

FROM THE WORDSMITH ...

Many of you may have wondered why we have not produced a newsletter for many months.

This has been a trying year so far for the branch as we have had to share the passing of three active members which takes some readjustment. Likewise a number of members, including the President and myself, have been beset with health problems which have required a slowing down of activities. The Secretary too has had, and still has, problems that have made it difficult to efficiently continue with that responsibility.

All has not been darkness and despair, we have been able to continue with our monthly bring and buy stall and this has been a great asset in helping our finances which had been bruised by the change in the can collection income, our main collector himself is handicapped by poor health and like us all the scourge of ageing.

The President kept us all on our toes by organising an Easter raffle which was a success and again helped to keep the books in balance.

I cannot write this page without praising the enthusiasm of Margaret McKeown together with Kath Hannigan and Laurie Blatchly in keeping the cans and taking up where I unfortunately am not able to do regularly.

Maybe some of you who are unable to attend are not aware of the passing of Fran Gardner. Fran, had for a number of years been living in a retirement facility in Caloundra, but from when the branch was founded until she moved north was one of the most active fund raisers for our branch. She, with her husband Bruce, were devoted members and a very hard working team.

Finally let me comment on the miniscule raise in membership fees. Some members have raised their eyebrows at the increase but if we are honest with ourselves we should realise that the increase is far too small to be of any advantage to H.S.A. which is still struggling to exist.

Now is the time to lay down my pen, hand back my keys and stand back
Arthur..



FROM SHIRLEY..

It is stated in the Constitution that a branch committee requires a President, Vice-Presidents, Treasurer, Secretary and MINUTE TAKER plus committee members so that there is always a quorum of members at each committee meeting, but our branch has not had a dedicated minute taker for some years because not enough members would put up their hands to fill positions. So my two positions were combined and that has worked well enough but this is something that should not be forgotten come next July when all all positions will become vacant once again.

We are already experiencing some rather nippy mornings, winter is out there waiting to pounce so I hope you have all had your influenza jabs and have your coats, gloves and scarves at the ready for the first westerly to blow in. Our eldest son will be flying in from the UK with his family at the end of the month and no doubt they will find it very warm and pleasant here and granddaughter might want to go swimming! Their stay will be all too short but we will make the most of every day.

So thanks and best wishes to you all and now comes the last full stop.

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AN URBAN LEGEND

A lady in a faded gingham dress and her husband, dressed in a homespun threadbare suit, stepped off the train in Boston, and walked timidly without an appointment into the president of Harvard's outer office. The secretary could tell in a moment that such backwoods, country hicks had no business at Harvard and probably didn't even deserve to be in Cambridge. She frowned. "We want to see the president," the man said softly. "He'll be busy all day," the secretary snapped. "We'll wait," the lady replied. For hours, the secretary ignored them, hoping that the couple would finally become discouraged and go away.

They didn't, and the secretary grew frustrated and finally decided to disturb the president, even though it was a chore she always regretted to do. "Maybe if they see you for a few minutes, they'll leave," she told him.

He sighed in exasperation and nodded. Someone of his importance obviously didn't have the time to spend with them, but he detested gingham dresses and homespun suits cluttering up his outer office. The president, stern-faced with dignity, strutted toward the couple. The lady told him, "We had a son who attended Harvard for one year. He loved Harvard. He was happy here. But about a year ago, he was accidentally killed, and my husband and I would like to erect a memorial to him, somewhere on campus."

The president wasn't touched, he was shocked. "Madam," he said gruffly, "We can't put up a statue for every person who attended Harvard and died. If we did, this place would look like a cemetery. "Oh, no," the lady explained quickly. "We don't want to erect a statue. We thought we would like to give a building to Harvard." The president rolled his eyes. He glanced at the gingham dress and homespun suit, then exclaimed, "A building! Do you have any earthly idea how much a building costs? We have over seven and a half million dollars in the physical plant at Harvard." For a moment the lady was silent. The president was pleased. He could get rid of them now. And the lady turned to her husband and said quietly, "Is that all it costs to start a University? Why don't we just start our own?" Her husband nodded. The president's face wilted in confusion and bewilderment. Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford walked away, travelling to Palo Alto, California where they established the University that bears their name, a memorial to a son that Harvard no longer cared about.

WHY SOCIALISING EXTENDS YOUR LIFE

If your partner is nagging you about all the time you spend with your friends, explain that you're simply extending the length of your life. A recent study by Bingham Young University in Utah has shown that loneliness can be just as detrimental to your health as obesity and smoking. Participants in the study who had strong ties with family and friends had a 50% higher survival rate than those who were solitary. So get out there and socialise.

THE TEN MINUTE MEDITATION KIT

Meditation involves clearing the mind and switching off all of the mental chatter. Like any skill, meditation takes time and practice. Here's a 10 minute exercise that can be done on the bus while sitting at your desk in the middle of a busy, high-pressure day. Aim to repeat this exercise two to three times a week. Meditating at the start of the day or scheduling a brain-break in the middle of a busy day will help you stick with it.

