



SWITCHED ON SENIORS

Email : contact@computerpals.org.au

President



Sandra Keen

Dates to Remember

**Monday 18th March -
Members' Morning Tea
9:30 am**

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President's Report -

We are having a busy start to our ComputerPals year with most classes filling quickly. It is really great to see all the learning happening through Be Connected and our club classes.

Welcome to all the new members! Please let the tutors know if there is any particular need you have with learning about technology. If you are seeking a class that is not listed let us know via email or by putting a note in the Suggestion Box in the clubroom. Our Roster Team is considering classes for next term so, if you have a particular class in mind please speak up.

This Thursday, 7th March our club will be represented at the Seniors Expo run by Pat Conroy MP Shortland at Charlestown Bowling Club. We will have a team of volunteers giving out information at this community service. Don't forget to say 'Hello' if you attend.

Our first **Members' Morning Tea** will be held in the **Islington Public School Hall** (next door to the clubroom) on **Monday 18th March—9:30 to 11:30 am**. The guest speaker on this occasion will be Wendy Birrell from the **NSW Roads and Maritime Services** who will make a presentation on Safety for Seniors in regard to Light Rail. You are invited to bring a friend and come along for an interesting talk and delicious morning tea.

We have been invited by the Office of the eSafety Commissioner to join in some **Webinars during March and April**. These are hour long **free sessions which will run in our clubroom after a class**. The timing of the webinars is set by the eSafety Commission and if the times are not suitable for you be assured they will be repeated later in the year. You will receive an email with the dates to which you are encouraged to reply so we can make sure we have enough seats for everyone.

All our tutors at ComputerPals Newcastle are senior volunteers and, as such, have the necessary doctors appointments, grandparent duties and many have elderly parents. They juggle all this with great skill, but there are times when too many things happen at once. So.... Many thanks to Carolyn Keane, longstanding ComputerPals volunteer, who carried the day for Phone and Tablet Assistance sessions last Friday, and backed up again to save the day on Wednesday as well!

A friendly reminder.... If you cannot attend class for any reason please let us know as soon as possible as we have waiting lists for many classes that are full. Just phone 4961 6576. By the way ... we do NOT send reminder texts for classes you are booked into. It is up to the individual to set a reminder.

Keep learning and enjoying life!
Sandra

FROM THE DESK OF THE SOCIAL SECRETARY:

It was great to see the stalwarts who accompanied us on this excursion to 'The Big Smoke'.

On Saturday 23rd February, a small contingent of members travelled to Sydney for a visit to the NSW Art Gallery.

Following the train trip to Central, we were met by Elaine Butler (ex C’Pals President and now Sydney resident) and current member Barbara Bartlett who was down there visiting her daughter and family. Following the obligatory comfort stop, we adjourned to the brand new Eternity café at Central Station where one and all marvelled at the transformation and improvements to a ‘foodie stop’ at this location. Next, we proceeded by train and a walk to the Art Gallery.

This magnificent structure has stood the test of time, and the grandeur of the façade is matched by the impressive display halls, while the static and travelling exhibits offer something for all tastes in art. One of the main attractions was the travelling exhibit ‘Masters of Modern Art’ which was recommended to us by one of our members who had seen it while overseas. Organised tours were conducted for this and a few other exhibits, while some chose to wander around at their leisure to study the various art pieces on display. Culturally nourished, we then met up at the Art Gallery café for lunch, with much discussion on the merits (or otherwise?) of the various displays.

At this point, some members chose to stay on a while, while the majority mustered the energy for the trip home, farewelling Elaine and Barbara at the station prior to our return train trip.



Our **MAY excursion** will be a mouth-watering treat for the railway buffs - and yes, there are a few of you out there.....

Our next excursion on **Saturday 18th May** will be a trip to Paterson for a visit to the **Rail Motor Society**, an organisation entrusted with the on-going preservation of these Heritage grand old rail motors, some of which have seen their 90th birthdays! Here, we will inspect the small museum within the old Station Master’s cottage, partake in a tour of the depot where all the restoration and servicing of these trains is carried out and enjoy a ride on one of these rail motors (or ‘Tin Hares’ as they were fondly termed). We will have more details a little closer to the time.

