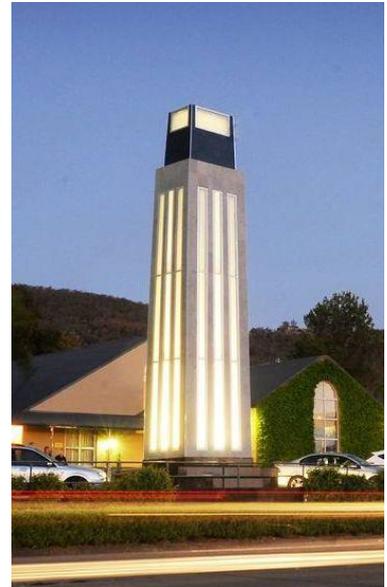




Rotary Club of Tamworth First Light

2017 2018

District Governor: Bob Ryan 0409 457 705
President: Michael Smith 0408 230 211
Secretary: Michael O'Connor 0437 593 479
Treasurer: Deb Barnes 0411 770 552



BBQ Dinner for TENT PEGGING VISITORS

Calala Inn Tavern

Saturday 5 January 2018

Cost \$30.00

Respond to judithandbarry@bigpond.com

Judy would like numbers by Thursday night

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Your mind is your garden.

Your thoughts are the seeds.

You can grow flowers or you can grow weeds.

WHAT'S ON

January	10 Anzac Park 17 Meeting at Inspirations 24 No meeting 27 Cavalcade & RUOK concert & BBQ 31 -NSW Primary Schools CPR Awareness Program-Cameron McFarlane
Feb 27/March	3 RYAG Sheep at Walcha
March	17-24 RYLA at Yarrahapinni
April	6-22 NZ tour
June	16 Change over Dinner 23-27 Convention in Toronto Chris Watson has tour information Ph: 1300 552 032
September	3-16 Nepal tour



(Meeting 1389 B)

OPENING CEREMONY. ORDER OF PROCEEDINGS.

WORLD CUP QUALIFIER. 11AM FRIDAY 5 JANUARY 2018.

TAMWORTH NSW. AUSTRALIA.

ALL TEAM MEMBERS TO BE MOUNTED ON THEIR ALLOCATED HORSES WEARING THEIR FULL OFFICIAL UNIFORM AND CARRYING LANCES.

1. Introduction and opening remarks by Master of Ceremonies. Mr Arthur DeMain.
2. Welcome to Country by Traditional Owners. Mr Jack WATERS Elder of the Kamilerio People.
3. Address by Mr Don EYB OAM APM (Chief Judge of Australian Tentpegging Association) Regarding history of Tentpegging in Australia.
4. Address by the Hon Kevin ANDERSON MP (Member of NSW Parliament for the seat of Tamworth.)
5. Flag Raising ceremony and National Anthem of competing countries. (NB: Australian Protocol dictates that the Australian Flag be raised first and that flags from other countries be raised in alphabetic order.)
6. Closing remarks by master of ceremonies

A bit long, but worth the read.... A true story by Catherine Moore Submitted by Brian T
"Watch out! You nearly broad-sided that car!" my father yelled at me. "Can't you do anything right?"

Those words hurt worse than blows. I turned my head toward the elderly man in the seat beside me, daring me to challenge him. A lump rose in my throat as I averted my eyes. I wasn't prepared for another battle. "I saw the car, Dad . Please don't yell at me when I'm driving." My voice was measured and steady, sounding far calmer than I really felt. Dad glared at me, then turned away and settled back.

At home, I left Dad in front of the television and went outside to collect my thoughts; dark, heavy clouds hung in the air with a promise of rain. The rumble of distant thunder seemed to echo my inner turmoil. What could I do about him?

Dad had been a lumberjack in Washington and Oregon . He had enjoyed being outdoors and had reveled in pitting his strength against the forces of nature. He had entered grueling lumberjack competitions, and had placed often. The shelves in his house were filled with trophies that attested to his prowess.



The years marched on relentlessly. The first time he couldn't lift a heavy log, he joked about it; but later that same day I saw him outside alone, straining to lift it. He became irritable whenever anyone teased him about his advancing age, or when he couldn't do something he had done as a younger man.

