

# TULSA GMC LUNCH BUNCH

Founders Glyn & Melrose Trimble (1999)

December 6, 2019

The Tulsa GMC Lunch Bunch met today for the monthly luncheon at the Golden Corral located at East 71<sup>st</sup> Street and South Mingo Road in Tulsa. There were 15 in attendance.

Present were Robert & Marilyn Musgrove, Fred & Peggy Pitezal, Ken & Doree Broostin, Jerry McNeil, Larry & Joanna Potts, Geoffrey & Peggy Alexander, Jim & Betty Haynes, Clyde Jones, and Tommy Manning.

**Christmas:** Marilyn Musgrove read a poem titled Keeping Christmas by Henry Van Dyke. The poem includes a series of questions each of which begins with "Are you willing----".

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**Springdale to Van Buren Train Ride on November 2<sup>nd</sup>** – This was a fun trip with five coaches and their owners caravanning to Springdale AR where they met up with owners of a sixth coach. On Saturday, we enjoyed a comfortable ride on a Vintage Excursion Train through the countryside. This was an eight-hour trip with a three-hour layover in Van Buren to allow time for shopping, eating and sightseeing.



### *Happening!*

- Jim and Betty Haynes made a trip to Texas to attend their grandson's wedding.
- Larry and Joanna hosted their family Thanksgiving at the lake house.
- Fred's cataract surgery went well. He will be ready to have the other eye done in a few weeks.
- Peggy and Geoffrey Alexander are enjoying spending time with the grandchildren while their daughter is working out of town.
- Ken and Doree spent Thanksgiving with family in Tulsa.
- Marilyn participated in the Turkey Trot (5k run) on Friday after Thanksgiving, coming in first in her age group!! Bob didn't participate because he was recuperating from foot surgery; but he bought the T-shirt.

See you next month.

*The Tulsa GMC Lunch Bunch*

**GMC Classics/Tulsa Link:** <http://gmcclassics.com/rallies/tulsa.html>

### **KEEPING CHRISTMAS BY Henry Van Dyke**

It is a good thing to observe Christmas day. The mere marking of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over their individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity which runs on sun time.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas day, and that is, keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow-men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own up to the fact that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few

seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop[ down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things for even a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas

And if you keep it for a day, why not always?

But you can never keep it alone.