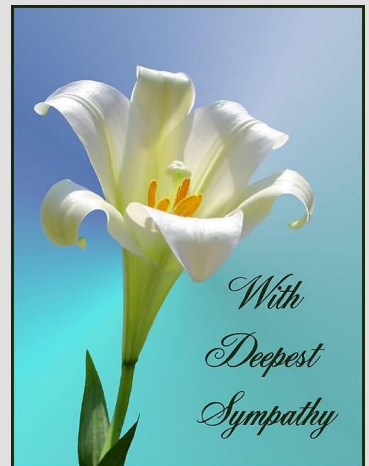
Brenton Elsey

Best Wishes

For all our members who are celebrating birthdays and anniversaries - hearty congratulations !



To those who are ill we send our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

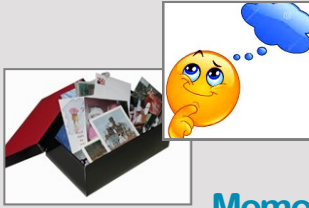


Condolences

To those of our members who have lost loved ones recently, please accept our sincere condolences. You are in our thoughts.



Special Interest Groups



MemoryPals

Our new group meets on **first Monday** of each month at **1:00pm** in the clubroom. Reminisce about your childhood memories and learn how to preserve them.



WriterPals

Our Creative Writing group is for enthusiasts, not experts. We meet on the **second Monday of each month** at 15 Hubbard Street, Islington. Meetings are from **1:00 pm** until we go home!



DigiPals

DigiPals is an active group of ComputerPals members who meet on the **third Monday of each month** at **1 p.m.** in the Islington clubroom to explore digital photography.

MemoryPals

Those who attended MemoryPals in February discussed what they would like to pursue this year. How to use “Family Tree Maker”, help in researching and photos including scanning and photo-books were the main topics. This month we are still investigating ways to bring those old photos into digital format using a scanner and other means. We will also aim to answer questions about creating a digital presentation.

No need to book - \$2 on the day.

This is our second meeting for the year, so if you have a project started and need help, now is your chance to get stuck into it, or start another one ready for Easter which will be here before we know it.

After all, it’s only nine and a half months till Christmas....

WriterPals

Everybody has a story to tell...

Our next Writerpals meeting for the year will be on March 11th and we would love to see you there. Please join us then at the clubroom. How about jotting down some notes about an event that occurred **during your childhood** and we will help you flesh it out into a story....

Remember– **EVERYBODY HAS A STORY TO TELL.** It all starts with a thought, a memory, a picture and builds one sentence at a time. Here’s a picture that might help.



We meet on the 2nd Monday of the month at 1pm, and all are welcome - with or without stories in hand. Just turn up

DigiPals

Digipals group meets on the 3rd Monday of the month at 1 pm.

Thank you to Lindsay who took the lead (in my absence) at the last meeting that discussed the proposed program for 2019. Thank you also to all present who added their input. An email will be sent out prior to our next Digipals meeting on 18/3 (that will follow the Members Morning Tea)



ComputerPals Mission

Our mission is to educate seniors in the use of computers as a way of enriching their lives and making them more self-reliant. We bridge the generation gap and assist seniors to find ways to benefit the community through their collective experience and knowledge.

Contact Us



To contact the Roster Team or the Treasurer regarding rosters or payments use:

islingtonpals@gmail.com

Roster Team

Barry Keen



Mitzi Gordon

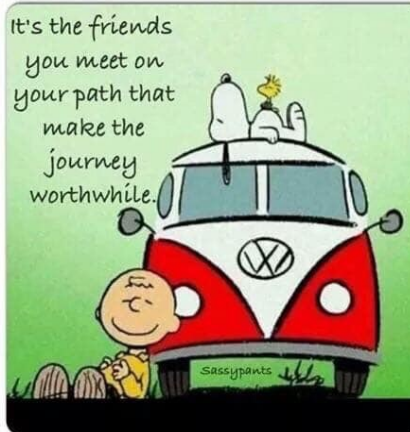
Camel Smith



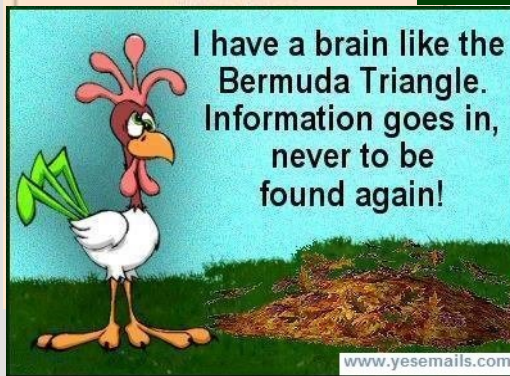
Wendy Cripps-Clark

These people are all volunteers who also teach classes at Computerpals. We ask that you take this into consideration when your phone call is not answered immediately.

