



E-Edition of the Beta Journal

Beta Sigma Phi

Volume 2 Issue 3

“Think Pink” Tree People’s Choice

The Douglas County Historical Society's "Gallery of Trees People's Choice" winner this past December was Laureate Nu Chapter of Beta Sigma Phi with their "Think Pink" Breast Cancer Awareness Christmas Tree. This creative theme tree was decorated with pink breast cancer ribbons, pink pine cones and several dozen "blown" eggs painted pink then decorated with pink glitter, sequins, feathers and netting plus yards and yards of pink ribbon garland. The tree was on display at the Carson Valley Museum during the entire month of December. They used the pine cones and blown eggs rather than Christmas balls to keep the cost down. This was not only cost effective but very clever and creative. All 15 members of the Laureate Nu

Chapter participated in making the "Think Pink" tree the People's Choice winner. This year the Chapter held a combination garage, bake and craft sale that was very well attended by the community; therefore, the chapter was able to give back to the community by donating to Make-A-Wish Foundation, Spinal Bifida, Senior Center, Food Closet, Douglas County Historical Society Museum, a Douglas High School scholar-

ship plus Adopt-A-Family for the Holidays and postage for the packages going to the soldiers in Iraq.



http://www.betajournal.com/may05_pamchef.pdf

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YARDSTICK ONLINE

Yardstick can be found online at

http://www.betajournal.com/yardstick_tips2004_2005.htm

http://www.betajournal.com/yardstick_2004_2005.htm

In PDF

http://www.betajournal.com/images/yardstick/yardstick_2005pic.pdf

Deadline: June 20, 2005

Also can be found in your April “Torch.”

“The Good, The True, The Beautiful”

2005 - 2006

ONLINE THEME ART

http://www.betajournal.com/clip_11gtb.htm

WOOBLE’S PLACE

Stop by Wooble’s Place to submit your theme ideas online this year.

<http://www.betajournal.com/wooble.htm>

Keep returning as sisters ideas will be posted on Wooble’s page in 2005.



The Cookie Lady – Paula of Knoxville, TN

There was once a very gracious lady named Georgia. She was raised by the "old rules" of being a lady. In her world, the man was the head of the household and whatever he said was the way it was. In her heart I think she wanted to be a more "modern" woman. She did some things in her own way. She was a smoker and I think it was her way of rebellion of having to always do the "right thing". Georgia did not work. One of her beliefs was that she thought that a woman should have her own money. She sometimes squirreled away money to have for her own.

Georgia was very affectionate and loved to give hugs and kisses to her polite grandsons and squirming great grandchildren. She loved to hold babies, but would not breathe in their faces. She would look at the babies holding her breath then turn her head away to breathe.

She loved going to see her great grandchildren and began to bring a bag of cookies with her when she visited them. Sometimes neighborhood children would be playing with her great grandchildren and she shared the cookies with them also. She lovingly became known in the neighborhood as "The Cookie Lady". If the neighborhood children weren't around when she came to visit, they came running when they saw her car at the great grandchildren's house.

One day when I seemed to be very busy doing housework, Georgia said to me, "Housework will always be there, but your children won't. You should always find time to play with them".

I thought about what she said to me as I looked at my little children playing. Almost daily those words went through my head. I decided that she was right. Children grow up so fast. I wanted them to remember that their mom did play with them. I wanted them to remember that I made special clothes or props for school plays, or made special treats for fun and for the holidays. Valentine's Day would be remembered as we colored and cut out cards and made heart cookies with pink frosting. I hoped they would remember Easters of special made clothes, dying eggs, baskets, hunting for eggs and Sunday mornings at

church. Halloween memories would be of cute or not so cute costumes, bags of candy, and carving pumpkins. Christmas would bring back special memories of getting toys they wanted, or baking and decorating cookies, the neighborhood parties, going caroling with church friends, and helping others not so fortunate as they to enjoy Christmas.

My hope was that they would remember swimming lessons with the Red Cross and baton lessons. Those horrible sessions of learning to play the piano may not be pleasant to remember, but they would remember that I gave them the opportunity to learn! There were Cub Scout pine derby cars that mom helped make, yes, mom did that! Mom helped with Brownie Scout outings and crafts. Mom and Dad took them to Sunday School and Vacation Bible School. Mom helped the church raise money to send one of her children on a foreign missionary journey to Africa.

I wanted them to remember that they had a special pet to care for. Mom always told them that they way they treated their pet would be the way they later treated their own children. There was Sam, the long, floppy-eared Bassett Hound. There was Perry, the cute, talking parakeet. There were two tiny white mice that mysteriously disappeared one night! There was Penny, our sweet, lovable miniature Daschund that we all loved so much.