Four days after his sixty-seventh birthday, he had a heart attack. An ambulance sped him to the hospital while a paramedic administered CPR to keep blood and oxygen flowing. At the hospital, Dad was rushed into an operating room. He was lucky; he survived. But something inside Dad died. His zest for life was gone. He obstinately refused to follow doctor's orders. Suggestions and offers of help were turned aside with sarcasm and insults. The number of visitors thinned, then finally stopped altogether. Dad was left alone.

My husband, Dick, and I asked Dad to come live with us on our small farm. We hoped the fresh air and rustic atmosphere would help him adjust. Within a week after he moved in, I regretted the invitation. It seemed nothing was satisfactory. He criticized everything I did. I became frustrated and moody. Soon I was taking my pent-up anger out on Dick. We began to bicker and argue. Alarmed, Dick sought out our pastor and explained the situation. The

clergyman set up weekly counseling appointments for us. At the close of each session he prayed, asking God to soothe Dad's troubled mind.

But the months wore on and God was silent. Something had to be done and it was up to me to do it. I sat down with the phone book and methodically called each of the mental health clinics listed in the Yellow Pages. I explained my problem to each of the sympathetic voices that answered in vain. Just when I was giving up hope, one of the voices suddenly exclaimed, "I just read something that might help you! Let me go get the article."

I listened as she read. The article described a remarkable study done at a nursing home. All of the patients were under treatment for chronic depression. Yet their attitudes had proved dramatically when they were given responsibility for a dog. I drove to the animal shelter that afternoon. After I filled out a questionnaire, a uniformed officer led me to the kennels. The odor of disinfectant stung my nostrils as I moved down the row of pens. Each contained five to seven dogs. Long-haired dogs, curly-haired dogs, black dogs, spotted dogs all jumped up, trying to reach me. I studied each one but rejected one after the other for various reasons too big, too small, too much hair. As I neared the last pen a dog in the shadows of the far corner struggled to his feet, walked to the front of the run and sat down. It was a pointer, one of the dog world's aristocrats. But this was a caricature of the breed. Years had etched his face and muzzle with shades of gray. His hip bones jutted out in lopsided triangles. But it was his eyes that caught and held my attention. Calm and clear, they beheld me unwaveringly.

I pointed to the dog. "Can you tell me about him?" The officer looked, then shook his head in puzzlement. "He's a funny one. Appeared out of nowhere and sat in front of the gate. We brought him in, figuring someone would be right down to claim him. That was two weeks ago and we've heard nothing. His time is up tomorrow." He gestured helplessly.

As the words sank in I turned to the man in horror. "You mean you're going to kill him?" "Ma'am," he said gently, "that's our policy. We don't have room for every unclaimed dog." I looked at the pointer again. The calm brown eyes awaited my decision. "I'll take him," I said. I drove home with the dog on the front seat beside me.

When I reached the house, I honked the horn twice. I was helping my prize out of the car when Dad shuffled onto the front porch. "Ta-da! Look what I got for you, Dad!" I said excitedly..

Dad looked, then wrinkled his face in disgust. "If I had wanted a dog I would have gotten one. And I would have picked out a better specimen than that bag of bones. Keep it! I don't want it" Dad waved his arm scornfully and turned back toward the house.

Anger rose inside me. It squeezed together my throat muscles and pounded into my temples. "You'd better get used to him, Dad. He's staying!"

Dad ignored me. "Did you hear me, Dad?" I screamed. At those words Dad whirled angrily, his hands clenched at his sides, his eyes narrowed, blazing with hate. We stood glaring at each other like duelists, when suddenly the pointer pulled free from my grasp. He wobbled toward my dad and sat down in front of him. Then slowly, carefully, he raised his paw.

Dad's lower jaw trembled as he stared at the uplifted paw. Confusion replaced the anger in his eyes. The pointer waited patiently, then Dad was on his knees hugging the animal.

It was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship. Dad named the pointer Cheyenne . Together he and Cheyenne explored the community.

They spent long hours walking down dusty lanes. They spent reflective moments on the banks of streams, angling for tasty trout. They even started to attend Sunday services together, Dad sitting in a pew and Cheyenne lying quietly at his feet. Dad and Cheyenne were inseparable throughout the next three years. Dad's bitterness faded, and he and Cheyenne made many friends.