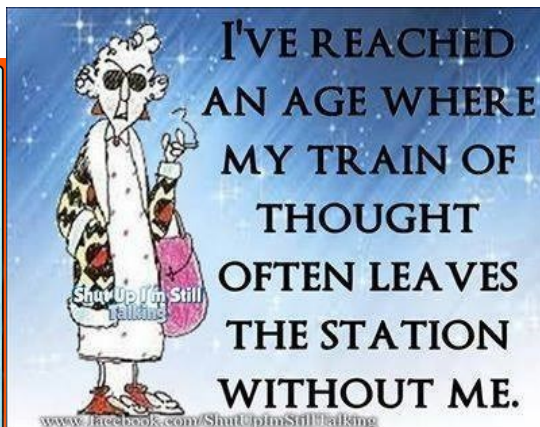
Funnybone —



Sometimes it's better to just remain silent and smile.



I'VE BEEN TO A LOT OF PLACES BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN IN CAHOOTS. APPARENTLY YOU CAN'T GO ALONE, YOU HAVE TO BE IN CAHOOTS WITH SOMEONE. I'VE ALSO NEVER BEEN IN COGNITO, EITHER. I HEAR NOBODY RECOGNIZES YOU THERE. I HAVE, HOWEVER, BEEN IN SANE. THEY DON'T HAVE AN AIRPORT. YOU HAVE TO BE DRIVEN THERE. I HAVE MADE SEVERAL TRIPS.



Last year I replaced all the windows in my house with those expensive, double-pane, energy-efficient kind. Today, I got a call from Home Depot who installed them. The man complained that the work had been completed a year ago, and I still hadn't paid for them.

HHHello.....just because I'm blonde doesn't mean that I am automatically stupid. So, I told him just what his fast-talking sales guy had told me last year... that these windows would pay for themselves in a year.

Hellooooo, it's been a year, so they're paid for, I told him. There was only silence at the other end of the line, so I finally hung up. He never called back. I bet he felt like an idiot!!!

Please note that I am self employed. So if you see me on my own, talking to myself please do not disturb cos I am having a staff meeting.

Never throw away a chance to say, "I love you" to the people you care about because we aren't promised tomorrow.

PRIVACY STATEMENT: Information contained in this Newsletter is only for the members of the ComputerPals Newcastle Inc. The Editor accepts no responsibility for any errors, omissions, libels, in accuracy or other shortcomings of this newsletter.

A few contributions from our Writerpals group...**IMAGINE**

- a story from **Barbara Bartlett**. A prize winning entry in the ASCCA competition which draws entries Australia wide.

Imagine one dreary wintry Monday morning in post war Europe – imagine a poor outer suburb in a major town in Europe – imagine a row of aging apartments lining a street in that suburb- imagine one Monday morning a family gathered in a kitchen in one of those apartments.

Imagine one Monday morning, a daughter telling her family that she, her husband and small son were leaving – leaving her much loved family - leaving the family home in a few months time – leaving to migrate to a land that she knew very little about. She would not be able at first to speak the language and knew little but the barest facts about the climate, landscape, history or people of this foreign land. Nevertheless, the land was full of hope, promise and security, far away from the old countries with their old ways. The daughter knew she was embarking on an exciting adventure far away from the dreary post war land she called home but it was also an adventure coloured by sadness.

