



*To all our members and their Family
We wish you a Merry Christmas
and
A happy and healthy New Year*



*Bridge will resume
on 3 January*

BEERWAH CONTRACT BRIDGE CLUB

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 8 November 2024

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Welcome to everyone.

We have had a rather unsettled year this year due to changes within the Management of the Golf Club and I would like to thank our members for their patience and continued attendance. We expect however, with the commencement of the new general manager, that 2024 will be smoother sailing.

Sadly, during this last year, two of our members passed away, Neville Jordan and Kathy Seib. Neville travelled to Beerwah regularly since 2017, originally as a partner for Barbara and then partnering others as well.

Kathy, a newer member, had recently joined the Committee and shown great interest in learning the mysteries of the dealing machine and bridgemates. They are both greatly missed.

As well as playing bridge, we had some very pleasant social events. Our 2023 Christmas Lunch was at the Golf Club so members could have their regular game of cards before the celebration. Our Christmas in July, with thanks to the organisation of Lea and Roger, was in the beautiful gardens of Halcyon. The day included bridge, followed by a lovely barbeque with many members and Halcyon residents providing Christmas delights.

We had a Teams' Day and Random Pairs' Day followed by drinks and lunch, and prizes for the winners. Our latest event was Melbourne Cup Day, and our final event for the year will be our Christmas Lunch in the Golf Club on Friday 13th December which I hope everyone will be able to attend.

Last, but not least, I wish to thank you all for the effort you put in to keep the Club functioning. It can't happen without the Committee, the members who stay back to deal for the next week and those who come early to set up. And others, who don't hold positions but are always ready to help.

I wish you all the best for the coming year.

Jillian Major

President



A warm welcome to our new committee

The club held it's AGM on Friday 8 November and so a new year begins. We wish David and his team all the best in navigating our club through another successful year. Although not mentioned very often, we do appreciate what you are all doing.

A big thank you to the retiring committee for all the work you have done over the last year.

Management committee

President David Hine

Vice President Dianne Cassels

Secretary Barbara Freeman

Treasurer Tom Major

Director Tom Major

Past President Jillian Major

Committee Members

Keren Frohloff

Martine Goedhart

David Hallam

Mariann Idle

Hot and dry. Not a breath of wind. Blow flies. Sweating. Wheat being harvested. Check the tanks for water levels. Life on a family farm in central NSW. 5 miles and 10 gates to reach our aunts, uncles, cousins and grand-parents. 22 in all.

Christmas Day begins with the standard opening of presents. Then a day of play. We are so happy. You know, we are going to Manly for our annual holidays this year...again.

The feature event is dinner with the wider family at my grand-parents (Pa & Shimma) place. Uncle Bob from Sydney had arrived the day before. He greets us at the front verandah with scotch in hand. Dad loved uncle Bob.

The dining ritual never changed much. There were 11 seated at the grown ups table. 11 cousins around the kids table. Space was tight. Shimma always appeared after dinner from the kitchen presenting her Christmas pudding, alight with brandy. Photos taken, loud cheers and clapping, a proud moment for Shimma.

The men leave for the billiard room after dinner. Women to the lounge room, kids to the TV room.

The next day Uncle John arrives from Dubbo. More presents!!!!!!

I don't remember this sequence of events or the personalities ever changing until we left the family farm. It was happy, joyful and harmonious... although I found out much later that Aunty Helen always got pissed at the family dinner.

Don Hubbard

Growing up in England a long time ago, Christmas decorations, including the Christmas tree, were not put up until Christmas Eve.

On the 24th December our Dad took my brother and me to search in the woods for branches of holly and mistletoe.

At bedtime, we left one of our Dad's socks (workmen's socks - they seemed huge!) at the foot of the bed, which in the morning magically held nuts and an orange or tangerine - rare at any time in our British climate as well as two or three small gifts.

I can remember being thrilled with my plastic folding pencil case which had space for many pens, pencils and even a small ruler.

These gifts were to last us for the day, because, and here is the killer - none of us were allowed to open our presents under the tree, until we had listened to the Queen's Christmas message at 3pm!! Talk about delayed gratification - but it was our tradition, and we accepted that. It certainly stretched out the anticipation.

And no decorations were taken down until after the 12th day of Christmas on 6th January. In that way, our Christmas celebrations seemed to last much longer ...

Barbara Freeman

My Father came home from the war, married Mum and bought a block of land .Having two boys, and me he built a double brick home. He was not a builder but a man of uncommon sense.

Times were tough. The country was poor. The Government called on people from Great Britain to work and live in Australia. Two of those families of us made up the numbers at our Christmas table.

One of those Christmases I remember very well, I was twelve, what a family gathering it was . With our own family , and the families from England and Wales 13 al together and last but not least, Patsy the dog who like me, was born and bred in Australia.

I remember that year because I imagined I was in love with David. the son of the Wales family, he was fourteen with very dark hair in contrast to my blonde locks and by then, a vague and alluring Welsh accent. Oh, the joy of adolescent love.

The dreams I had. The bated breath. The quaking knees.

After a successful baked dinner in the 105 degree (Fh) heat, all the parents went to sleep in the lounge room chairs and we children along with Patsy ran out the back to frolic under the sprinklers.

Towards the evening my brother, Phillip and the gorgeous David, climbed onto the shed roof and shouted: **Lolly scramble.**

The three girls and Patsy gathered excitedly beneath, she barking and jumping up and down like a good blue dog will. My oldest brother, too old for lollies, retired to the bench to watch as the Caramel Colombians flew through the air and we jumped to catch as many as possible.

Patsy was equally excited and no wonder, the wrappers contained dry white dog poo.

The love affair ended that night.

Faye Rogers

What a beautiful memory I have of my first post-war Christmas.

