

July 2023

U3A Coffs Harbour

President's News

Annual General Meeting

The U3A Coffs Harbour AGM will be held on Friday 25 August 2022 at 2pm – venue yet to be decided. All members will be notified closer to the date.

2024 Committee

There are still some vacancies on the Committee and you are encouraged to apply for them.

What is it like to be on the U3A committee today? Well, it is demanding, engaging, and yes – frustrating at times – however it is mostly an incredibly rewarding personal and academic experience. We operate as a team with each of us working to our individual strengths and passions. This collaborative approach means that we can do what needs to be done efficiently and effectively. It also means that we are open to new members and ideas.

Over time, many previously laborious administration processes have been streamlined and simplified. I'm sure there are times when your everyday life isn't exhilarating and you are at a loss as to how to change it. Committee work is a hidden gem because you have the chance to find your passion and put into action the things you care about. So please consider putting your name forward to be on the U3A committee.

End of Year Celebration

Planning is underway for an end of year celebration for U3A members. There will be more information coming to you later so keep your eyes peeled for the invitation!

Regards from Karen Boyd.

WHAT'S NEW

PRESIDENT'S NEWS

Annual General Meeting
2024 Committee
End of Year Celebration

FALLING

A Poem

DIGITAL COURSES

Starting in July

DICTIONARY OF LOST WORDS

Book review

TOUR DE FRANCE

Watch from 1 July 2023

THE WEDDING, KYIV 2022

A story

Falling

By Chris Worland, Student in U3A Creative Writing Group

How terrible, a fall from Grace,
Or falling flat, upon your face.
Or falling short, or on deaf ears,
Or when your eyes leak falling tears.
You fall in love, or in a heap,
You fall in line, you fall asleep.
You fall with child, you fall apart,
Your downfall brings a broken heart.
Your jokes fall flat, the numbers fall,
Your pride comes first, you know it all.
The rain falls down, will it never end,
A falling-out, you lose a friend.
A waterfall, a lovely sight,
The leaves that fall, their colours bright.
A falling star will bring you luck,
A windfall even, lucky duck!
Of falling bombs, you live in fear,
You pray they never fall down here.
Fall off your perch? oh please, not yet
Too many goals, I've never met!
And now my friends, my poem is done,
It's been quite tricky but its been fun.
Whoever thought a word like 'fall'
Could mean so much, to one and all?



Digital Courses

U3A Coffs Harbour latest offerings are digital courses for 1.5 hours each covering the following topics:

- How to Use Government Websites – 11 July 2023
- Technology and Your Health – 25 July 2023
- Protect Yourself Against Scams – 1 August 2023
- Selling Safely Online – 15 August 2023

These are on-line presentations start promptly at 10am. After the presentation concludes you will have the chance to discuss the topic within the group. Morning tea provided. Please go to the courses section of the Coffs Harbour U3A website to enrol.



BOOK REVIEW

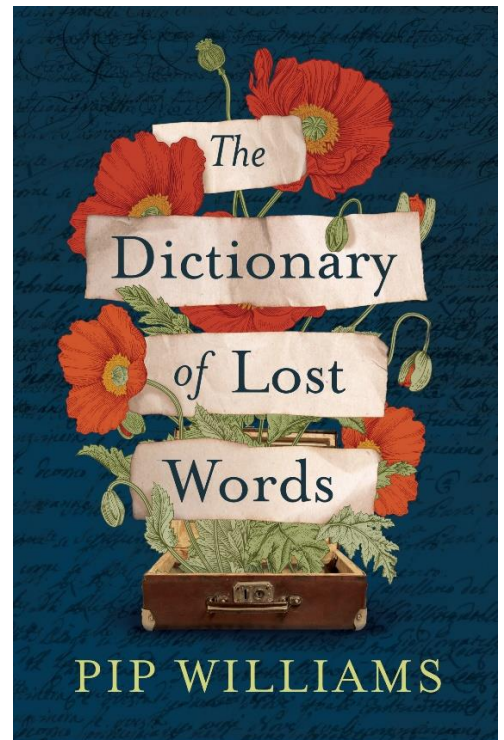
'The Dictionary of Lost Words' by Pip Williams

This is moving, thought-provoking historical fiction based on real people and events that shaped society. Esme is born into a world of words. Motherless and irrepressibly curious, she spends her childhood in the Scriptorium, a garden shed in Oxford where her father and a team of dedicated lexicographers are collecting words for the very first Oxford English Dictionary. Young Esme's place is beneath the sorting table, unseen and unheard. One day a slip of paper containing the word *bondmaid* flutters beneath the table. She rescues the slip, and when she learns that the word means "slave girl," she begins to collect other words that have been discarded or neglected by the dictionary men.

