

# Red Eagles

## Christmas Newsletter



December 22, 2009  
Issue 4

### Fellow Red Eagles: Commanders Call

*This quarters article was written by Tom Gibbs the fourth commander, 4477th TEF/TES.*

Hi Red Eagles, From Bandit 21, Tom Gibbs 4th Commander of the squadron. You are a special few whose dedication was instrumental to the special inputs you provided that allowed our fighter crews to excel. That dedication is a true testimonial to who and what you are. Absolutely Sierra Hotel!

*Tom Gibbs*

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### What is Christmas?

I sometimes wonder what Christmas means to others. I, of course, can only answer for myself. I just turn 63 the 1st of December and retired on the 11th. After a wonderful Thanksgiving here at the house with my kids, grandbabies and their significant others, I'm looking forward to a repeat performance at Christmas.

This is a special time of the year for me as with most people. I love everything about the Christmas season except for the holiday shoppers. That's why we finished all of our shopping last week.

My wife, Melody, grumbles about putting up the Christmas decorations every year but that's just her

# MERRY CHRISTMAS

way. Having been married to this wonderful woman for 31 years, I know she really enjoys it. So much in fact, that after I set the tree up I sit back and watch her decorate it. No, I'm not lazy. I don't want to take away any of the joy I see in her face as she places each ornament on the tree. She could fool some, but not me.

I think back in time to all those Christmas mornings when I was ten and younger. We had real Christmas trees back then. I know you can still buy them. LOL. It was all magic; the tree, the lights and my Lionel train set circling the tree. Then there was the anticipation of Santa's visit early Christmas morning and having to wait to see what he had brought me.

Growing up with modest means lead me to appreciate what I had and not to expect too much. Having said that, my Christmas letter to Santa was never too extravagant. I loved every present I received for Christmas. Well, except for the socks and underwear. Each toy was a treasure to be loved and enjoyed for hours on end.

Then, as I grew older, there came the crushing news of Santa's real identity. It made me feel silly for believing in the jolly, old, fat man



### Editor's Column:

As you all know by now, the Constant Peg Project has been declassified as of Nov 13, 2006.

- The newsletter will be sent out once a quarter and will be an open forum for all to use.
- Please feel free to share your stories, comments and photos for other members to enjoy. If you wish to submit a picture, please send it in a jpeg format.
- If you know of other Red Eagles that are not aware that our project has been declassified, please inform them and send them copies of the roster and newsletter.
- You can submit your stories or roster updates by emailing them to: [bgalloway5@elpasotel.net](mailto:bgalloway5@elpasotel.net) or [bobbro@bresnan.net](mailto:bobbro@bresnan.net) or mail to:  
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and yet it forever took something away from Christmas. I really disliked my older friends for ratting out Santa. As I became older I understood and appreciated my family more for the sacrifices they made to make sure I had a Christmas.

I know that I'm too old to believe in Santa anymore but I'll never be too old to believe in miracles. I see that in my family, who loves me for who I am. I see miracles in my grandbabies, my friends and throughout my whole life.

The other day I was talking to my four year old granddaughter, Raina, and she let me know that Santa is alive and well and will be bringing her presents on Christmas. She told me "Papa, Santa is magic". You know what? I believe her.

*Ben Galloway*



## A Christmas Story

*I love to share this particular Christmas story annually to both annoy and delight friends and relatives.*

One particular Christmas a long time ago, Santa was getting ready for his annual trip....but there were problems everywhere. Four of his elves got sick, and the trainee elves did not produce the toys as fast as the regular ones, so Santa was beginning to feel the pressure of being behind schedule. Then, Mrs. Claus told him that her Mom was coming to visit. This stressed Santa even more.

Then when he went to harness the Reindeer, he found three of them were about to give birth and two had jumped the fence and were out, heaven knows where. More stress.

Then when he began to load the sleigh one of the boards cracked and the toy bag fell to the ground, and scattered the toys. So, frustrated, Santa went back into the house for a cup of coffee and a shot of whiskey.

When he went to the cupboard, he discovered the elves had hid the liquor and there was nothing to drink. In his frustration, he accidentally dropped the coffee pot and it broke into hundreds of little pieces all over the kitchen floor. He went to get the broom and found that mice had eaten the straw it was made from.

Just then, the doorbell rang and Santa cursed his way to the door. He opened the door and there was a little angel with a great big Christmas Tree. The angel said, very cheerfully, "Merry Christmas Santa. Isn't it just a lovely day? I have a beautiful tree for you, Isn't it just a lovely tree? Where would you like me to stick it?"

Thus began the tradition of the little angel on top of the Christmas Tree.

*I know, it's bad but funny. I hope you all have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!*

*Ben Galloway*

*Merry*   
*Christmas* 