



COMMITTEE VACANCIES IN JUNE

Having completed my 2 year term, I shall be stepping down as Chairperson at the next AGM in June 2021. May I ask you to give serious consideration to taking up this position by either nominating yourself, with a seconder or, nominating another person with, of course, their permission. The forms can be found on our website. I have given a brief description below of the duties involved:

- 1] Together with the Secretary, decide upon an agenda; you must be well informed on all the issues to be discussed, their relative importance, and aware of what decisions need to be made;
- 2] Facilitating the meeting, enabling every member to make a contribution, and that the values of the committee are upheld; making certain that the Agenda is followed, challenging any side tracking;
- 3] Acting to ensure that the committee complies with The Charities Commission Regulations, and that all members maintain the charitable objectives/purpose of the U3A;
- 4] To draw discussions to a conclusion and to summarise fairly the arguments 'for and against' an issue;
- 5] With the Secretary, ensure that decisions are followed through before the next committee meeting.

Personal attributes:

A sense of humour

Good listener and communicator

Confident facilitator and an enabler

If you have any points you would like to discuss or questions, please contact Judie Dicson through Bluebird on our Webpage.

After nearly six years, I feel it is time to stand down and let someone younger and with fresh ideas take on the role of Interest Group Co-Ordinator. To give you an indication of what is involved, I set out below a brief description:

- 1] To act as liaison between the Committee and Group Leaders.
- 2] To hold quarterly meetings with the Group Leaders and to pass on any relevant information from Committee Meetings, changes in legislation and U3A and to hear and discuss reports on the running of individual groups.
- 3] To prepare and circulate Minutes of such quarterly meetings and supply a copy for display to members at the monthly meetings.
- 4] To act as supportive overseer of Groups and their Leaders, giving help and advice as required, but without undue interference or intervention in the day to day running of any Group.
- 5] To contact new members and nurture the setting up of new Groups as and when suggested by members or when existing Groups become full.
- 6] To endeavour to resolve any dispute that arise in the running of any Group.
- 7] To organise the annual Exhibition of Works and encourage Groups to participate; prepare layout plans for the Group Leaders and the hall's caretaker and ensure that all necessary equipment is available on the day.
- 8] To assist in the planning and running of other events organised by the Committee.
- 9] To prepare pertinent notices for display to members at monthly meetings and to liaise with the Newsletter Editor to obtain articles for the quarterly newsletter.

If you would like any further information, please contact me via the bluebird system.

SUE MAXWELL— Interest Group Co-ordinator

NEW TREASURER NEEDED

At the 2021 AGM, currently scheduled for the first week in June 2021, I will have served the final year of three consecutive two year terms as Treasurer of the Lancing and Sompting U3A. I am not permitted to stand as Treasurer again, we therefore need a member to come forward willing to take on that role. You do not need to be a qualified Bookkeeper or Accountant to do the job. If you have experience of handling money, doing simple accounts, or treasury work, you would be able to manage it. You also need to be comfortable with e-mails, on-line banking and spreadsheets. I will be on hand to provide support and advice. I can also offer full training.

If anyone would like to more information then please contact me via the Bluebird on the <https://u3asites.org.uk/lancingandsompting/home> website.

I am happy for you to shadow me, so you can get a better idea of what the task would involve

Heather Stone

Treasurer, Lancing & Sompting U3A

VACANCIES FOR NEWSLETTER EDITOR AND WEBSITE ADMINISTRATOR

In June, I will have completed six years as editor of the Newsletter, and three years as website administrator. I feel that it is time to step down from these posts after the June issue, and let someone with fresh ideas breathe new life into the roles. This is a brief description of what is involved.

Newsletter Editor

- 1] To be familiar with computer programmes, including desk top publishing and/or word processing software.
- 2] To produce an interesting and informative newsletter for members at quarterly intervals. The content should include photographs, news items and other relevant items likely to be of interest to members, details of future general and group activities, and reports of past group activities.
- 3] To obtain this material from group co-ordinators, committee members, any other members who wish to submit material and other suitable sources.
- 4] To submit each issue to proof readers in good time for them to comment if necessary.
- 5] To liaise with the printer to ensure that the printed copies of the newsletter are available in time for distribution at the Monthly Meetings.
- 6] To prepare a version of the newsletter for inclusion on the website.

Website Administrator

- 1] To familiarise yourself with the website's capabilities.
- 2] To update events, details of Committee members, Group information, current Membership Application forms and fees, attach Quarterly Newsletters and provide links to National website and SUN website. Delete out of date information.
- 3] Add new Groups and delete defunct Groups.
- 4] Encourage the Group Co-ordinators, to keep their Group information up to date, including details of future programmes and meetings.

I am, and will be, available to answer any questions about these posts, and will assist in familiarisation with the duties involved. Please contact me through the website Bluebird system, or the details in the newsletter.

