



To my children, grandchildren, great grandchildren,
And our friends who share in our family calendar,
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,
with love.

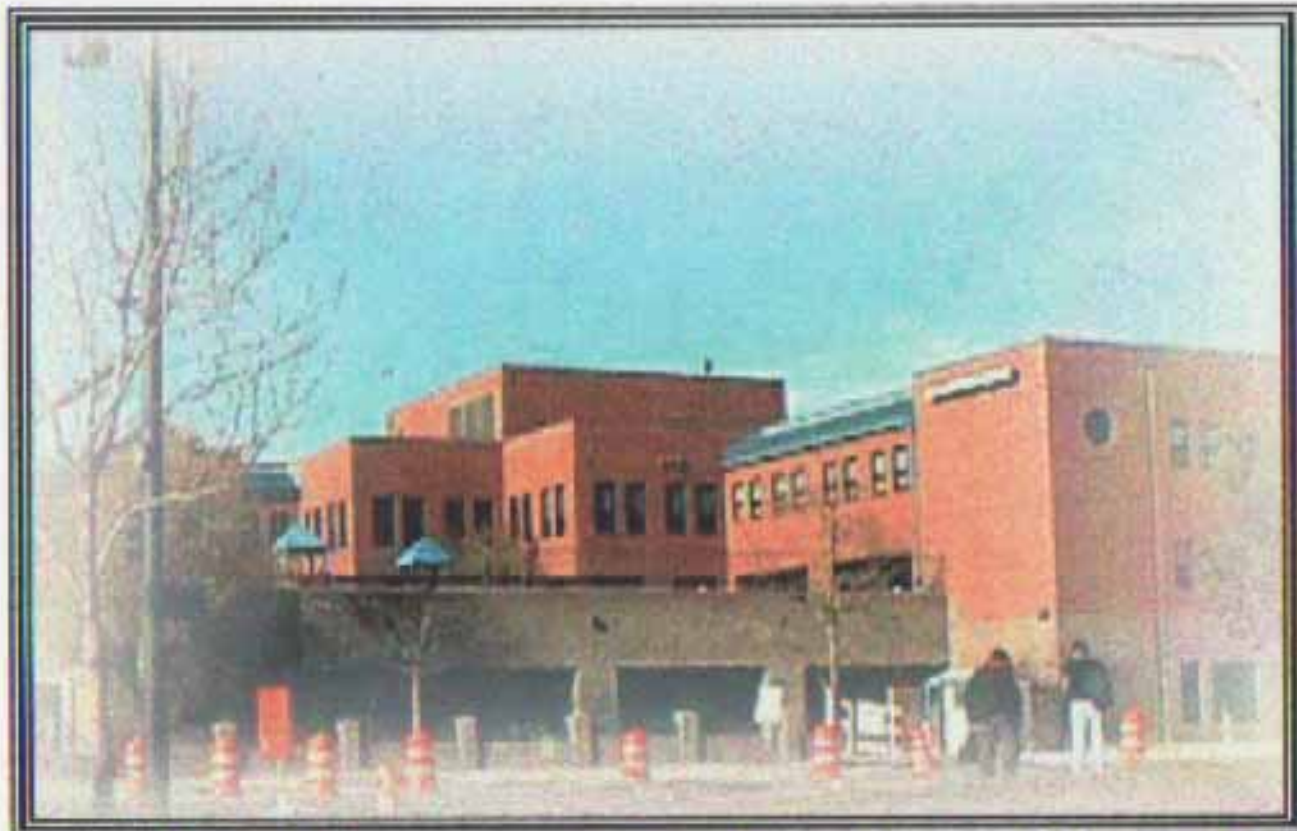
Geraldine Knight
December 25, 1999

Jerry and Rosie ...

For this year's calendar project, Rosie and Jerry will work at the Samaritan House in downtown Denver. We will be serving dinner on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve.

