

Steel Magnolias

Breast Cancer Support Group, Inc.

Focus versus Peripheral

July 16, 2007

Susan G. Komen Story

by Nancy Brinker,
Sister and Founder

Growing up, Suzy and I were just about as close as two sisters can get. Suzy was the perfect older sister. She was beautiful and kind and loving, not only to me but to everyone. She was the star of our hometown of Peoria, Illinois-the high school homecoming queen, the college beauty queen.

I on the other hand, was bigger, heavier and taller than most of my friends. I developed my own way of getting attention. I was a tomboy and a mischief-maker and delighted in nothing more than spending hours galloping around on horseback. Suzy tried desperately to teach me about the pretty things in life: how to fix my hair, apply makeup, and coordinate my wardrobe. None of it seemed to work. I was still a big, sort of clumsy girl with two left feet. The boys didn't know I was alive, except that I was Susan Goodman's younger sister.

Suzy came back to Peoria when she graduated from college and got a job modeling locally. Eventually, she married her college sweetheart, Stan Komen.

College, for me, was the first time I felt I belonged anywhere. I was active in many school projects and finally began to have confidence in myself. I felt independent and responsible and ready to take on the world. After graduating, I packed up my bags and moved to Dallas, Texas, home of my father's older sister.

Although we were separated by distance, Suzy and I spoke every day by phone in the late afternoon. As if it were yesterday, I can remember the phone call I received from Suzy one Tuesday afternoon. Her doctor had found a lump in her breast that was not a cyst. He recommended a biopsy.

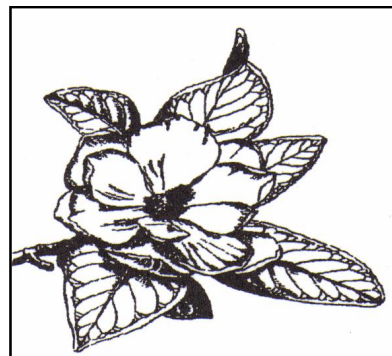
I decided to fly home to Peoria. When I got off the plane, my father was waiting there alone with an expression on his face I will never forget. He didn't have to say a word.

At age 33, Suzy had breast cancer.

What happened from this point on is still difficult for me to talk about because I am so much more knowledgeable on the subject today. If I had only known then what I know now.

The truth of the matter is that growing up in the small town of Peoria, our family had been treated our whole lives by one doctor. Suzy trusted him with her cancer the same way she did with her measles. Mistake number one. None of us knew enough to inquire about seeking information from a major cancer center or from a group of physicians associated with one in Peoria. He was our doctor. Period.

The most difficult concept to grasp about cancer, I think, is the fact that when it is first detected, the patient usually feels just fine. There is rarely any pain associated with breast cancer in its early stages. So when you are told you've got a life-threatening disease, and the treatment sounds more heinous than the



Sharing love through support

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thought of a little lump in the breast, it is understandable that a woman uneducated about cancer might opt for no treatment at all. Such was the case with Suzy. My sister was terrified, naturally, but adamant against having a mastectomy.

Our family doctor called in a surgeon to review Suzy's case. It is important, if you are to learn from our mistakes, that I tell you a little bit about this surgeon. He was handsome, very suave and seemed very self-confident.

According to Suzy, he could cure her. Even the most respected cancer experts in the country (which he was certainly not) do not talk about recovery in terms of surviving cancer or remission. They refrain from using the word cure because cancer can recur. But that, of course is exactly what Suzy wanted to hear, and who could blame her? Like many women, and for that matter, men, too, Suzy was of the frame of mind that the doctor was always right.

This surgeon suggested performing a subcutaneous mastectomy, a procedure in which the outside of the breast is left intact, but an incision is made and the breast tissue is removed. He would then do an implant ten days later. Suzy would be left with a small scar but no more cancer. She felt this was her best option.

After Suzy's surgery, my parents, Stan and I were all at the hospital anxiously awaiting the results. The surgeon walked confidently in the room and said, "You can relax, we got it all. I believe she's cured." My heart sank because I know that cure is a very difficult word to use in reference to cancer. If it is used at all, it is more likely to be spoken after a five year period has passed without recurrence.

For the next five months or so, Suzy felt pretty good. She was convinced she was cured. When I suggested she secure a second opinion just to be sure, she became very sensitive. After all, her doctor had told her she was fine. But before six months had gone by, our worst nightmare became a reality. Suzy found another lump. This time it was under her arm. Despite everyone's optimism, her cancer had spread.

