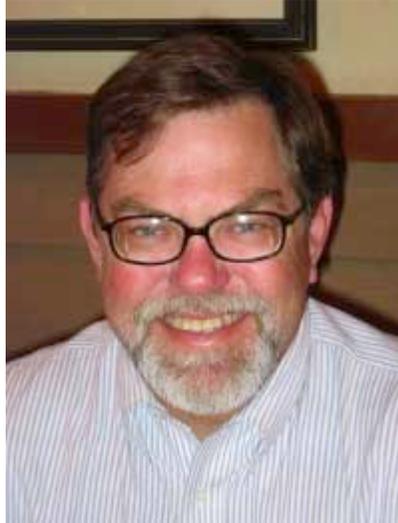
Scott Newton, Mary Newton,
Brad Barras, Herb Groom,
Nancy Grgas, Allyn Mattox,
Keri DaPron

SealBeachLions.com

Mike Narz

Growl Editor:

Herb Groom



After spending a considerable amount of time dotting the "i"s and crossing the "t"s on my first 'official' message to you, my fellow Lions, I unfortunately have an admission to make.

Upon completing the final word of the last sentence of my perfectly written December message, I was suddenly struck with an uncontrollable urge to relieve myself after consuming large amounts of my favorite beverage – so, I hastily stepped away from the computer without thinking of saving my efforts in the word processor first. Upon

my brisk return the document I had so diligently worked on appeared blank and a large paw print was embedded on the keyboard, which now dangled suspended in midair.

Sitting sheepishly next to my desk, with that expression of, "Uh oh, I'm in trouble now", was my dog after somehow getting up onto the chair and successfully, to my chagrin, deleting the contents of the document. (Yep, I'm blaming it on the dog.)

With a strict copy deadline looming overhead of 'High Noon' on the 28th, by our endearing Editor, I didn't meet the cutoff for submission of a replacement message. For this, I sincerely apologize. (Yep, I'm blaming it on the Editor.)

I promise that I will be more stalwart in the future. And, declare as a New Year's resolution for 2006, to have my President's message to the Editor by the 27th of each month.

In Lionism,
President Tom

TA/hg



Meeting schedule: First and Third Wednesday of the month. Meetings begin at 7pm sharp and are held at 'The Lone Star SteakHouse', 6575 E. Pacific Coast Highway, Long Beach, CA

E-mail: President@SealBeachLions.com - Secretary@SealBeachLions.com - Treasurer@SealBeachLions.com

More information & updates at - <http://SealBeachLions.com>



Scot J. Mattox

Born: October 23, 1956

Died: December 2, 2004

(Editor's note: The following story was written by Lion Scot's students at Ridgecrest School back in the day he was engaged to his lovely fiancé, Allyn. The account certainly depicts the loving, kind hearted, gentle demeanor this wonderful man possessed. His students sincerely captured a side of him, for time immemorial, that club members came to know and admire.

As the club pays fond homage on this anniversary month of his departure from us, our feelings are mutual – we miss him dearly.

Locked up

Mr. Mattox is a teacher at Ridgecrest School. He has brownish-blond hair and hairy legs. All day he drinks coffee and tells terrible jokes. He's sometimes nice and sometimes a crack-up! He always puts his pencil behind his ear.

One day, after school, Mr. Mattox was staying late. Skipper, his dog, was sleeping in a flowerpot. When it was time to leave, Mr. Mattox woke up Skipper and they tried to open the back door. It was jammed. Then he tried the front door. That one didn't work either. He tried to open the folding door, but Mrs. Kraus had put a bookcase in front of it. He was stranded.

He started to think. Then he took his jacket and put Skipper in it. He tied the arms of the jacket together so the dog couldn't fall out. He took his belt and tied it to the sleeves of the jacket. Then he stood on a desk and lowered Skipper through the top of the window.