1. **LOOSEN UP AND RELAX.** Sit comfortably with your arms and legs uncrossed, palms resting on your thighs. Loosen any tight clothing. Choose a quiet place or listen to music to block external noise.
2. **SLOW THE BREATHING.** Place one hand on your chest and place the other on your abdomen. Check the hand on the abdomen is moving and the hand on your upper chest is remaining relatively still to ensure you are following diaphragmatic breathing.
3. **CHECK 1,2,3.** Inhale through your nose and feel the air flowing through your nostrils. Breathe in for a slow count 1 2 3, then exhale to a slow count of 1 2 3. This will give you a breathing rate of 10 breaths per minute
4. **CLEAR THE CLUTTER.** Close your eyes and focus on your breathing. Thoughts will intrude but don't fight them. When thoughts come into your mind try to bring your focus back to your breathing.

PUT ON YOUR HAPPY HAT

THE ROAD TO LIVING JOYOUSLY CAN START WITH A FEW SMALL STEPS.

Happiness can be a catch-22 situation: you say to yourself you'll be happy once you get to your perfect dress size but being happy is what helps you look and feel great regardless of the body shape you are in now.

Robert Holden, author of "B Happy" says to get out of this mind trap, it's important to think about your definition of happiness, because it will influence every other significant area in your life.

Nothing can make you happy except you. If, however you know that happiness is inside you then happiness becomes a compass that helps you live your life.

A few simple ways we can boost our feel-good factor:

RECALL HAPPY MOMENTS

MAKE A GRATITUDE LIST.

LIVE IN THE PRESENT.

SPEND TIME WITH LOVED ONES.

TREAT YOURSELF LIKE A KING OR QUEEN.

THE HISTORY OF 'APRONS'

I don't think our kids know what an apron is.

The principal use of Grandma's apron was to protect the dress underneath, but along with that, it served as a potholder for removing hot pans from the stove.

It was wonderful for drying children's tears, and on occasion was used for cleaning out dirty ears.

From the chicken coop, the apron was used for carrying eggs, fussy chicks, and sometimes half-hatched eggs to be finished in the warming oven.

When company came, those aprons were ideal hiding places for kids.

And when the weather was cold, grandma wrapped it around her arms.

Those big old aprons wiped many a perspiring brow, bent over the hot wood stove.

Chips and kindling wood were brought into the kitchen in that apron.

From the garden, it carried all sorts of vegetables. After the peas had been shelled, it carried out the hulls.

In the Autumn, the apron was used to bring in apples that had fallen from the trees.

When unexpected company drove up the road, it was surprising how much furniture that old apron could dust in a matter of seconds.

When dinner was ready, Grandma walked out onto the deck, waved her apron, and the men knew it was time to come in from the fields to dinner.

It will be a long time before someone invents something that will replace that 'old time apron' that served so many purposes.

QUIRKY SIGNS

Pharmacy Window: We dispense with accuracy.

Dry Cleaners Window: Thirty-eight years on the same spot.

Loan Department: Ask us about plans for owning your home.

Toy Department: Five Santa Clauses – no waiting.

Convalescent Home: For the sick and tired of the Church.

Country Shop: We buy junk and sell antiques.

Cemetery: Persons are prohibited from picking flowers for any but their own graves.

SLOW GOLF

A Catholic Priest, an Indian Doctor, a rich Chinese Businessman and an Aussie were waiting one morning for a particularly slow group of golfers in front of them.

The Aussie fumed, "What's with those blokes? We must have been waiting for fifteen minutes!"

The Indian Doctor chimed in, "I don't know, but I've never seen such poor golf!"

The Chinese Businessman called out "Move it, time is money".

The Catholic Priest said, "Here come's George the greens keeper. Let's have a word with him."

"Hello, George! Said the Catholic Priest, "What's wrong with that group ahead of us? They're rather slow, aren't they?"

George the greens keeper replied, "Oh, yes. That's a group of blind firefighters. They lost their sight saving our clubhouse from a fire last year, so we always let them play for free anytime."

The group fell silent for a moment.

The Catholic Priest said, "That's so sad. I think I will say a special prayer for them tonight."

The Indian Doctor said, "Good idea. I'm going to contact my Ophthalmologist colleague and see if there's anything he can do for them."

The Chinese Businessman replied, "I think I'll donate \$50,000 to the fire-fighters in honour of these brave soles"

The Aussie said, "Why can't they play at night?"

WHAT NOT TO CALL YOUR DOG

Everyone who has a dog calls him Rover or Boy, I call mine Sex.

Now Sex has been really embarrassing to me.

When I went to the Council to renew his dog Licence I told the Clerk I would like to have a licence for Sex. He said he would like to have one too. Then I said "you don't understand. I've had Sex since I was nine years old". He said I must have been quite a kid.

When I got married and went on my honeymoon I took the dog with me. I told the hotel clerk I wanted to have a room for my wife and me, and one for Sex. He said every room in the place is for sex". I said "You don't understand. Sex keeps me awake at night". He said "me too".

One day I entered Sex in a contest, but before the competition began the dog ran away. Another contestant asked me why. I was standing there looking around; I told him I planned to have Sex in the contest. He told me I should have sold tickets of my own. "But you don't understand". I said. "I had hoped to have "Sex on T.V. He called me a show off.

When my wife and I separated we went to Court to fight for the custody of the dog. I said "Your Honour, I had Sex before I was married." The judge said "Me too". When I told him that after I was married Sex left me. He said "Me too".

Last night Sex ran off again. I spent hours looking around town for him. A cop came over to me and asked "What are you doing in this alley at 4 o'clock in the morning?" I replied "I'm looking for Sex".

My case comes up on Friday.