As for their Dad, he was home in the evenings to play with them. He got down on his hands and knees to give pony rides or wrestled with them. He put together toy gas stations, Big Wheels, bicycles, doll carriages and doll houses. He went to watch them play T-ball, Little League games, girls' softball and high school football games. He was the one they went to for serious talks and lessons on life.

I wanted them to remember birthday parties with specially designed cakes, deco-



Georgia was a wise woman telling me that my children were more important than housework.

rations and friends. There were family dinners that should hold good memories for a lifetime. A few of those were at Easter at their paternal grandparent's house, Thanksgiving at their great Aunt Rachel's house, picnics by the lake when visiting their maternal grandparents. Surely, they will remember the Fourth of July picnics at home with the whole neighborhood at their house with fun, food and fireworks. There are home movies of all of these for them to see over and over.

As they grew older, I wanted them to have pleasant memories of their first dates, first cars and first jobs. Even after they had grown and were married I wanted them to know that mom could still make things fun. We have family dinners, birthday parties, swimming parties, and outings for them and the grandchildren, their children. Maybe Robin will remember the bandana quilt I made for her. Maybe Robert will remember the fire truck door stop I made for him. Maybe Billy will remember the special pillow quilt I made for him.

Most of all I hope Billy, Robin, and Robert will remember their great grandmother, Georgia, The Cookie Lady, and know that because of her love for them she gave their mother some very good advice and their mother took that advice to heart. Georgia was a wise woman telling me that my children were more important than housework. I hope I will always remember that as I care for my grandchildren. Housework is there to do, but I would rather play with the children.

The Things I Do Before Breakfast

Scene from The Home for the Overeducated and Slightly Insane:

Time: 6:05 AM CDT

Place: my kitchen

My eldest, a boy who was at the time of this conversation 11 years old, inquired out of nowhere around a mouth full of grapes, "Why do they call them "seconds" if there are 60 of them?" He asks this sort of thing all the time, not because he wants the answer but just to point out life's little absurdities and to be obnoxious. It is worse now that he is in middle school. At the time he was only in fifth grade.

I was busy slapping Jif and Welch's on Wonder bread while simultaneously scrambling an egg for his younger brother. I can do this not because I am particularly gifted in culinary areas, or even particularly coordinated. I can do it simply because I do so every school day and it comes automatically. It's a good thing it was automatic, too, because no food or caffeine had yet to enter my system that morning. That's why I didn't think to just tell him to quit being obnoxious. My mental gears were grinding loudly as I replied, "I dunno. What's Latin for "sixty"?"

My favorite phrase is "Look it up," and answering a question with another one is a great diversionary tactic. It's not be-

cause I'm trying to teach them to find things out for themselves or to keep them from bothering me with "Why is the sky blue?" –type questions, but because that way they don't know whether I know the answer or not. They're going to decide soon enough that Mom is stupid, so there's no use rushing that decision.

My daughter was eight years old on that morning. She was peeling apart a slice of bacon because "it looks funny". I don't know whether it's her gender or her position as baby of the family, but she feels it necessary to be in on every conversation. Unfortunately for me, she really wanted to know, "Why do so many of our words come from Latin?"

I had progressed to trying to stuff a PBJ sandwich in a baggie without liberally spreading the jelly all over my hands. I was still keeping one eye on the scrambled egg, too. I was in trouble; this answer had to be both correct and phrased appropriately for a beginning-third-grader. "For a long time Rome ruled at least half of Europe and eastern Asia."

My eldest had decided the conversation was worth continuing, or maybe he was just up for showing off. He chimed in,



"The Mediterranean coast in the north, Egypt, stuff like that. Aren't you done with your breakfast yet?"

"And Africa."

"What part?" his sister wanted to know.

I was now trying to zip lunch boxes closed without catching the napkins in the zippers. Since I did not want to try to remember the entire territory covered by the Roman Empire at its peak, I chose to assume

she meant which part of Africa. "The Mediterranean coast in the north, Egypt, stuff like that. Aren't you done with your breakfast yet?" I used two more diversionary tactics – changing the subject and an attack. This had moved way beyond what I should have to handle at 6:15 AM.

My daughter had switched from dissecting the bacon to squashing her grapes before consuming them. She was an eight-and-a-half-year veteran of ignoring Mom. "So that's why they call it the Roman *Empire*?"

My head now felt like one of my daughter's grapes. "Um, yeah. Honey, don't drink your milk out of the cereal bowl."

