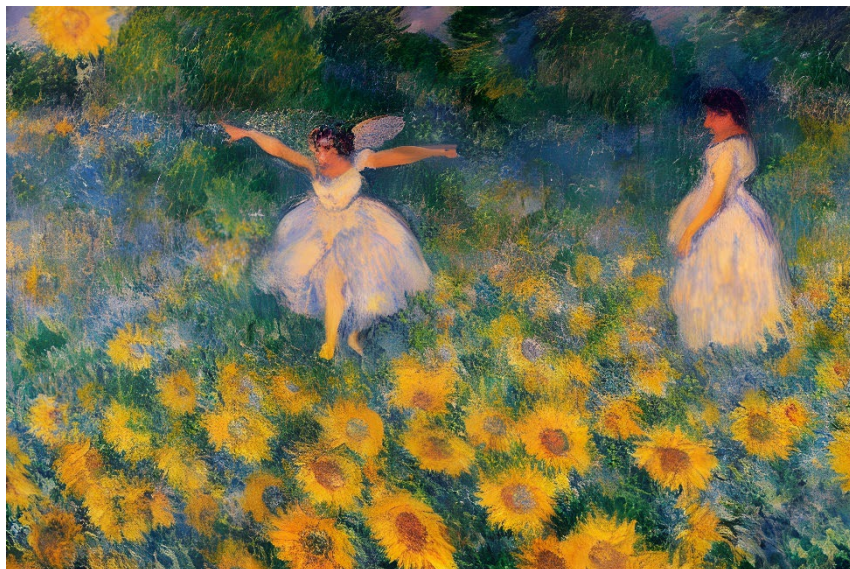


Augusta, KS 67010

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Seeds Editor

Kansas Mensa Sunflower Seeds



July-August 2023, Vol. - 51, Issue - 7

SATURDAY EVENTS

August 5th	Meet & Greet 12:45	Abuelo's Mexican 1413 N Waterfront Pkwy. www.abuelos.com
August 12th	Group Meeting 2:00	Fairmount Coffee 3815 E 17 th ST N www.fairmountcoffee.com
August 19th	Group Field Trip 1:15-1:30	Grace Hill Winery 6310 S Grace Hill Rd, Whitewater, KS
August 26th	Group gathering 7:00	Barnes & Noble 1920 N Rock RD www.barnesandnoble.com
Sept. 2nd	Meet & Greet 12:45	AVI Seabar & Chophouse 135 N Waco www.aviwichita.com
October 7th	Meet & Greet 12:45	Albero Bistro 2684 N Greenwich #600 www.alberobistro.com

Upcoming Field Trip

www.gracehillwinery.com

This month we will be doing something a bit different. We will learn a little about being a vintner and maybe do a smidgen of wine tasting as well. There will be live entertainment that afternoon for no extra charge.



We will meet at the editors' house at 12:30 or so and head out from there to Whitewater. 4613 E Norwood CT, close to Oliver and K96.

Last Month's Field Trip

We had a great time last month on our sojourn around the smoky hills. The first stop was Coronado Heights, which is a popular attraction because of its long history. Gracie informed us that in her younger days, she had scaled the outside of the structure to reach the highest point the "pigeons' nest", inaccessible to most. The view must have been breathtaking as the panorama visible from our level was splendid. The castle and surrounding structures were built in the late 1930's as a WPA project. I can imagine the awe that the native Wichita would have felt centuries ago while surveying the sweeping countryside next to the intrepid explorer Coronado and his escorts. Gleaming in the blazing summer sunlight, the conquistadors' armor and weapons would have been visible for miles. The hill was much higher then, before much of the stone was removed by the white man for building materials.

Our next stop was a dozen or so miles East at the McPherson State Fishing Lake and the Maxwell Wildlife Refuge. We all pulled over about halfway through the reserve to get out and shoot a few Buffalo. No one was trampled to death and some interesting pictures were taken.

The only downer was that the observation tower had been removed and no replacement was thus far forthcoming. So, what, a little rust and corrosion does not scare me! We swung back to the West and checked out the fishing lake. Not terribly large, even by Kansas standards, but it did offer several shady, out of the way spots where a person could drop a hook and sip a beer in peace.

