

Roundhouse Report-December 2009

UPCOMING EVENTS

5th – Black Belt Graduation – Meyer Horowitz Theatre @ 1pm

Come and celebrate with your fellow classmates as they graduate to their Black Belts
Congratulations to

Mike Horton, Andrew Horton and Darryl Mah for achieving their 1st Dan Black Belts
And to Cody Sieben for achieving his 2nd Dan Black Belt

6th – We will be doing some renovations to the new gym this day. If anyone can come and help out for a few hours please let Master Le know. Time TBA

13th – 19th – Sometime during this week we will be receiving our new mats for the new gym. There will about 230 mats that we have to receive and set up, if anyone has some time during the day to help out please let Master Le know. We will know the exact date for arrival of the mats in the first or second week of December.

27th – We need people to come and help move everything from our present gym to our new location this day. If anyone can assist, please let Master Le know. The more people the faster the move.

24th – January 3rd – Classes will be closed for Christmas Holidays and for our move to the new gym.

January 4th – 2010 classes begin at the new gym!

New Gym Address is 13532 – 97 street (Entrance is located by General Paints)

Used Mats and Equipment for Sale

Moving into the new dojang we are going to have new mats and equipment. Our old mats will be for sale if anyone is interested in purchasing them. These are perfect for a workout or play area in your home. We have already presold most of the mats and have only a few left. The cost is \$10/mat, retails for \$20-25/mat. (Cash Only Please)

Some of our equipment will be for sale also. We will have a list, of what is for sale, set up nearing our moving date.

Christmas Ideas

A Catalogue is available for you to take a look at for some fantastic gift ideas for your Martial Artists! Feel free to take a look and place your order with Debbie in the office. Deadline for catalogue order will be December 7th to ensure delivery for Christmas.

S. T. A. R. NEWS

We would like to thank all the members for another successful fundraiser. Our annual Cookie dough fundraiser raised over \$2500!

Here are the top 5 sellers...

- First Place – Horton Family with 79 pails sold
- Second Place – Cardinal-Blyan Family with 73 pails sold
- Third place – Bond Family with 61 pails sold
- Fourth place – Dias Family with 41 pails sold
- Fifth place – Kelly Family with 28 pails sold

There is Cookie Dough off sales if anyone needs more. A list is posted of what and how much of each flavour we have. Please see Debbie to purchase.

Our next fundraiser will be raising money to pay for the new mats and gym dividers for the new gym! More information will be in January's newsletter.

Here is a twist to the classic 'Twas the Night Before Christmas story; a Peace Keeping Soldier stationed overseas wrote this poem.

The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, He lived all alone, in a one bedroom house, Made of plaster and stone.

I had come down the chimney, with presents to give, And to see just who, in this home did live.

I looked all about, a strange sight I did see, No tinsel, no presents, not even a tree.

No stocking by the mantle, Just boots filled with sand, on the wall hung pictures, of far distant lands.

With medals and badges, Awards of all kinds, a sober thought, Came through my mind.

For this house was different, it was dark and dreary; I found the home of a soldier, once I could see clearly.

The soldier lay sleeping, silent, alone, curled up on the floor, in this one bedroom home.

The face was so gentle, the room in such disorder, Not how I pictured, A Canadian soldier.

Was this the hero, of whom I'd just read? Curled up on a poncho, The floor for a bed?

I realized the families that I saw this night, owed their lives to these soldiers, who were willing to fight.

Soon round the world, the children would play, and grownups would celebrate, A bright Christmas Day.

They all enjoyed freedom, each month of the year, Because of the soldiers, Like the one lying here.

I couldn't help wonder, how many lay alone, on a cold Christmas Eve, in a land far from home.

The very thought brought A tear to my eye, I dropped to my knees, and started to cry.

The soldier awakened, and I heard a rough voice, 'Santa, don't cry. This life is my choice.

I fight for freedom; I don't ask for more, my life is my God, My country, my corps.'

The soldier rolled over, And drifted to sleep, I couldn't control it, I continued to weep.

I kept watch for hours, so silent and still, and we both shivered, from the cold night's chill.

I didn't want to leave, on that cold, dark night, this guardian of honour, so willing to fight.

Then the soldier rolled over, with a voice, soft and pure, Whispered, 'Carry on Santa, It's Christmas Day, all is secure.'

One look at my watch, and I knew he was right, 'Merry Christmas my friend, and to all a good night.'