

Bayside U3A

UNIVERSITY OF THE THIRD AGE

Offices: Beaumaris Senior Centre
84 Reserve Road, Beaumaris (behind the library)

Old Brighton Court House
63 Carpenter Street, Brighton (behind the Town Hall)

Telephone: 9589 3798 Mail: P.O. Box 7269 BEAUMARIS 3193

Email: baysideu3a@gmail.com Web: baysideu3a.org

Please note that we are back in Stage 4 lockdown until at least mid-night Wednesday 17th February. We are observing the DHHS and Bayside Council restrictions. Please check your emails for further advice about your classes.

NEWSLETTER

Term 1 2021



Beaumaris Office:

Monday to Friday

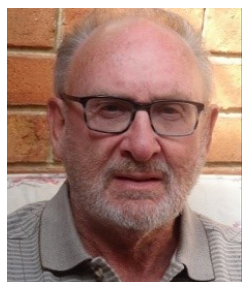
9:30am to 2:00pm depending on restrictions

Contact mobile: 0404 524 028

Brighton Office

Monday to Friday. 9:30am - 12noon depending on restrictions

FROM THE PRESIDENT:



Dear Members

A very happy Bayside U3A New Year (as in classes have recently started). It is still a worrying time with COVID certainly not 'gone away' – so there are still quite a few uncertainties and issues to deal with – particularly which classes will meet 'inside' and which can be 'outside' or will continue on Zoom at least in this first term. Some tutors have opted for Zoom. The major reason is how big the class is and whether there is enough space (inside) whilst complying with the one person per 2 sq metres rule. Please note this rule is an exception from the 1 person per 4 sq metres rule, only if we use a QR code sign in. Unfortunately many don't seem to be managing this, even though they have a Smart phone, so some practice may be required. Bayside Council is assisting us with free use of the Beaumaris Community Halls and the Brighton Town Hall for February (reverting to the 'community rate' in March). Fortunately these arrangements applied to our use of the large Beaumaris Community Hall for our Opening on Friday 29th January.

More than 70 hardy souls, including our supportive Councillors and Bayside politicians and supporters, attended the Opening. Those even a little unsteady on their feet were wise not to come as we were ankle deep in water right around the library building and the Senior Centre. The space was large enough to accommodate our members, guests and the coffee cart and we were also able to bring the refreshments directly in there. We kept it simple with only our Mayor Laurie Evans OAM and myself doing the honours, so lots of time for coffee, sandwiches and cake, a chat and catch-up. It was very good to see so many familiar faces and meet a few new ones. Many thanks to all those who helped with the catering and setting up and putting away.

Please make sure you comply with all the COVID-Safe instructions. Class Monitors have been enlisted to ensure we all do the right thing. Our AGM will be on Friday 12th March and we will decide at our February Committee meeting if this will be by Zoom or inside. The Notice of Meeting will be sent out by the end of February. Membership has now reached 1300 which is very pleasing considering the circumstances.

Do hope you are all enjoying or looking forward to starting your first classes! Re Beaumaris, builders are setting up to start the rebuild of the sports pavilion. Their work sheds will be between the Senior Centre and the garden outside the office. We can expect some disruption in the car park – hopefully not too painful. NBN internet connections aren't too far away at Beaumaris and Brighton which will enable us to start on hybrid classes – some in class and others at home on Zoom. Also remedial work will shortly be carried out on the men's toilet at the Brighton Courthouse. Best to use the 'all abilities' toilet if you can.

A number of our members have been unwell, injured or bereaved recently. Our thoughts go out to them and their families and we wish them speedy recoveries or solace in their difficult time.

Tony Aplin

Course and enrolment news

We've been back, one way or another, for 2 weeks now. Apart from a few hiccups things have gone much better than I'd hoped. Thanks to everyone for their patience and understanding about necessary COVID adaptations such as time and location changes, not to mention check-in, sanitising and masks. A big thank you to our tutors and COVID-monitors who are dealing with the extra work required for face-to-face activities. About 40 classes have commenced on Zoom - giving us more breathing space, literally, in our venues.

Quite a few classes are meeting out of doors in term 1, weather permitting. They are meeting in a range of places - some just outside our buildings, and some further afield in parks, beachside shelter sheds and the marquee at the Concourse. This is a good way to avoid the need for masks, if it's practical for your group. Classes meeting outdoors range from yoga and tai chi, through to language classes and book groups.