"Go get Allyn," he said. Skipper wiggled out of the jacket and took off! Mr. Mattox climbed off the desk and made himself another cup of coffee. After a long, long time, he heard sirens. Then Skipper, Allyn and the Fire Department showed up. The firemen broke down the door and Mr. Mattox told them they had to clean up the room before they could leave.

The End.



Veterans Corner:



'The Final Inspection'

The soldier stood and faced God, which must always come to pass.
 He hoped his shoes were shining, just as brightly as his brass.
 "Step forward now, you soldier, how shall I deal with you?
 Have you always turned the other cheek? To My Church have you
 been true?"

The soldier squared his shoulders and said, "No, Lord, I guess I ain't.
 Because those of us who carry guns, can't always be a saint.
 I've had to work most Sundays, and at times my talk was tough.
 And sometimes I've been violent, because the world is awfully rough.
 But, I never took a penny, that wasn't mine to keep...
 Though I worked a lot of overtime, when the bills got just too steep.
 And I never passed a cry for help, though at times I shook with fear.
 And sometimes, God, forgive me, I've wept unmanly tears.
 I know I don't deserve a place, among the people here.
 They never wanted me around, except to calm their fears.
 If you've a place for me here, Lord, it needn't be so grand.
 I never expected or had too much, but if you don't, I'll understand."
 There was a silence all around the throne, where the saints had often
 trod.

As the soldier waited quietly, for the judgment of his God.
 "Step forward now, you soldier, you've borne your burdens well.
 Walk peacefully on Heaven's streets, you've done your time in Hell."

~Author Unknown~

Club Calendar:

December 2:
Seal Beach
Christmas Parade

December 5:
Tree Lot project for
The Youth Center

December 7:
Lions General &
Board Meeting, 7pm

December 14:
Veterans Bingo

December 17:
Breakfast with Santa

December 17:
Club Christmas
party at Sam's
Seafood Restaurant

December 19:
Storytelling Santa,
Mary Wilson Library,
6pm

December 21:
Lions Program
Night, 7pm

December 25:
Christmas Day



Seal Beach Host Lions Club

Seal Beach, California, U.S.A.



Membership Directors message:

Hello Fellow Lions,

In my last message to you I gave you a bit of history of the Lions Club. This month I would like to share with you some other facts about Lions.

The official name of "Lions" is the International Association of Lions Clubs, or simply, Lions Club International.

Our mission statement is "To create and foster a spirit of understanding among all people for humanitarian needs by providing voluntary services through community involvement and international cooperation".

Our motto is: "We Serve".

Our slogan: **L**iberty, **I**ntelligence, **O**ur **N**ation's **S**afety.

Official colors: purple and gold were chosen when the association was founded in 1917. Purple represents loyalty to country, friends and one's self. Gold symbolizes sincerity of purpose, liberality in judgment, purity in life and generosity in mind, heart and commitment to mankind.

Official emblem: the current Lions emblem, or logo, was adopted at the 1919 convention. The two Lions on the emblem face both past and future showing pride of heritage and confidence in the future.

Always wear your Lions emblem pins proudly.

ROAR!!

George Dooley
Past President, 2002-2003 & 2003-2004





2005 / 2006 Melvin Jones Fellowship recipients

The Seal Beach Host Lions Club 2005/2006 Melvin Jones Nomination Committee is proud to announce this year's Fellowship recipients.

1. Lion President Tom Ahrens
2. Bonnie Moision-Boire
3. Jay Boire
4. Mike Haley
5. Dave Hubbard
6. Gail Hubbard
7. Carol Linehan
8. Dewey Linehan
9. Mary Ludington
10. Eddie McGinnis
11. Mary Newton



Melvin Jones 1879 - 1961

This is Lions highest honor – it should be reserved for those who truly deserve it. Lions who care, Lions who go the extra mile, Lions who work to help ‘other’ members of our club be successful, Lions who work to make our club better, Lions who work to make our district better and Lions who work to make our community better – both as a Lion and as a community servant.

