

# INTERNATIONAL TRAINING IN COMMUNICATION

Australian Region Inc.



## THE AUSTRALIAN GAZETTE



ISSN: 1445 968X  
Patron: Pat Farmer

[www.powertalkaustralia.org.au](http://www.powertalkaustralia.org.au)

Volume 11  
Issue 3  
July, 2011

## President's Message

Dear Members,

*It has been a fascinating year for me and for all of the Region Board. It is great that the rest of the Board will be continuing on with Marie Cooke as President, Leigh Martin as President Elect, Natasha Hydon as Vice-President Finance [Treasurer] and one newbie, Janeen Vosper, as Secretary. Ladies and gentlemen, I do believe this team will lead you with enthusiasm, dedication and enlightenment. They are a fine bunch of people and it is exciting to have in place a team of people on the Region Board who are planning to go forward, not just fill vacancies as 'stop gap' measures. Board continuity can continue to be achieved by persons nominating to be Secretary each year and progressing up the Region Board ladder over four years to be President ... and supporting your Board members to encourage them to be the best they can be.*

*Thank you, each and every one of you, for your encouragement and support over the last three years whilst I have served on your Region Board. I trust you will all give your love and support to Marie and her Board as they charter the Region waters – May the good Lord give them fair sailing in a calm sea full of beauty and enchantment without storms of jealousy, bitterness or dissent.*

*A very special Thank You to all of the Region Appointed officers and Chairmen of Standing Committees without whose*

*help I could never have successfully completed this year as your President of Australia Region. A special Thank You to Parliamentarian Jo Bailey who steered me through the deep, dark waters of the Annual General Meeting; to Public Officer Vicki Lamb who kept us legal and above board in all aspects of our Incorporation as well as doing a sterling job as Writing Contest Chairman; to CLO Judy Barr-David for keeping all and sundry ship-shape with all of the mailings; to Gazette Editor Mary Wong for her excellent captaining of the good ship "Gazette" as well as for all of her untiring work on the tricky website as our esteemed Webmaster; to Protocol officer Jan Kane for keeping me on the straight and narrow [as much as anyone could] and away from the reefs of harm; to Accreditation officer Heather Elsworthy for keeping accreditation alive and well; To Pat Cartwright for all of her attention to detail as By-laws and Resolutions officer; to credentials officer Christine Hardy for all her work in credentials and also as the chairman of Nominations and elections; to PREM Chairman Janeen Vosper who doubled up as Conference Co-coordinator [and wasn't that just some-thing really wonderful?]; and to Barbara Hewlett-Pawlow as Speech Contest Chairman, very ably assisted by Ruth Pieber who got all the emails when Barbara's Apple Mac was having an 'off day'. You were all so wonderful in fulfilling your duties – thank you again, God bless you all.*

*Thank you to all those people who filled in on committees to help the appointed officers and the standing committee chairmen – each job needs support and*

*help and encouragement. The keen encouragement of my fellow members kept me heartened throughout the year.*

*Thank you all to the Council Chairmen Anne Hurst, Margaret Grand and Bernadette Knight and to the Clubs of Tasmania and Western Australia for heartening your members and keeping POWERtalk so much fun that members keep re-joining and new members keep coming along to learn – and stay because of the love and friendship.*

*My term is fast coming to a close – it is like reading a book. You thoroughly enjoy reading a good book from cover to cover but the ending is always great too...like a dog coming out of the sea ,you shake your shoulders, your head, have a good stretch and move on to the next excitement. My aims in the immediate future are getting my book of poems published and steering the chartering of a POWERtalk Beaudesert Club – some potential members are meeting in Beaudesert – a permanent time slot has yet to be found.*

*Last night Doug and I got home from 5 days in Longreach [2,500 k driven in 5 days] and attended an Arts Dinner at our Shire Hall, 'The Centre', where I collected a cheque for \$1,200 to pay various people to assist me to get the book of poems I have written to 'publisher-ready' stage.*