One of our members, Randy Hamilton, invited us to visit him at his home in Canton. He was even kind enough to print out a couple of fact sheets about the places we visited. One of the highlights of the trip was Randy's homemade cheesecake. Next to my German mom's original family recipe, this was the best cheesecake I have had in this country.

RVC Region -7 * Beth Anne Demeter

As I write this, it's almost time for the Annual Gathering! By the time you read this, we'll probably all be at the AG, or maybe even done with the event.

A lot will happen at this year's AG and there's a lot to look forward to! Personally, I'm not only participating as a member of the AMC, but also volunteering as co-chair for external speakers. That means I'll be on site, working, in meetings, greeting speakers, etc., which is kind of a lot! I'll have more updates for you on that in my next column.

For now, if any of those things sound interesting to you, please know there are sooooo many ways to become involved in Mensa! While some people might voice the opinion that "there's nothing happening in my area" or "there are no events I like" or even "there's nothing to do", remember it's YOUR Mensa! You should be taking the initiative to plan the event you want to see happen, make the reservation, announce the book club, go taste the wine, plan the games night and more.

Or, if you're more the doing type and not the planning or coordinating type, feel welcome to become involved as a volunteer! Obviously, I do a lot of volunteering and some of my jobs are more strategic while others are tactical. Meaning, some ways in which I engage with Mensa involves simply showing up and doing a task. Some could be easy, like helping put away games or mailing newsletters, or some are more complex like finding speakers for an event. Either way, I find it fun to be involved!

Importantly, when you do plan that event or want to find that volunteer assignment, one of the best places to look for more information is Mensa Connect. Yeah...I know, some folks find the reading and replying interface to be difficult. Personally, I don't find it difficult at all, but I did find it a new thing to become used to using in the beginning! But outside of that

hurdle, there's an absolute wealth of information on Mensa Connect about things happening in your area, ways to volunteer locally or nationally and more.

So, check out the info and be in the know! Whether it's for the Annual Gathering or something you personally want to do in Mensa, there are a lot of ways to engage!



In honor of the brave Ukrainian and Russian soldiers who needlessly suffer and die every day so that a few double-digit alpha apes can maintain their tenuous grasp on power and wealth. As the history of our species plays out ad nauseum, the few always prosper at the expense of the many.

The Three Wishes

By: William Barnett

Continued:

At sunrise Achmed woke and traveled to the genie's cottage in haste. After pounding on the door, the genie came to the door sleepy eyed, trying to awaken.

"We've got to talk," Achmed demanded.

"Come in," the genie replied rubbing his eyes. "Would you like some coffee?"

"I'm good," Achmed replied. "Oh, well, sure, if you're making it."

The good genie made the morning coffee at the speed of a glacier. After an eon the coffee was made and, on the table, and the sleepy genie began to wake up.

"Do you still have wishes to grant?" Achmed demanded.

"Oh ... uh ... yea ... of course," the annoyed genie replied. "Is that all you came for? ... And at this hour?"

"Yes!" Achmed exclaimed. "Can I have three wishes?"

"Yea, sure," the genie replied with indifference. "You have three wishes. Can I go back to sleep?"

"Thanks!" Achmed replied.

"You'll regret it," the genie stated.

Achmed rushed out the door and ran all the way back to his tiny cottage.

"WOW! I've got three wishes, three wishes, I'll be happy now!" Achmed shouted. Then after thinking for a while, he said, "I want ten tons of gold."

Immediately there were 20,000 pounds of gold in his living room. It crushed the floor and blocked everything in the cottage, but he didn't care. "I have to tell everyone," Achmed shouted. "I can live like a prince."

Achmed rushed to the pub. It wasn't open, so he went to dinner for breakfast. He tried to pay with a gold coin, but the dear lady at the dinner didn't have change for such a coin. After strutting about the village all day long, the pub finally opened and Achmed told his friends. They seemed indifferent. By the week's end people were trying to sneak into his cottage and steal the gold.

"What can I do now?" Achmed asked his friends at the pub.