ALAN WOODROW

MORE SCAMS

Since Christmas I have received various requests from scammers who would like to spend my money: several allegedly from the Post Office unable to deliver a package and requesting £2.95 to do so. My Bank account is being debited with £79.99 subscription for an Amazon Prime account unless I wish to cancel it and obtain a refund over the phone, and my Sky subscription needs renewal so can I just divulge my Bank details. Needless to say, I don't have accounts with either Company.

A nice young man in Togo wrote that his brother is a student in London and needs an urgent operation. He is so ill that he can't get to the Bank to sort out an account. If he sends me 2m. Togolese francs, could I sort it out and pay the bill? He only needs my Bank details to transfer the money and, finally, H.M. Government wishes to give me a refund of tax of £484 and, yes, you've guessed it, they only need my Bank details.

It seems that scammers are out in force at the moment. Please don't let them near your hard-earned cash!

SUE MAXWELL

RAG RUG GROUP



The rag rug group have been able to keep going throughout all the trials and tribulations of lockdown and other restrictions. We are a good social group, enjoy each other's company and are determined that we WILL continue.

We have emailed each other, had meetings in a garden through the summer, managed one meeting at the Parish Hall before another lock down and had regular Zoom chats. It costs nothing apart from our time and we have plenty of that!

It is all about supporting each other, sharing jokes and information, boosting positivity and staying in touch. Yes, we ARE making some rugs and doing other productive and creative work, and show and tell is a regular feature of our chats. But the most important and precious thing is communication and mutual support.

We are thanking our lucky stars for two things. Digital communication and good friendship. Not necessarily in that order.

JENNY BARNES

KNITTING AND CROCHET GROUP

When the group met in January 2020 we decided to do a group project which could be raffled at the Christmas Social, when the group usually does a charity raffle. There was discussion about what we would make, and by our first March meeting I had made copies of the pattern and distributed these and yarn to most of the members. This was lucky as our second March meeting had to be cancelled due to Lockdown!

We kept in touch by email and phone, and when necessary I delivered extra yarn to members. Then in June I did an "around the area" road trip to collect the pieces, as I am not local to the area, that took a while! We had decided to make a throw /blanket made up of patterned squares, with a plain backing and edging. Two of us put the pieces together and at that time thought it would be in our December '20 raffle.

However the pandemic had other ideas and now we hope to use it in December this year. In the meantime I have used the spare squares etc. to make a cushion cover, so nothing was wasted!

In August we realised we would be unable to sell the handmade poppies at the monthly meetings as usual, and as some of our members had been making them during lockdown, we had quite a stock. The poppies are normally sold at the meetings and the remainder put into the Lancing Lions shop for sale.

As the charity shops were open in September and October the Lions kindly offered to take the poppies for sale, so all was not lost. Eventually a cheque for £109 was sent to the Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal and an acknowledgement received. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the group members who made poppies, and special thanks to the Lancing Lions shop for selling them on our behalf.

As Chesham House remained closed, in October we held two meetings in the Parish Hall, where we felt completely safe with Covid Secure Status in place, and all wearing masks or visors. Sadly, when the second lockdown was announced we had to cancel our meetings for November and December. Currently we are unable to meet, but once the vaccine has been rolled out and the hall has re-opened we will resume our group meetings there.

I think we will all be pleased when we can return to our group routine, then it will be time for another project. In the meantime, I am busy with knitting for our great-great nephew who is due in April. Not sure about how that makes me feel, but it will be lovely to have a little one in the family again.

Keep safe.

ANNE DOBBS



SAFE HAVENS BY THE SEA

HISTORY OF THE BELL MEMORIAL HOME

About 2 years ago the Heritage lottery Fund awarded a large sum of money to Guild Care for the publication of a book on the history of The Bell Memorial Home. (100 years of caring)

This took 2 years from start to completion. It was initiated by Chris Hare and Lela Tredwell, the joint authors, both being local historians.

A large number of people were involved in the making of the history going back to the 1800's when William Chorley, a Methodist preacher from Bermondsey, London, first bought the property and several other properties around Lancing. His aim being to provide safe havens for the poor people of Bermondsey.

A number of our U3A members have been involved in the research, including interviews with past residents and staff, as well as minute books. Report booklets had been archived. These were also referred to for a lot of the past history, which gave good insight into the substance and life at The Bell.

Those of us who were actively involved in the work at The Bell and the making of the book, found it to be rewarding, somewhat sad, but also a privilege to be a part of it.

The book was published in December 2020. It has been extensively researched and is a very interesting, important part of the history of Lancing.

The book can be bought through Guild Care Book shop. (£10 per copy.) Further information can be obtained from Chris Hare. - history@guildcare.org

MAUREEN CONDICK

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW THE HISTORY OF YOUR LOCAL(ish) AREA?