As always, we are on the lookout for new classes and activities and would love to speak with any of you about possible new courses. There are a couple in process at the moment, so keep an eye on our website and watch out for an announcement in our next newsletter .

Sue Steele

2021 Opening

The official Opening of Bayside U3A for 2021 was held on Friday, 29th January. To meet COVID regulations it was planned to hold the function on the grassed area outside the Beaumaris Seniors Centre. The weather defeated us however, when the heavens opened and heavy rain continued to pour down all morning.

The event was relocated to the Community Hall and was attended by many of our members as well as local dignitaries including Tim Wilson - Member for Goldstein, Brad Rosewell - Member for Sandringham, James Newbury - Member for Brighton, Bayside City Council Councillor Clarke Martin and Mandy Engelhardt from Belle Property Group.

Tony Aplin, President of Bayside U3A gave an overview of plans for 2021 before the official opening by Bayside City Council Mayor, Councillor Laurence Evans OAM. Light refreshments and a coffee from the Gilano coffee cart followed. Although we were all slightly damp from the rain our spirits were high in anticipation of another exciting year of courses and events.

AGM

Just a reminder that the Annual General Meeting of Bayside U3A will be held on Friday, 12th March. Details and forms will be forwarded to all members in late February.

We are required to meet a quorum of 10% of our members which means we need 130 members to attend or complete a proxy form. We would love to see as many of our members attend, however if for some reason you can't make it on the day, could you please complete a proxy form and return it to either of our offices in Beaumaris and Brighton or pass it on to your tutor.

Building Works

The Beaumaris Reserve where the Beaumaris Senior Centre is located is soon to undergo a facelift commencing with the building of a new pavilion for the Beaumaris Soccer Club and Cricket Club. It will be architecturally designed and cater for all members by including female friendly facilities.

With the demolition of the old building and the building of the new one there will be many disruptions, in particular with parking. If travelling by car to attend classes at the Beaumaris Senior Centre it would be wise to leave home a little earlier in case parking at the Centre is difficult.

Thank you in advance for your patience while these works are going on.

Australia Day Nominations



There was excitement in the air at the Sandringham Yacht Club on Australia Day when the Bayside City Council announced their Australia Day Awards.

Bayside U3A were finalists in two sections. The first nomination was for the Community Event of the Year for our Zoom event, *An Evening with Rod Quantock and Trivia Night*. This event provided over 100 of our members with the opportunity to get together online, have a laugh and get some light relief during the COVID lockdown.

Congratulations go to Sue Steele and Chris Logan who were finalists in the Senior Citizen of the Year section.

Both Sue and Chris play key roles in the running of Bayside U3A. Their nominations acknowledge the significant volunteer hours that they have contributed to Bayside U3A. Bayside U3A would not operate so efficiently without their dedication and commitment.

Bayside U3A On the Community Block

Below is the link to an interview Stephen LePage gave to Southern FM on Bayside U3A, our plans for 2021 and how we have handled COVID.

<https://www.southernfm.com.au/show/community-block/bayside-u3a-on-the-community-block/>

History - David Hone (Tutor)

American History and Australian History remain on Zoom. They started this week with 63 and 101 enrolled. We are hoping if COVID settles down to go back to Beaumaris Senior Centre while also zooming to some of the class from there. We have attracted some distance enrolments through being on Zoom but I still believe a major point of the U3A is to get people out of the house and socialising with like-minded people.

Shakespeare Reading - Peter Summons (Tutor)

Our Shakespeare Reading Class has now met twice outside, under the covered area of the Beaumaris Senior Centre. It has been really great to meet with each other again. Human contact is always so refreshing!

We have finished 'Julius Caesar' and are currently enjoying reading 'Hamlet'.

During our reading we have a chorus of birds chirping happily in the background!

Thanks to Peter Roberts for the below:

To be is to do - Socrates

To do is to be - Sartre

Do be, do be do. - Sinatra



Classical Music - David Peake (Tutor)

Our first class is chapter 1 of a 3 part history of the piano. This part covers the 18th century. You may recall that several years ago I did a single class history of the piano. This time I am going much more thoroughly into the subject.

Item 1 is a recording of one of Domenico Scarlatti's 555 sonatas played, as originally intended c.1750, on the harpsichord.