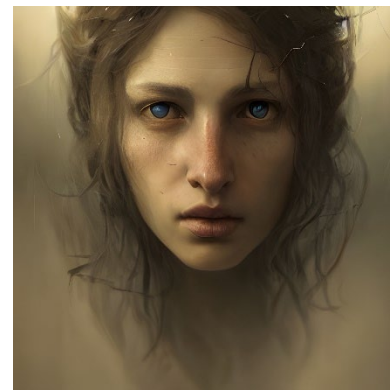
"There's mercs in the next village," the farmers said. "They barely escaped with their lives from your brother. They can help."

Soon the mercs were guarding his house, but his friends could no longer visit for security reasons. There was even a plot to have him killed to get his money. When he became accustomed to the gold, he thought about the second wish. "Of course!" he said to himself. "Power!" That's what I need to be a prince, POWER! I wish for power." Soon all his friends were gone. They stayed away for their own lives' sake, wishing him the best, but feeling sad about everything that had happened to their friend. More people tried to kill him. He had to hire an army of mercs and build a castle fortress in place of his house for protection.

"Wow! I'm really a prince now," he said to himself. "All I need now is a wife. I wish for the most beautiful woman in the world."

There was a knocking at the door. When he opened the door a stunningly beautiful woman pushed past him and said, "Mine. All mine. You can do anything you want!"

Immediately Achmed took her to the royal bedroom and consummated the marriage.



By the month's end Tequilabra, his new wife, had completely remodeled the castle into a palace, spending all the gold. She even sent the

mercs on conquest for more gold. Soon they brought back 20 tons of gold to the castle, earning the hatred of the neighboring kingdoms.

He realized that the guards didn't care about his safety, they were only using him as a figurehead to promote themselves. They even told him so to his face; in private, of course.

Tequilabra was with child and Achmed was excited about having an heir to his kingdom. The milkmaids, his only confidants, informed him that she was with a child from

another prince and had visited all the princes and kingdoms within a month's journey. Achmed was in shock with disgust. When his bride returned from her daily ride, he asked her whose child she was carrying.

"Yours of course," she lied.

"What do you do on your daily rides?" Achmed asked.

"What I damn well please," she answered.

"You're lying with every prince a month's ride from here!" he shouted.

The maids and palace staff ran for their lives.

"If you want this shit don't complain," she sneered, pointing to her voluminous bosom.

After much screaming and cursing he stomped away in angst. The staff had fled to the woods to avoid being killed in the fray. Even the guards were busying themselves in the stables. After sleeping alone in the library, he awoke late and traveled to see Olivia, the wise old fairy. He told her the whole story.

"What can I do now?" he asked in shame.

"You got exactly what you asked for," she replied in her sweet voice.

"How can I change them?" he whined.

"They will never change," she said.

"They are who they are. You chose them."

"So, what can I do?" he asked again.

"You can do anything you want," she answered.

He went to his old cottage, but one of the farmers' sons was living there now, so he slept in the woods. After a fitful night of trying to sleep he returned to his castle still not knowing what to do. A neighboring prince was



emerging from his bedroom. The staff bowed politely, but inside they had total disrespect for him. He finally realized their thoughts. "Summon the captain of the

guard!" he ordered. When the man arrived Achmed ordered, "Kill 'em all!" Panic ensued. There was blood everywhere. Soon all was quiet. Then Achmed was alone. The remaining guards, who hadn't been killed, were back in their quarters having a pint. He was totally alone and knew it would be that way forever. His life was in grave danger.

"I wonder if they are still playing dominoes back at the village?" he said to himself. "I'll go see."

The next day he was playing dominoes with his friends and bought a round for everyone.

WHAT WE WANT FOR OUR GRANDCHILDREN

By: Paul Harvey

ABC Radio News Commentator from 1951-2008

We tried so hard to make things better for our kids that we sometimes made them worse. For my grandchildren, I'd like better. Maybe I mean not quite so good. I'd really like for them to know about hand-me down clothes and homemade ice cream and leftover meatloaf sandwiches. I really would.

This could be a letter to my grandson.

My cherished grandson:

I hope you learn humility by being humiliated, and that you learn honesty by being cheated. I hope you learn to make your bed and mow the lawn and wash the car. And I really hope nobody gives you a brand-new car when you are sixteen. I hope you have a job by then.

It will be good if at least one time you can see a baby calf born and your old dog put to sleep. I hope you get a black eye fighting for

something you believe in. I hope you have to share a bedroom with your younger brother. And it's all right if you have to draw a line down the middle of the room, but when he wants to crawl under the covers with you because he's scared, I hope you let him. When you want to see a movie and your little brother wants to tag along, I hope you'll let him.