Imagine one Monday morning, a mother quietly sitting at a kitchen table - a mother whose face is creased by the grief of losing her son to the war – a mother whose grey thin hair revealed the struggles she had, to feed and protect her family – a mother whose dress hung shapelessly from her bony shoulders- a mother whose tired blue eyes filled with tears that trickled like small rivulets down her cheeks to rest silently in her lap. She was too exhausted with life to disguise or wipe away the tears. As the tears rippled down her cheeks the daughter could hear them saying, ‘why must you leave me, why so far away, why must you take my only grandchild away from me, who can you turn to when you need help’. She was a mother mourning the loss of another child. The daughter wrapped her arms around her mother’s thin worn body to kiss away her tears.

Imagine one Monday morning, a father standing beside the empty fireplace with stooped shoulders – shoulders that were rounded and dejected by the moulding of life and age - shoulders that bowed under the responsibilities as head of the house – shoulders that spoke of the unnecessary burdens of war and hunger – shoulders that were desperate for respite – shoulders that had difficulty holding his head high. Those shoulders told of his sadness at losing a special daughter even though his words only spoke of encouragement. Those words were hard for him to say, but said slowly as an adagio in a low minor key. He was losing a soul mate - a father and daughter relationship that could not be replaced. She looked at his sagging shoulders, took hold of both of his hands and kissed his worn wrinkled forehead.

Imagine one Monday morning, a younger sister frowning as the realisation of her situation became clear - a sad frown – a worried frown – a frown of abandonment – a frown of intensity as she realised that she would have to take on the responsibilities of looking after the younger brothers. Why would a sister do that to her? How could a sister leave behind a best friend? How would she be able to smile again? And who could she share her girlish secrets with anymore? And what’s more, how could anyone leave their motherland for this god forbidden place on the other side of the world? No-one would understand her as a sister could. The frown not only marred her pretty fair face but revealed anxieties that she or her sister were not aware existed. The frown darkened as she started to weep and feel sorry for herself. The sisters embraced each other as the older sister tried to reassure her of her love and tell her that life, for everyone, is about change and acceptance.

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Imagine one Monday morning, two confused small brothers sitting quietly on the kitchen bench trying to absorb the news - trying to make sense of the body language of their parents and sisters - trying very hard to sit still so as to concentrate. Quietly, their little pale faces followed the conversation as it flowed from one member of the family to another. Towards the end of the discussion, the elder of the two plucked up enough courage to ask a question which gave the other courage to join in. Can we still play with Peter? Why does Peter have to go? Can I come with you? When are you coming back home? Who will peel the potatoes for Mummy? Who will help Daddy dig the garden? Can we have your room when you go? Smiling fondly, she ruffled their hair, cuddled each boy and gave each a saved sweet.

Imagine one Monday morning, the tears, the sagging shoulders, the frown and the two pale faced boys coming to terms with their sadness and loss in their own special way as the family gathered in the kitchen. Imagine a daughter telling.....

Imagine one Monday morning.....

---oo0oo---

(A couple of Barbara's poems)

AT HOME

Casting a line from the beach
 He feels contented.
 A love of fishing is enhanced
 By the salty smell of the beach
 By the waves reaching boldly for the sand
 By a sky sprayed with stars,
 Whose moon, partially hidden by clouds
 Beams timidly on the dancing ocean.
 He watches for the first hint of dawn
 Followed by a shy sun washing the dark sky
 With queenly colours.
 He anticipates the first nudge on the line,
 Or the bite that tests his skills.
 He just enjoys the moment
 Of tranquillity, of happiness.

LYSSA LEAVES

In shades of gold and brown
 Autumn leaves begin to fall.
 A carpet of colours and shapes
 Cover the ground.
 I watch my playful dog
 Frolicking and scattering,
 My lovely Lyssa leaves.

In mottled shades and patterns
 The winter sun shines through
 Branches, barren and bare,
 Warming the house and me.
 A time to reminisce and contemplate,
 As I sit and dream of the day
 I planted my lovely Lyssa tree.

Delightfully dancing into spring,
 My Lyssa tree leaps into colour
 With bursts of innocent green.
 Buds proudly reach for the sky
 Swishing and swaying gently in the breeze,
 To wait for the rhythm of rain.
 Awakening my lovely Lyssa tree.

Summer and shade arrives,
 Filling out the canopy,
 Like an umbrella, it covers
 And protects my courtyard
 Where I sit with my dog
 To enjoy the peace and stillness
 Under my lovely Lyssa tree.