The Samaritan House was founded thirteen years ago by Monsignor Charles Woodrich (well-known in Denver as "Father Woody") as a shelter for homeless individuals and families. Previous to its opening, Father Woody opened the doors of Holy Ghost Church to provide the homeless a safe and warm place to sleep at night.

The Samaritan House provides not only a respite from the dangers of living on the street, but a place of opportunity to make life-changing decisions through numerous job training and educational programs which are offered there. The residents also receive medical and dental treatment. Last year families made up a large portion of those sheltered which included over 2600 adults and 600 children. Throughout the years of operation there have been innumerable success stories of people and families who have been able to turn their lives around.



There is a wall in the lobby of Samaritan House which has plaques attached to individual bricks. This memory wall was one of the fund-raising efforts to construct the new facility. One of the bricks is dedicated to Grandpa and Grandma Payton, and reads "In Memory of Reverend and Mrs. J.B. Payton"

Mom ...



Moving to Las Vegas brought my church membership to a dual status. Since Maureen and I attend mass regularly at Saint Ann Elizabeth Seton Church and we contribute to that parish, we are considered members there. In the meantime, I have clung closely to my old St. Laurence O'Toole parish in Laramie.

Sandra Aguilar, the parish secretary, sends me the Laramie church bulletin every week. This contains the familiar Parish Prayer List. For some time, I have been

sending cards of greetings and assurances of my prayers to several persons who have been named in the list. I try to include some words of caring and consolation which can't be expected to make a difference in a person's life, but hopefully might add a little smile or cheer to his or her day.

I'm afraid I must admit that the project has turned out to be more beneficial to me than to any of the intended receivers.

Joyce Knight ...

Our cousin Joyce was the mayor, postmaster and poet laureate of a one-horse town in southern Wyoming, but he earned his income as the tavern owner. His town was featureless, but it did have a fine cottonwood tree, and one-horse towns in southern Wyoming typically do not have a tree.

Joyce, the optimistic entrepreneur, and his wife, Frankie, disagreed about the worth of that old cottonwood. It was, in her opinion, a vertical aberration on the high desert that served to attract lightening and would soon get them killed. To him, it was a tourist attraction to be exploited.

Joyce formed a committee of himself as mayor, postmaster, tavern keeper and cultural nabob, and selected a stone carver down in Colorado to carve and erect a monument at the tree, inscribed, "Ain't no pome will ever be, as purty as this here old tree."

He erected a series of billboards up on the highway reading, in sequence, "Yer gettin' near", "Our purty tree", "Have a beer", "And take a pec", "Joyce's Tavern".

Tourism naturally exploded, and Cousin Joyce expanded his establishment with six additional bar stools and a patio deck off the side of the tavern, as close as he could stretch it to the shade of the tree. Then the Big One struck with mighty, blinding, deafening, reverberating flashing and crashing!

The fading signs are still on the highway, and a lonely horse grazes on the sparse grass in the cool spot at the base of the monument, surviving to stand in memory of the great tree and the one horse, one tavern town, now gone. Frankie's victory was hollow, for she came to like the extra income. They live in Colorado now. He runs a tree farm; she does weather on television.

(DK note: my apologies to Joyce Kilmer. His famous verse, TREES, deserves to be repeated... "I think that I shall never see A poem lovely as a tree. A tree whose hungry mouth is prest Against the earth's sweet flowing breast; A tree that looks at God all day, And lifts her leafy arms to pray; A tree that may in Summer wear A nest of robins in her hair; Upon whose bosom snow has lain; Who intimately lives with rain. Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree.")

Maureen ...

(Part One)

The Mothers' March of Dimes and the American Diabetes Association are two projects I have worked on this year as a neighborhood volunteer.

Both drives are similar to each other. My job was to contact fifteen of my neighbors and present the requests for donations to them. After a month for response time, I would forward the donations to the headquarters and also send acknowledgment cards to the donors.

I am also contributing my services to serve Thanksgiving Dinner at the Las Vegas Rescue Mission. I'm really looking forward to this.