*Doug and I plan a six week tour by train from Brisbane to Adelaide via Sydney and Melbourne, bus and small plane around Lake Eyre, The Ghan to Darwin, bus for to Perth [18 days], then a further 8 days by bus around the SW of WA and Kalgoorlie, Coolgardie, Wave Rock and back to Perth to catch the India Pacific train to Sydney. We then fly home and I compete in Mrs Scenic Rim that night as I became Mrs Laravale at a recent dance. We will be AWOL from 4 August to 17 September so no emails in that time please wonderful friends.*

*God bless you all and keep you happy in POWERtalk, Keep smiling,*

*Joy Drescher*

*President,*

*Australian Region*

**2010 – 2011 President's  
Theme: "To Love our  
Members and treat our  
councils with respect".**

<b><u>IN THIS ISSUE</u></b>	<b>Page No.</b>
<b>Region President's Message.....</b>	<b>1 – 2</b>
<b>New Members.....</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Getting Organised.....</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Australian Region Writing Competition Results.....</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Winner – Poetry.....</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Winner – Non Fiction.....</b>	<b>7 – 9</b>
<b>Winner – Fiction.....</b>	<b>10 – 13</b>
<b>Paperwork, paperwork.....</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>Money Matters.....</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>Australian Region Conference.....</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>From our members.....</b>	<b>14 – 17</b>
<b>Closing Date next Gazette.....</b>	<b>18</b>

**Welcome to**

# New Members

## Southside Speakers

Pauline Ives – March 2011

Min Ah Chung – March 2011

## Brisbane Central

Troy Fitzsimmons - March 2011

## Dalkeith

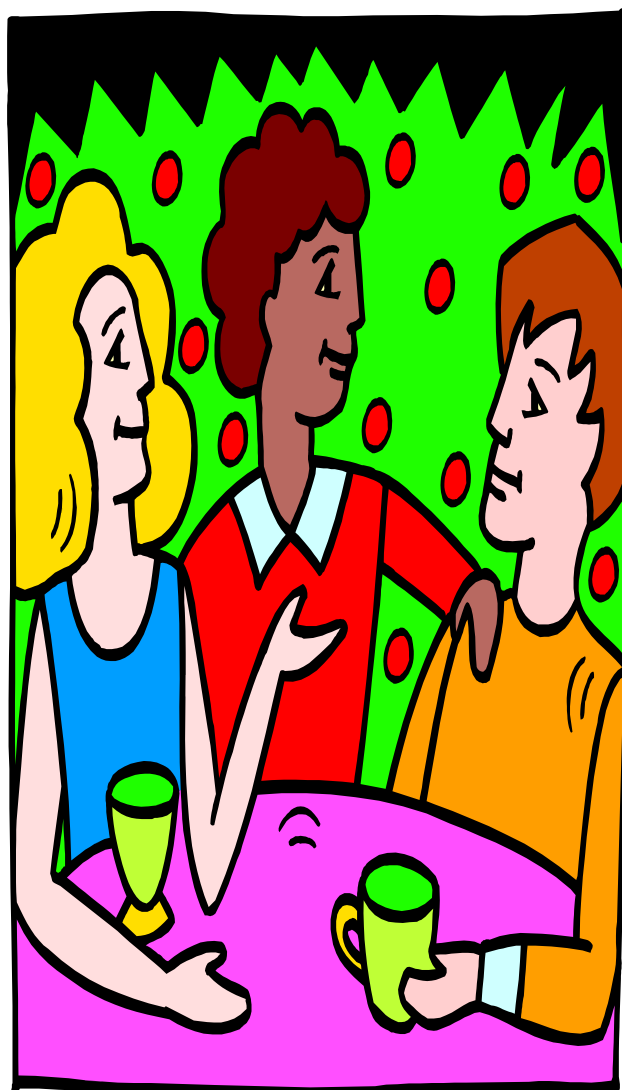
Susan Chinnery - April 2011

## Gold Coast

Greg Gunn – March 2011

Michelle Gunn – March 2011

Will Griffiths – May 2011.



# GETTING ORGANISED



## HOW TO DECLUTER YOUR DESK

THE FIRST 5 SUGGESTIONS WILL HELP YOU DEAL WITH OTHERS MORE EFFECTIVELY.