Suzy went next to the Mayo Clinic, where we learned that her cancer had metastasized (spread) to her lung and under her arm. There was a tumor the size of a quarter in the upper part of her right lung and suspicious shadows elsewhere. Their recommendation was 30 days of radiation and then "Watch it." Well, I for one was tired of "Watching." I wanted to see some results.

Terror, rage, sadness, and above all, a feeling of complete and utter helplessness invaded me. Why was this happening to Suzy of all people? What had she ever done to deserve to be so sick and so frightened? Although no one said anything aloud, we all knew my sister was now fighting for her life. And it all happened so quickly. She tried to keep up a brave front and would often talk of plans for the future.

The doctors at Mayo suggested Suzy have radiation therapy, which is a treatment using high-energy rays to damage (burn) cancer cells and stop them from growing. She did have the radiation but it was not successful in slowing her disease. The cancer was out of control, and Suzy decided to seek treatment at the M. D. Anderson Cancer Center in Houston. When she arrived, she was a Stage IV cancer patient. This means that the cancer had spread to other organs in her body and was still growing. It was a very critical situation. But for the first time, Suzy was part of a team: Her new doctor and his associates made Suzy a partner in every decision. They were completely and totally honest with her and all of us about her condition. Suzy was not only allowed to ask questions, she was encouraged to do so.

Suzy's doctor's approach to the disease was an aggressive one. Thus began the saga of intense chemotherapy. Chemotherapy is often accompanied by nausea, mouth sores, hair thinning and sometimes total hair loss, depending on the type used. Suzy experienced all of that and more. Everyone given chemotherapy is warned that a side effect is hair loss, but nothing can prepare a woman for the shock and embarrassment of baldness. She bore up under the strain with all the dignity and grace she could manage, although I know she was devastated. Little did I know that even then, my sister was teaching me.

The stress and tension put on a family involved in a serious illness is unimaginable. You know you must stick together on crucial matters, so often the tension released is by arguing about little things. My father had a terrible time. He could not bear the sight of his precious daughter being so ill. As a result, it was our dear mother who bore the brunt of much of the burden.

Suzy was horrified over the stark waiting areas, the uncomfortable chairs, and the patients who had to wait six or more hours for a scheduled appointment. I was outraged that more hadn't been learned to help my sister. "Nan," she said, "As soon as I get better, let's do something about this. You can find a way to speed up research. I know you can. And I want to fix up this waiting room and make it pretty for the women who have to be here. This isn't right."

Treatments at M.D. Anderson, slowed Suzy's cancer, but only briefly. After nine operations, three courses of chemotherapy and radiation, she lost her 3 year war. She was gone.

Nan's Conclusion: I spent a lot of time thinking about Suzy. There is no way to accurately describe the void her absence left in my life. I also spent a great deal of time questioning my faith and wondering why such a good person was taken from a family that needed her so desperately. I often wonder, as many people do when they've lost a loved one, what really happens to a soul when a person dies. Was Suzy watching me? Did she hear me when I called her name out loud? After much thought I came to the conclusion that I would never know until I died myself, but I sure didn't want to die in order to find out. Just in case, I wanted to do something to let her know how special she would always be in my heart. I was haunted by our last conversation and lay awake sometimes all night wondering what I could do to help other women with breast cancer. Could one person **really** make a difference?

Therefore, since we are surrounded by such a great cloud of witnesses, let us throw off everything that hinders and the sin that so easily entangles, and let us run with perseverance the race marked out for us. Hebrews 12:1

All one needs do, to answer the question, "Could one person really make a difference, is investigate the work of the Susan G. Komen Foundation, through the Alabama Affiliate. Calhoun County is part of the North Central Alabama Affiliate which includes the 38 counties of North Central Alabama. Through the Alabama Public Health Department, Komen Alabama, matches Centers for Disease Control funding for breast cancer screening. We know this program really works for uninsured women, because we have made referrals and have the testimony of women who have sought help and received it through this program.

Nancy Brinker said, "The months after Suzy's funeral were the saddest in my life. I wanted to stay near my parents because I knew they needed me (the truth is, we needed each other), but I had a son and a home that had been without any attention for a long time. It was time to get on with it, to pick myself up and start living again. Some things are easier said than done."

In 1982, because of the promise between two sisters, Nancy established the Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation.