In some cases, an individual deserves this honor because of the exceptional work during a defined period of time – namely the past year. In other cases, we should consider those who serve consistently over time.

As I look at the Seal Beach Host Lions list of MJF recipients, I can't find a single individual who didn't deserve the honor at least once in their Lions career. All are deserving, but you could argue that some are more deserving than others – and that's why we have the progressive diamond program.

And finally, I wanted to say that this program means more to some than to others. Some of the more serious and experienced Lions truly know the importance of this award and feel this is an important reward for their efforts. In a way, it is the ultimate recognition for their efforts and acts as a motivator to continue and do more. We should recognize this in the decision process.

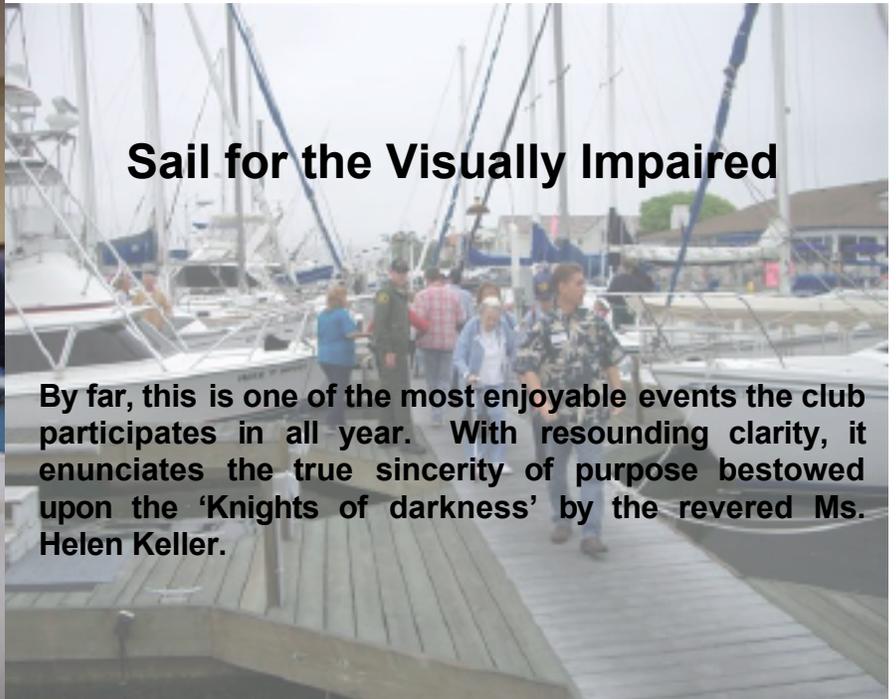
In Lionism,

Lion Scott Newton



Sail for the Visually Impaired

By far, this is one of the most enjoyable events the club participates in all year. With resounding clarity, it enunciates the true sincerity of purpose bestowed upon the 'Knights of darkness' by the revered Ms. Helen Keller.



On Saturday, 22 October, a band of faithful Lions embarked on the task of once again aiding the sponsor, Women's Ocean Racing Sailing Association, and host, American Legion Post #291, in providing the community of members from the 'Braille Institute', 'Federation of the Blind' and 'New Visions' in enjoying a wonderful day of socializing and sailing the harbor of Newport Beach. This would be the third consecutive year the club lent a hand: greeting our esteemed guests in the venue parking area, walking them to the registration point and then onto their respective tables; serving both breakfast and lunch meals; escorting the gathering to and from the boats for a couple hours of sailing.

As newly elected Lions Mike Gallipeo and Jim Mills-Winkler (who graciously stayed for the entire day) would exclaim afterward, "This was definitely a most enjoyable day. I look forward to doing this again. Thank you for having me aboard."

