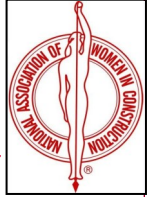
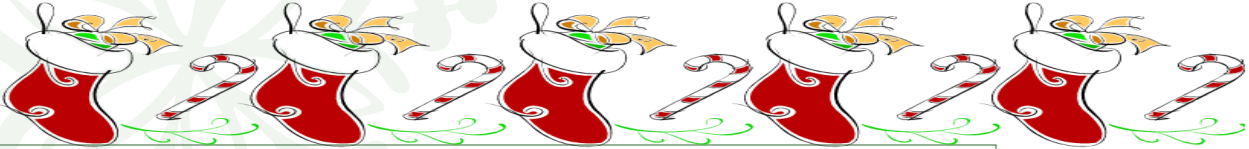


Mortar & Board



National Association of Women in Construction-Chapter #90



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Thanks to everyone who came to our Christmas Party. It was great seeing our members and all our special guests.

Thanks to Ashli Bessi for a wonderful job coordinating the event. I'm sorry she was not feeling well and could not attend.

Thanks to everyone for their donations, ticket selling, etc., for our basket raffle. As usual the baskets were a huge success.

LaDaun and Denise put together two beautiful baskets. Thanks so much.

Also, my husband and I appreciate all the well wishes for his speedy recovery from back surgery. He is out of the hospital and on the mend.

I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!



OFFICERS AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS

President:	Kathy Bonnet (801-973-1265) CCI Mechanical
Vice President:	Karla Steele (801-562-9500) Associated Representatives
Secretary:	Karen Morganson (801-973-1205 / 801-969-7564) CCI Mechanical
Treasurer:	Cyndy McAfee (970-290-8888) E-Corp
Imm. Past Pres.:	Cyndy McAfee
Board Members:	Ashli Bessi Jana Cochell Susan Daly April Hickman Melanie Old

COMMITTEE CHAIRS (2011-2012)

Meetings:	Karla Steele (Chair)
Block Kids:	Karla Steele (Co-Chair) Karen Morganson (Co-Chair) Jana Cochell (Co-Chair)
By-Laws:	Linda Kofford (Chair)
CAD/Design Drafting:	Jana Cochell (Chair) Cheryl Kay (Co-Chair)
Ways & Means:	Karla Steele (Chair)
WIC Week:	September Bickmore (Chair)
Mortar & Board:	Karen Morganson (Chair) September Bickmore (Co-Chair)
Website:	LaDaun Mitchell (Chair)
Golf:	Linda Kofford (Chair) September Bickmore (Co-Chair)
Christmas Baskets :	LaDaun Mitchell Denise Marsing
Christmas Party:	Ashli Bessey (Chair) Karen Morganson (Co-Chair) Karla Steele (Co-Chair)

NAWIC #90 CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON



*-Winner of the Family Basket-
Vince Newberg
Delta Fire Systems*



*-Winner of the Adult Basket-
September Bickmore
Bickmore's Tile Company*

NAWIC #90 had their Christmas Luncheon on December 10. There were around 40 people who attended, both members and their guests. Ashli Bessi put together the luncheon and it was held at Bucca di Beppo Restaurant. Everyone had lunch and mingled with one another. After everyone had finished their delicious chocolate cake, the names were drawn for the baskets. There were two baskets to raffle off: The Adult Basket (filled with adult goodies) and The Family Basket (filled with family goodies). Each basket had donations from the community and LaDaun and Denise helped gather the donations and put the baskets together. The baskets were a hit as each one had many raffle tickets.

The Christmas party was a great success and it was fun to have everyone there.

We look forward to next year's Christmas Luncheon.

"There go the people. I must follow them as I am their leader" -Alexandre Ledru-Rollin

What is Santa Worth in 2011?



Additional Professions

Children's Ambassador in Mail - Customer Service Representative	\$2,647.68
List Maker, Checking it Twice - Bookkeeper	\$509.78
Snowplow Driver at North Pole - Highway Maintenance Worker	\$3,101.40
Sleigh Driver - Airline Pilot	\$554.30
Gift Giver - Shipping Clerk	\$144.60
Chimney Sweep - Building Cleaning Worker	\$133.80
Elf Negotiator - Labor Relations	\$5,073.50
"Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night" - Public Address Announcer	\$.18

Santa's Total Yearly Income Would Be: \$132,948

The National Association of Women in Construction Invites you to join us at our January 9, 2012 Meeting

When: Monday, January 9, 2012

SOCIAL 5:30 PM

DINNER 6:00 PM

Where: **KEPCO**
1987 S. 700 W.
SLC, UT
801-898-0444 (cell #)

Ladies – You definitely won't want to miss the January meeting. Catherine Shuman of KEPCO will be demonstrating the use of industrial lasers, how they work, and how the latest technologies are using lasers in the construction industry. The country's largest laser carved stone project is right here in Salt Lake City at the OC Tanner Jewelry Store – it was created utilizing these machines.