- 1 Why is the village of Battle so named?
- 2 Name a famous playwright who lived in Worthing?
- 3 What connects Sompting Church with The Holy Land?
- 4 What crop was commercially grown in 19th century Sompting?
- 5 Where in Sussex is Nelson's sister, Catherine, buried?
- 6 Who escaped into exile from a Shoreham beach?
- 7 Where in Sussex can you find an ancient Yew Forest?
- 8 What colour building bricks are associated with Worthing?
- 9 What was Bognor Regis called before it became Bognor Regis?
- 10 What did the Romans call Chichester?
- 11 What are RÁPES in Sussex?
- 12 Which Viking King is associated with Bosham?
- 13 What originally indigenous British bird bred for the first time in nearly 600 years in Sussex in 2020?
- 14 In which month is it particularly healthy to eat Sussex winkles?
- 15 East Wittering is described as 'A Thankful Village'. What does this mean?
- 16 Where and what in Worthing was The Faggot Walk?
- 17 What does the Sussex dialect phrase, 'All STOACHED & POACHED' mean?
- 18 Where in Worthing can you find a building associated with Archbishop Becket?
- 19 Which Tudor Queen has a link to Lewes?
- 20 In terms of sheep farming, what is TRANSHUMANCE?

WILLIAM TYLER

Answers on Page 13

THERE GOES THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

My neighbours have got Christmas lights, they must have spent a lot.
There's thousands of the flipping things, they nearly fill the plot.
I've watched them go up, day by day, for - oh, a week or more.
They first outlined the windows and the porch and then the door,
With strings of little sparkly lights all brilliant and white.
They flash and flicker on and off throughout the livelong night,
And sometimes go in chase mode - drawing lines both to and fro -
Which makes your eyes go funny and creates an afterglow.
Next there appeared a reindeer - not full size, but wired and lit.
It's small and rather dainty and it has fake snow on it.
A day or two went by and then there came a polar bear.
He's made of whitish plastic, with a bulb inside of there,
And glows away quite steadily to light the garden beds
All flanked with tiny elves with gleaming eyes and nodding heads.
So far the lights were mostly white, not much colour at all,
But then they went out to The Range and clearly had a ball.
The grass took on a swathe of hues, with blue and red and green
And yellow too, and purple, such as you have never seen.
They criss-cross the front garden and they shimmer and they flash
And passing drivers look away so they don't cause a crash.
The next thing was a Christmas tree, set up above the porch.
It lights the way to the front door, so you won't need a torch!
The tree has bows and baubles and some 'outdoor tinsel' too,
And the lights go round and round the tree and most of them are blue.
It wasn't finished yet, for more lights came, and more, and more -
They'd liaised with the neighbours and spread out across next door!
Then feeling that their lighting scheme required a little boost
They set a flock of twiggy snowmen on the lawn to roost.
A fetching tableau thus achieved and you would think them done,
But you'd be wrong, they'd still to make additions to their fun.
A neon sign appeared, it flashes on and off and on,
Wishing a "Merry Christmas" to all whom it shines upon.
It's red and green and so's a second sign that gives good cheer
Requesting that on Christmas Eve "Dear Santa, please stop here".
With everything in motion, flashing fit to fade the moon,
The only thing still missing was a jolly little tune.
Which shortly was forthcoming and upon the midnight air
Came words of joy and comfort and of turtle doves a-pair.
It's reedy, thin and digital and really would be best
If the tempo of the "music" kept in time with all the rest.
Still who am I to mock it and the best is yet to come
For two more Christmas pieces have been added to the sum.
A Santa and a snowman, four feet tall and plastic bright,
Inflatable, lit inwardly, beam out into the night.
The power that inflates them keeps them going through till dawn
But once the sun comes up they're lying flaccid on the lawn.
The residents have gone to town to cheer the neighbourhood
Which is so very kind of them, and generous, and good.
I hope it gives them pleasure and the fuel bill's not too high
As they pour their hard-earned money through the street and to the sky.
Each to their own, I'm happy if it's what they want to do
But if they've got the cash to burn they could do something new.
For what they spent on lights and tat - a word here to the wise -
They could have bought a Christmas for a dozen homeless guys.

JENNY BARNES

ZOOM TALKS AND NEW GROUPS

I hope that by now most of you who are eligible will have had a vaccination.

As the Parish Hall is being used as a vaccination centre, it is unlikely that our monthly meetings will be able to resume until after Easter at the earliest. It is also doubtful that any of the other local halls used by U3A groups will be able to hold meetings until Government guidelines are relaxed.

Following our recent survey, one of our members, William Tyler, has kindly offered to give a Zoom talk on Friday, 26th March next at 10.30 a.m. **You do not need to download a Zoom licence to join in on your computer, I-pad or I-phone.** You merely need access to the internet; so it is not much different from watching You Tube. The talk will last 35 minutes and will be hosted by our Treasurer, Heather Stone, who will send out the invitations to join the talk a week beforehand. The talk is entitled "**Light the Beacons! Sussex in the Armada Year, Summer 1588**". If you would like to join the talk please email Heather at treasurer.landsu3a@yahoo.com as soon as possible to secure a place on a first-come first-served basis.

Similarly, Interest Groups can hold their meetings by Zoom provided just one member has a private Zoom licence and acts as host.