A real Christmas tree with candles lit at Christmas Eve. The warm glow of the real candles casting that soft light and filling the room with a cozy ambiance.

My dad's readiness with a bucket of water and a sponge adds a layer of excitement to the whole scene and still paints such a vivid picture of a simpler and deeply meaningful celebration.

It is easy to feel that nostalgia for a time when even a few gifts under the tree brought happiness.

Martine Goedhart

Christmas is usually a happy occasion.

However on Christmas Eve and running into Christmas morning, 1974,my son and I spent the night in terror as Cyclone Tracy tore our house apart.

When we arose from the rubble around us with the morning light we looked upon what resembled Hiroshima after the Atom levelled that city.

Our entire home was flattened and the Xmas tree with the presents surrounding it were nowhere to be found.

Yet, we were the lucky ones. Many others lost their lives or were severely injured.

A Christmas hard to forget.

David Hine

When I was a kid I'd go Carol Singing with the local kids. The terrace type houses had a long entry to their back yards and if you opened the gates at the bottom you could sing?

At the two houses for the price of one. Singing our little hearts out, ,an upstairs window opened and we copped the contents of a piss pot and in no uncertain terms we were told to scam, they had heard more melodic sounds coming from two courting cats..

Happy Christmas everyone!

Jackie Collinson

Very early in my childhood Christmas lunches were held at my grandmothers house. (My mothers mother) My pop would kill one of his prized laying hens, usually the oldest and slowest. He would then let it run around in the yard headless.

What a treat, as good as eating the tyre's off his bike, he did not own a car. My mother refused to eat chicken all her life.

Desert was boiled Christmas pudding with custard, and threepences pushed into it for extra flavour.

For some reason it always seemed to be 100 degrees on Christmas day, with no air conditioning.

We did not go to my father's parents for Christmas, as he had 8 brothers and sisters, with between 4 and 9 kids in each family, but I did get to meet most of my 1st cousins at other times.

Graham Nicholson

Growing up on a large sheep property along the Condamine River, Christmas celebrations were spent with parents, the community visiting grandparents, my little brother and a couple of working kelpies. Chicken and ham were special treats, salads, lollies, presents and, of course, water melon!

After the grown up had the obligatory afternoon nap, we all piled into cars and down to the river bank to escape the heat....grandparents on carefully placed old chairs in the shallows so they could dunk their toes while enjoying a cold drink from the esky. We kids screaming as we swung off the big tractor tyre into the river while the dogs went crazy barking with excitement.

No air-con, simple foods, one special present and plenty of love.

Jenny Donovan



It's just a small, white envelope stuck among the branches of our Christmas tree. No name, no identification, no inscription. It has peeked through the branches of our tree for the past 10 years or so.



It all began because my husband Mike hated Christmas --- oh, not the true meaning of Christmas, but the commercial aspects of it --- overspending...the frantic running around at the last minute to get a tie for Uncle Harry and the dusting powder for Grandma --- the gifts given in desperation because you couldn't think of anything else.

Knowing he felt this way, I decided one year to bypass the usual shirts, sweaters, ties and so forth. I reached for something special just for Mike. The inspiration came in an unusual way.

Our son Kevin, who was 12 that year, was wrestling at the junior level at the school he attended; and shortly before Christmas, there was a non-league match against a team sponsored by an inner-city church, mostly black.

These youngsters, dressed in sneakers so ragged that shoestrings seemed to be the only thing holding them together, presented a sharp contrast to our boys in their spiffy blue and gold uniforms and sparkling new wrestling shoes.

As the match began, I was alarmed to see that the other team was wrestling without headgear, a kind of light helmet designed to protect a wrestler's ears.

It was a luxury the ragtag team obviously could not afford. Well, we ended up walloping them. We took every weight class. And as each of their boys got up from the mat, he swaggered around in his tatters with false bravado, a kind of street pride that couldn't acknowledge defeat.

Mike, seated beside me, shook his head sadly, "I wish just one of them could have won," he said. "They have a lot of potential, but losing like this could take the heart right out of them."

Mike loved kids-all kids-and he knew them, having coached little league football, baseball and lacrosse. That's when the idea for his present came.

That afternoon, I went to a local sporting goods store and bought an assortment of wrestling headgear and shoes and sent them anonymously to the inner-city church.

On Christmas Eve, I placed the envelope on the tree, the note inside telling Mike what I had done and that this was his gift from me.

His smile was the brightest thing about Christmas that year and in succeeding years.

For each Christmas, I followed the tradition --- one year sending a group of mentally handi-capped youngsters to a hockey game, another year a check to a pair of elderly brothers whose home had burned to the ground the week before Christmas, and on and on.

The envelope became the highlight of our Christmas. It was always the last thing opened on Christmas morning and our children, ignoring their new toys, would stand with wide-eyed anticipation as their dad lifted the envelope from the tree to reveal it's contents.

As the children grew, the toys gave way to more practical presents, but the envelope never lost its allure. The story doesn't end there.

You see, we lost Mike last year due to dreaded cancer. When Christmas rolled around, I was still so wrapped in grief that I barely got the tree up. But Christmas Eve found me placing an envelope on the tree, and in the morning, it was joined by three more. Each of our children, unbeknownst to the others, had placed an envelope on the tree for their dad.

The tradition has grown and someday will expand even further with our grandchildren standing around the tree with wide-eyed anticipation watching as their fathers take down the envelope. Mike's spirit, like the Christmas spirit, will always be with us.

I got a bit teary reading this story. Martine

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. The teacher praised his drawing of the manger, of Joseph, of Mary 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'.

READER'S DIGEST, DECEMBER 1958



Submitted by Barbara - if you do not understand, she will sing it to you!



Christmas December 2024