Focus

As most everyone knows my husband, for 58 years, was a self employed building contractor, hands on, last of the master builders. Before lymphedema, my job was landscaping and wall paper, as well as assisting with laying out of the house. My husband used a transit to pull lines and place grade stakes so that the house would be square and level. Unless Prentiss shot the transit line straight and the grade stakes level, no future building application would fit. Straight and level meant that the transit lens had to be perfectly focused and calibration had to be exact.

Steel Magnolias began in September 2000, with a chance meeting (for me) at Joy Book Store. Dr. Bruce Wilkinson was promoting his little book, "The Prayer of Jabez." After an introduction and being told by Angie, about my battle with breast cancer and upcoming surgery, Dr Wilkinson gave me a copy of his book and said, "I want you to have my book, I think it will help you." This was God's first call. "Do something with what you've learned." What I learned is that being diagnosed with breast cancer, undergoing surgeries, treatments, and the resulting after effects are crushing. Some conditions last a life time.

"Some things are like having a baby, cain't nobody do it but you," are words of wisdom from the mother of my good friends, Sheila and Sue. We cannot heal cancer, we cannot change the amount of surgery or treatments required, nor can we determine the length of a patient's life. We can provide, to the patient, Bear Hugger comfort items to aid in recovery, inspiration to ease the fear, jokes to help them laugh, and a little Avon luxury in special Bear Hugger cosmetic bags. We, can also help newly diagnosed patients understand their options and make better decisions. Therefore, our focus has to be the woman diagnosed with breast cancer. As we've learned more about cancer, we've broadened our outreach to include ovarian cancers, but our focus is still the woman diagnosed with cancer.

As a local service organization, we must never lose sight of the individual. Recently, we have been contacted by an RN, from Auburn and a phlebotomist from Gadsden, about setting up affiliate groups. We have a nonprofit attorney, looking into this issue. Whether we have affiliates or not, does not change the focus. Whether in Auburn, Gadsden, or Calhoun County, the focus is still the woman diagnosed with breast & ovarian cancer and the foundation is still God.

Heaven is Richer

A few weeks ago, Margaret Taylor called to tell me that their friends, Mayor Johnny and Sarah Smith's daughter, grandson and granddaughter were involved in an automobile accident. Fifteen year old, grandson, Glenn Smith was killed. A few weeks later, Chaplain Wilson called and asked if I knew that Jan Chandler had died. On June 26, Jan chose a wig, from our benevolent closet to restore. After a lengthy illness, Clarence Smith, father of Peggy Kelly, Women's Ministry leader at Leatherwood Baptist Church, died.

Since the first of May, many treasured lives have been lost to us here in Calhoun County and surrounding counties. In honor of the memory of these dear loved ones, who range in age from 15 years to past 70, "Seasons of Life."

Seasons of Life

Oh, Life! So full, so rich, so sweet;
From which there is but one retreat.
So like the seasons of the year;
You bring laughter, sadness, joy, and fear.

Oh, Spring of Life! So sweet and pure;
Reaching out with your beckoning lure.
Walk among the trees and calm brooks of life;
Where gentle winds erase all sadness and strife.

Come sit in the sunshine of a sultry day;
As life moves to Summer, with fickleness and play.
Like waves of the ocean that roar and break;
Youth walks tall, and spirited, and brave.

Shadows are gathering across endless skies;
As Autumn approaches and Summer dies.
Like the parching of leaves in a cool dry breeze;
Life replaces youth with wisdom that old eyes see.

Oh! The darkness of a Winter's night;
So like the retreat of a person's short life.
Stealing the Spring, the Summer, the Fall;
To leave only darkness, without recall.

No sound of singing or drum and fife
To announce the abandon of mortal life.
Just the bidding of our risen King,
"Come my child, spend eternity with me."

By Lenora Washington Johnson

RITE of PASSAGE

Do you know the legend of the Cherokee Indian youth's rite of passage? His father takes him into the forest, blindfolds him and leaves him alone. He is required to sit on a stump the whole night and not remove the blindfold until the rays of the sun shine through it. He cannot cry out for help to anyone. Once he survives the night, he is a MAN. He cannot tell the other boys of this experience, because each lad must come into manhood on his own. The boy is naturally terrified. He can hear all kinds of noises. Wild beasts must surely be all around him. Maybe even some human might do him harm. The wind blew the grass and earth, and shook his stump, but he sat stoically, never moving the blindfold. It would be the only way he could become a man! Finally, after a horrific night, the sun ap-

peared and he removed his blindfold. It was then that he discovered his father sitting on the stump next to him. He had been at watch the entire night, protecting his son from harm. We, too, are never alone. Even when we don't know it, our Lord Jesus is watching over us, sitting on the stump beside us. When trouble comes, all we have to do is reach out to Him.