THE LAST 5 WILL HELP YOU HANDLE YOUR OWN TIME MORE PRODUCTIVELY.

1. **COMMUNICATION**: Develop the ability to make yourself perfectly clear
2. **DELEGATION**: Allow others to share the responsibility.
3. **FOLLOW -UP**: You must continue to oversee delegated responsibilities.
4. **BOTTLENECKS**: Keep the pipelines clear. Bottlenecks are at the top of bottles.
5. **CORRESPONDENCE**: Handle each letter only once. Be brief. Use memos wisely.
6. **DEADLINES**: Give yourself time-limits and stick to them. Set priorities.
7. **CONCENTRATION**: Concentrate on one problem at a time. Set times for others.
8. **INTERRUPTIONS**: Keep others out of your hair. Set times for others.
9. **NO!!**: You have the right to refuse a request. Be judicious and say NO!.
10. **BRIEFCASE**: Don't be bogged down with homework. Take your lunch to work in your briefcase and don't fill it with unfinished work.

Marie Cooke Pres. Elect Australian Region

POWER*talk* International theme for 2010-2011 term is: "**Coach for Success**"

# Australian Region Writing Competition

Congratulations to all those who entered 2010/2011 POWERtalk Australian Region Writing Contest . Excellent and interesting entries – I thoroughly enjoyed reading them all.

Here are the results - First Place Winners are now with International Writing Contest Chairman Bobbi Lyons.

## POETRY

### **1<sup>ST</sup> Place**

Ann Sadedin

Diamond Valley

'Whale Watching near Cape Cod'

### **2<sup>nd</sup> Place**

Jo Bailey

Shoalhaven

'Completion'

### **3<sup>rd</sup> Place**

Joy Drescher

Brisbane South

'The Dry Cow Award'

## NON FICTION

### **1<sup>ST</sup> Place**

Mary Wong

Brisbane Central

'Emerging from the Dark '

### **2<sup>nd</sup> Place**

Ann Sadedin

Diamond Valley

'Don't Feed It'

### **3<sup>rd</sup> Place**

Jo Bailey

Shoalhaven

'The Sable Club '

## FICTION

### **1<sup>ST</sup> Place**

Mary Wong

Brisbane Central

'Betrayal'

### **2<sup>nd</sup> Place**

Joy Skellern

Diamond Valley

'The First Lady'

### **3<sup>rd</sup> Place**

Beth O'Dwyer

Gold Coast

'Full Circle'

Vicki Lamb

Writing Contest Chairman  
Australian Region 2010/2011

# First Place - Poetry

## ***Whale Watching near Cape Cod***

*Ann Sadedin, Diamond Valley*

*The long line of the horizon stretches*

*Between far points,*

*Landwards a thin seam*

*Divides the vastness of sea and sky.*

*The whale-watch boat steams steadily ahead.*

*My eyes struggle to read*

*The squiggly inscrutable text*

*Of the ocean – I have a talent*

*For looking in the wrong places.*

*Whales are announced – humpback –*

*But I don't see them.*

*Whales. We crave*

*A creature of numinous dimensions*

*To revere, we hunger*

*For transcendence.*

*The Grail of whale watching,*

*The endangered Right Whale,*

*May have surfaced.*

*Will sighting it,*

*The Logos of the sea,*

*Transform us?*

*On deck the neophytes*

*Brave blasting gale and rain:*

*Epiphanies are not for the faint-hearted!*

*Above the horizon*

*A line of whale-shaped clouds*

*Mocks our endeavour.*

# First Place - Non Fiction

## **EMERGING FROM THE DARK.**

*Mary Wong, Brisbane Central*

*“You’re kidding! What on earth do you have to be depressed about? You have everything you could want and more – all the best things in life, two beautiful kids, a loving husband a lovely home. There is no reason for you to be depressed. You are just being silly.”*

*How many times had I used the same argument with myself? Now, I was hearing these words from my husband. He didn’t understand – how could he be expected to? I didn’t understand, and I was the one with the problem.*