In addition, we are able to offer some new groups using Zoom as follows:

History - William Tyler; **19th Century Social History** and **Beginners' German** - Sue Maxwell;
History of Crime and Punishment from 17th Century through to 20th Century - Judie Dicson.

We have also had suggestions for two new Groups: **Life Story** and **Climate Action/Environmental** both of which will need a Leader. If you would like to lead either of these two Groups or participate in the new Groups that have been proposed, please contact me via the bluebird on our website and I will put you in touch with the appropriate Group Leader.

SUE MAXWELL

The background is that I wrote this piece shortly after I joined the (now departed) Edna Wright's Writing for Pleasure Group. She gave us a picture to interpret. It was of a girl looking in the mirror, and showed her reflection. The image coming back in the light looked to me as if the girl was of African ethnicity, not European. Unfortunately, I don't have the picture, but this is what I wrote.

WHO AM I?

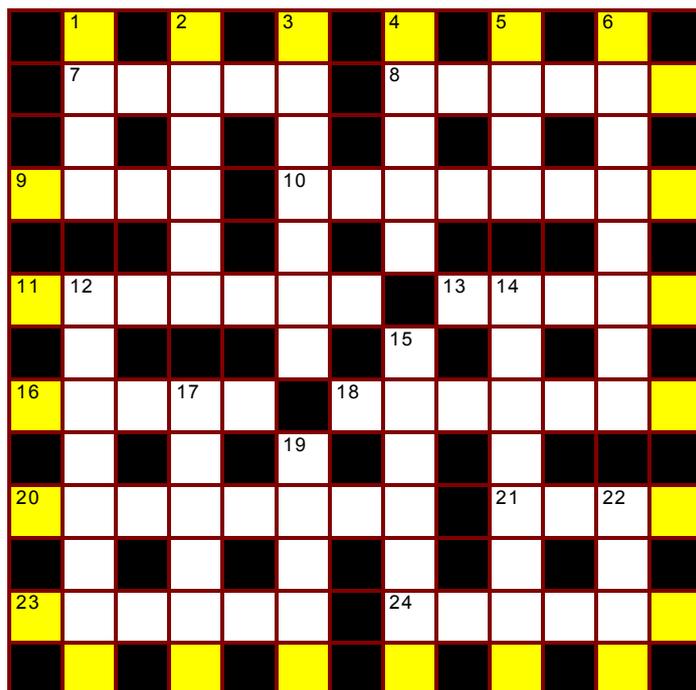
I am a daughter of the Universe. I am a corporeal masterpiece moulded from clay to create my own unique being. I was born in my own Spring, a tiny bud fashioned from the foliage of life. I am now in my Summer; a blossom that radiates uncomplicated joy and who has burst onto an unsuspecting world with a simplicity and purity that is mine, alone. I know that I shall mellow with the onset of my mind's maturity, and when the autumnal colours have turned from gold to grey, that one day, in the Winter of my life, the earth shall be silent and sacred and I shall sail up and over mountains to reach my own spiritual harmony. As I stand here, in just my skin, the reality overwhelms me. Nudity is truth. In Primark or with Prada I become just one other busy bee buzzing through a crowded city; no one looks, no one notices, no one cares. I look at my reflection; I reach out and know one thing...

I am a daughter of the Universe. I was crafted from the hot, unforgiving terrain that is my earth. Through red clay and rain – starved fields I emerged. I now work those fields with tender fingers that caress the soil and create hope and life. I reach towards the sky, like the flame trees, but know that when **my** monsoon comes, I shall be washed away to some shore where there is peace, hope, equality. I look down the never ending rows and see my earth mother in a symbiotic repose with nature, and my heart bursts with love. I wear her clothes, lovingly woven by her in the coolness of the night. She is proud and the colours are the colours of my tribe. Yet at the end of the day, I return to my home where I hope that the fan has triumphed over the flies. I fold my tunic carefully, ready for tomorrow's onslaught, and I stand and stare at the sweat glistening on my beautiful, black body and realise that nudity is the testament of truth. My skin is my statement. Yet as I tentatively touch my reflection I know one thing...

We are sisters of the Universe...

PATRICIA FREWIN
28/04/10

We have an experienced Cryptic Crossword setter in the area, who has very kindly set a special U3A crossword and given it for use by local U3As



U3A by Caper

Solvers may wish to seek assistance from the organisation running round the perimeter of the grid

Across

- 7 Mustard has this colour (5)
- 8 Heading for The Sun - " Maze escapee ending up in the drink" (6)
- 9 Beer-house regularly shows "God of Love" (4)
- 10 Soldier returned poor ration without pasta (8)
- 11 Orders to stay at home arenas (7)
- 13 Call off some crab or tuna (5)
- 16 Privately exchange ideas (5)
- 18 An old Persian's province, for example, bottling gin? (7)
- 20 Drunk aunts hid carnations (8)
- 21 Old bone found when turning over pen (4)
- 23 Monkey rushes off (6)
- 24 Chap takes time to memorize something (3,3)