(Part Two)

Two days before Thanksgiving I helped serve dinner at the Las Vegas Rescue Mission. The Monterey Bay Resort & Casino prepared all of the food. There were 1,800 meals served in three hours.

My job was clearing and cleaning the tables as quickly as each person left, because the food line seemed to be endless.

This was probably the most gratifying of all the positions, because, with their tummies so full and satisfied, I was the person on the spot who seemed to be receiving all the true and genuine thank yous.

The genuine appreciation from the eyes of those individuals was truly one of the most heartwarming experiences I have ever had.

Mac ...

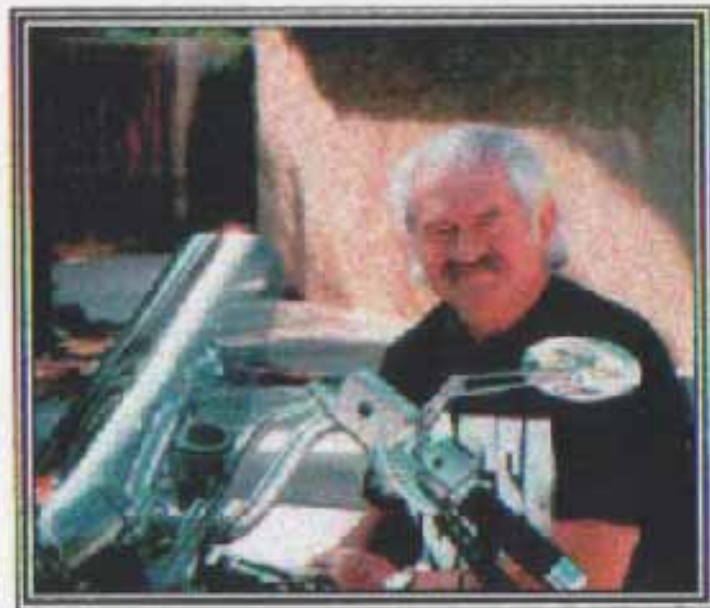
Denny,

this is just a short letter and
a picture to let you know that
I did do my good deed for the
year ok. In May I rode my
bike (motorcycle to you) in a
poker Run to raise money for
the Blind... about four or five hundred
of us bikers rode about 200 miles
We started out in Vegas went to
California / Nev. State line over to
Searoblight down to Laughlin and back to
Vegas via Hoover Dam it was a nice ride, by
the time we got back it was more
Miller time, anyway Denny we managed to
raise around 2000 & thousands dollars for the
blind not to bad huh.

Yours truly
Mac

As

{ Put My Hawson pictures }
{ in your Camera if }
you want your dear oh.



Kathi and Gene ...

This past summer, Gene and I took a wonderful five-week motor vacation to the East Coast. When 'pit stops' were made, we would take time to pick up litter scattered in the area. In fact, at one stop Gene was so excited to get started picking up garbage that he locked the keys in the van! A borrowed coat hanger from a caring on-looker got us out of that dilemma!



We apparently looked very official, as often travelers would stop and ask us for directions or even to hand us trash from their cars. Gene tried to explain to one couple that we didn't work for the state's park department, but we were "actually picking up garbage for our family calendar." The more he tried to clarify, the more baffled they became. I guess he'll eventually get the hang of trying to explain our family traditions.

Lost Knights:

(If there are any out there who still have contact with any of these wonderful, if rather strange relations, please advise. —dk)

Octavius Knight—inventor of the 8-track tape. Last seen in 1992, frisbeeing compact disks into the Grand Canyon.

Daisy Knight—the original lead singer for the Pips. Figuring her chances were better for a solo career, she turned the act over to her understudy, Gladys. Daisy was always a pip short of a domino.

Mortimer Knight—this dapper Knight cousin hasn't been seen since about the time Edgar Bergen passed away.

*Evel K'nigh*t—resplendent in a star spangled union suit, Evel was last seen in 1958 pumping his bike east on Highway 30 out of Laramie. His dream was to be the first to jump without a parachute across Telephone Canyon on a Schwinn Roadmaster bicycle.