Respectfully submitted,
Lion Herb Groom

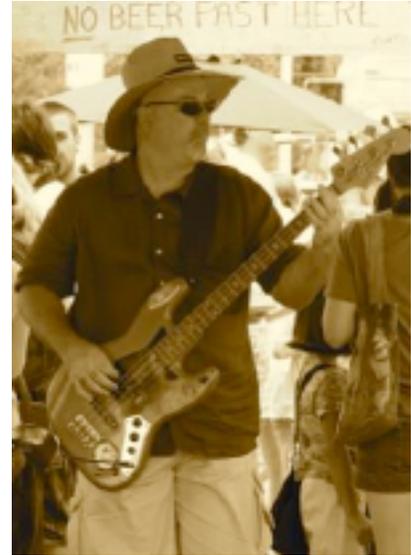




2005 Fish Fry

CLASSICS

<-- "I was just out jogging..."



Roaming Bass under the -->
NO BEER PAST HERE
sign

Kid Lounge

This issue of 'The Growl' unfortunately concludes only our third edition of 2005. Much can be surmised by the "whys", but I'll absorb the onus of the blame – like not stepping up to the task of writing the President's message for them.

In between the timeframe of the January/February and October/November editions, many things transpired for the club and our humble seaside village with its Mayberryian RFD central thoroughfare – aptly named Main Street.

In keeping the tradition of maintaining a "legacy" theme for those reading back issues of our newsletters -in celebration of our Centurion year in 2039- I was considering writing something in this edition relating to the ever-changing face of Main Street, but will table that for January or beyond. Instead - never to overlook the witty prose of a fellow Lion – I've decided to print a worthy submission that has sat ready in the can since early February. (Hmmm, curious what our successors will think of us thirty something years from now?)

Therefore, with no further adieu, I present to you the unedited "green-lighted" version of Monsieur Howes' (my predecessor, Editor for six years) mere recollection of a weekend he had that first week in February, Twenty-O-Five. Enjoy!

MARDI GRAS

Okay, so here's the problem. I want to write about the Mardi Gras party I was at on Saturday night but it's Monday. It's Monday after Super Bowl Sunday. What this means is that I have been inebriated twice (counting how I was feeling at the end of the Mardi Gras party) and I have to try to collect my thoughts. I need to focus on an event that happened two days ago. It's fuzzy but there are some things that pop into my pea brain as I sit here. see next page.

More information & updates at - <http://SealBeachLions.com>



1) Hurricanes. No, not the weather hurricanes, the drink made famous at Pat O'Brien's in New Orleans kind of Hurricanes. The consensus was that they weren't quite right this year. Something was wrong with the mix. I have to admit that they didn't taste exactly like the Hurricanes I remember but by the fifth or sixth one they were just fine.

2) I recall something about a feather nestling in someone's cleavage. That was nice.

3) Little Red Riding Hood. Me-oh-my. Very nice!

4) My first ever striptease for money. Okay, so maybe the tip was from a guy. Minor detail.

5) Great food. Barbara Wright did a great job.

6) Great decorations with lights and mannequins complements of Sony Pictures (Hey you knew there would be a plug.)

7) The introduction of the cans-o-meter. I though I had set it for C cups and larger. For those of you ladies with B cups and smaller, I apologize for any inconvenience.