Sing to the Lord, you saints of His; praise His holy name. For His anger lasts only a moment, but His favor lasts a lifetime; weeping may remain for a night, but rejoicing comes in the morning. Psalm 30: 4-5

Steel Magnolias Group Meeting

The Tuesday, June 26 meeting of Steel Magnolias opened with Ina Rooks presenting the prayer list of 10 newly diagnosed breast cancer patients. Names were added and prayer was offered for each person.

We adjourned to enjoy our pizza, salad, key lime pie, banana pudding and all the watermelon, cantaloupe, and Texas melon that we could hold.

We were then called to order by President Pam Bussey. In Secretary Margaret Taylor's absence, Lenora read the minutes. There being no corrections, minutes were accepted as read, with a motion to accept by Gloria Woosley and seconded by Janet Reese. Nancy gave the treasurer's report. Ina Rooks made motion to accept report as read and Janet Reese seconded motion. Financial report was approved as read.

Old Business: Lenora made the motion to cancel the Celebration of Life Picnic, scheduled for August. Nancy Burnell seconded motion, which was approved. The New Beginnings Banquet was discussed. Invitations are out. Thanks to RMC, \$600 has been approved to pay for the banquet at Top O The River. Program was discussed and approved. Sylvia Malone, a cancer survivor, will be our keynote speaker.

New Business: Marti Warren requested that we send a one-time donation (a tithe of the contributions that have been given to Steel Magnolias) of \$100 to Dr. Fussell/Dr. Spremulli's transportation fund that is used to take stranded patients, who have no way home and no money for cab fare, following chemotherapy treatments. Motion was discussed, Marti Warren made motion, which was seconded by Marie Harbin. Motion carried. Marti Warren will deliver the check to Anniston Oncology. September 11 will be open house for the Steel Magnolias office, located in the RMC West office. Members will provide refreshments in main lobby and visitors will be invited to take tour of our office. Reception is set for Sept. 11, 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Connie Baker, a teacher at Saks High School (Marti Warren's daughter) was present as a guest and volunteered to load information, as needed, onto our website, <www.steelmagnoliasinc.org, and update existing pages. Lenora shared information about Summit on Aging and told about the valuable contact made with Mr. Skinner, Director of Medicaid in Calhoun County.

There being no further business, meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully Submitted by Marti Warren (In Secretary Margaret Taylor's absence)

Financial Report

June	Beginning Balance	\$4,975.14
01 - \$100.00 Lenora Johnson, Monthly Expenses		4,875.14
06 - 285.00 Magnolia Honey Jelly (10 gift baskets)		4,590.14
25 - 706.25 Jeff Owens & Associates (Filing of Form 1023)		3,883.89
26 - 75.00 Domino's Pizza		3,808.89
26- 178.88 Lenora Johnson (Steel Locker & Invitation Stationary		3,630.01
27 - 100.00 Dr. Stephanie Fussell (Office Transportation)		3,530.01
27 + 976.00 Jewelry Sale (RAJ)	85	
BC Pin	5	
Jeff Owens & Associates	250	
Jackie Howle	25	
Wal-Mart Women's Health Fair Contribute	111	
Alabama Power Co.	500	
		4,506.01

Correspondence

Dear Steel Magnolias, Thank you for the lovely plant. I deeply appreciate your prayers and acts of kindness. I look forward to seeing you soon. Love, Milli Carlisle West of Anniston, AL

Ms. Rooks, I want to thank you and everyone who has prayed for me. God has indeed Blessed Me, and I hope and pray He continues to Bless me and everyone with the steel Magnolias. Just knowing someone out there cares and is praying for me sure makes a difference. Thanks, Teresa of Woodland, AL

Lenora, Keep up the great work you and the SM volunteers are doing. It takes great leaders with a vision and a passion. I love the newsletters and share them with our HEARTS volunteers and clients in both HEARTS office locations. Hang in there and you sound so much like me, it's scary!

Take care. God bless, Jackie Howle, Hearts of Cleburne County (\$25 personal check)

Thank You! Thank You!! Thank You!!!