Tesla Knight—received a diploma from the Acme Electrical & Dental Correspondence College, then set about inventing a new form of alternating current, which he dubbed "SOSO current" (sometimes on, sometimes off). He was better at the "off" part of it, and hasn't been seen since he got a little too close to the "on".

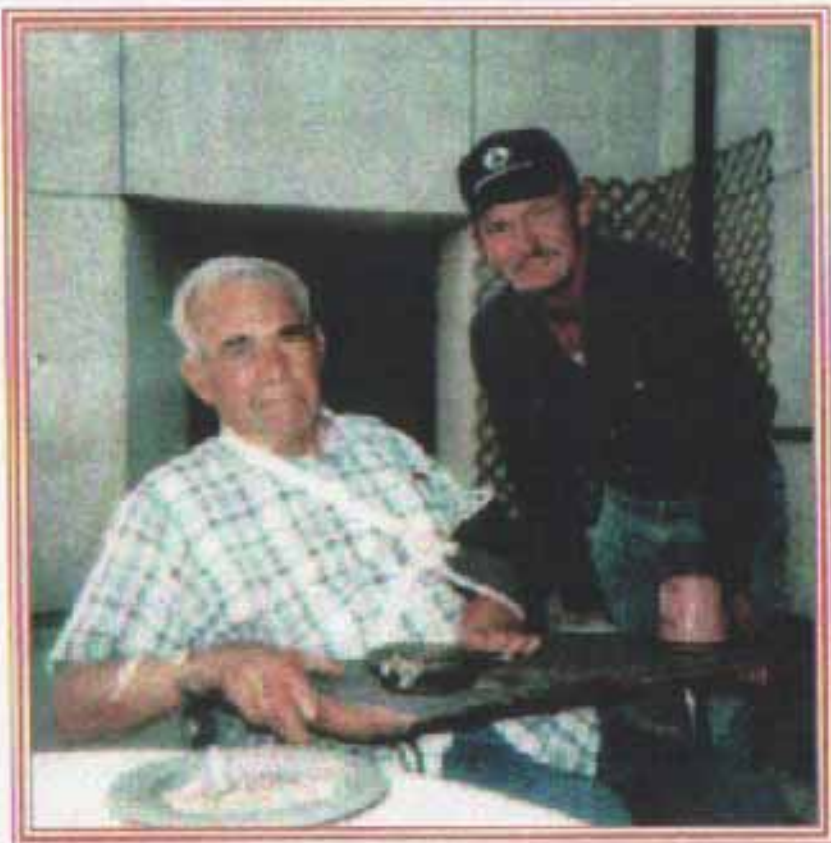
Prof. Highbottom Knight—failed in his dream of founding a major university, but was credited with having started the first Knight school (famous for producing very bad pun writers.)

Rebecca Knight—invented this lovely idea for a calendar theme, then ran off in a surgical mask shouting "stat!..stat!" Like she had something important to do.



Tim, Eileen and Joey ...

This year's calendar was a little tough for me for the simple fact that I do not do as much as I should, but there are a couple of things that we do enjoy. The first would be we enjoy watching Lawrence Welk on Saturday evenings, when the college football games are on the other stations.



The second would be that, as often as we can, and time allows, we go to the Bertram Nursing Home and just visit with some of the folks there. We bring them a few candies and cigars. These are two of my favorites, Granny and Fred. You decide who likes the sweets, and who likes the cigars. They all say that we make their day, and how good it was to have a visit, but in reality, they make our day and we leave there just feeling great.



Mick, Mary & Janetta ...

Our volunteer work is generally done together, but we have been known to split up our benevolence at times. Nothing we could think of seemed to be really exciting, impressive or earth shattering, so we decided to just do what we were supposed to do, as instructed by Mom. We went to visit Margaret Reddinger.