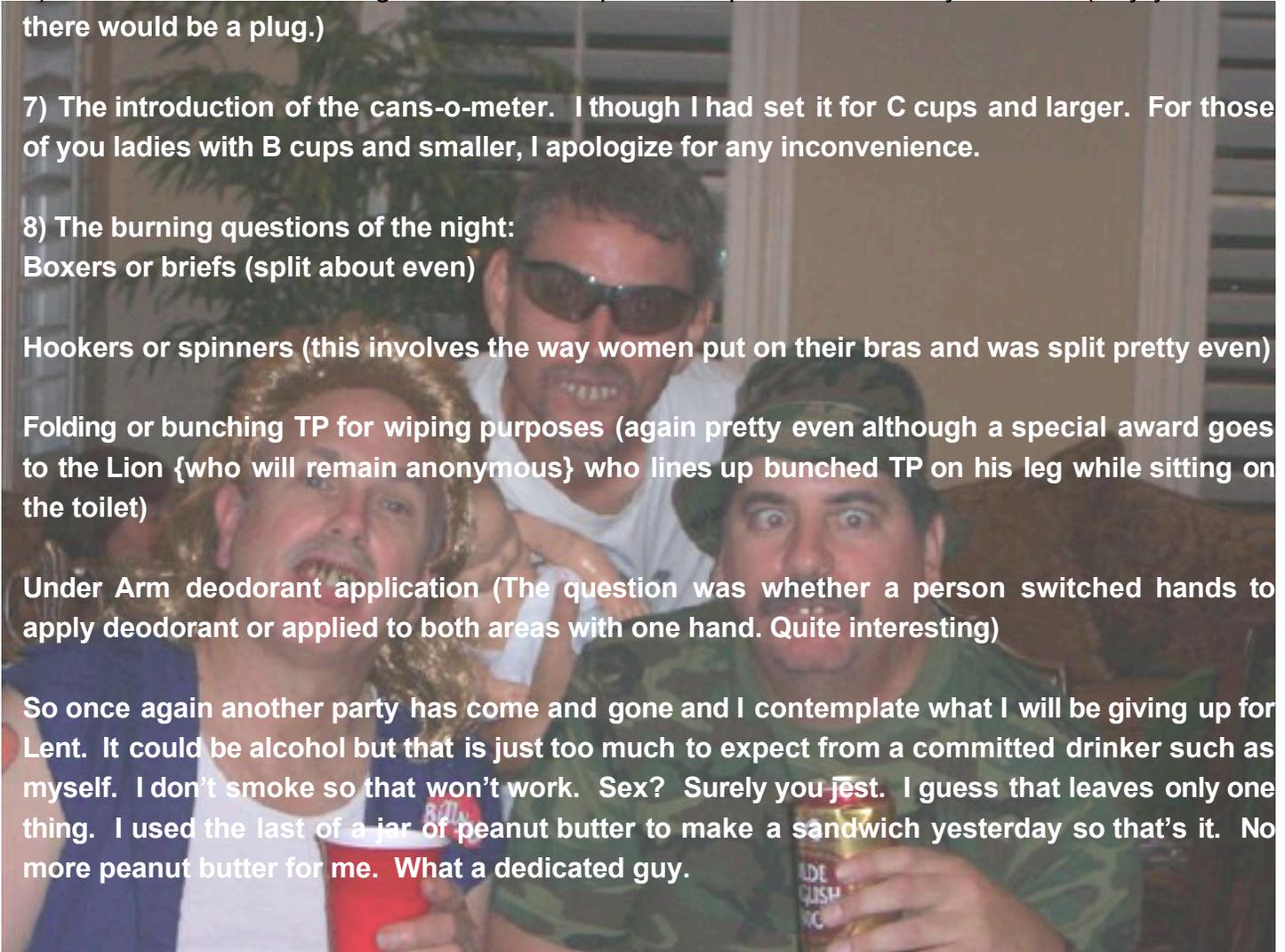
8) The burning questions of the night:
Boxers or briefs (split about even)

Hookers or spinners (this involves the way women put on their bras and was split pretty even)

Folding or bunching TP for wiping purposes (again pretty even although a special award goes to the Lion {who will remain anonymous} who lines up bunched TP on his leg while sitting on the toilet)

Under Arm deodorant application (The question was whether a person switched hands to apply deodorant or applied to both areas with one hand. Quite interesting)

So once again another party has come and gone and I contemplate what I will be giving up for Lent. It could be alcohol but that is just too much to expect from a committed drinker such as myself. I don't smoke so that won't work. Sex? Surely you jest. I guess that leaves only one thing. I used the last of a jar of peanut butter to make a sandwich yesterday so that's it. No more peanut butter for me. What a dedicated guy.





Seal Beach Host Lions Club

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Seal Beach, California, U.S.A.

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