[Scarlatti : Sonata K 159 Magda Baczewska](#) 2.51

No. 2 is a recording of the same sonata played on a modern piano. Michelangeli plays it somewhat faster. The two recordings clearly illustrate why the piano rapidly superceded the harpsichord in about 1770.

[Michelangeli plays Scarlatti Sonata in C Major k 159](#) 2.36

No. 3: One of the finest composers of any era, Carl Philip Emmanuel Bach, produced 53 keyboard concertos. This is the 1st movement of one of his early ones (1745) played on an early version of the piano called the tangent piano. It has a rather clunky sound but gives much greater volume than the harpsichord.

[Carl Philip Emanuel Bach Keyboard Concerto in E minor WQ 15](#) 10.27

No. 4: This is one CPE Bach's last compositions, written in 1787 – he died in 1788. It clearly demonstrates the superiority of the piano over the harpsichord, both in sound quality and volume. Both instruments are reproductions of instruments from the late 18th century.

[Concerto in E Flat Major for Harpsichord and Fortepiano H 479](#) 20.13

No. 5: JL Dussek (1760 – 1812) was one of Mozart and Beethoven's greatest rivals. His piano concertos are well worth listening to and this one is a good example. The orchestra is rather indifferent in the 1st movement but then improves. The pianist is fine throughout.

[Jan Ladislav Dussek - Piano Concerto in G minor Op. 49](#) 32.12

No. 6: Frederick Gulda (1930-2000) was a fine jazz pianist and a consummate interpreter of Mozart. This concert recording of one of the best known Mozart concertos demonstrates that.

[Friedrich Gulda - Mozart Piano Concerto # 20](#) 32.17

No. 7: Mozart was a great admirer of Haydn and learnt a lot from him. Haydn in turn recognised Mozart's immense talent and was deeply saddened by his early death. This concerto was originally written for the harpsichord or the piano but is almost always played on the piano these days. Occasionally it is played on the organ. Note that as with items 4 and 6 the pianist is also the conductor.

[Haydn : Klavierkonzert Nr.11 in D - Dur](#) 18.48

Lawn Bowls - Rob Coulson (Tutor)

What happens when 50 new bowlers hit the greens? Well, it's chaos for a while, and then it's a challenge to co-ordinate mind and body to get the bowl to where it is supposed to go.

Our enthusiastic beginners often find that there is more to it than meets the eye, and that is why we have six coaches helping them this year.

Feedback from the group has been very positive after two weeks, and, just in case you thought watching bowls could be a bit "slow", take a look at this video <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B9hr0d8lkXQ>
Let's hope our new bowlers will be reaching these heights by the end of the year!

We are still open for enrolments in this non-contact exercise.



Let's do Dinner

Highett RSL on Saturday 6th February
(first sitting for the month):



Thanks to all the new members who booked into our first dinner for the year!

We learned from last year to let the kitchen know to bring out the meals as ordered rather than try to consolidate all orders from each table. Service was super-fast and there were numerous compliments on the quality and variety of food.

Twenty smiling faces filled our two tables.



We have a repeat booking at Highett RSL on 20th February and look forward to similar success.

Next month we will be going to the Hotel Brighton on 6th and 20th March, followed by Italian in April.

Further details will be emailed to those enrolled in the Course code: 21002.

Convenor, Karen Hall 0402 891 183

Sculpture Workshop - Roy Bird (Tutor)

We have started our 2021 year. It was nice to meet the newcomers to our group.
Welcome all!



Malcolm has started by creating 'Hooks from Forks' Well done.

Looking forward to more creations.

Yoga under the Sun - Danielle Andrews (Tutor)

The class of Tuesday Hatha Yoga that we practised outside was as beautiful as one can imagine. The sun shining, breeze caressing our faces, the sound of birds, all of it made our class just exceptional.



To do yoga outdoors gives the whole practice another dimension, where the movement is creating a beautiful unity with us and the nature around.

I would also thank all the students who made the class particularly enjoyable.

Beatles' Lyrics - Bob Mason (Tutor)

We have just started a second year of exploring the Beatles' lyrics. In our first year we managed to cover their Decca audition and first three albums. We ended half-way through the fourth, with the Beatles about to embark on their first US tour. In that tour they will meet Bob Dylan who will introduce them to narcotics and challenge them to have more meaningful lyrics - it is a strange challenge indeed because the Beatles' early lyrics are highly loaded with meaning! However the meaning they have is of a private conversation that plays out in the public domain.