*I had mentioned to others that I was struggling. It had been going on for about two years now. Well-meaning friends had misunderstood the gravity of the situation and had told me that I should play loud upbeat music to lift myself out of it. I had tried that, but I cried when the music was loud for that was the time when nobody could hear me. It was important to me that I didn’t let others know how bad I felt – because if I thought I was just being self-indulgent, then how could they be expected to understand? They’d just think I was a spoilt brat! There was absolute turmoil on the inside whilst on the outside, I did my best to give the impression that I was coping. And it seems I was a pretty good actress – for the most part, nobody realised just how bad it was.*

*That was until my older son started having some repercussions from school bullying and needed the intervention of a psychologist. This wonderful and insightful man noticed my hidden despair and ever so gently, over a period of time, gained enough of my trust to broach the subject and suggest he could help. I hadn’t realised how bad it had become. When I filled in some forms questioning the depth of my despair, I was shocked to realise that on a score of 1 – 10 [1 being none and 10 being plenty] that my feelings of hope for the future had reached a 1; and my feeling that there could be improvement in the current situation was identical.*

*It was so bad, in fact, that I was referred to a medical practitioner and prescribed anti-depressant medication. This presented its own set of issues.*

*It was shortly after beginning treatment that I had the conversation with hubby. Don’t misunderstand, he is not a callous man, but has no understanding at all of what it is to have a psychological issue of any sort. He went on that day to tell me*

*that I should realise that antidepressants have their side-effects and were not something one should resort to lightly – obviously my excellent acting skills had been working on him too! He had no idea of how bad it was – and to this day, I have never told him. He still would not understand and he wouldn't be alone there.*

*I was suffering from Post Natal Depression - a malady that affects more than 15% of women and (interestingly) 10% of men in the year following the birth of their child. It is not to be confused with 'baby blues' – a condition that affects about 80% of new mothers and is mostly related to the upheaval of the maternal hormones coupled with a lack of sleep. Post Natal Depression [PND] is far more than that, and many sufferers [like me] try to "snap out of it", not realising that they have little control over how they are feeling.*

*The symptoms of PND are much the same as those of general medical depression. I suffered from an inability to concentrate, memory lapses, irritability, difficulty bonding with my beautiful baby, anxiety, a general inability to cope, extreme loneliness, social isolation and feelings of guilt and inadequacy.*

*I was a prime candidate – always a perfectionist, I had been a highly educated career woman who had needed medical intervention to achieve the pregnancy in the first place. My family lived miles away, hubby worked very long hours, and to top all of that off, a traumatic birth experience and a very low birth weight baby who wouldn't feed added to my burden of guilt – surely his low birth weight meant I had done something to cause it all!*

*Looking back now, I can see a lot of my thoughts were irrational, but at the time, I was so sleep deprived, I wasn't thinking straight. Add to that the issues my other boy was having at school and despite being quite affluent, life was certainly no picnic.*

*Apart from the medication, my treatment included the use of talking therapy – with the psychologist who had intervened in the first place. I will forever owe him a debt of gratitude. Without his intervention I could well be dead – in fact it could be worse than that. In my darkest hour, about a week after starting the medication, I caught myself trying to think up exactly how I could finish it all. But that wasn't the scary part. For a fleeting moment, I found myself thinking about how I would need to take my two small children with me – something I would NEVER consider doing normally. I still tear up and get chills just thinking about those moments. Immediately, I called the psychologist – who had given me his mobile telephone number in case of just such an emergency. He was able to calm me down, explaining that the medication had started to work by lifting my energy levels but not my mood – previously I had been feeling bad enough to be suicidal, but just hadn't had the energy to do anything about it. Apparently, this is a common situation for severely depressed people who have started taking antidepressants.*

*So why am I sharing this with you? Firstly, I aim to increase awareness of the condition. Whilst some celebrities have written books about their personal experiences of PND, it is still a largely unknown*

*and misunderstood condition. It is important that those around a new mother recognise the symptoms of this condition and encourage her to get help early – as early intervention shortens the duration and severity of the illness.*

