



**Rockwell Collins CRAFT
CLUB
May 2006**

<http://www.collinsclubs.com/craftclub/>

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

Next Meeting – May 17 – 4:30 p.m., Main Plant Cafeteria

CRAFT PROJECT: As most of you know, we were unable to paint our frog brick at last month's meeting, so that's what we'll do at this month's meeting. All supplies will be provided. You might want to bring a box or lid to carry him home.

SPEAKER: We will have a speaker from the Free Clinic at our meeting.

NEW MEMBERS & GUESTS: We have three new members - Heather Tripp, Tracy Hamilton, and Mary Martin. Welcome to our group. We look forward to getting to know you and would like to hear any suggestions you might have for our club.

PRIZES: Michelle Bell won the door prize and Pat Hall won the prize for Show & Tell.

NEW BABY: Welcome to Suzanne Baxa's new baby boy.

Name is: Garret Alan Baxa
Date of birth: 12:30 AM, April 11th
Weight: 8 lbs 1 oz.
Length: 20 1/4 inches.

COMMUNITY SERVICE PROJECT: This month we will be collecting money for the Free Clinic.

This past month we collected \$42 for the Madge Phillips Center. We also took them some personal items and two of our small pillows.

Remember to keep saving your empty prescription bottles with labels removed for the Free Clinic.

They ask that the bottles also be washed. Please remember that they CANNOT take non-Rx bottles or even the pre-packaged bottles from the drug company—only the usual pharmacy ones that are usually green or brown.

Thank you!

Gloria Waltke and Arlys Huff -- Community Service Projects 2005-2006

QUILT PROJECT: Quilt blocks were all handed out at the last meeting. Please return completed blocks to Mary Zoll.

PILLOW UPDATE: Ten more pillows were delivered to the shelter this week. We have been collecting more pillows. If you would like to make some pillow cases, please take the pillow with you, as they vary in size. They really like all the cute fabrics we've been using.

REPORTS: Please remember that minutes and the treasurer's reports are available upon request.

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT: Well, this weather sure has been crazy. Summer one day and almost winter the next. My vacation was great. Did lots of sightseeing and walking, which we balanced out with lots of eating. I'm looking forward to painting our frog. We've discovered they work well for keeping the rabbits out of the flowers. Also, I think the colors of the frog will go better with my creeping phlox than the red lady bug from last year !

TRIPS: ESTHER MICELI 393-7200 or 721-4171 OR THELMA GOETTSCHE 396-2700

Here's a list of some upcoming trips:

June 3 Fennimore Leave Sam's Parking Lot @ 6:00 a.m. and return about 10:00 p.m.
Cost for the bus is \$28. Call Esther if you need a list of available classes.
July Nauvoo

CLASSES: We plan to have some more classes coming up with Shelley Lebel.

Also, Kathy and Cary from the Wooden Spool are just operating off their website for now and still actively holding classes. You can always check their website to see what's available for classes. You can call them or call Rita Urbanek if there's anything you're interested in. Rita's number is 377-3101.

MISCELLANEOUS:

MITTENS: Any hats or mittens you have finished please bring to any of the meetings.
These may be turned in to any officer.

BIRTHDAYS:

	May		June
Shari Burns	05/01		
Patricia Hall	05/06	Heather Tripp	06/07
Pat Meyer	05/07	Earl Tharp	06/27
Tracy Hamilton	05/12		
Betty Johnston	05/15		
Mary Zoll	05/22		

2005-2006 Officers:

President	Shari Burns	366-4774H / 295-8711W	sburns1@rockwellcollins.com
Vice President	Esther Miceli	393-7200	
Secretary/Historian	Jean Strait	363-1688	jean82400@aol.com
Treasurer	Dee Roman	365-4512H / 295-8310W	diroman@rockwellcollins.com
Membership	Sheila Rickards	295-7228W / 373-2047W	smrickar@rockwellcollins.com
Classes	Rita Urbanek	377-3101	
Newsletter/Address Changes	Shari Burns	366-4774H / 295-8711W	sburns1@rockwellcollins.com
Tour Coordinators	Esther Miceli	393-7200	
	Thelma Goettsch	396-2700	
Community Service Projects	Arlys Huff	854-6263	
	Gloria Waltke	377-4576	waltke.calvin@cedar-rapids.net

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June

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
				1	2	3 Fennimore Trip
4	5	6	7 Heather Tripp	8	9	10
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18	19	20	21 RCC Meeting 4:30 Main Plant	22	23	24
25	26	27 Earl Tharp	28	29	30	

T O B E A M O T H E R

We are sitting at lunch when my Daughter casually mentions that she and her husband are thinking of "starting a family." "We're taking a survey," she says, half-joking. "Do you think I should have a baby?" It will change your life," I say, carefully keeping my tone neutral. I know," she says, "no more sleeping in on weekends, no more spontaneous vacations...."

But that is not what I meant at all.

I look at my daughter, trying to decide what to tell her. I want her to know what she will never learn in childbirth classes. I want to tell her that the physical wounds of child bearing will heal, but that becoming a mother will leave her with an emotional wound so raw that she will forever be vulnerable.

I consider warning her that she will never again read a newspaper without asking "What if that had been MY child?" That every plane crash, every house fire will haunt her. That when she sees pictures of starving children, she will wonder if anything could be worse than watching your child die.

I look at her carefully manicured nails and stylish suit and think that no matter how sophisticated she is, becoming a mother will reduce her to the primitive level of a bear protecting her cub. That an urgent call of "Mom!" will cause her to drop a soufflé or her best crystal without a moment's hesitation. I feel I should warn her that no matter how many years she has invested in her career, she will be professionally derailed by motherhood. She might arrange for childcare, but one day she will be going into an important business meeting and she will think of her baby's sweet smell. She will have to use every ounce of her discipline to keep from running home, just to make sure her baby is all right.

I want my daughter to know that everyday decisions will no longer be routine. That a five year old boy's desire to go to the men's room rather than the women's at McDonald's will become a major dilemma. That right there, in the midst of clattering trays and screaming children, issues of independence and gender identity will be weighed against the prospect that a child molester may be lurking in that restroom. However decisive she may be at the office, she will second-guess herself constantly as a mother.

Looking at my attractive daughter, I want to assure her that eventually she will shed the pounds of pregnancy, but she will never feel the same about herself. That her life, now so important, will be of less value to her once she has a child. That she would give it up in a moment to save her offspring, but will also begin to hope for more years-not to accomplish her own dreams, but to watch her child accomplish theirs.

I want her to know that a caesarean scar or shiny stretch marks will become badges of honor. My daughter's relationship with her husband will change, but not in the way she thinks. I wish she could understand how much more you can love a man who is careful to powder the baby or who never hesitates to play with his child. I think she should know that she will fall in love with him again for reasons she would now find very unromantic. I wish my daughter could sense the bond she will feel with women throughout history who have tried to stop war, prejudice and drunk driving. I hope she will understand why I can think rationally about most issues, but become temporarily insane when I discuss the threat of nuclear war to my children's future. I want to describe to my daughter the exhilaration of seeing your child learn to ride a bike. I want to capture for her the belly laugh of a baby who is touching the soft fur of a dog or a cat for the first time. I want her to taste the joy that is so real, it actually hurts.

My daughter's quizzical look makes me realize that tears have formed in my eyes. You'll never regret it," I finally say.

Then I reach across the table, squeeze my daughter's hand and offer a silent prayer for her, and for me, and for all of the mere mortal women who stumble their way into this most wonderful of callings. This blessed gift from God . . . that of being a Mother.