Jeff Owens, Faye Roberts, and Dr. Dave Roberts for your work on behalf of Steel Magnolias!

Jeff Owens & Associates for your generous contribution of \$250

Jackie Howle for your generous contribution of \$25

Alabama Power for your generous contribution of \$500

To everyone who contributed jewelry to Steel Magnolias & thank you to RAJ for Sales of \$85

To whomever, from Leatherwood Baptist Church who contributed the sea shell jewelry

Visitors to the Steel Magnolias table at Wal-Mart for generous \$111 contribution

Anniversaries and Treasure Hunting

For the first time, since Prentiss and I met at our Cupid, Hazel Johnson Rudolph's, home, on May 19, 1968, we celebrated, the day we met, with a special dinner at the Victoria. I saved a gift certificate, a Christmas gift from my Missouri sibling, Debby, just for this occasion. Even though, circumstances beyond our control, caused a postponement of our celebration, the steak was just as good and we felt just as thankful.

As Prentiss tells it, "We wore ourselves out dating!" As I tell it, "We got married in a fever!" The 3rd of July, 1968, was hot as blazes, made even more intense because, 45 days after May 19, on July 3, 1968, we eloped. And as they say, "The rest is history!"

July 3rd, 2007, we spent a week just chilling out at our lake house in Ohatchee. On the morning of July 3, I awoke earlier than Prentiss, and as I lay there thinking of our 39 years together, I thought of the ups, the downs, the children, the grandchildren, the suffering and the rejoicing. As I began thanking God for the wonderful man, with whom my life had been blessed, I thanked God also for the crushing valleys we had dragged ourselves through, his heart surgeries-my cancer and torn rotator cuff surgeries. Had it not been for the valleys, we would not have gotten to know the heart of God, how much He loves and sustains us, how He is always on time. I would also not have learned the full extent of the character and integrity of my husband or the depth of love he feels for his wife and his family.

I love nothing better than exploring Antique shops. During our week in Ohatchee, we visited Unique Boutique in Indian Village, just across from the post office. What, a few years ago, was just a little consignment shop, is now an antique mall and gift shop. I chose a few items and bought them to be given as door prizes at the New Beginning Banquet. I then told owner, Belinda, who I was and about, not only our door prizes, but the upcoming Swinging Stars Silent Auction. I also told her about Marti's Recycled Antique Jewelry and asked that she share with her vendors how we could turn old jewelry into money to fund our work. Belinda told me that her mother is a breast cancer patient, whose cancer has spread to her lung. Then, she reached into her case and pulled out a little watch ring. I have never seen anything like it. What I do know is that it is 10k gold, 17 jewel, Swedish movement, made for Neiman Marcus. Bill Haywood, Sr., of Haywood Jewelers in Rainbow City, is investigating about repair parts, etc. Soon, we should know more. I asked Belinda if she didn't mind, I'd like to know where this little antique came from. She said, "Just after my partner and I bought this little shop, I was cleaning up and found it on the floor."

The story could end there, but no, a vendor named Linda, upon entering the store to check her booth, heard what I was telling Belinda. She brought two items from her inventory and contributed them to the October 13, silent auction. This precious woman then said, "I want to give something to you personally. Come back here and choose the one you like." Linda gave me a beautiful doily, made by her late, beloved, aunt whose home was near Marvin's in Anniston. I placed this treasured doily under pictures of my beautiful treasures: Olivia, Kaylee and Emily.

Smile

Your smile touched me today
It brightened up my world
It let me know you cared
And that I wasn't alone
Your smile was warm and friendly
And it told me you cared
It told me you wished me well

And it brought joy to my heart
You would think that a smile
Was a gesture to a stranger
But your smile was real and sincere
And I felt that I could be strong
And face anything ahead
Because you smiled at me today...

By Gerri Smith

Thank you Gerri for sharing your beautiful poetry. Your words always go straight to our hearts! May we always remember the importance of our smile.

Thank you for your jewelry contributions! If you haven't yet cleaned the boxes of old costume jewelry from your closet, please take it with you, as you run errands in Anniston or eat out. Take jewelry, marked for Steel Magnolias, to Marti, at the Warren Family Affair, in the Noble Building.

If you have items to contribute to the October 13 silent auction, please call our office, (256) 231-8827 and leave your name and telephone number or carry your items, either to Pam at the Wound Healing Center or to Marti at Warren's Family Affair in the Noble Building, next to Couches.

