



Pierre Jaycees, P.O. Box 143, Pierre, SD 57501  
<http://pierrejaycees.tripod.com>

***April 2004***

**THANKS to our Sustaining members**  
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*Grand Opera House, Pierre Players*

*"We appreciate your support"*



**2004 Pierre Jaycees Board of Directors**



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Jamie Freestone, Webmaster

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS:

### April:

5th: General Membership Meeting, St. Charles Building, 7:00 p.m.

14<sup>th</sup>: Batting Cage Cleanup, 7:00 p.m.

15<sup>th</sup>: Batting Cage Training, 7:00 p.m.

17<sup>th</sup>: North Central Regional Rally in Pierre, St. Charles Bldg., 2:30 p.m.

23 - 25th: South Dakota Jaycee PRIME Training, Mitchell

### May:

1st - Local Pitch, Hit, and Run Competition (chairman: Steve)

3rd - General Membership Meeting, St. Charles Building, 7:00 p.m.

9<sup>th</sup> – Mother's Day

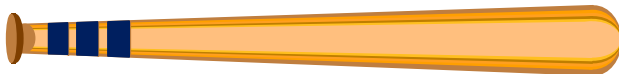
14 - 16th: State Jaycees Convention in Rapid City (or possibly Deadwood)

22nd: State Pitch, Hit, and Run Competition in Pierre, Sponsored by the Pierre Jaycees  
(chairman: Laura)

22<sup>nd</sup>: cookbook reciepes due to Amanda Roadcap

31<sup>st</sup>: Memorial Day

TBA: Petunia Patch Planting Day (talk to Lana)



**Pierre Chapter President – Peg Henson “Give us an Inch and we’ll lead you a MILE!**

Going the extra mile!

Hello Jaycees, the year is getting off to a big start. The Pierre Jaycees have gone the extra mile with some new projects this year. I would like to give Tamara Guether a big thank you for chairing our first Saint Patty’s Day parade. It was a huge success. Another big thank you to Amanda Roadcap for chairing our 1<sup>st</sup> blood drive in just a few years.

Going the extra mile is the motto of the hospitality industry. It means going above and beyond for the customer. I like to view it as the Pierre Jaycees are going the extra mile for our community. We have a couple community events coming up that I would like to encourage everyone to attend and help with this year: Local Pitch Hit and Run (funoogy-chairperson) and State Pitch Hit and Run (Laura Snow-Chair).

We are also having movie nights for our chapter to socialize and get to know one another. We would love to have you host or attend a movie night. If you are interested in hosting one please contact Lana Lambert (MVP) to let her know when and where.

Finally, I would like to thank all the members and board who have made this year a great success so far. I could not have done it without you!

Remember that 1+1= NEW! I am asking that everyone one this year to talk to a friend about the Pierre Jaycees. I know the more people we have the more fun we can continue to have and share with others.

Peg Henson

**A Word from our External VP, Amanda Roadcap**

Hello everyone! I hope that your spring is going well despite all the chilly weather we’re getting. It’s time to open up the batting cages again! Kevin needs a lot more people to volunteer! He is in charge of the scheduling again this year, so contact him if you can work even one day this summer. We need all the help we can get. Dennis is selling raffle tickets for the batting cages as well. The raffle will be held on August 15<sup>th</sup> and the prizes include \$100 in gas from Sinclair, one night at the Ramkota, a 27” TV from Factor 360, and dinner for two at the St. Charles. The tickets are \$5 a piece or 3 for \$10. Please contact Dennis Ryckman if you are interested in purchasing or selling raffle tickets.

Hopefully you are planning on attending the North Central Regional Rally we are holding in Pierre on April 17<sup>th</sup>. The rally will be held at the St. Charles building, with a pot luck dinner at the park, ending the evening at the Granstand to watch the band Eclipse! Our chapter is hosting the potluck and we need people to help out. I am looking for people to bring casseroles, cold salads, desserts, and appetizer like food items. Even if you would like to donate money, I could pick up some food on your behalf. Please contact me if you can donate anything.

Now a word about the cookbooks... Thank you to all who have submitted recipes so far! Please keep them coming, I will need many more to complete our cookbook. If you would be interested in being on the committee to help with the book design and submitting recipes, please let me know, I would love the help. I would like to have all recipes submitted by mid May (hopefully before state convention). You can send recipes to my home e-mail address, which is now [misskittykat2217@yahoo.com](mailto:misskittykat2217@yahoo.com). You can still e-mail me at work at [Amanda.Roadcap@state.sd.us](mailto:Amanda.Roadcap@state.sd.us) or give me a call at 223-2397. Keep up the great work!

A Word from Laura Snow

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Pierre Jaycees:

Wow! It is sometimes warm enough to start thinking about working (and playing!) outside! And, of course, baseball goes right along with those thoughts... We will need your help with our local Pitch, Hit, and Run competition on May 1st at the softball fields and that will give you a great opportunity to practice working at the event so you can also help with the STATE Pitch, Hit, and Run on May 22nd! We will need volunteers in the following areas: (minimum help) Concessions and batting cage (2), registration (3), pitching (3), hitting (4), running (2), general assistance (2). If anyone is willing to help out with the organization of the concessions, PLEASE let me know. This is a great opportunity for our chapter to showcase the great things we do and to let the rest of the state know who Pierre really is! I hope we can count on your help to make this years state Pitch, Hit, and Run a huge success. Please let me know what you can do to help. THANKS!!!