Our course this year will primarily be looking at how the Beatles dealt with Bob Dylan's challenge, as they worked through the great albums of 1965-67. Did they change their approach to songwriting? Did their lyrics take on a more public dimension? How did drugs integrate with their highly personal themes of sex, ego, rivalry and dead mothers?

The background to our course is the explosion of musicality in popular music that followed in the Beatles' wake. Rock music and heavy metal have already emerged from the Beatles, soon to be followed by folk-rock, psychedelic music, world music and electronic music. The Beatles have already deployed their musical 'secret weapon' and are just about to turn the recording studio into a musical instrument.



Writers Group - Cheryl Threadgold (Tutor)

The word of the month is 'Jingle'

Seasons – all Four by Sue Hardiman

The four seasons in Melbourne have different social meanings, different scents and each season is enjoyed in different ways.

The warmth of summer sends people to the beach and there is no sight happier than family beach games. Parents teaching their little children the joys of the water. And the expectations of Father Christmas and the words to various Christmas carols including *Jingle Bells*. Summer is usually a friendly season – people out walking, talking to neighbours. Each season has its special smells, and sadly summer smells are often associated with bush fires as in 2020. But this summer will be remembered for restrictions of the COVID Virus.

There are numerous scents of autumn – the leaves falling, a dampness associated with the leaves lying on the ground and the expectations of colder weather. The colour of the leaves is quite beautiful and common only to autumn.

And then winter. In Victoria, winter brings football and the ski season. It also has a dreary feel – the plants stop growing and if we get our winter rains the ground is damp and all too often the sun does not shine.

And one waits for the onset of spring. What a beautiful time of the year – blossoms, the football finals, the spring racing carnival, and scent of lovely flowers in the air. People seem to come alive in spring. The frocking up for the races, the preparation of roses for the special Melbourne Cup Day and everyone looks forward to the carnival atmosphere even if racing is not their interest. People open their homes for BBQs and spend time ensuring their gardens look lovely – garden beds flowering, trees cut back in autumn with the expectations that by springtime they would be blooming.

What joy each season brings.

Jingle by Helen Graham

How he loves to jingle the coins in his pocket. Been doing it since he was a boy and those kind soldiers slipped some into his hand. Comforting. Constant. Reassuring.

As long as he hears that sound, he's OK.

For there was a time when he couldn't create that sound or feel pleasure as he thrust his hands into the dark recesses of his trouser pocket. No comforting jingle as his fingers touched the cool metal of the round coins.

Never again he vowed, as the memory of the panic which enveloped him on that street corner, all those years ago, sneaked, unwelcome and unbidden into his consciousness. How he longed to forget being so cold, tired and hungry, thousands of kilometres from home, knowing no-one in that freezing little country town. What to do?

Not a praying man, but on that day, desperation drove him to ask for divine help. Perhaps that church on the hill would be warmer than standing on this windswept corner? Shoulders slumped, he braced himself to brave the icy headwind and to trudge up the muddy street.

Just then, a hand on his shoulder, a voice from his past. Turning around, relief almost overcame him. He did know someone in this lonely, strange, isolated place, far from the country of his birth. A few kind words. A job offer. Big money. Free accommodation. Copious amounts of food - good hearty, healthy nosh; the stuff of dreams. Never mind the danger, the long hours, the unrelenting hard work. There would be lots of coins to jingle in his pocket again.

He's an old man now. Secure, comfortable, a good life. The money earned from that job had meant he could go home to visit his family, then return to this land of opportunity, create a family, study, have a successful career. All thanks to his need to have some coins to jingle in his pocket.

So reassuring. He's OK.

Writers Group - Cheryl Threadgold (Tutor) - Continued

Jingles by John Maddick

"Well, how're my little Vegemites today?"

That was my dad when I was growing up. Like he was talking to a crowd, not just mum and me. He came from a big family and they were always loud when they were together. He was the postie in our suburb for thirty years. He was friends to everyone. "Hullo Mrs. Miller. And are we sparkle-arkle-arkling today?" He'd ride around singing about Aeroplane Jelly. That's what he was like. Well, maybe I exaggerate a bit. They called him Jingles at the PO. Every year he was the one they asked to be Santa at my State School. I was that proud of him.