Margaret had rented the downstairs apartment from Mom & Dad for years and years, and continued to live there after Dad passed away and

even until after Mom sold the house. Margaret recently moved in with her daughter, but then found out she was seriously ill. After a stay at the hospital, she moved into Spring Wind, an assisted living quarters. She is doing well. Joleen (Jim and Jill's daughter) works at Spring Wind. We feel fortunate to visit Margaret, and this particular picture was taken because Mick happened to remember the camera.

At this time, Margaret is feeling somewhat better and getting stronger. Margaret asked Janetta to come back in her costume on Halloween. Janetta was very happy to oblige, as she was very proud of her costume. Margaret looked tired that day, so we kept our Halloween visit very short. She did seem pleased and told Janetta how beautiful her cape was. Janetta shared some of her Halloween candy with Margaret, and we said goodnight. We are looking forward to our next visit!

Dear Grandma and Uncle Denny,

I am writing to let you know that, unfortunately, I don't have a single thing to report for this year's calendar. Well, I was always going to do something, that's the truth, but it seems like I just couldn't think of a thing and, after all there wasn't a whole lot of time, and now suddenly it's December.

I remember one Saturday morning in April, just after the Bugs Bunny-Roadrunner hour, which I try not to miss, I thought I would have the whole rest of the day to do honorable things for the world. But then that old man around the corner called and said he could use some help getting his garden ready. You know, he's getting a little down in the back and turning over the dirt would be a little much for him, so I had to help him out, and that just blew the day. But that was early in the year, and I figured I still had time to save mankind before Uncle Denny started bugging us.

But it seems like the whole rest of the year went like that. I couldn't help at the Salvation Army because I had to help out at our church bazaar. Or the kids needed someone to help with their field trip to the conservation center. One time, a couple of us guys helped my buddy from work get his car fixed. Saved him spending a bunch of bucks he didn't have, but I really should have gone out and slew a dragon and taken a picture for the calendar.

Every week I carry my elderly neighbor's trash down the stairs for her. I mean, I don't have to do that, she doesn't pay me or anything, so I guess that was more wasted volunteer time.

Looking back on the year, I know I could have done something quite wonderful to make this a better world. Let's do this calendar theme again some year. I promise to do better.

Love,

Everybody Else

Denny, Joanne, Thomas & Robert ...

We painted fire hydrants! Robert and Joanne are part of a group of kids and parents from throughout the school district that is studying the Amazon rainforest. As one of the fund raisers for this event, the group was commissioned by the City of Westminster, Colorado to paint all of the fire hydrants in the city.

The four of us, plus the boys' cousin, Kristy Miller, painted more than fifty of them in the vicinity of I-25 and 120th. It took a couple of weekends, because whenever it threatened to rain, we had to pack it in. We didn't need red paint running down the storm drains.

We're sure the many passers-by figured we had been sentenced to community service by the Westminster municipal judge.



The rainforest project is very exciting for Robert and Joanne. In June of 2000, they will travel with the group to the Amazon Basin in Brazil and spend a week living and learning right in the middle of the rainforest.

They will truly be roughing it, sleeping in stilt houses, and dealing with all of the critters you expect to find in the deep jungle. The kids have been told not to bring money, but to bring things they can exchange with the natives.

In preparing for the trip, the kids as well as the parents will have met every two weeks for more than a year, studying and doing research projects. In addition to the educational aspects of the trip itself, the kids are committed to continue to work on environmental issues.



Janie and Sheki volunteered as coaches for 5th & 6th grade basketball. Breann was the official cheerleader.



Jim, Father Ray Moss and Bill Murphy spending time at the church.



Breann Luan is the greatest big sister and baby helper for Angel Mora.



Great Great Grandma gets help from Breann.

Jim, Jill & Family



Jill working with ladies of the Rebekahs. Also helps with Theta Rho.



Joieen spending time with a special patient, Margaret Reddinger.



Ellie Workman and Babe Kaiser receiving Distinguished Chivalry Awards for outstanding service for Rebekah Lodge.