Lori

MO Preceptor Beta Mu

Manchester, MO

Past Themes

52-53 The Road Ahead

53-54 Festival of Friendship

54-55 Life of Beauty

55-56 Time to Remember

56-57 Getting to Know You

57-58 Call to Action

58-59 Year of Fulfillment

59-60 Heart to Heart

60-61 Live with Wings

61-62 Live Victoriously With Wings

62-63 The torch Will Light the Way

63-64 This is the Way

64-65 Invitation to Life

65-66 Crown Every Moment

66-67 Jewel the Phi

67-68 Turn the Key

68-69 Reach for the Stars

69-70 Join Hands and Hearts

70-71 Light Many Lamps

71-72 Life Begins at 40

72-73 Lead a Queenly Quest

73-74 Love, Love, Love

74-75 Stairway to Happiness

75-76 Let Heritage Ring

76-77 Follow the Rainbow Road

77-78 Light Another Torch

78-79 See New Horizons

79-80 Around the world of Beta Sigma Phi

80-81 Share Golden Treasures

81-82 Circle the World with Yellow Roses

82-83 The Golden Key to Friendship

83-84 Keep the Dream Big

84-85 Paint a Living Masterpiece

85-86 Walk in the Sun, Find renaissance

86-87 Share the Dream

87-88 Build Bridges of Friendship

88-89 Pave It With Stars

89-90 Gifts From the Heart

90-91 Celebrate the Magic

91-92 A Time For Us

92-93 Together We Grow

93-94 Treasure Special Moments

94-95 Light The Way

95-96 Beta Sigma Phi: The Dream Catcher

96-97 Reflections of Love

97-98 Sisters of the Heart

98-99 From Dust Into Stardust

99-00 New Century, New Beginning

00-01 A Diamond Celebration - Our Future Shines

01-02 Weave a Web of Friendship

02-03 Gateway to Friendship

03-04 Colors of Friendship

04-05 Give the Gifts of Sisterhood



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Contact Virginia at 800-360-4774

Jan 21—Feb 2, 2006



Celebrate Beta Sigma Phi Online
10 Year Celebration

October 12, 2005
Overland Park, Kansas
Contact Irene ILJarvis@aol.com



New Beta Shoppe Item
Sister Stick Figure Sweat-shirts
M-XL \$20
XXL-XXXL \$23
http://www.betajournal.com/main_shoppe.htm

My “Ama” - Saudi Arabia

“Loving, generous, strong, intelligent” are the words that describe my “ama”, my mother. My mother’s name is Virginia; some people shorten it to Kina. Her stepmother sent her away when she was two after she gave birth to her own child. Kina only had a few months education since she was raised by two aunts who did not see a value in going to school. When Kina, as a child, asked for a new dress, her aunts threw her two cotton flour sacks and told her to make it. This experience resulted in my ama becoming a great seamstress. Her three daughters wore wedding dresses made by her loving hands. Ama would use old newspapers to make dress patterns and then she would cut the material. She did this in order to insure that the various pieces of cloth cut and sewed together were perfect, allowing her to create beautiful and original designs.

My ama originated number ID’s before they were fashionable. She was responsible for about sixty “brazeros” or laborers. She had to weigh their cotton and at the end of the week determine how much to pay these men. Since she could not read or write she assigned a number to each man. At the end of the week she did the payroll and after many years of

doing this she never was off on her calculations. My mother taught herself the numbers, and how to add, subtract, and, in her own way, multiply and divide. She would quickly add up fifty to one hundred numbers in a row without a calculator or using her fingers.

Ama’s strength, generosity, and love were truly put to the test twelve years ago when my dad had a severe stroke. He became bedridden and needed twenty- four hour care. A promise was made to my dad that he would not be put into a nursing home. Even though a lady came in four hours a day to help with dad my mom was asked to be the primary care giver. Ama was completely and unselfishly devoted to dad and his care. I, unfortunately, got to see a strong, vibrant woman become a tired, fragile one. This past September my ama passed away. She was born May 20, 1916 so I thought it quite appropriate to write this tribute to her.

My ama was a strong, loving, generous, and intelligent woman. Even though this Mother’s Day she is not physically with me I will celebrate this special day because she is very alive in my heart. I only hope my children will think of me



Even though this Mother’s Day she is not physically with me I will celebrate this special day because she is very alive in my heart

as being half the person my ama was to me.

This Mother’s Day I honor my ama and all the mothers of all my Beta Sigma Phi sisters.

Catarina

Dhahran Xi Epsilon

Saudi Arabia