Please check out the Cancer Links page on <www.steelmagnoliasinc.org>
Connie is doing a GREAT job! Connie, THANK YOU!

Mark Your Calendars

Monday, July 16: Board Meeting: 6:00 p.m. Tyler Center, meeting room behind deli

Tuesday, July 24: New Beginnings Banquet: 6:00 p.m. Top O The River, Anniston
By invitation——Please RSVP by Friday July 20, to Lenora, (256) 447-9822
Meal is courtesy of RMC Chaplain's Office

Tuesday, August 28: Steel Magnolias Group Meeting: 5:00 p.m. meeting room behind deli
Special Guest: Dixie Reynolds/ Avon Beauty Center, Quintard Mall
Special Makeup class for chemo patients & skin care pointers for everyone
Everyone bring one dish from either: Novelty Salad, Novelty Bread or Dessert

Tuesday, September 11: RMC West Office, Reception and Open House
Reception in main lobby with invitation to tour office

Here Goes

Alabama Dry Weather

Alabama is so dry that: The Baptists have started sprinkling.....The Methodists are using a wet cloth.....the Presbyterians are giving rain checks.....and.....The Catholics are trying to turn wine back into water.

English American Style

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes; but the plural of ox became oxen not oxes.
One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese; yet the plural of moose should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse or a nest full of mice; yet the plural of house is houses, not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men; why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
If I spoke of my foot and show you my feet; and give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth; Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth
Then one may be that, and three would be those;
yet hat in the plural would never be hose; and the plural of cat is cats, not cose.
We speak of a brother and also of brethren; but though we may say mother, we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, and his and him; but imagine the feminine, she, shis, and shim.

Why I Need a Support Group

My son, Greg said, "Mom, we have an old man moving into our community. I said, "How old is he?" Greg said, "OLD, he was born in 1951!" To which I replied, "Wait just a minute, I was born in 1941" He said, "I can't help it if you've had to start formaldehyde injections." Botox requires repeated injections....Formaldehyde injections, only one injection required.

Some of Pokey's Favorite Quotes

"If you don't read the newspaper you are uninformed, if you do read the newspaper, you are misinformed." by Mark Twain.....????????????? Suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of congress.....But then I repeat myself.????????????? By Mark Twain.....A government which robs Peter to pay Paul can always depend on the support of Paul. By George Bernard Shaw.....Foreign aid might be defined as a transfer of money from poor people in a rich countries to rich people in poor countries. By Douglas Casey, Classmate of Bill Clinton at Georgetown U.....Giving money and power to government is like giving whiskey and car keys to teenage boys. By P.J. Rourke..... I don't make jokes. I just watch the government and report the facts. By Will Rogers.....The government is like a baby's alimentary canal, with a happy appetite at one end and no responsibility at the other. By Ronald Regan..... The inherent vice of capitalism is the unequal sharing of blessings. The inherent blessings of socialism is the equal sharing of misery. By Winston Churchill.....The only difference between a tax man and a taxidermist is that the taxidermist leaves the skin. By Mark Twain.....

Life and Sex After Death

A couple made a deal that whoever died first would come back and inform the other of the afterlife. After a long life together, the husband was the first to die. True to his word, he made contact, "Connie....Connie." "Is that you, Joe?" "Yes, I've come back like we agreed." "That's wonderful! What's it like?" "Well, I get up in the morning, I have sex. I have breakfast and then it's off to the golf course. I have sex again, bathe in the warm sun and then have sex a couple of more times. Then I have lunch (you'd be proud-lots of greens) another romp around the golf course, then pretty much have sex the rest of the afternoon. After supper, it's back to the golf course again. Then it's more sex until late night. I catch much needed sleep and then the next day it starts all over again." "Oh Joe, you surely must be in Heaven!" "Not exactly....I'm a rabbit on a golf course in Arizona.

Successful Marriage

At the church's husbands marriage seminar, the priest asked Luigi, on his upcoming 50th wedding anniversary, to take a few minutes and share some insight into how he managed to stay married to the same woman all these years. Luigi replied to the audience, "Well, I've tried to treat her real well, spend-a the money on her, but da best-a is-a dat I took her to Italy for the 20th-a anniversary! The priest immediately commented, "Luigi, you are an amazing inspiration to all the husbands here! Please tell the audience what you are planning for your wife for your 50th anniversary...." Luigi proudly replied, "I'm-a gonna go and -a get her."