Then late one night I was startled to feel Cheyenne 's cold nose burrowing through our bed covers. He had never before come into our bedroom at night. I woke Dick, put on my robe and ran into my father's room. Dad lay in his bed, his face serene. But his spirit had left quietly sometime during the night. Two days later my shock and grief deepened when I discovered Cheyenne lying dead beside Dad's bed. I wrapped his still form in the rag rug he had slept on. As Dick and I buried him near a favourite fishing hole, I silently thanked the dog for the help he had given me in restoring Dad's peace of mind.

The morning of Dad's funeral dawned overcast and dreary. This day looked like the way I felt, I thought, as I walked down the aisle to the pews reserved for family. I was surprised to see the many friends Dad and Cheyenne had made filling the church. The pastor began his eulogy. It was a tribute to both Dad and the dog who had changed his life.

And then the pastor turned to Hebrews 13:2. "Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for by this, some have entertained angels without knowing it. I've often thanked



God for sending that angel," he said.

For me, the past dropped into place, completing a puzzle that I had not seen before: the sympathetic voice that had just read the right article, Cheyenne 's unexpected appearance at the animal shelter, his calm acceptance and complete devotion to my father and the proximity of their deaths. And suddenly I understood. I knew that God had answered my prayers after all.

Life is too short for drama or petty things, so laugh hard, love truly and forgive quickly. Live While You Are Alive. Forgive now those who made you cry. You might not get a second time.

	Wednesday 10 January Anzac Park 6.30 for 7am	Wednesday 17 January Inspirations 6.30 for 7am	Wednesday 31 January West Diggers 6.30 for 7am
Topic			CPR Awareness in NSW Primary Schools C,McFarlane
Door Team	Brett White Ron Allen	Sue O'Connor Anne Jacob	Bruce Hemmett Phil Penman
Meeter & Greeter			
Welcome			
President Assist			
Visitor Assist			
Corporal Assist			
Bulletin Notes			
Introduction			
Vote of Thanks			
60 seconds			
PO Raffle	2 February	9 February	16 February
NOW @6.30	David Hinwood Peter Leonard	Peter Ryan Sue O'Connor	Sue O'Connor Michael Smith
23 February			
Michael Smith Michael O'Connor			
Corporals for January		Corporals for February	
Tom Hellmann & Paul Stevenson			
Birthdays, Anniversaries and Inductions			
Members Birthdays	1/1 David Hinwood; 7/1 Graham Dooley; 13/1 Bruce Hemmett		
Partners Birthdays	5/1 Jill Hawkins		
Anniversaries	10/1 Richard & Cheryl Hardwick : 11/1 Stephen & Jill Hawkins		
Club Induction			
Attendance			
Make-Ups			
Visiting Rotarians			
Visitors			
Heads & Tails			
Raffle			

The Object of Rotary

The Object of Rotary is to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

- **FIRST.** The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service;
- **SECOND.** High ethical standards in business and professions; the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations; and the dignifying of each Rotarian's occupation as an opportunity to serve society;
- **THIRD.** The application of the ideal of service in each Rotarian's personal, business, and community life;
- **FOURTH.** The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional persons united in the ideal of service.

Rotary Grace

O Lord and giver of all good
 We thank Thee for our daily food
 May Rotary Friends and Rotary ways
 Help us to serve Thee all our days

The Four-Way Test

Of the things we think, say or do

1. Is it the TRUTH?
2. Is it FAIR to all concerned?
3. Will it build GOODWILL and BETTER FRIENDSHIPS?
4. Will it be BENEFICIAL to all concerned?

Tamworth—First Light

Meets Wednesday morning,
 6:30 for 7:00 am at
 Wests Diggers
 Kable Avenue
 TAMWORTH NSW 2340
 Phone: 02 6766 4661

Club Officers and contact details

President—Michael Smith

president@tamworthfirstlight.org.au

Secretary—Michael O'Connor

secretary@tamworthfirstlight.org.au

Other Clubs meet:

Monday	Tamworth West, West Tamworth Bowling Club, 6:30pm
Tuesday	Tamworth Rotary Club, Service Club, 6:15pm
Wednesday	Tamworth on Peel – (Calala Rotary), Calala Inn, 6:30pm
Friday	Tamworth Sunrise, Sanctuary Inn, 7:00am