Down

- 1 Drug addict found in Ouse River (4)
- 2 City in Bahamas rebuilt saunas (6)
- 3 Trespass in flat carrying daughter (7)
- 4 Upset girl left out amongst very old group of stars (5)
- 5 Bridge player failing to start big meal (4)
- 6 Not the first smuggler in court (6-2)
- 12 Peg dances with Irish scorer (8)
- 14 Nick has paddle here primarily - Robin may too! (8)
- 15 Guru touring America gets something to eat (7)
- 17 Bowl contains an appetising pastry! (6)
- 19 Small child is in French box (5)
- 22 Boat starting to rot towards the stern (4)

Solution on Page 12

During the lockdowns, the Creative Writing Group has been unable to meet in the usual way. They decided to write a "round robin" short story, with one member starting the story, then passing it on to another member to continue the narrative, then to another, and so on. This is the first half of the story, the second part will appear in the June newsletter. The story is called

THE BETRAYAL?

Debbie stood in the pouring rain and sighed, quite audibly. There, staring back at her, was the most delicious pair of shoes, just perfect for the wedding. The material appeared to be of a good quality satin and the colours were a mixture of old gold and satin. The heels were a quirky wedge-shape that only a designer of Karsha's quality could imagine; even with the bejewelled raindrops racing each other down to the bottom of the window pane, the shoes outshone them all.

Debbie sighed again and felt a hand on her shoulder. She would know who that was even without looking. She was meeting her friend, Charlotte, for coffee to discuss wedding arrangements. They had been friends since Nursery School and had followed the same educational path, going to the same university and almost following the same career pathways. They diverged when Debbie enlisted in the Navy and Charlotte went straight into the Civil Service; even now, since Debbie left the Navy they had both ended up working in government departments, in the House of Commons.

"I wonder how much they cost," wondered Debbie. "Nothing is priced".

"You know the old saying", responded Charlotte. "If you have to enquire about the cost, you can't afford it".

Debbie gave her friend a hard stare. Charlotte knew *that* look.

"I'm going in", announced Debbie, as if she was in some B rated cop movie.

A little while later they emerged on to the pavement with Debbie proudly clutching her prize and swinging it for all to see.

"I'd be careful", warned Charlotte, "it may be a Kharsha bag but it's just as likely to tear in the rain then your beautiful purchase will be ruined. Come on; I'll treat you to a coffee".

"It had better be a cappuccino; after the shock I've just given myself, I need something with lots of chocolate".

They went to their favourite cafe, Loretta's. "I can't believe you let me do that", giggled Debbie. "I've never bought anything so expensive in my life. It's just as well I live with Mum and don't have a mortgage. Thank goodness Auntie Tina is making all the dresses". Debbie peered at her precious purchase. "These cost more than the material put together". She smiled. "Still, at least they should appeal to Jennifer's snobbery, even if you'll hardly see them because they'll be on my feet".

Charlotte was quiet and then spoke carefully. "Are you sure Jeremy's the one for you?" She saw the frown on Debbie's face. She hastened on. "I mean you're always trying to please his sainted mother. What does she do for you?"

Debbie felt she had to defend her future mother-in-law. "Well, it was a shock. Jeremy had grown up just along from Rosemary Foxcroft, you know, the leading ballerina, and both families hoped they would be a suitable match." Debbie tried to lighten the proceedings by using her best plummy voice. She gave a slightly staccato laugh. "When I told Jennifer that my auntie was making the dresses she almost collapsed onto the chaise longue. I deliberately didn't tell her that she had worked for one of the top couturiers in the country. She even offered to take me to her dressmaker or a top bridal wear shop."

Debbie tried to alter the track along which the conversation was going. "Tina says, that give her three weeks and she will be ready to look at styles with you and the little ones".

Charlotte was not to be deterred. "What was the reaction when they met you?"

Debbie thought for a while. "Well; it did come as a surprise. It was obvious that Jeremy had said little, if anything about me, and I could sense their discomfort." Debbie carried on thinking. Upon first meeting, her future mother-in-law had exhibited a false effusiveness, asking if she liked venison or if not, she could quickly defrost a nut roast if she was a vegetarian, and would she mind Pavlova? She hadn't had much time to make anything else, being in Citizens' Advice all day. Debbie had needed time to think about this semi-frosty reception and asked if she could use the age-old excuse of needing the bathroom; needless to say, it was while she was returning to the lounge that she heard Giles, her soon to be father-in-law, talking quite heatedly.

"Really Jeremy; how could you? What will the family think? You marrying a dock girl, and now an office girl? I can tell you now, if you go ahead with this, you can kiss goodbye to getting your own ship. Can you see her sitting with other Commanders and making small talk?"

Debbie heard Jeremy shuffle his feet. "I never realised you were such a snob. When she was in the Navy she was about to be fast-tracked, as she is now in the Department. She has a 1st Class Honours in Geology and would have gone quite a long way if it hadn't been for the fact that her father was dying with cancer and her mother needed her".

Charlotte brought Debbie back from her thoughts. "Did you pretend a headache and go home?"