As I grew older I became more puzzled by the tensions between them. Dad comes in from work. He throws a bear hug around mum when she's bending over the rolling pin.

"How's my only sunshine today?"

"That's enough Patrick. Can't you see I'm baking?"

It was all those trivial little rubbing points that made me uncomfortable around them. Then I would prefer to be on my own in my room. I loved reading, and I kept all my favourite dolls, like a little family.

Of course I understand better now the tensions in being married.

Actually, during my twenties I didn't think I'd ever marry, I was such a loner. I was working evenings in a bar as a second job to build up my deposit when I met Jerry. He knew some of the regular Friday night crowd. He used to make me laugh.

One evening he tells me his secret: he does stand-up comedy. "Do you want to come and see me?" he asks. I ring in sick that evening. We wait in the dressing room for his turn. I'm dry-mouthed with nerves. Jerry makes a joke. Something about an audience that never laughs. I think he can do anything. I stop doing my second job.

Our marriage started so well. He was the one who researched the market to find which homes to inspect. I discovered he doesn't react when I'm snappy. Occasionally he'd bring home some nice take-away and wine, and afterwards I'd get the dress rehearsal for his latest stand-up.

It's different now I have baby Jaiden. Mum comes over more. I need the break: the extra sleep is heaven. But she complains about dad falling asleep with the TV on in the afternoon. It must be awful having him home all the time. So she hangs around. I wish she wouldn't. I can't worry about them: I've got a little one to look after now.

Jerry's sweet. But the truth is, some days when I've finally got Jaiden to sleep, well he's such a beautiful baby, and it feels so peaceful, just the two of us in the house, and I don't want Jerry coming home, with his "How's my little family today?"

JINGLE by Geoff Oscar

To jingle is the stuff of a dying art. I speak not of the clever one-liners devised by the advertising wordsmiths. Nor of any other exponents of the jingle.

To me, a good jingle emanates from the bottom of the right-hand pocket of an amply cut pair of gentleman's trousers. No fumbling around in an inaccessible fob pocket. It gains voice from a generous congregation of coins – be they gold, silver or copper. Too many and the jingle player is unable to find a melodious key. Too few and the sound is limp and unimpressive.

It defies the parental edict: "Stand up straight son, shoulders back, keep your hands out of your pockets"

My vision of a jingle maestro is not your average fidgeting coin-jangling personage. Instead, he is the unconscious possessor of an indefinable and memorable aura. Impressive of stature, bordering on the ample. Performed with no overt display of wealth, rather with somewhat debonair insouciance, bravura, nonchalance. Not really a Falstaff or Toad of Toad Hall, more a Ronald Reagan or Daddy Warbucks.

A dying art? It's hard to jingle in fashionably tattered jeans, stove pipe trousered suits. Besides, pockets are for mobile phones, aren't they? Who needs anything else except car keys? And they too have a limited shelf life.

Writers Group - Cheryl Threadgold (Tutor) - Continued

JINGLE by Gwen McCallum

She heard the jingle before
she saw the black Charger.
Bright sunlight strobing
on silver ornamental gee gaws.

He sits in the saddle, bulky,
bespoke armor tarnished
after the long journey.
She finishes her toilette and stands
by the open window, cool air
twirling her scented braids.

Hoofbeats keeping time with
her pulsing heart....
*I see Richard Green
and Olivia de Havilland,*
hamming it up for MGM.

A subtle peace has settled
over Camelot.
Lancelot dismounts;
In the style of Mankiewicz
the tale ends with a luscious
kiss.
credits roll

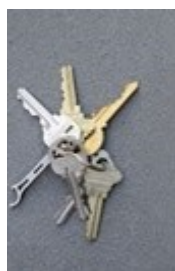
Jingle by Vicky Endrody

There he goes again! Jingling his keys and coins in his pocket and setting my teeth on edge. As a teenager my dad seemed to know exactly how to get under my skin with his truly annoying habits. On school mornings, for example, he'd swan into my bedroom with an infuriatingly chirpy, "Wakey, wakey, rise and shine!" "Aargh!" At the shops he'd continually embarrass me, and himself quite frankly, with his attempts to befriend and make small talk with all and sundry. My mother never resorted to such tactics, she was far more reserved and maintained the correct social distance!

