



## Presidents Report

Happy 80th birthday Tom.

A real milestone and well worth a great party.

While Jillian is busy organising this, I am happy to take her place writing a report.

I am pretty sure that she will agree when I say that we have a fantastic bridge club.

As Jillian mentioned in her report presented at the AGM the teamwork in our club is working well.

It is not common practice to thank yourself for what you are doing or your husband in that respect.

Now I have the opportunity, so let me thank you both for the time and effort you put into the club.

I am sure it will be smooth sailing in the coming bridge year.

*Martine*



To all members of the Beerwah Bridge Club  
Have a Merry Christmas  
Cheers to a New Year  
and another chance for us to get it right

## Welcome to the new committee

President: Jillian Major  
Treasurer: Tom Major  
Director: Tom Major

Vice President: David Hine  
Secretary: Barbara Freeman

Committee Members: Martine Goedhart Faye Rogers  
Marianne Idle David Hallam Kathy Seib

Work for a cause not for applause  
Live life to express not to impress  
Don't strive to make your presence noticed  
Just make your absence felt



## THE CHRISTMAS TRUCE

By David G Stratman

We can change the world.

It was December 25, 1914, only 5 months into World War I. German, British, and French soldiers, already sick and tired of the senseless killing, at the time of a holiday which they all shared, disobeyed their superiors and fraternized with "the enemy" along two-thirds of the Western Front (a crime punishable by death in times of war). German troops held Christmas trees up out of the trenches with signs, "Merry Christmas."

"You no shoot, we no shoot. "Thousands of troops streamed across a no-man's land strewn with rotting corpses. They sang Christmas carols, exchanged photographs of loved ones back home, shared rations, played football, even roasted some pigs. Soldiers embraced men they had been trying to kill a few short hours before. They agreed to warn each other if the top brass forced them to fire their weapons, and to aim high.

A shudder ran through the high command on either side. Here was disaster in the making: soldiers declaring their brotherhood with each other and refusing to fight. Generals on both sides declared this spontaneous peacemaking to be treasonous and subject to court martial. By March 1915 the fraternization movement had been eradicated and the killing machine put back in full operation. By the time of the armistice in 1918, fifteen million would be slaughtered.



Two guys were talking at work.

"I've a problem," said the first one.

"What is it".

"My wife has done it again, I'm supposed to buy my mother-in-law a Christmas present, from the two of us and I am out of ideas.

I mean it's HER mother, why can't she buy it?

"What did you buy her last year?" the other one asked.

"Last year I bought her a VERY EXPENSIVE cemetery plot".

"Hmmmmm, hard to top that one" said the other.

The two guys could not come up with anything, so the son-in-law did not buy his mother-in-law anything for Christmas.

When Christmas day arrived, she was a bit upset. At the family gathering, she announced loud to everyone.

"Thank you all for the wonderful Christmas gifts.

Too bad my daughter and son-in-law weren't so thoughtful"

Thinking quickly, the son-in-law responded.

"Well, you haven't used the gift I gave you last year!"

## "The story of Silent Night

Father Joseph Mohr sat at the old organ. His fingers stretched over the keys, forming the notes of a chord. He took a deep breath and pressed down. Nothing. He lifted his fingers and tried again. Silence echoed through the church. Father Joseph shook his head. It was no use. The pipes were rusted, the bellows mildewed. The organ had been wheezing and growing quieter for months, and Father Joseph had been hoping it would hold together until the organ builder arrived to repair it in the spring. But now, on December 23, 1818, the organ had finally given out. St. Nicholas Church would have no music for Christmas. Father Joseph sighed. Maybe a brisk walk would make him feel better.