"I most certainly did not. I thanked her for her offer to defrost something but said the venison would be just fine. Giles then told me he bred racehorses and I informed him that I had never ridden in my life, barely knew one end of a horse from the other".

Charlotte carried on, desperately. "Will you remain Miss Deborah Linton when you get married or will you become Mrs Jeremy Carter-Hayes? You could of course become Mrs Linton-Carter-Hayes." No response. Charlotte continued. "You do realise you won't be able to call your first-born son Bob, Fred or Bert; it will have to be something posh like Tarquin, and then there are the family names like Jeremy and Giles. What a mouthful! Tarquin Jeremy Giles Linton-Carter-Hayes. What a mouthful! I wouldn't like to be calling the class register". Still no response but saved by the bell.

Loretta came to clear the table. "I'm sorry ladies but I'm closing early tonight. My son and his wife want one of Momma's spaghetts".

Charlotte looked at her watch. "I must get going too. John's Mum and Dad are coming to dinner and I must get on".

Debbie sighed. 'You are so lucky to be calling John's parents Mum and Dad. I can't imagine calling Jeremy's parents anything."

They exited the cafe and were relieved to see it had stopped raining. Debbie, suddenly, felt guilty. "I'm sorry I've been such a misery." She threw her arms around Charlotte and gave her a hard, affectionate hug. It was as she was looking over Charlotte's left shoulder that she saw them. Her heart seemed to come to a complete halt and her blood turned to ice. She refused to allow herself to sink to the pavement and thought how stupid she had been. She saw them kiss.....just two old friends.....then she got into a black cab. Just as it was about to pull away, the mysterious woman emerged from it and kissed him passionately on the lips before disappearing into the London rush hour. She looked at Charlotte, desperate to share what she had seen, but one look told her all she needed to know.

“You know.”

Suddenly Jeremy was standing in front of them looking ashen, “it’s not what you think it is” he said. Debbie and Charlotte looked at each other and then back at him, “What is it you think I think?” asked Debbie in a small voice, “Well you know” said Jeremy going very red in the face. Charlotte slipped away into the hurrying crowds after saying she would talk to her tomorrow, leaving the engaged couple looking at each other.

Suddenly Debbie shouted, “You cad” and drawing back her arm she struck Jeremy across the face and walked away.....

Debbie got out of the taxi outside Loretta’s. The years had been kind to the old cafe, it was now a very upmarket eatery and wine bar. There was a private function room upstairs which was where Debbie was headed. She was late, everything had conspired against her. Her plane had landed an hour late, traffic into town was horrific, she had struggled to find something to wear for tonight in the shops and her present for Charlotte was late being delivered to her hotel. She had really wanted to arrive first so that she could have a few minutes with Charlotte before all the other guests arrived but sadly nothing had gone to plan.

Twenty-five years since we have seen each other thought Debbie as she entered the building holding the Karsha bag in her ring-less left hand.

The day after that fateful sighting of her cheating, untrustworthy, now ex- fiancé, a tearful Debbie had met with Charlotte, “How could he” she sobbed, “I trusted him, I love him, I thought he loved me”. Charlotte took her friend’s hand, “He is not worth it, he will never change, you deserve better and you are better off without him”. Debbie gave her friend that look, “You knew, didn’t you? How long has he been making a fool of me?” she asked. Charlotte sighed. “I have seen them together several times over the last couple of months. I hate to say it, but she is my sister! I did not know anything was going on until a couple of weeks ago. I did not want to be the one to tell you but good that you found out before you married him”.

Debbie removed the sparkling engagement ring from her finger and placed it on the table “He can have that back” she said “and good riddance to him and his snooty parents” then she was crying again.

“Sell it” Charlotte advised “it is worth a small fortune and will help you make a new start in life; you should move far away from Mr Jeremy Carter-Hayes”.

Debbie had not thought that far ahead.

On her return home the previous day she had thrown her beautiful wedding shoes, still in the bag, into the back of the wardrobe before telling her mother and her dressmaker aunt, who was visiting for a dress fitting, of her humiliation.

“You could do anything, go anywhere” enthused Charlotte, “if I were you, I would be planning what to do with my newfound freedom. You could go abroad, go back to the Navy”.

That was twenty-five years ago and despite leaving Charlotte with a cheery “See you at work next week”, Debbie never returned to her job. The engagement ring funded her flight to her new life in Sicily.

She rented a cottage and for the first few months worked at the local restaurant before finding her dream job using her first-class Geology degree studying Mount Etna and advising the authorities on any imminent dangers of new eruptions.

She grew her own food in the cottage garden, adopted two stray kittens for company and learnt to ride and sail. She loved the feeling of freedom her early morning rides on the beach gave her. Debbie was content and although she sometimes felt a little sad at being alone, she had an enduring, burning, sense of anger at Jeremy's betrayal which very gradually lessened over the years as she came to terms with what he had done and her narrow escape.

There had been many suitors over the years, but Debbie found that she could no longer trust, and although she enjoyed their company as friends, she never got romantically involved with any of them. Anyway, she was happy being single and certainly did not want to risk being hurt ever again.