Our family was afforded a short but welcome respite of two months from dad's annoying presence when he was sent to Papua New Guinea for work. Although he did return with some rather nice gifts of woven baskets and shell necklaces for mum, my sister and me, he also returned with a new form of torture for us. At any given opportunity dad would launch into random Pidgin English phrases that he'd learnt and was eager to show off. "Lonpela taim mi no lukim yu." (Long time no see) or "Nem bilong mi emi Jim. Wanam nem bilong yu?" (My name's Jim. What's your name?). Liklik (little) and kaikai (food) were also thrown into many of his conversations for good measure. "Enough already!"

Well, my dad's been gone for three years now and I'm a card-carrying senior member of society. I miss my dad and I'll even admit to missing some of his little quirks. I sometimes think though, that I must have done something very bad in a former life and my suffering for it is still not complete because my husband has become my new tormentor! He doesn't do this on purpose, yet he does it in so many careless and clueless little ways. Chief amongst these travesties are his nightly rituals of snoring, leg jerking, doona hogging and loo visiting. To top off the night's achievements he'll chirpily enquire the next morning, "Did you have a good sleep, darling?" "Aargh!"

With age, they say, comes wisdom and I've learnt over the years that marriage requires both give and take. That's why I've taken up the ukulele. I like to think when I'm playing a little jingle on my uke that my dad would be proud of me for continuing his quirky legacy. I am my father's daughter after all!



Writers Group - Cheryl Threadgold (Tutor) - Continued

The message (un homage à Jaques Prévert) by Margaret Boyes-Pringle

A lullaby that somebody crooned
 A skipping rhyme that somebody chanted
 A grammar rule by someone attuned
 A catchphrase some corporation planted
 A ditty that a young one repeated
 A refrain that a wise one deleted
 A rattle and hum from a world-famous band
 A chime of a bell rung to those on remand
 A tintinnabulation of dissatisfied geese
 'A ding-dang-dong' as a chorus of a masterpiece
 A jangle of nerves when the dance is nearly over
 A rattle of breath before, the sheet is pulled over

Church Singing and Jingling by Juliet Charles

Will my father ever stop? I am staring fixedly at the floor, mortified, and my face is burning, so I *must* have turned bright crimson. *Everyone* is looking at us. I am at the end of the pew with two siblings between us, but my mother on his left is busy shushing my two-year-old brother, and doesn't notice! Why do I have such embarrassing parents?

I've already suffered through Dad's singing. If he *must* sing so loudly, does he *have* to change key mid-way through the hymn? He starts in a lusty baritone, but decides that the key is too low and switches to a tinny tenor. Swiftly realising his error, (as he is unable to reach the top C), he resorts to a *bass*, as he clears his throat and grasps his note.

As a twelve-year-old I am far too easily embarrassed, and my delicate, finely tuned ear is easily offended.

My parents rarely come to church after Sunday School. With four children and their own parents keen to see their grandchildren, Sundays are often a flurry of driving to either Coburg or Carlton for lunch. Occasionally, Mum and Dad host their parents and the time-consuming preparation rules out church visiting.

Lack of time and not the fact that my mother is agnostic (as I learn later), is the main reason for my parents' laxity in church attendance. My father was raised a Methodist, but is a very liberal one, thoroughly enjoying his pipe and 'cleansing ales'. If we go to Dad's parents' for Sunday lunch it is *assumed* that we have all attended church beforehand. Mum's parents, on the other hand, are more relaxed and jollier, and don't give a hoot where we've come from.

We children are all sent to Sunday School, as an insurance policy against the unfathomable 'Hereafter'. The rationale is that we can choose or reject religion as adults; however, while we are children, Sunday School and the occasional church service afterwards, will ensure all bases are covered.

One sister is wriggling annoyingly and the other is picking her nose. I have had to endure Dad's excruciating, public key-changing but *this* behaviour is worse than that *attention-seeking singing*! While the Minister is delivering his sermon my father is loudly jingling the coins in his pocket! I think un-Christian thoughts about my family – and especially my father.

Relief from my suffering eventually arrives as the collection plate is passed down our pew and the offending coins are noisily deposited.

I fervently hope Mum and Dad don't come to church next week. I would be very happy if they would just sweep us up after Sunday School, and whisk us off to either set of grandparents' homes for a delicious Sunday roast. I've had quite enough of embarrassing singing and jingling!