As she grows up, Esme realizes that words and meanings relating to women's and common folks' experiences often go unrecorded. And so she begins in earnest to search out words for her own dictionary: the Dictionary of Lost Words. To do so she must leave the sheltered world of the university and venture out to meet the people whose words will fill those pages.

Set during the height of the women's suffrage movement and with the Great War looming, *The Dictionary of Lost Words* reveals a lost narrative, hidden between the lines of a history written by men. Inspired by actual events, author Pip Williams has delved into the archives of the Oxford English Dictionary to tell this highly original story.

The Dictionary of Lost Words is a delightful, lyrical, and deeply thought-provoking celebration of words and the power of language to shape the world.



Foodie Corner

In January I had the pleasure of attending an event in Brisbane – Yotam Ottolenghi in conversation - at the Queensland Performing Arts Centre. He is my all-time favourite chef author and I think I may have all his cookbooks! I love his use of simple, fresh ingredients. His recipes are always a celebration: an unforgettable combination of abundance, taste and surprise.

My favourite dish and one I have cooked for many a guest at our table, is a fragrant one-pot meal of chicken and rice. The recipe is in Yotam Ottolenghi and Sami Tamimi's "Jerusalem: A Cookbook." Spiced with cinnamon, cardamom and whole cloves, its aromatic earthiness is balanced by plenty of herbs for freshness and tang. Caramelized onions and dried barberries (or currants soaked in lemon juice) contribute a gentle sweetness. This is dinner party food that is at once elegant and supremely comforting whilst being very simple to prepare.

(by Sue Elks)



Tour de France

The 110th edition of this incredible bicycle race starts on 1 July 2023. Known as Le Tour de France, it has been pushing man and machine to their limits since 1903. But much has changed since the early days of the Tour: from a mostly national attraction, it has become the world's largest annual multi-day sporting event, drawing billions of fans from across the globe. On the road, too, things are a lot different: safer, more professional and a little less wild.

Spain will raise the curtain for the first three stages, before the journey through France culminates at the Champs-Élysées. All 21 stages will air LIVE on our own SBS and SBS On Demand, along with daily highlights shows, replays, and 'Bonjour Le Tour', the nightly preview program to get you in the mood for what's to come.

And then we get to experience the biggest race in women's cycling history from July 23-30 – Tour de France Femmes avec ZWIFT. For eight days, women cyclists will race across some of France's most iconic roads. Increasingly difficult stages, including a finish atop the (in)famous Col du Tourmalet, will ratchet up the action until the very end.

So join the Australian 'couch peloton'. It's more than a cycling race, it's a travel show with a bit of sport thrown in.
(by Sue Elks)



The Wedding, Kyiv 2022

A short story by Judith Fleming, Student in the Write It! course

Last Thursday I saw the couple who live downstairs step out onto the footpath. The woman's white ankle length dress sang out above the surrounding drab of winter hats and coats and she was smiling. The man adjusted the shawl around her shoulders before tightening his own scarf. She kissed him on the cheek and someone tooted. They laughed.

Arm in arm, the couple started up the street then hesitated and looked around. I saw an older, well-dressed man call to them from in front of the café. He motioned towards a parked car decorated with white ribbons and when they reached the car together, they hugged long hellos. Her father or his, I wondered, detecting no greater nor lesser warmth in the hugs between them. The young couple climbed into the back seat of the wedding car and I watched it heading north until it merged into the blur of traffic.

I didn't see them come back but later heard and felt the wedding party celebrations in the apartment below. Music and laughter. Talking and stamping of feet. More music and more laughter. They continued until dawn, their guests singing out drunken goodbyes from the street. In the night when I am awake, which is often, I enjoy the night sounds. They are company. I told the young couple this when, unexpectedly, they came to my apartment a few days later to apologise for their noisy celebrations. The knock on my door had frightened me and I almost didn't open it. After a while I invited them in but they said they were late for something and couldn't stay. I wished them well for their future happiness and for some time after they left, I kept in my hand the small slice of wedding cake they had given me, neatly wrapped in brown paper.

Today, a week later, our street is abandoned. Gone too are the sights and sounds of people leaving. The bakery opposite is closed, its front window smashed. Like me, those who cannot leave remain indoors. The local school children no longer snake their way in pairs along the footpath on excursions. They are in bunkers below the streets or in cars with their mothers and grandmothers, heading out of the city. The sounds of the past few nights have been violent and loud. There is no music and there is no laughter.