Father Joseph looked out over the Austrian Alps. Stars shone above in the still and silent night. Silent night? Father Joseph stopped. Of course! "Silent Night!" He had written a poem a few years before, when he had first become a priest, and he had given it that very title. "Silent Night." Father Joseph scrambled down the mountain. Suddenly he knew how to bring music to the church. The next morning, Father Joseph set out on another walk. This time he carried his poem. And this time he knew exactly where he was going to see his friend Franz Gruber, the organist for St. Nicholas, who lived in the next village. Franz Gruber was surprised to see the priest so far from home on Christmas Eve, and even more surprised when Father Joseph handed him the poem.

That night Father Joseph and Franz Gruber stood at the altar of St. Nicholas Church. Father Joseph held his guitar. He could see members of the congregation giving each other puzzled looks. They had never heard a guitar played in church before, and certainly not during midnight mass on Christmas Eve, the holiest night of the year.

Father Joseph picked out a few notes on the guitar, and he and Franz Gruber began to sing. Their two voices rang out, joined by the church choir on the chorus.

Franz Gruber's melody matched the simplicity and honesty of Father Joseph's words. When the last notes faded into the night, the congregation remained still for a moment, then began to clap their hands. Applause filled the church. The villagers of Oberndorf loved the song! Father Joseph's plan to bring music to St. Nicholas Church had worked. A few months later, the organ builder arrived in Oberndorf and found the words and music to "Silent Night" lying on the organ.

The song enchanted him, and when he left, he took a copy of it with him. The organ builder gave the song to two families of travelling singers who lived near his home. The travelling singers performed "Silent Night" in concerts all over Europe, and soon the song spread throughout the world. Today, cathedral choirs and carollers from New York to New Zealand sing the simple song that was first played in a mountain church in Austria on Christmas Eve nearly 200 years ago.

## On a lighter note

Yarn of the seat in Stand

Freddie and John were fortunate enough to have season tickets to watch the Cowboys. They could not help noticing that there was always a spare seat (B14) next to them and they had a friend who would love to buy a season ticket, especially if all three could have seats together.

One half-time Freddie went to the ticket office and asked if they could buy the season ticket for B14. The office said that unfortunately that ticket had been sold.

Nevertheless, week after week the seat was still empty.

Then on Boxing Day, much to Freddie and John's amazement the seat was taken for the first time that season. John could not resist asking the newcomer, "Where have you been all season?"

Don't ask he said, "the wife bought the season ticket back last summer and kept it for a surprise Christmas present".

## Welcome to the New Year

- \* Youth is when you're allowed to stay up late on New Year's Eve  
Middle age is when you are forced to
- \* An optimist stays up until midnight to see the new year in  
A pessimist stays up to make sure the old year leaves
- \* May all your troubles last as long as your New Year's resolutions
- \* It would not be New Year's if it did not have regrets
- \* A New Year's resolution is something that goes in one year and out the other
- \* People are so worried what they eat between Christmas and the New Year,  
but they really should be worried about what they eat between the New Year and  
Christmas.

## Some Christmas joy from mis-heard lyrics

A class of six-year-olds were singing "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" at a Christmas concert. The line "God and sinners reconciled" was a tricky one for this age group.

One little boy, with a voice that completely drowned out the rest of the choir, happily belted out, "God and sinners dressed in style!"

After the Sunday school class had sung "Silent night" and been told the Christmas story, the teacher suggested that her pupils draw the Nativity scene.

A little boy finished first and the teacher praised his drawing of the manger, of Joseph and the infant. But she was puzzled by a roly-poly figure off to one side and asked who it was. "Oh," explained the youngster. "that's Round John Virgin".



This girl was hiding in my bin  
and missed the October  
newsletter.  
Come on Jan give it another go.  
Who is this?

# HAPPY BIRTHDAY

## January:

4th Miriam Hargreave - 6th Trish Watts - 17th Kathy Seib  
19th Fred Thurlow

## February:

1st Bill Chessels - Judith Boyd

## March:

4th Keren Frohloff - 17th Karen Wilson - 23rd Bev Sockhill  
29th Lea Garner

The secret to staying young is to live honestly, eat slowly  
and lie about your age. Lucille Ball.

Thank you Barbara for correcting all my typos