-Laura Snow

2004 State Pitch, Hit, and Run Program Manager

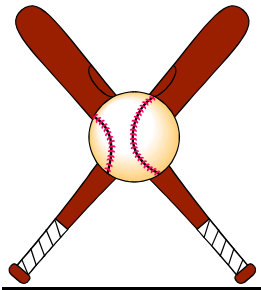
South Dakota Jaycees

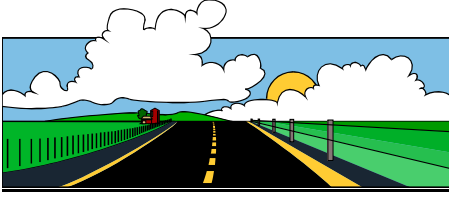
Laura.Snow@k12.sd.us

Laura Snow

Director of Bands

Stanley County School District





## What Drives Your Life?

When I was five years old, my parents warned me to never touch the driving gear in the car. Although I readily obeyed, their repeated warnings drove my imagination absolutely wild. In dreams, I would open car doors while the car was in motion, and the wind would suck me outside. As I hung on to the door frame for dear life, I would usually awaken at the moment of my worst fears. However, I've always wondered what would happen if the dream didn't end so soon. What if there was a more important lesson to be learned? Would there be a happy ending? Recently, I decided to create a story ending to one of my most notorious childhood nightmares. This story is centered on the following theme: "What Drives Your Life?"

On a cool, sunny morning in 1979, my dad backed our oldsmobile stationwagon out of the garage. As we all piled in, my mom made darn sure that those doors were secured! She smiled and gave my little brother and I some candy to share as we made our way out of town. I was so excited, my eyes were glued to the windows for a long time. Before you know it, we were on that highway towards a most memorable destination. It was going to be an experience I would never forget.

In time, as children do, I couldn't sit still in the car any longer. I began to fidget and chatter, but my mom knew just the cure. She pulled out an old 8-track of Bobby Vinton. Bobby had a melodious way of singing that kept me quiet and attentive. This time he sang me into a deep and peaceful slumber. For hours and hours I slept peacefully. When I awoke, all I could hear was the sound of the engine as the car glided smoothly along the highway. As I rubbed my eyes, I turned towards my brother next to me, but he was nowhere to be seen. I asked my parents what became of my brother, but there was no response. I shook my head lazily, trying to clear out the cobwebs in my mind. Then I stood to peer over the seats in front of me, when 'lo and behold, there was nobody there! Here I was, in a car driving by itself on a long and deserted Wyoming highway. Nothing but the martian landscape surrounded me, and the highway just seemed to go on forever.

At first, I was just shocked, but it didn't take long for the shock to turn to fear. There was nothing that struck so much fear into my heart as the feeling of being so helpless and alone. I had no clue how to drive, and there was no way I was even going to try. My tiny body was too small to even attempt such an endeavor. Instead, I simply refused to make any sense of the situation. Crouching down with my head between my knees, I closed my eyes tightly and forced myself to sleep. It took a long time to get back to sleep. When I awoke for the second time, it was all to no avail, for the same set of circumstances stood before me, except now it was very dark outside, and much creepier. I began to resent my parents for not preparing me for a situation such as this. How could they let this happen? But they didn't do anything, it just happened. Feeling lost and abandoned as never before, I once again fell into an uneasy sleep.

At dawn, I stood once again to peer out the front window of the car. I had come this far without an accident, but the sight of a sharp turn up ahead made me pee my pants. I was so scared. I felt so out-of-control and certain that death was upon me. To my surprise, the car traversed the turn by itself with no problem at all. It was at this moment that I realized that God was in control of my life, not me nor anyone else. My life was completely at the mercy of God, but what did he want from me? I looked upward and cried, "God, what do you want me to do?!"

Suddenly, the station wagon slowed to a complete stop at an intersection. From out of nowhere, cars and trucks began to pile up behind me. Horns blared and people cried out, "Move it!" Unfortunately, there was nothing I could do to please these people. I just prayed that something would happen to end this. Just then, I heard a truck door slam behind me. A stocky, middle-aged man with a black ponytail and a skeleton tattoo sauntered up to my window. He tapped on it, and the window rolled down by itself. I turned towards him and looked into his piercing, compassion's eyes.

"Are you alone, boy?" he asked me in a challenging voice.

"Sort of," I responded. I didn't know quite how to tell him that I felt that God was with me. I didn't think he would understand or want to hear me say it.

"Did your parent's abandon you?"

"No. They were just taken away!"

The man snickered and said, "Look, kid, I ain't got all day. Why don't I show you something to sharpen your mind a bit." He chuckled as he pulled out a switchblade knife and flashed it before my eyes. "Are you afraid of death, boy?"

"I-I-ja-just want my f-family back."

"What's so scary about death, kid? Everybody dies eventually, so what's the big worry? Lookit kid, why don't you just come along with me. I'll teach you how to control your fears and be the master of your domain. In fact, I'll show you how have complete control over any situation and all that's around you.. All the riches of the world can be yours, and you don't ever have to think about anything ever again. Waddaya say, kid? It's all about self-control. You can be the Mac daddy of the world if you just follow me."

"My own master?" I pondered. Then the truth began to set in. I looked the man straight in the eye and said, "Only the lord can save people, so leave me alone. I'm not interested." With that said, the car whisked me away from this ugly place, down the road. I was overcome with emotion as I began to understand what I had just learned. After wiping my eyes, my family instantly returned to their seats as if nothing had happened. "Were almost there!" my dad called out.

Fellow Jaycees, I learned that it is pointless to worry about things beyond your control. Worrying is a self-centered way to live. I'd rather center my life towards God and not have any worries at all. I encourage you to make the Lord the driving force in your life. He is the biggest J.C. of them all. I promise you, you won't regret it.

Steve Van Mullem