*Secondly, I want others in this position to understand they are not alone. Loneliness and social isolation are both cause and effect of this complaint. I encourage new mothers to get out and join mother's groups, have coffee mornings and play dates for their little ones and widen their social horizons. This will assist with the prevention and treatment of the condition. And, should the condition arise, get help. There are many avenues to take. Visit your child health nurse, General Practitioner, counsellor or psychologist. Talk to those around you about how you are feeling and stop trying to manage it alone. You won't just "snap out of it", so stop being so hard on yourself!*

*I recommend medication. Depression is caused by a chemical imbalance. Medication assists in bring some equilibrium back to those chemicals. Talking therapy can also help with this, but it is much less immediate. There is no need to feel any sense of guilt or failure in resorting to medication. Indeed, my personal view [although it took me a while to come to this conclusion] is that you are able to function normally in a shorter space of time this way, so you are stopping your family's suffering as well as your own by taking the assistance that is available.*

*Lastly, I want to attempt to engender some understanding of what it is to be suffering from depression. Depression is a disease. It is not an attention seeking role, nor is it simply having a bad day. It is much more than that. Mood enhancing behaviour – like listening to upbeat music or wearing sun-dried clothing – will **not** cure depression, although it may lift your mood a little and is worth doing. Depression is simply too big to be fixed by such small things.*

*Please, don't assume because a person seems to be functioning, that they are OK. Throughout all of this, even in the days when I was seriously considering murder-suicide as a viable alternative, I managed to carry out the basic day-to-day tasks. On the few occasions when I reached out for help, I was told I mustn't be too bad because I seemed to be getting through the day without staying in my pyjamas! I dread to think what could have happened without the psychologist's intervention.*

*This is not an attempt to have people feel sorry for me – in fact quite the opposite! It is now two years since I was on medication. These days, despite the occasional bad day [which we all have], I function normally and am happy and balanced [although I am sure there are some who may disagree with that assessment!]. Life is good, my children are well and growing happily, and I am coping. Thanks to God, and my psychologist, I am a triumphant survivor!*

# First Place - Fiction

## **BETRAYAL.**

*Mary Wong, Brisbane Central*

*Heart pounding like a charging elephant, Miranda's trembling hands turned the door handle a millimetre at a time - slowly, ever so slowly so as not to make any noise. After what seemed an infinitesimal time lapse she felt the latch give way and the door start to open. "Please", she prayed, "Please don't creak." The door swung open slowly and noiselessly. She released the breath she didn't realise she had been holding. Thank God for Vegetable oil. William had always refused to fix the creaking door so he would hear her if she ever tried to leave. Not closing the door behind her for fear it would wake him, she padded soundlessly across the lawn in her bare feet, shivering as the crisp winter air tickled her bare arms. That was another of his tricks – locking the wardrobe at night and only letting her wear the lightest of nightgowns so sneaking out would leave her exposed. She had been a prisoner too long.*

*A pang of fear shot through her chest. How could she manage this? What if her plans went awry? Could she really escape? He had an uncanny knack of knowing exactly what she was doing, and had always warned her that if she ever tried to go, he would find her. She shivered again as the fear of his recriminations overtook her. God! I can't do this!*

*A frantic whisper broke through her terror. "Come on, Miranda. We have to go NOW. The longer you stay here, the more chance of him catching you."*

*Cassie! Thank God for Cassie! How could she manage this without her? He would never suspect Cassie. This was the ultimate betrayal. Cassie, his loyal PA who had been working for him over 15 years. She had been by his side when he was a pimply faced nobody, with empty pockets and big dreams. She was even there when Miranda had first entered his life – a pretty, carefree, young girl, selling strawberries office to office. He had made it clear right away that he wanted Miranda by his side – and he was a man who ALWAYS got what he wanted. Within a few months, they were married. That was thirteen years ago.*

*AT first the union had been happy, but as his businesses grew into huge corporations and his wealth escalated, his personality changed. Slowly, he began to control her, gradually edging her friends and family away from her – surreptitiously eroding her support group. She made excuses for his behaviour, but eventually found herself alienated from everyone she had known in her carefree*

single Dom. As loneliness started to set in, she found herself having short conversations with Cassie and a tentative friendship was formed. Over the next ten years, their bond grew. Cassie knew about his temper, but few others did.