Debbie had been slightly surprised when just over a year after moving to Sicily her mother sent her news of Charlotte who had just given birth to a son. Debbie sent a present for the baby and her congratulations but heard nothing more from Charlotte.

That was until the invitation to Charlotte's wedding arrived just six weeks ago. This would be only her third visit home since she left all those years ago, and Debbie was excited to catch up with her oldest friend. The invitation was a little vague and simply stated that Charlotte would be marrying her long-term partner and father of her son, it gave the location of the church and that the evening party would be at Loretta's, the last place that Debbie had seen Charlotte all those years ago.

Debbie calculated that the son would now be twenty-four, she was pleased for her friend that she had found lasting love.

Debbie booked her flight and her hotel, she was going to be away for a week which would give her time to visit her mother and aunt, and she arranged for her kittens to be looked after by her neighbour who would feed them every day and water her vegetable plot at the same time.

Debbie arranged for her mother to deliver Charlotte's present to her hotel, then all her plans went wrong when her flight was delayed, leaving no time to shop for a new outfit in London as she had planned. Luckily, when she had been unable to find a new outfit in Sicily, she had packed a reasonable evening dress and would have to wear that.

The traffic was bad, and Debbie knew that she would miss the church service and decided that she would head straight to Loretta's for the reception after dropping her bags off at her hotel and collecting Charlotte's present. She had to wait for the delivery which gave her time for a relaxing bath and a quick nap before she dressed for the reception. She felt calmly excited as her taxi drew up outside the venue.

Loretta's homely cafe was unrecognisable with a lovely new decked seating area at the front and a beautiful garden at the side. Debbie stepped into the very trendy looking restaurant and asked if Loretta was working today. She felt sad when she was told that Loretta had died some ten years ago, and that the restaurant was now run by her son and his wife. At that moment Carlo, Loretta's son, walked through from the kitchen, he recognised her immediately and greeted her affectionately, he poured her a welcome glass of wine and led her through to the garden. Carlo apologised for not being able to sit with her since he had a wedding reception upstairs, but he invited her for lunch on the house the day after next; "Bring your mother, it will be nice to catch up", then he was gone.

Debbie sat outside in the garden reflecting on the last time she had been there and how her friend had helped her decide on her future after Jeremy's betrayal, those days seemed so long ago and here she was twenty-five years older-and-wiser; her hair was sun bleached and tinged with a little grey, her face was lightly tanned and she remained fit and slim, she wondered how Charlotte had fared as she climbed the stairs to the function hall and entered the room.

She scanned the room for her friend and spotted her dressed in her beautiful, designer wedding gown talking to a young man who surely must be her son. In an odd way he seemed familiar to her as she approached.

Charlotte turned to face her, she looked older than her years and was quite plump now, her hair was darker than she remembered but her smile was the same. "Debbie darling!" she crooned "how lovely that you made it. I would like to introduce my son Tarquin". Tarquin took Debbie's hand and charmingly kissed her cheek. Debbie smiled as a distant memory of a long-ago conversation flitted across her mind.

Then Charlotte moved towards her and they were hugging, hard and affectionately and it was as she looked over Charlotte's shoulder that she saw him, their eyes met, she felt as though her heart had stopped, her blood had turned to ice and the faded Karsha bag containing Charlotte's present dropped to the floor.....

It was him. Jeremy. Still as handsome. Still as suave.

To be concluded in June Newsletter

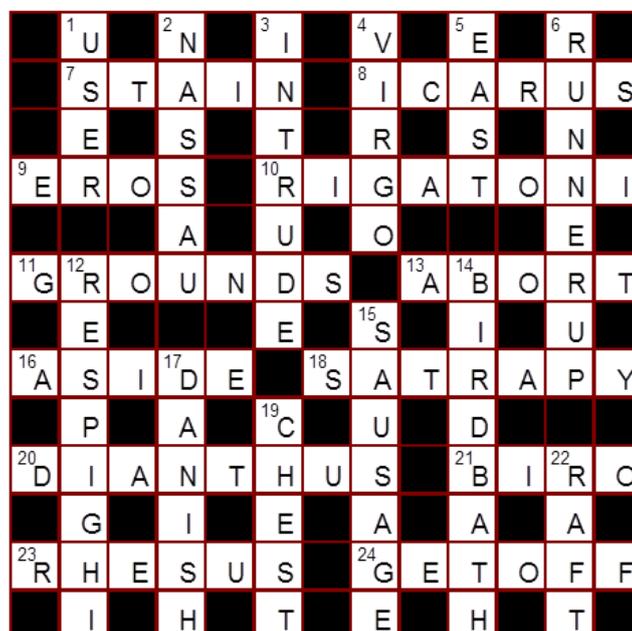
MEMBERSHIP FEES

The Committee has decided to reduce the fee for those u3a Members who are renewing their membership for 2021/2022 from £12 to £8, and those who primarily belong to another u3a, from £8.50 to £4.50. *Please note that new members, will be charged the existing fee of £12 or £8.50.*

Although most of our groups are self-financing, there remain substantial costs which have to be paid annually to the u3a Office: Capitation Fee (a sum that has to be paid to the u3a for being a member of the Trust); TAM (magazine) fees, Beacon Fees (electronic system which manages our data base) and CLA (Copyright) Licence; we also have to pay fees to SUN (Sussex u3a Network). The external cost to each member is at least £5. Because of the lock-down we have made savings which has allowed us to reduce the cost for those renewing their membership, but has resulted in a considerable increase in the cost of printing and postage ensuring that we continued to involve those members who do not have access to the internet; this would have to be organised each time that an electronic message was sent.

