

Living with less...

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The President of the Wellington Swiss Club brought greetings and addressed the people attending the AGM of the Society!



Annual General Meeting

The 39th AGM was held on 1st May. We said good-bye to two committee members - Lynda Wendelken and Reinhard Jagau, who has returned to Switzerland with his family.

Jessica Bagge and Reto Oswald have now joined our team.

Following much discussion it was decided that the annual subscription increase from \$10 to \$15 as from March 2001. This is mainly to cover quarterly newsletter costs, as well as the website.

After much research and 'site inspections' it was finally decided that the new venue for the Stammtisch be The Cellar.

Forthcoming Events...

Swiss National Day Celebration

This will be held on Friday, 28 July, from 7.00pm at the Old Stone House, Shalamar Drive.

Tickets can be ordered by sending the ticket order form included with the June Newsletter, together with your cheque, to Werner Schibli, or by contacting any committee member. A limited number may be available on the night. **Note:** tickets are not being sold at HAMCO anymore.

Come along to this annual celebration and enjoy a delicious dinner of Glühwein, soup and bread, Raclette and salad, apple strudel and ice cream - topped off with coffee / tea, and complimentary Schnapps.

Stammtisch

Every first Tuesday of the month we meet at The Cellar in The Sign of the Takahe, Cnr Dyers Pass Road and Hackthorne Road, Cashmere, from 7.00 pm, coming up on:

4 July, 1 August, & 5 September

Congratulations to Claudia Spoerri and Peter Ruoss on the birth of their son, Joshua Leeland, on 17 April. Best wishes to Kurt Suter, who celebrated his 93rd birthday, together with his anniversary, on 8 May.

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Martin and Barbara Jungen

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Living with less....

Two men, both seriously ill, occupied the same hospital room. One man was allowed to sit up in his bed for an hour each afternoon to help drain the fluid from his lungs. His bed was next to the room's only window. The other man had to spend all his time flat on his back. The men talked for hours on end. They spoke of their wives and families, their homes, their jobs, their involvement in the military service, where they had been on vacation. Every afternoon when the man in the bed by the window could sit up, he would pass the time by describing to his roommate all the things he could see outside the window. The man in the other bed began to live, for those one-hour periods where his world would be broadened and enlivened by all the activity and color of the world outside. The window overlooked a park with a lovely lake. Ducks and swans played on the water while children sailed their model boats. Young lovers walked arm in arm amidst flowers of every color of the rainbow. Grand old trees graced the landscape, and a fine view of the city skyline could be seen in the distance. As the man by the window described all this in exquisite detail, the man on the other side of the room would close his eyes and imagine the picturesque scene. One warm afternoon the man by the window described a parade.

Although the other man couldn't hear the band - he could see it in his mind's eye as the gentleman by the window portrayed it with descriptive words.

Days and weeks passed. One morning, the day nurse arrived to bring water for their baths only to find the lifeless body of the man by the window, who had died peacefully in his sleep. She was saddened and called the hospital attendants to take the body away.

As soon as it seemed appropriate, the other man asked if he could be moved next to the window. The nurse was happy to make the switch, and after making sure he was comfortable, she left him alone. Slowly, painfully, he propped himself up on one elbow to take his first look at the world outside. Finally, he would have the joy of seeing it for himself. He strained to slowly turn to look out the window beside the bed. It faced a blank wall.

The man asked the nurse what could have compelled his deceased roommate who had described such wonderful things outside this window. The nurse responded that the man was blind and could not even see the wall. She said, "Perhaps he just wanted to encourage you."

Epilogue: There is tremendous happiness in making others happy, despite our own situations. Shared grief is half the sorrow, but happiness when shared, is doubled. If you want to feel rich, just count all the things you have that money can't buy. "Today is a gift, that's why it is called the present."