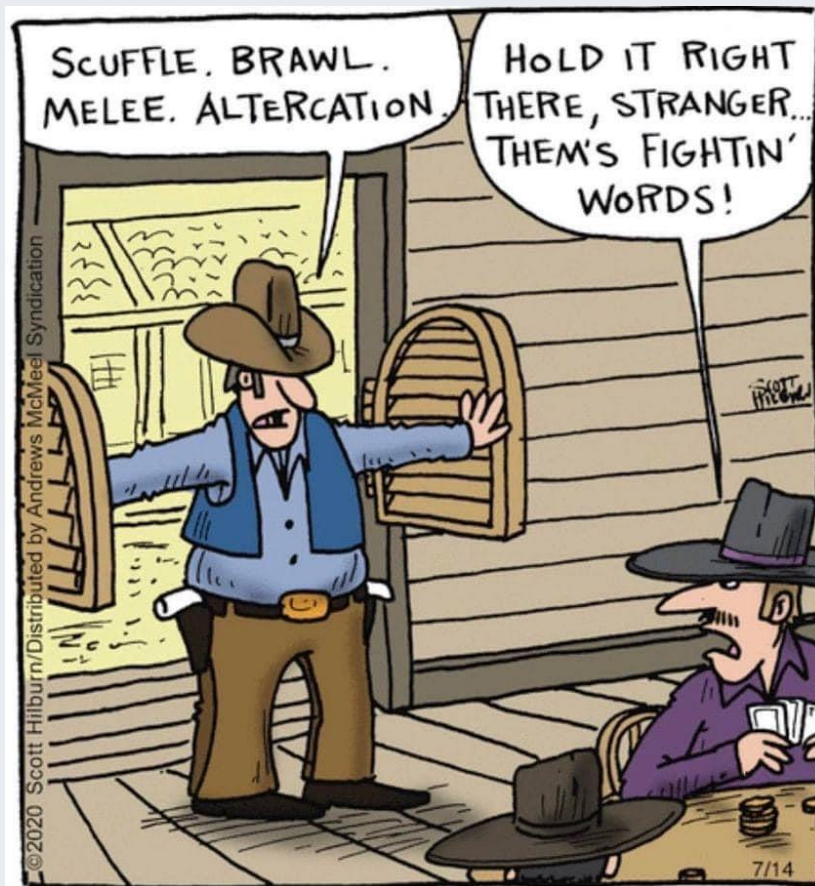


I look down into the street and the just-married couple from my building step out onto the footpath. Their wedding clothes have been replaced by thick khaki jackets and jeans and he is wearing a woollen beanie pulled down low over his ears. The young woman's hair is tied back and tucked in under her raised jacket collar. She is carrying a heavy backpack which she adjusts onto her shoulders. He is carrying a gun. I am comforted by this, not shocked. She is not smiling but she takes his free hand and they start up the street. They hesitate and turn, looking up in the direction of my window. She waves. Is it to me or to their apartment? I don't know. I doubt she can see me but despite this, I raise my hand to the window in reply. I keep it there as I watch them walk north until I cannot see them anymore.

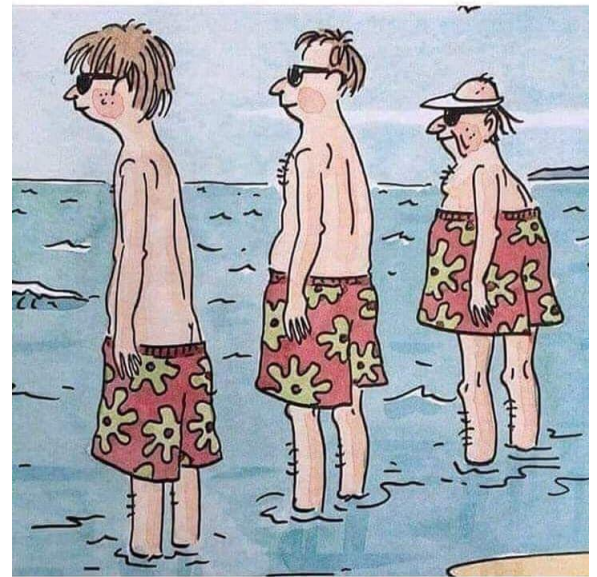
Back in my kitchen, I again hold their wrapped slice of wedding cake in my hand. I decide to place it into my old tin box at the back of the cupboard. We will eat this cake together, upon their return.



Just for a laugh 😊



Generation gap.



"You've been out partying all night, again, haven't you?"



Next Edition

I would like to take this opportunity to encourage all U3A members and cours leaders to write an article of any length on an experience within or outside our U3A which you think will be of interest to our members. We are aiming at one newsletter per term so please help out with your submissions.

Send your newsletter articles and images to The Editor, via info@coffs.u3anet.org.au