I hope you have to walk uphill to school with your friends and that you live in a town where you can do it safely. On rainy days when you have to catch a ride, I hope your driver doesn't have to drop you two blocks away so you won't be seen riding with someone as uncool as your mom.

If you want a slingshot, I hope your dad teaches you how to make one instead of buying one. I hope you learn to dig in the dirt and read books. When you learn to use those newfangled computers, I hope you also learn to add and subtract in your head. I hope your friends razz you when you have your first crush on a girl, and when you talk back to your mother that you learn what Ivory soap tastes like.

May you skin your knee climbing a mountain, burn your hand on a stove and stick your tongue on a frozen flagpole. I hope you get sick when someone blows cigar smoke in your face. If you try beer once, I hope you don't like it. And if a friend offers you dope or a joint, I hope you realize he is not your friend. I sure hope you make time to sit on the porch with your grandpa and go fishing with your uncle.

May you feel sorrow at a funeral, and the joy of holidays. I hope your mother punishes you when you throw a baseball through a neighbor's window and that she hugs you and kisses you at Christmas time when you give her a plaster of Paris mold of your hand. These things I wish for you - tough times and disappointment, hard work and happiness.

With Love,

Paul Harvey, Your Grandpa



Oh, to be able to see the wonders of the World through the eyes of a child again.

RELIGION, AND MORALS

By: Mortimer Snerd

Religion and morals are often thought of as two parts of the same thing. Are they really?

I will attempt to define at least one basic difference. True religion is part of reality. I. E. It is something that exists. For example: things like gods, angels, devils, and ghosts, either exist or they don't. Life continues after death, or it doesn't. These things are to be discovered, not made up.

Now we know that most religions that humans follow are not true. Most are the creations of men. But they should not be. There is only one true religion, and our job as humans should be to find it, not create it. If we cannot find it, making one up is not acceptable. That is dishonest.

In that way, religion is like science. Physical laws exist, like the Rocky Mountains exist. What we must do is figure out what they are, not make them up.

That is not the case with morals. Morals are totally made up. They are created; somewhat like a business or a government is created. There is no “correct” business, nor is there a “correct” government, any more than there is a “correct” house design. Some work better than others, and are therefore “better,” but none of them can be said to be “right” or “wrong.”

Morality is not an existing set of rules, to be discovered. It is a blank sheet to be filled in by us humans. To a large extent, governments do that. As we know, governments do not all come up with the same rules, nor do they always keep the rules as originally written. For example: during prohibition we said it was wrong to sell alcohol. Canada said it was O.K. Eventually we changed our rules. Slavery is another example of America changing its rules.

Two rules, currently in review, are recreational drugs and abortion. We once said neither was allowed. Now we are reconsidering.

I think the real issue here is not what moral laws are correct, but what moral laws lead to the best-run nation. Our opinion of that will continue to change.

Wanted:

Vintage copies of the Sunflower Seeds prior to September 1982.

Editor will be happy to buy said issues or happily accept as donation to the chapter and the future.

Philosophic thoughts by Anon

Marcus Aurelius lived from 121-180 AD. He rose to power as the emperor of Rome in 161 AD and is considered one of the greatest Emperors of Rome. He valued philosophy. These are some of his thoughts.

Act only with the good of humanity in mind.

Reconsider your position when someone objects but change only when you are convinced that another action is better for humanity, not because it is easier to sell.

Nothing in others' minds, or the world around you, can harm you.

Don't feel harmed – and you haven't been.

Some want to “get away from it all,” to the mountains or the beach. Get away from it all by going within. Nowhere is more peaceful.

To fulfill yourself, seek justice, generosity, self-control, honesty, humility, and straightforwardness.

What use is praise, except that it makes life a little more comfortable? Praise does not make anything better or worse. Great things do not need compliments.

What should we work for? I say, work for proper understanding, unselfish action, and truthful speech.

Resolve to accept whatever happens.

I can abstain from doing anything that I think god or my own spirit don't approve of. No one can force me to do otherwise.

Some people are always looking for a chance to call in a favor. Others don't. They are like a vine that produces grapes. Be like that.

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