Nobody would have suspected what her life was like. In public they seemed the perfect couple. Married to a powerful and successful business man, Miranda wanted for nothing. She had all the perks – BMW, jewels, fine clothes, beautiful home. Then one day she had confided in the hairdresser he had chosen for her and William had beaten her black and blue under her designer gown.

Lonely and miserable, she had risked confiding to Cassie about her life. At first it seemed Cassie didn't believe her, but after seeing her bruises one day, her attitude changed. Ten years of snatched conversations later, her only friend, the one William would never suspect of assisting her to escape had helped her hatch this plan – a plan her battered ego would never have managed to put together alone. If not for Cassie, she was certain she would have eventually died at his hand.

She fell into her friend's waiting car, tears of relief streaming down her face as they quietly drew away from the kerb. She knew it would be a very long time before she was safe, but at least she had managed to leave the house alone.

They sped to the bus station as she changed into the clothes Cassie had bought her. "God, Cassie, how can I thank you?"

"It's OK, Miranda. I couldn't watch him hurt you any longer."

She turned to look at Cassie and noticed a tear on her friend's face.

"He's a total Bastard. I don't know how you have lived with him all these years."

Miranda drew a shaky breath. "He wasn't always like that. You remember how he was when we met. He was the sweetest, kindest man to ever draw breath. I don't know what happened, but somehow I always thought he would go back to being the man he was back then." Her hands tightly clenched, she didn't notice her nails digging into her skin until little beads of blood formed under them. "He would have killed me eventually. I'm certain of it."

"You'll be safe now, Miranda. I've made sure of it. The tickets to Alaska I bought last week for you are being used by my sister, and he'll be looking in the wrong places long enough for you to change direction so much that even I don't know where you are." They drew into the kerb at the station, and embraced, knowing that for her safety they must never meet again. "I will miss you, my friend. Take care, and enjoy your new life."

*‘Good bye, Cassie. I will never forget what you have done for me. I love you.’*

*As she boarded the Sydney-bound bus, she waved shakily through the dark, tinted window, fat tears rolling down her cheeks. Of all the things she had endured, saying good bye to her friend was the most difficult. Cassie had thought of everything. William would never suspect her of travelling by bus – busses gave her travel sickness and she had always refused to use them. Her ticket had been bought under a false name. When she arrived in Sydney, she would board a flight for Kuala Lumpur under this alias, using the passport Cassie had procured for her. On arrival, she would overnight in the One World Hotel before meeting with a contact in Malaysia who would pass her another passport, from where she would travel to a destination of her own choice, using the cash she had been hiding away for over a year now. The second destination had not even been revealed to Cassie, so that Miranda was safe from William, should he ever discover Cassie’s betrayal.*

.....

*Fifty-four hours later, emotionally and physically exhausted, she entered the hotel room in the port town of Marsala, Sicily. Her Mediterranean appearance, and command of Italian meant she would blend in well. She was safe at last - free from the trap that was her marriage. She hoped he would never realise it was Cassie who had helped her. Cassie – her angel, her saviour from the years of hell that had been her marriage. She would never have managed to escape without her. What a surprise Cassie had been. When she first met William, she had worried that he and Cassie might have been having an affair, but had relaxed over the years, as she watched them together. Cassie was the supreme professional and there were no signs whatsoever of anything untoward. No shared glances, no jewellery or presents between them, no overtime or shared business dinners. Cassie had even shivered with revulsion whenever Miranda talked about the marriage, telling her she didn’t know how she could stand to be married to such a pig. No, there definitely was no affair. She had been wrong about that.*

*Locking and bolting the doors behind her, she stumbled across the tiny room to the bed, sinking thankfully into its welcoming softness and immediately falling into a deep sleep.*

.....

