

CENTAUR SANCTORUM #259
Ancient Mystic Order of Samaritans
110 S. High St.
Port Matilda, PA 16870

CENTAUR HOOFPRIINTS

Published by Centaur Sanctorem #259, Ancient Mystic Order of Samaritans



Message from the Grand Monarch



Our first year is coming to an end. I'm reminded of the old saying, "Time flies like an arrow; fruit flies like a banana." – Groucho Marx.

Did we accomplish everything we set out to do this year? Well, maybe not. BUT, WE GOT OUR FEZZES! If we accomplished nothing else in the year, finally getting our Fezzes would have made it all worthwhile. But, that wasn't all. We also brought in a new member beyond our original charter members. We faithfully met. We performed Samaritan acts. We even had a party.

Most of all though, we had some fun. And that, my friends, was the whole point of starting a Sanctorem. Everything else is just tassels on a fez. From some jokes maybe I wish I hadn't heard to a few I couldn't wait to pass on, most nights had plenty of laughs. Our poor Registrar had to cope with our flurries of insane motions including those motions that someone make a motion or just to start a commotion.

Now we've figured out what the heck we're doing. That means that next year we can go all out and have a helluva good time. Maybe we can also find some ways that the Sanctorem can spread a little fun to our Odd Fellow lodges by putting on fun programs or some other way. The only limit is our own imagination and willingness to actually do something.

Meeting Notice

Centaur Sanctorem #259, AMOS will meet on Wednesday November 25, 2009 at 7:30pm.

The meeting will be held at Centre Lodge #153, Pleasant Gap, PA

The program for the evening is nomination of officers

2009 OFFICERS

Grand Monarch

Michael Duminiak

Vice Grand Monarch

Robert Owens

Grand Counselor

Derick Erwin

Grand Herald

Bill Ramsey

Flag Bearer

Donald Trulick

Registrar

Art Moyer

Collector of Sheckels

Gary Lyons

Banker

Robert Krebs

Grand Stentorus

Robert Perry

Grand High Executioner

Zeek Cohenour

Grand Chief Guide

Joe Geibel

Grand Monitor

Thomas Kidd

Venerable Friar

Mackey Levine

November Meeting

That tricky calendar thinks it's so smart. It stuck Thanksgiving on our stated meeting night thinking it could outsmart the Centaurs. Well, we've got news for that smug calendar. We're going to meet on the 4th Wednesday instead. Take that you archaic matrix!

So, now that we've thwarted the nefarious plot to bar us from meeting – the question you may be thinking (aside from questioning my sanity) is “What are we going to do at the meeting?”

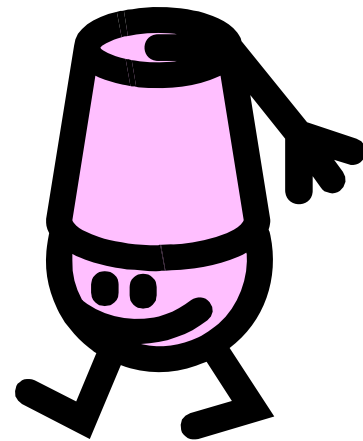
Some of you may have read the little box in the front cover of this newsletter and know that we're having nominations for officers. But even you sly readers don't know the whole story. No, we've kept some interesting information from that summary box so that those truly dedicated members of the Sanctorem who suffer the trials of reading this whole notice will actually glean some wisdom the less diligent will not know. You can go ahead and pat yourself on the back now. Having done that, you now probably need to call a chiropractor.

Anyway, we're going to try something entirely new at this meeting. GASP! Yes, we're going to innovate. We're going to have a Crescent Lodge. Ah, now you're curious. What the heck is a Crescent Lodge? Why, it is something entirely made up of course.

We're going to meet in the back room of Centre Lodge #153 and arrange the tables in a crescent formation. There we will be seated all facing inward. In the inside of the crescent will be a playing board divided into five sections. Each section will have a shot glass in the center. When we pitch coins from our seats onto the board, anyone who gets a coin into the shot glass of a given section gets to scoop up all the coins in that section.

We'll also have food and drink at the tables and conduct the meeting in full accordance with the ritual, but from the desert Crescent rather than the lodge room. We hope that this experience will add a little fun and fellowship to the meeting and make sitting through the reading of minutes and communications far less painful.

The Sheiks and Samaritans are encouraged to bring beverages of their choice and snacks to add to the items that will be available at the lodge already. The more we have, the more we enjoy.



Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Picnics

The sanctorem enjoyed its October 31st picnic. We enjoyed pool, grilled burgers and beverages of an intoxicating character as well as others of less dubious character. No one thought to take any pictures so, here's a clipart picture to use. Just imagine the person is someone you know.



All the News That's Fit to Post

Five dollars?! Never fear, Super Mike is here. Now you can read the AMOS Realm online at <http://duminiak.com/centaur259/> Just go to the “About” page and down at the bottom are links to the issues posted to date. New issues will be posted there as they become available.

These “Centaur Hoofprints” newsletters will be posted there as well. Oh, and just in case you're wondering: the reason this is formatted sort of strangely in the beginning is because it is designed to be printed and folded for mailing, but you got it for free.

The Second Calendar War

Although we thrashed the calendar and defeated its attempt to prevent our meeting in November, it persists in its obstinate course. It is therefore our solemn duty to wage war against it a second time and secure a timeline “Safe for AMOSacy”.

To that end, the Sanctorem will meet on the 4th Wednesday of December as well. Take that, calendar.



Centaur Droppings

A mailman is retiring after 25 years on the same route. All through the neighborhood, the residents give him retirement gifts. At one house he gets a case of champagne. At another he gets a box of cigars. Yet another gives him a gold watch. At the very next house, a lady opens the door grabs the mailman and leads him to her bedroom. There she strips down, undresses him and gives him the works. Afterward, they dress and go back downstairs. The mailman says, “After all these years you never said anything. I had no idea you had feelings for me.” The lady replied, “Well, last night at dinner I told my husband that you were retiring after 25 years. He said, ‘so what?’ and I told him that everyone on the neighborhood was planning to give you a gift. My husband said, ‘Screw him – give him \$10.’ “ Then the lady handed the mailman a \$10 bill.