Writers Group - Cheryl Threadgold (Tutor) - Continued**JINGLE by Geoffrey Dobbs**

When had he first noticed her, the doctor asked? She had been an indistinct shadow at first, Colin explained. A sliver of darkness in the corner of his right eye. He had been concerned, thinking that he might be developing an eye problem. An ophthalmologist had been unable to find anything wrong though. Then over a few days she developed into a shape, a billowing shape with flowing tendrils that might have been hair. Still the ophthalmologist could find nothing. A week later Colin glimpsed her fully, walking alongside him on a crowded footpath, keeping pace with him but never looking directly at him. She wore a full, flowing black dress that fell well below her knees. Her long hair was black as her dress. Her face? Well, he could only see the profile, but it was thin, stark white. And for the first time he heard the sound: a continuous jingling that came, he realised, from silver bracelets on her wrists.

The doctor looked up intently into Colin's pale, lined face. He noticed the dark pouches under Colin's eyes. Colin was fifty-six he noted. A bit young to have Alzheimer's but it couldn't be discounted. Did the woman speak to him? No, replied Colin but he sensed that she wanted to. The doctor nodded and smiled reassuringly. It was possible, he explained, that this hallucination originated from an infection or even some medication side-effect. He would arrange for Colin to have some tests and, if necessary, which he hoped it wouldn't be, would refer Colin to a psychiatrist for further treatment. Meantime, Colin should take a break from his stressful executive job and go away for a few days.

That night Colin booked himself a week away in a remote, luxury island resort in far north Queensland. He would leave the next day and use up some of his untouched sick leave. Just as he had finished packing and was preparing for bed, the security doorbell of his apartment rang. In the security screen he was horrified to see the head and shoulders of a white-faced woman with long black hair and dark eyes.

'Go away! Go away!' he screamed through the intercom.

'We have an appointment ...' The voice was dry, whispery but clear and as she spoke the woman raised a hand. Silver bracelets glittered on the wrist.

'No, no!' Colin yelled, 'you don't exist and I'm not listening to you.' He turned off the security system.

Colin barely slept that night and not until he was on the plane did he begin to relax. It was mid-afternoon when he arrived at the resort. After a few, restful hours by the pool he began to feel much better and was looking forward to a fine seafood dinner. He got changed and ambled down to the poolside bar for a pre-dinner drink or two. He ordered a Margarita and watched as the barman poured the ingredients into a cocktail shaker and added ice. The ice seemed to make a jingling sound as it went into the shaker. A dark shadowy figure slipped silently on to the bar stool alongside him. A thin, bony arm encircled with silver bracelets stretched out towards him.

The dry, whispery voice filled his ear:

'I did try to tell you that we had an appointment here, now.'

The barman did his best, applying the defibrillator with what the coroner later described as commendable speed. But it was too late.



NEWSLETTER

Thank you to all our members and tutors who have helped to create the newsletters that were published every 2 weeks from April 2020 to November 2020 (17 Special editions). Now that life is more 'normal' the newsletters will be published once a term again.



It has been great to receive your articles and photos and this has certainly made my job very much easier.

I published my first newsletter in October 2016 (Term 4) and am now seeking someone to hand this responsibility over to. Please email to the office if you are interested in taking over this interesting role. It is a great way to be involved with Bayside U3A.

Deb Stephenson



Neighbourhood Connect Inc. is a national charity and not-for-profit community organisation, helping people connect with others who live near them. They encourage people to go beyond social media and step out into their neighbourhoods and get to know one another in real life.

They have asked for Bayside U3A's help to reach potential volunteers. They are seeking skilled volunteers who have a minimum of half a day a week to contribute to their project.

Neighbourhood Connect is run by a voluntary Board supported by a project team, and has a growing group of Neighbourhood Connectors leading neighbourhood groups across Australia. They have no political or religious affiliations.

To ensure they can support more neighbourhood groups across Australia, they need skilled volunteers who can contribute around a half-day a week, working from home at times that suit you, for the following roles:

- Community Connector
- Grant writer (experienced)
- Journalist (experienced)
- Promotion/social media promotion
- Mentor for community connectors
- Business development, partnerships, and sponsorship
- Fundraising

Find out more about at <https://www.neighbourhoodconnect.org.au/> or email them at hello@neighbourhoodconnect.org.au and tell them more about you and how you can be involved.