

# Diary

## DECEMBER

### CHRISTMAS COFFEE MORNING

Thursday 20 10.30 am—12 noon

### FAMILY CHURCH SERVICE

Thursday 20 7.30pm

## JANUARY

### MAIN COMMITTEE MEETING

Wednesday 9 7.30 pm

### COFFEE MORNING

Thursday 31 10.30 am—12 noon

## FEBRUARY

### COFFEE MORNING

Thursday 28 10.30-12 noon

## MARCH

### HILLTOP AGM

Wednesday 19 7.30 pm

### COFFEE MORNING

Thursday 27 10.30-12 noon

## APRIL

### COFFEE MORNING

Thursday 24 10.30-12 noon

### WINE AND WISDOM

Saturday 26 7.15pm

### REGULAR WEEKLY EVENTS

#### YOGA

Tuesday 7.00 pm

#### T'AI CHI

Wednesday 11.00 am

### FRIDAY COMMUNITY NIGHT

Everyone welcome 7.30pm

**Copy deadline for next**

**Hilltop News: 22 February '08**

All events are in  
St Faith's hall

## Timely Christmas thought...

IT HAD BEEN some time since Jack had seen his old neighbour. University, women, career and life itself got in the way. In fact, Jack had moved far away from home to another European city in pursuit of his dreams. There, in the rush of his busy life, he had little time to think about the past and often no time to spend with his wife and son. He was working on his future, and nothing could stop him.

Over the phone his mother told him: 'Mr. Brown died last night. The funeral is on Wednesday.' Memories flashed through his mind like an old newsreel as he sat remembering his childhood days.

'Jack, did you hear me?' 'Oh, sorry, Mum. Yes, I heard. It's been so long since I thought of him. I'm sorry, but I honestly thought he died years ago,' Jack said. 'Well, he didn't forget you. Every time I saw him he'd ask how you were doing. He'd reminisce about the many days you spent over 'his side of the fence' as he put it,' his mother said.

'He's the one who taught me carpentry,' said Jack. 'I wouldn't be in this business if it weren't for him. I'll be there for the funeral,' he said. Jack caught the next flight back home. Mr. Brown's funeral was small and uneventful. That night Jack and his mother visited Mr Brown's old house one more time. Standing in the doorway, Jack paused. It was like a leap through space and time. The house was exactly as he remembered. Every step held memories. Every piece of furniture. Jack stopped suddenly. 'What's wrong?' his mother asked. 'The box is gone,' he said. 'What box?' 'There was a small gold box that he

kept locked on top of his desk. I must have asked him a thousand times what was inside. All he'd ever tell me was 'the thing I value most',' Jack said.

It had been about two weeks since Mr. Brown died. Returning home from work one day Jack found a note from the post office asking him to collect a parcel. Early the next day he picked it up. It looked like it had been mailed 100 years ago. The handwriting was difficult to read, but the return address caught his attention. 'Mr. Harold Brown' it read.

Jack took the box out to his car and ripped open the package. There inside was the gold box and an envelope. Jack's hands shook as he read the note inside. 'Upon my death, please forward this box and its contents to Jack Bennett. It's the thing I valued most in my life.' A small key was taped to the

letter. As tears filled his eyes, Jack carefully unlocked the box. There inside he found a beautiful gold pocket watch. Running his fingers slowly over the finely etched casing, he unlatched the cover. Inside he found these words engraved: 'Jack, Thanks for your time! - Harold Brown.

Jack held the watch for a few minutes, then called his office and cleared his appointments for the next two days. 'Why?' Jane, his assistant asked. 'I need to spend some time with my son,' he said. 'And Jane, thanks for your time.'

**Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take but by the moments that take our breath away.**

*Sourced by Terry Maple*



*A snail can sleep for three years.*

**An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain.**

*The winter of 1932 was so cold that Niagara Falls froze solid.*

## Collared: new resident who goes a wandering

JULIE AND ALAN Jeanes would like to say a big thank you to many neighbours for their tolerance recently in having an uninvited guest in the form of a grey collie. Our new family member thinks we have left her alone and heads out of the garden to introduce herself to her new neighbours and to make friends.

We are extremely grateful to those who have kindly brought her home with a fine assortment of makeshift leads! - particularly liking Brendan's dressing gown belt! We hope we have curtailed her socialising but if you do see her, she is very friendly and we will be relieved to have her back.