Please note that Membership Renewal Forms will be sent out in March.

U3A by Caper : Crossword solution - Page 7



COVID -----FIRST ANNIVERSARY

(Sung to the tune of 'Only Sixteen' by Sam Cooke)

Covid 19, Covid 19
Why won't you go away
You've hung around now, for nearly a year
What a price we've all had to pay!

We'd laugh and we'd sing, and do funny things
To stop ourselves feeling low
But enough is enough – we've all had it rough
And Covid – it's time to go!

There's one bright light in this tunnel of gloom.
The scientists have worked day and night;
And now the vaccines are coming through
We're starting to win the fight!

But, stick to the rules – stay two metres apart.
Keep wearing your masks in the shops.
Solo shopping is the rule of the day.
Stay vigilant – please do not stop!

The vaccine programme is going to take time.
We must be patient, and wait our turn.
Nothing happens quickly in these Covid times.
That's a lesson we've all had to learn!

So, wait in the line – everything will be fine.
We're British – we invented the queue!
And while you stand – all over the land
Think of everything in time, you can do!!

JUDY LUKE

WHY ENGLISH IS HARD TO LEARN

We'll begin with box; the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox is oxen, not oxes.
One fowl is a goose, and two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose is never called meese.

You may find a lone mouse or a house full of mice;
But the plural of house is houses, not hices.
The plural of man is always men.
But the plural of pan is never pen.

If I speak of a foot, and you show me two feet,
And I give you a book, would a pair be a beek?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't two booths be called beeth?

If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss be ever called keese?

We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, and him;
But imagine the feminine . . . , she, shis, and shim!

ANON (JUDIE DICSON)

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

(Page 4)

1. After the site of Battle of Hastings
2. Oscar Wilde
3. The Knights Templar
4. Watercress
5. Slaugham
6. Charles II
7. Kingly Vale
8. Yellow
9. Bognor
10. Noviomagus Reginorum
11. Norman divisions of land from coast inland
12. Canute. His daughter is buried there
13. Storks
14. March
15. All its soldiers in The First World War returned safe
16. Before the Prom was built. East of Splash Point
17. Muddied and holed ground to field (often made by cattle)
18. Tarring
19. Anne of Cleves. Lewes given her by Henry VIII as part of divorce settlement
20. Moving sheep from high to low pasture according to the season

A REFLECTION UPON AGEING

Just here to say I'm living,
That I'm not among the dead.
Though I'm getting more forgetful
And mixed up in the head:

I've got used to my arthritis,
To my dentures I'm resigned.
But, goodness me, how I miss my mind:

For sometimes I can't remember
When I stand at the foot of my stairs
If I must go up for something
Or I just came down from there.

Before the fridge so often
My mind is filled with doubt.
Have I just put food away,
Or come to take some out?

Sometimes when it is darkened,
With my night cap on my head,
I don't know if I'm retiring
Or just getting out of bed.

ANON (JUDIE DICSON)

INTEREST GROUPS

18th Century Social History	Jazz & Music Appreciation
Ancient History	Knitting and Crochet
Art Appreciation	Local History
Art Painting and Drawing	M&M Online
Bird Watching	Mah Jong
Book Group 1	Military Matters
Book Group 2	Mindfulness and Meditation
Bridge Group	Petanque
Card Making	Photography
Creative Writing	Play Reading
Cryptic Crossword	Poetry
Current Affairs	Practical Gardening
Easy Cycling	Psychology Today
Exploring Psychology	Rag Rug Group
Family History	Scrabble
French Language	Visits
Garden Appreciation	Walking
History	Wine Appreciation
Interactive Travel	

COMMITTEE MEMBERS 2020 - 2021

(Until AGM June 2021)

Chair	Judie Dicson
Vice-Chair/Speakers/ Interest Groups Co-ordinator	Sue Maxwell
Treasurer	Heather Stone
Secretary	Diane Formoy
Membership Secretary/ Beacon Administrator	Tony Dobbs
Committee Member/Visits	Jan Smyth
Committee Member	Daphne Bonner
SUN Representative	Marion Wood

NON-COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Webmaster/Newsletter Editor	Alan Woodrow
Welfare Officer	Vacant

The next Newsletter will be published on June 1st 2021. Deadline for articles is 10th May 2021.
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