*Jolted awake, Miranda sat bolt upright in the bed. “Hello Darling.....you think you are really clever, don’t you? Did you really think I wouldn’t know what you were up to?”*

*Panicked, she looked around to see where he was, what kind of terror she was about to face. But no, he was not there, she had been dreaming. She relaxed back*

*into the pillows and consciously slowed her breathing. She supposed it would be a long time before she could relax and feel truly safe.*

*She started to drift back into unconsciousness when suddenly, her breath caught in her throat. In the darkness, she felt the pressure of cold metal against her temple and a bitter laugh pierced her confusion. "No, you aren't dreaming. I'm real."*

*How could he know her thoughts?*

*Above the overwhelming sound of the firing gun, William and Cassie's maniacal laughter echoed in her head along with Cassie's snarled words, "He's mine now. Die, Bitch!"*

## Paperwork, Paperwork!

To all Club Secretaries.

If you haven't already done it, please send details of your new Board for 2011-12 to IMS info@powertalkinternational.com and one copy to your Council Secretary on the appropriate form. This information is required so that the rosters can be kept current.

## Money Matters

### Region Dues

Region Fees for new and continuing members are \$45 per annum and due by the 1<sup>st</sup> August.

Please make cheques payable to:

**"International Training in Communication Australian Region Incorporated"**

*Do not use abbreviations please.*

Send fees to:

**Natasha Hydor, Australian Region VP Finance  
49 Leilani Drive  
BIRKDALE QLD 4159**

*When submitting new member fees and annual dues to council or region, please include a copy of the club membership statement or new member form. Also, please send a copy of multi-action forms for resignations or change of address or positions to region and council as well as to international to assist with the maintenance of records.*



# Australian Region Conference

The report from the Conference Coordinator for the 2011 Australian Region Conference is unavailable at this time. It will be published in the next issue.



**The 2012 Conference will be held in Melbourne, 18<sup>th</sup> – 21<sup>st</sup> May 2012**

Put it in your diary now, and we will see you there!

## From our Members

*Prior to this edition, a call went out to our members, asking for submissions for publication in the Gazette. The following were received. The editor wishes to thank the contributors for their effort – I trust you will enjoy reading them as much as I did.*

"Ask most people which is the dominant language on planet Earth and they will reply that it's either English or Chinese.

A good guess, but they would be wrong.

Binary is now dominant, with computers and machines having more conversations every working day than a sum total of mankind going back to the birth of Eve."

*Tips for Time Travellers by Peter Cochrane (1997)*

*Thank you Carol, Launceston Communicators for that gem.*

"You do not need eyes to see, feet to walk or hands to touch."

*Dawn Foster, Brisbane South*

Greetings all,

Luv-It Public Speaking Club still exists! Though now, we exist in a different location. We have moved from St. Matthews Church in Cheltenham to:

**St. Johns Anglican Church  
Corner, Centre & Tucker Roads  
Bentleigh, Victoria.**

**Same Ol' time – 1st. & 3rd. Mondays starting at 7.30pm for 8.00pm.**

Please don't get the impression that, since we go from one church to another, that we are bereft of the odd moments of merriment, joy and a dancing turn on the maypole. Heaven forfend!

WE are still the old club which started its ITC venture as Kingston Centre Communicators in 1988 and morphed into Luv-It, a word play on our revered mentor and initiator the late Bonnie Lovitt OAM who will be remembered by many members in Australia and around the world. Four of the original Charter members are still around, nurturing, mentoring, coaching and comforting those in shock at the ravages of evaluation! And replicating in the new chums the skills we now take for granted.

Is Luv-It the best kept secret in POWERtalk? Just consider the coming year. Member Marie Cooke, the incoming Region President for the second time. As well, right now, two nominees for Flinders Council Board and these at a time when we have just eleven members – a membership condition not unknown to other clubs. Yet we will survive and prosper. PROVIDED THAT we note, promote and act on the enjoiner of President Margaret Sutherland: **ONE PLUS ONE.** WE are taking steps to ensure our maintenance.