Lasers in today's world can do anything from cut steel to delicately etch glass and stone. At our January meeting, we will be learning more about these lasers. During our visit with KEPCO+, we will be watching a demonstration with laser engraving. You are welcome to bring two glass dishes (Pyrex casseroles with flat bottoms work the best) to have your name custom laser etched if you are interested.

We will also have a brief tour of the KEPCO facility which specializes in Architectural Cladding in stone and tile. Please feel free to invite friends and co-workers; we would love to have them attend.

Meeting / Dinner costs: \$20.00. We are having our dinner catered, so we do need your RSVP's no later than Friday, Jan 6, 2011 **No shows will be billed.**

\$5.00 charge for meeting only – no dinner

RSVP to Karla (ksteele@associatedreps) or call at 801-562-9500



CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE WITH GRANDMA

I remember my first Christmas adventure with Grandma. I was just a kid. I remember tearing across town on my bike to visit her on the day my big sister dropped the bomb: "There is no Santa Claus," she jeered. "Even dummies know that!" My Grandma was not the gushy kind, never had been. I fled to her that day because I knew she would be straight with me. I knew Grandma always told the truth, and I knew that the truth always went down a whole lot easier when swallowed with one of her "world-famous" cinnamon buns. I knew they were world-famous, because Grandma said so. It had to be true. Grandma was home, and the buns were still warm. Between bites, I told her everything. She was ready for me. "No Santa Claus?" she snorted.... "Ridiculous! Don't believe it. That rumor has been going around for years, and it makes me mad, plain mad!! Now, put on your coat, and let's go." "Go? Go where, Grandma?" I asked. I hadn't even finished my second world-famous cinnamon bun. "Where" turned out to be Kerby's General Store, the one store in town that had a little bit of just about everything. As we walked through its doors, Grandma handed me ten dollars. That was a bundle in those days. "Take this money," she said, "and buy something for someone who needs it. I'll wait for you in the car." Then she turned and walked out of Kerby's. I was only eight years old. I'd often gone shopping with my mother, but never had I shopped for anything all by myself. The store seemed big and crowded, full of people scrambling to finish their Christmas shopping. For a few moments I just stood there, confused, clutching that ten-dollar bill, wondering what to buy, and who on earth to buy it for. I thought of everybody I knew: my family, my friends, my neighbors, the kids at school, the people who went to my church. I was just about thought out, when I suddenly thought of Bobby Decker. He was a kid with bad breath and messy hair, and he sat right behind me in Mrs. Pollock's grade-two class. Bobby Decker didn't have a coat. I knew that because he never went out to recess during the winter. His mother always wrote a note, telling the teacher that he had a cough, but all we kids knew that Bobby Decker didn't have a cough; he didn't have a good coat. I fingered the ten-dollar bill with growing excitement. I would buy Bobby Decker a coat! I settled on a red corduroy one that had a hood to it. It looked real warm, and he would like that. "Is this a Christmas present for someone?" the lady behind the counter asked kindly, as I laid my ten dollars down. "Yes, ma'am," I replied shyly. "It's for Bobby." The nice lady smiled at me, as I told her about how Bobby really needed a good winter coat. I didn't get any change, but she put the coat in a bag, smiled again, and wished me a Merry Christmas. That evening, Grandma helped me wrap the coat (a little tag fell out of the coat, and Grandma tucked it in her Bible) in Christmas paper and ribbons and wrote, "To Bobby, From Santa Claus" on it. Grandma said that Santa always insisted on secrecy. Then she drove me over to Bobby Decker's house, explaining as we went that I was now and forever officially, one of Santa's helpers. Grandma parked down the street from Bobby's house, and she and I crept noiselessly and hid in the bushes by his front walk. Then Grandma gave me a nudge. "All right, Santa Claus," she whispered, "get going." I took a deep breath, dashed for his front door, threw the present down on his step, pounded his door and flew back to the safety of the bushes and Grandma. Together we waited breathlessly in the darkness for the front door to open. Finally it did, and there stood Bobby. Fifty years haven't dimmed the thrill of those moments spent shivering, beside my Grandma, in Bobby Decker's bushes. That night, I realized that those awful rumors about Santa Claus were just what Grandma said they were-- ridiculous. Santa was alive and well, and we were on his team. I still have the Bible, with the coat tag tucked inside: \$19.95. May you always have LOVE to share, HEALTH to spare and FRIENDS that care...And may you always believe in the magic of Santa Claus!

