

The Spoke

Rotary Club of Danbury

www.danburyrotary.org,

District 7980

July 25, 2018

P.O. Box 788, Danbury, CT 06813

From the Editor's Desk: (Note Date Change)

In order to publicize the upcoming pool party at Anita and Andy Ragona's, **August 8 at 4 pm**, I offer you the following photos taken at Chuck's featuring Anita's request for our attendance at the event. They are very compelling.



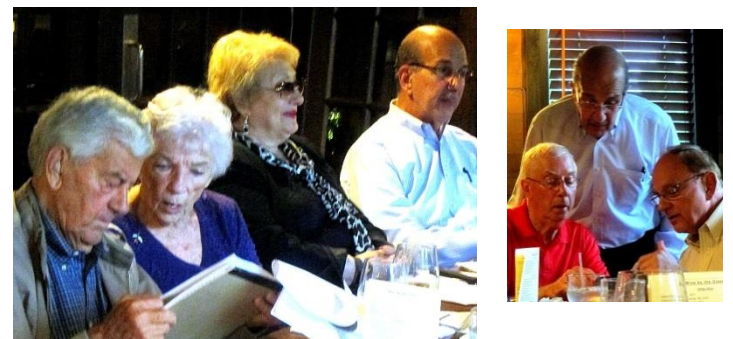
Tary's Rotary Minute:

To help publicize our 75th anniversary of the Rotary Club of Danbury, we held a concert at Danbury High School featuring the United States Coast Guard Band. Tickets were free, but scarce. The evening was a terrific success. Music is good for the soul. Maybe we need to sponsor more concerts, or reinstitute singing at the club...on second thought, the latter is probably a bad idea.



Our Monthly Dinner at Chuck's:

We filled the room. Our Dinner at Chuck's is one of our most popular events—and the spouses are probably a major reason for the great turnout. We need to do as well at the noon meetings. We keep hoping. Anyway, the following is presented with minimal comment:



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Area Make-ups-

Mon. 12:15 pm, Norwalk, Norwalk Inn
 Mon. 6:15 pm, Newtown, Newtown Country Club
 Tues. 12:00 pm, Westport, Branson Hall at Christ and Holy Trinity Church
 Wed. 12:15 pm, Danbury, Ethan Allen Inn, Danbury
 Wed. 6:15 pm, Ridgefield Dinner Club, Bernard's, 20 West Lane, Ridgefield
 Fri. 7:30 am, Westport Sunrise, The Westport Inn
 Fri. 12:15 pm, Wilton, Marly's Bistro

Amber Alert:

7/27 11 am to 4 pm N. Milford Fair Days
 7/28 10 am to 4 pm N. Milford Fair Days

The Westerner's Night Out: We dodged a few intermittent showers, but it was still a fun evening. Ten year old James Glynn, Tary and Adele's grandson, threw out the first ball; he got to keep it with all the team autographs.



Celebrating a Life Instead of Mourning a Death:

Paula Gjerstad, Mickey's wife, gave a eulogy that provided more information about Mickey than most of us had heard during all of his years in Rotary. It was humorous, poignant, heart rendering, and full of unique and precious memories.

Mickey's early years were spent where he was born, Oslo, Norway. Those years were tough, with WWII on. One event that stayed with him all of his life was seeing trolley car hit with a bomb killing all of its occupants. He also remembered searching for shrapnel in bombed out buildings.

When he was older, he wanted to be a pilot, he was accepted into pilot training, but was scrubbed when the instructor told him to turn right, and he turned left. Being very mechanically inclined, he then opted for aircraft mechanic school, and became one of the best. His first job in America was a mechanic at Saab's dealership, and later the owner.

Paula met Mickey at a party, and offered to take her home, but said that he had to take several of his friends home, first. When he finally picked her up, they drove right past one of the dropped off buddies; at that point, Paula realized he had ulterior motives.

Mickey loved nature. He planted a spruce sapling in the yard, and watched it grow to be a towering tree---with a bird nest. Mickey became friendly with the mother bird, and all of the baby birds after they hatched.

Mickey was a sucker for a sob story. He did a lot of work for free, and other work at a discount. One night a distraught customer said she was stranded on the CT Turnpike with nowhere to turn. He diagnosed the problem with the car, it was

repaired with the help of her panty hose, and she was on her way. On another occasion, he used a potato he had acquired from a field to complete an electrical circuit on his stalled car.

Mickey acquired Lighthouse Motors by waiting for each of the co-owners to retire, then buying out their portion of the company. He may have been generous, but he was also a very good business man.

His later years were tough, with heart problems, bilateral shoulder replacements and other health issues.

Paula talked about Mickey's relationship with Rotary, and how he enjoyed the meetings and the fellowship—but his family always came first.

Mickey was a wonderful human being. We will miss him.