You will have an excellent opportunity to join with us at the Region Conference to be held in Melbourne in May 2012. Among other delights, you can investigate the best restaurants, cafes' , magnificent parks, grand churches, do a gallery crawl (world class displays) and be housed, bedded and fed in luxury at the Bayview On The Park Hotel overlooking the beautiful Albert Park lake, recently resurrected by the floods. There's a trick of nature! Travel on our unique trams or take a boat ride on the Yarra River or the lake. And enjoy a fabulous weekend with all us folk in the Great Southern Antipodes. Luv-It members will be there, how good is that? So ..... mark the 18<sup>th</sup> – 21<sup>st</sup> May 2012 in your diary. You have nothing to lose but your inhibitions.

*Maurie Rosner (President) and Rita Holt (C.L.O.). Luv-It Public Speaking Club.*

**"TIME IS NATURE'S WAY OF STOPPING EVERYTHING HAPPENING AT ONCE"**

*Marie Cooke*

## ***THE MIRACLE OF READING SILENTLY***

Michelle Gunn – Gold Coast

Many of us take reading for granted, but did you know it is only a very recent development and ability of humans?

In developed nations such as England, and only going as far back as 1841, it is believed that 33% of men and 44% of women could not write their own name. Going back 800 years further again, you can only imagine the percentage of people that could read and or write. And then there are the various levels of reading ability – speed, comprehension and the basic ability of reading silently. What was that? ... Reading silently?

I came across a very interesting and intriguing story about St. Thomas Aquinas (1225 – 1274) and how he amazed his contemporaries with his ability to read silently.

Did you know, originally people could only read books by reading each page aloud? It was St Thomas Aquinas who astounded his fellow believers by demonstrating that without pronouncing words he could retain the information he found on the page. At the time, his ability was seen as a miracle, can you believe that? Nevertheless, gradually individuals learned to read by keeping things inside and not saying the words they were reading aloud. From this simple change, apparently miraculous at the time, a great transformation of the human mind took place, and so began the age of intense private study so familiar to us now.

I am sure you would agree, this story is rather astonishing! Is it true that it was only fairly recently that even a few people could read silently? Like me, you probably take this ability for granted; it comes so naturally we never even think twice about it. Nevertheless, I know of several friends who to this day still silently form the words with their lips while they read.

After reading this amazing information about St. Thomas Aquinas we are reminded of the huge change that occurred in the middle ages when humans transformed their cognitive lives and learnt to read silently.

I am sure you would agree, the ability to read has truly transformed who we are as humans, being able to read silently has quicken this pace, what is the next evolutionary step? Will reading no longer be required? Will we prefer instead to listen to audio books, watch online videos, or download information telepathically? Only time will tell...

*Congratulations Michelle on this article – Michelle has been a member since March 2011 - Ed*

I'd like to encourage everyone to attend their Council meetings whenever possible. During the current term Southside Speakers has been fortunate in that a number of our members have been able to attend Council 9 meetings at Blacktown, Grenfell, Maroubra and Parkview Clubs.

These meetings present a wonderful opportunity to network with other clubs, swap ideas and get a feel for what works and what doesn't. To have attended Grenfell in country New South Wales was a great pleasure. We enjoyed their hospitality and friendship, not to mention the wonderful home cooking and personal chauffeuring services. Closer to home Blacktown, Maroubra and Parkview have been mutually supportive of one another. The many duties involved in hosting a Council meeting are not so onerous when fellow club members willingly lend their assistance and support.

These meetings are a great opportunity to expand your knowledge of *POWERtalk* and make new friends within the organisation. If you have a problem within your own club, it's an opportunity to discuss with others and perhaps a solution will be found that you may not have otherwise considered.

Make an effort to attend the next Council meeting, you don't know what treasures you might miss if you don't attend.

Enid Leighton  
Southside Speakers

*The editor wishes to thank all contributors to the Australian Region Gazette for the 2010-2011 term.*

*Your assistance makes my job so much easier.*

**CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT GAZETTE**

**September 12<sup>th</sup> 2011**

**Submissions to the editor,**

**Mary Wong**

**12 Daniel Place**

**Newmarket Qld 4051**

**[maryhannahaus@iprimus.com.au](mailto:maryhannahaus@iprimus.com.au)**

**I look forward to receiving multiple submissions to your region  
Newsletter. – Ed.**