



Welcome to all U3A members

We have no meetings planned but want to keep in touch and use the newsletter as a means of staying in touch.

## **The passing of Jim Mason**

Jim Mason died in March and the lockdown situation meant the family were unable to hold the usual funeral, at which U3A would have been represented. Instead there is a Memorial Site, which is easily found by searching online for Jim Mason. Click on U3A at the top for the special U3A page, to which some members may like to contribute a personal comment.

## **His Contribution to our Organisation**

Jim and Val Mason were involved with Ponsonby U3A before fulfilling Jim's dream of moving back to Devonport, where he grew up, a proud descendant of pioneer Oliver Mays.

Devonport U3A benefited from that Ponsonby experience, in addition to the impressive knowledge and skills of this strong team of two. They were part of a small group who worked extremely hard in the our first years, and without them we would not be so fortunate now.

Jim's prudence resulted in the establishment of the Trust, designed to give legal status and protection. He was a capable President for more than one year, once in partnership with Pat Ward, when no one else came forward.

## **Gallivants**

Gallivants were dear to his heart, and a memorable delight to members. All required much time, effort, and skilful arrangement. A number were to Hauraki Gulf locations such as sailing to the Noises on tall ship Soren Larsen, visiting the Whitakers Music Museum on Waiheke Island, trips to Kawau, Rakino, Rangitoto, Motutapu, and Tiritiri Matangi, some on Spirit of New Zealand. More than once we took the Riverhead ferry to lunch at the tavern. On land we explored Mt Victoria and North Head with Dave Veart, and the Stonefields at Mangere, as well as travelling to places outside Auckland, sometimes staying for a night or longer.

He would be pleased at the continuation of Gallivants by Margaret Purdy and Lyn Brockelbank.

## **Treasurers report.**

With the lockdown continuing until early May at least, and with social distancing for a lot longer I will not be chasing up unpaid fees until we are up and running again. So, don't panic, your name will not be removed the membership list.

David Lane (Treasurer)

## **Health**

**Do not forget to have your flu injection ASAP** If you cannot get to your GP then it is available free at most local chemists. Just phone them and they will let you know when to come in.

**If you feel unwell don't be afraid to contact your GP.** You don't need a computer. Just phone them on the landline and they will arrange for you to be seen safely without catching anything nasty.

**Don't wait until you are down to your last week of medication to order your repeats or a new prescription.** There are shortages of some medications and they may not be available for a week or two.

**Depression** If you are feeling down and need to talk to someone you can always phone one of the committee. We will be happy to talk to you and try to help you

## Members News

A strange Easter under lockdown in Devonport saw our David Lane make the National TVNZ news when he spotted the elusive Easter bunny.

link to watch: [https://drive.google.com/file/d/19Tt4Z1Pzvr8jHmj8NgXynkEePnFwqVRa/view?usp=drive\\_web](https://drive.google.com/file/d/19Tt4Z1Pzvr8jHmj8NgXynkEePnFwqVRa/view?usp=drive_web)



*David on the National News with his successful bunny hunt*

### **A message from our Almoner Libby Eaglesome**

*"We are well into the fourth week of lock down now and learning to live in another world. I am sure most of you like me are grateful for a land-line. Do try to keep in touch with family and friends. I am usually at home if you would like a chat 445.7522. We oldies are quite a bunch of survivors aren't we.*

*In the meantime I am sure we are all thinking of all those overseas where they are less able to care for each other in these hard times and where we are, relatively speaking so fortunate. We'll meet again some sunny day.*

*"We have all been saddened by the death of Jim Mason a long, active and loyal member of our U3A. Older members will remember the energy that Jim and his wife Val put into the early days of U3A. His contribution is an inspiration to us all . We pass on our deepest sympathy to Val and her wonderful family in their sad loss."*

*Libby*

***link to U3A New Zealand website*** <https://www.u3a.nz/home.htm>

U3A member **David Noon** has put two yoga classes on **youtube** -

Stretch Breathe and Relax (for people who can get on and off the floor)

free access: link - [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ObCg\\_kgGfXg](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ObCg_kgGfXg)

and Stretch Breathe and Meditate (for people who prefer sitting and standing exercises)

access via page tabs from Davids website.: [www.devonportyoga.co.nz](http://www.devonportyoga.co.nz)

### U3A Committee Members

Michael Greig	445 6760	President	Laurel Norwell	445 1641	
Sue Lane	446 6034	Vice President	Jan Fiddes	419 9972	
David Lane	446 6034	Treasurer	Paul Williams	445 1680	
Heather Campbell	445 8897	Committee	John Davy	445 8807	Newsletter
Marybeth Carmichael	446 6577	Membership			
Libby Eaglesome	445 7522	Almoner	Trading table	Jan Wickens and Gilly lay	
Owen Marshall	445 8897	Committee	Sound	George Crook and David Lane	

### Contributions to Newsletter welcome

Deadline for Newsletter copy: **20th of the month**

### Devonport U3A Special Interest Groups *all are postponed until further notice*

Feel free to start one on your favourite topic or pastime

Most groups have vacancies, **waiting list only**, indicated with an asterisk. \*

**Ancient History** Current topic Ancient Persia. Prudence Cooke [prue.cooke@gmail.com](mailto:prue.cooke@gmail.com) ph 445 1141

**Art and Heritage** group began February 2020. Sue Lane ph 446 6034 or Val Fearon 446 6697

**Book Group** Jacquie Ph 445 3493

**Current Affairs** Owen Marshall 445-8897 [heathowe99@gmail.com](mailto:heathowe99@gmail.com)

or Stig Ehnбом 021 677 197 [stig.ehnbom@gmail.com](mailto:stig.ehnbom@gmail.com)

**Foundations of Western Civilisation (New)** A History of the Modern Western World – 1500 to 2000. A DVD audio-visual series comprising 48 30-minute lectures by Prof Robert Bucholz, Loyola University of Chicago. contact: Roger Fereday – 445 6797

**Historical Studies** Heather Campbell ph 445 8897

\* **Mah Jong 1st & 3rd Mondays** Jill Downer txt or ring 021 2158434

**Music** (Classical Emphasis) Bev Nielson ph 488 7206

**Poetry Studies 4th Wednesday** Contact Sue Lane 4466034

**Remarkable Women** Coralie Luffman ph 445 1900

**Rummikub & Board Games** Margaret Purdy 027 3516828

**Singing for Fun.** John Davy 445 8807 or 022 6010 798

**The lunch group** Val Fearon at 446 6697 or [valfearon@xtra.co.nz](mailto:valfearon@xtra.co.nz)

\* **The Middle East Group.** Kate Sinclair 4457704 -

**Vic Flicks** Libby Eaglesome ph 445 7522 or Jan Fiddes.419 9922



Artwork  
by Judy McGrath

Paul Williams contributed his thoughts during lockdown

*“While in my ‘bubble’ I’ve been dreaming about getting out for a tramp through the bush again, for I really miss the wilderness, the forests, the streams and the sounds of nature. So my dreaming has been an escape and has taken me on a mental walk through the bush. Maybe you’d like to join me, but please be quiet, don’t chatter on the way, just listen to the forest.”*

Paul

## Hills in the Mist

I must escape again to those hills in the mist,  
glimpsed through the trees beyond road's end.  
You pass through those gates of deep forest green  
and the mind is retuned by a world seldom seen.  
The first thing's the silence that brings calmness within,  
the second's the softness of leaves underfoot,  
and then there's the wildness of foliage and mould  
and tangled vine jungles that trip and take hold.  
Instinct prompts caution, don't stir the precious peace,  
we're here as part of nature and this is not a race.  
Just listen to the voices of nascent pure streams  
as they trickle 'neath canopies of ferny fresh green.

The trail is faint and narrow and weaves past buttressed trees,  
it once was cut and contoured but now it's clothed with leaves.  
It's healed by mossy cushions that frame the path ahead  
and lit by shafts of sunlight shapeshifting with the breeze.  
The coppered path yields crisply to the passage of our feet  
while watchful birds find tasty treats unearthed by twisting tread.  
We pass by trunks with hammered bark and birdcalls from on high  
and gaze at crow's nest gardens suspended in the sky,  
all draped with ropes of leafy fronds and strung with hidden bowers.

This passage through the forest threads between two worlds  
our footsteps trace the inner space of tree-trunks, ferns and streams,  
while far above a secret place of tree-tops, birds, and sun - *canopia* -  
sheds a flickering rain of leafiness to the earth beneath our feet - *mycopia*-  
a dark damp realm of living latticed roots and filamentous fungal threads,  
woven foundation of forest giants towering far above our heads.  
Take time amongst lichens, leaves and boughs to sense the scene about;  
absorb the smells, the sights, the sounds of this timeless world of green  
and bathed in cool air let mind refresh in a realm first truly seen.

Still upwards winds the forest trail past moss-draped lichened boughs  
'til sky invades the sheltered track and wind breaks through the cover.  
The green world ends in a burst of light and in tossing tussock gold,  
the vanishing trail weaves through waving grass, a pathway to the sky.  
The eye pans the scene of rolling tops and climbs to far-flung peaks,  
past ranges stacked as pastel silhouettes that fade to a curved horizon.  
Those distant hills glimpsed from road's end stand right before us now,  
their misty blue a mirage no more but bluffs of crag and scree.  
Far below us spreads a woodland quilt draped wide o'er hills and valleys  
all overarched by heaven's clear sweep that lends canopia its colour,  
a blue-green palette, some shadowed hues, streams silvered by the sun.

With lightened packs and lightened minds descent begins anew,  
retracing steps, retracing thoughts, reflecting on the day.  
The forest now in slanted light with hint of golden glow,  
great shadows line the way ahead across the path we tread.  
They image trees so ancient, their tops beyond our view,  
most will be there when we're no more and many others too,  
though some will share the fate of man with heartwood in decay,  
venerable giants once with crowns in sun will still plunge into shade,  
and there lay shrouded in a veil of dust, fallen shadows of their day.  
These worlds within the forest lend perspective to our place,  
just a passing soul in a web of life too old for us to trace.  
Amongst these trees thoughts may converge, reflecting on our past,  
of axe and fire and urge to clear dense bush that blocked the path.  
The trees we see are centuries old the forest's many million,  
so who are we to seal its fate, who gave us that dominion?  
Our passage to the hills in mist viewed through this century's lens  
sees life, whether primed through sap or blood, a gift that never ends.