



Don't forget to put the Middle School Music Evening in your diary for Tuesday, 13 September.



Just \$5 will give you a very enjoyable evening of Music and Drama, plus an opportunity to view Visual Art and Industrial Tech projects on 31 August, 2016.

# NEWSLETTER

“Thoughts should be tested before they are transmitted.”

## FROM THE PRINCIPAL



Year 12 Music Class

Have you noticed that some people just do not think?

Often we are left puzzled with these words coming out of our lips: “What was he/she thinking?”

Thinking is a special gift which humans have been able to use to amazing effect since the beginning of time. We look at problems and we work out how to overcome them.

It is good to see a thinking person overcome a problem with some mindful contemplation and strategic formation of positive action.

To overcome troubles, you must use the good mind God gave you. Think through your troubles or problems and understand them.

You cannot think clearly while seething with a sense of outrage, hating other people, hating life, or even hating God for some harsh experience that has befallen you. Neither can you weep and wail about your problem and at the same

time think.

God gave us the power to think. Thinking people have been able to bring about the advancements mankind enjoys today. We can all think.

Some people have minds that enable them to think out the answers to practical problems. Engineers and builders are good at this thinking.

Other people are more creative thinkers. They can conjure up an impression or tell amazing stories, or turn waste into value or use one idea to create another. Artists, writers, musicians, dramatists are good at this thinking.

However, we are all involved in relationships thinking and it is here we can strike trouble. Thoughts should be tested before they are transmitted. If our thoughts taste unkind, critical or unfair, we should refuse to release them into the dangerous world of words.

The Bible talks about the renewing of

our minds. The real you and me exists in the make-up of our spirit, which to us is known as our mind. Our whole life understanding takes place in our mind, which is the tool our life spirit uses to think. We do well to guard our mind, for it is joined to our spirit. Feed your mind garbage and you will have a sick spirit.

You will be a sick you.

Two thoughts cannot occupy the mind at the same time, so the choice is ours whether our thoughts will be constructive or destructive.

God loves you and so do I.

**Rodney Lynn,**  
*Principal*

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### TERM 3 SCHOOL HOLIDAYS

Monday, 26 September to Friday, 7 October, 2016

### COMING UP

- 29/8 HSC Drama Practical Exam
- 29/8 UCHOOZ Seminars
- 30/8 Year 12 Creative Writing Workshop
- 31/8 Yr 12 Music Evening
- 1-2/9 CSSA State Basketball
- 2/9 Year 12 Industrial Tech. Markers
- 5/9 Yr 12 Indonesian Speaking Exams
- 6/9 Poetry Competition

## Yesterday's Tomorrow by Caleb Christianson—1st place—Stage 5 Writing Competition

Two small skinny children run across a barren wasteland of freshly scraped earth, bricks, and cracked tyres. They laugh and jump, whooping, into a pile of mud and rocks left in the wake of a small excavator. A chubby toddler follows more slowly behind them. He has long golden hair, wearing a serious expression as he toddles along sucking his fingers. The three children climb up the mound of dirt and slide down again, smoothing it into a slimy mudslide. The serious, chubby toddler solemnly slips down, stopping at the base of the miry dirt pile. He sits there, sucking his fingers as mud oozes up between his legs. The parents are perched on the dusty brick steps of the house, an aged man with salt and pepper hair and weathered, veined hands. His wife leans on his shoulder, a woman with grey hair showing at the roots and lines on her face. Sitting on his mother's lap is a bucktoothed baby with black, wispy hair, excess fat hugging his cheeks. The young girl laughs hard, yells the loudest, and throws clay every which way, exacting protests from her older brother. Clothes come off as they become water soaked and muddy. The sun crawls its way behind the trees across the road. As the sun leaves, the family leave with it, water running and splashing while the three children are scrubbed vigorously till they shine bright pink.

The loud, skinny girl's delight in small animals is a common sound in the household as she catches snails, lizards, and anything else she can find. She lets the animals crawl, slither, and jump up her arms and over her body, much to the disgust of her siblings and parents. A rabbit hutch is smuggled into the backyard, guinea pigs crawling around inside and squeaking when they are moved or exposed. When the girl finds it, she squeals and bounces around hugging parents, siblings, trees, and then quiets down, carefully coddling and brushing her new guinea pigs.

The oldest boy with his ribs showing is taller now; he and his father saw wood, bang nails, and measure timber. The boy is inexperienced; he struggles to hold the saw and grasps the hammer near the head. Their work is slow, but among the trees in the backyard of the worn out asbestos house, the bones of a cubby house start to form. The grey haired father and his eldest son spend weekends flooring the small room and cladding the walls and roof.

As the cubby house stops rising up through the trees, the brown haired sister and her two younger brothers are joined by a tall, curly haired girl and her short, brown-skinned sister. The horde of scruffily dressed children attack the unpainted bare wood and iron of the hideout with paint brushes, quickly and messily slathering paint onto the stilted room. Patterns are finger-painted onto the stilts of the room, handprints, squiggles, and names written in aqua colours. They flick blue paint on one another, laughing and pushing each other.

The oldest boy and his sun-browned father spend months building an extension off the side of their rusty roofed, weatherboard house. As tall as his father now, the boy works alongside him on the top of the hot iron roof with his brown hair, freckled face, and strong hairy legs. They sweat together, burn together, and laugh together as they secure iron under the unforgiving Australian sun. In between this work and his schooling, he mows neighbourhood lawns for money, saving in preparation for the adulthood not far away from him.

The four children spring up like the circle of thick greenery that surrounds their tin-hat house. Time

passes, running along like a river of sand, marked by the graceful dance of the sun and moon around the earth.

The matured boy works long hours, apprenticed to a carpenter who works him hard and pays him little. He leaves early in the morning in his white ute, kissing his mother goodbye and returning home after the sun has set.

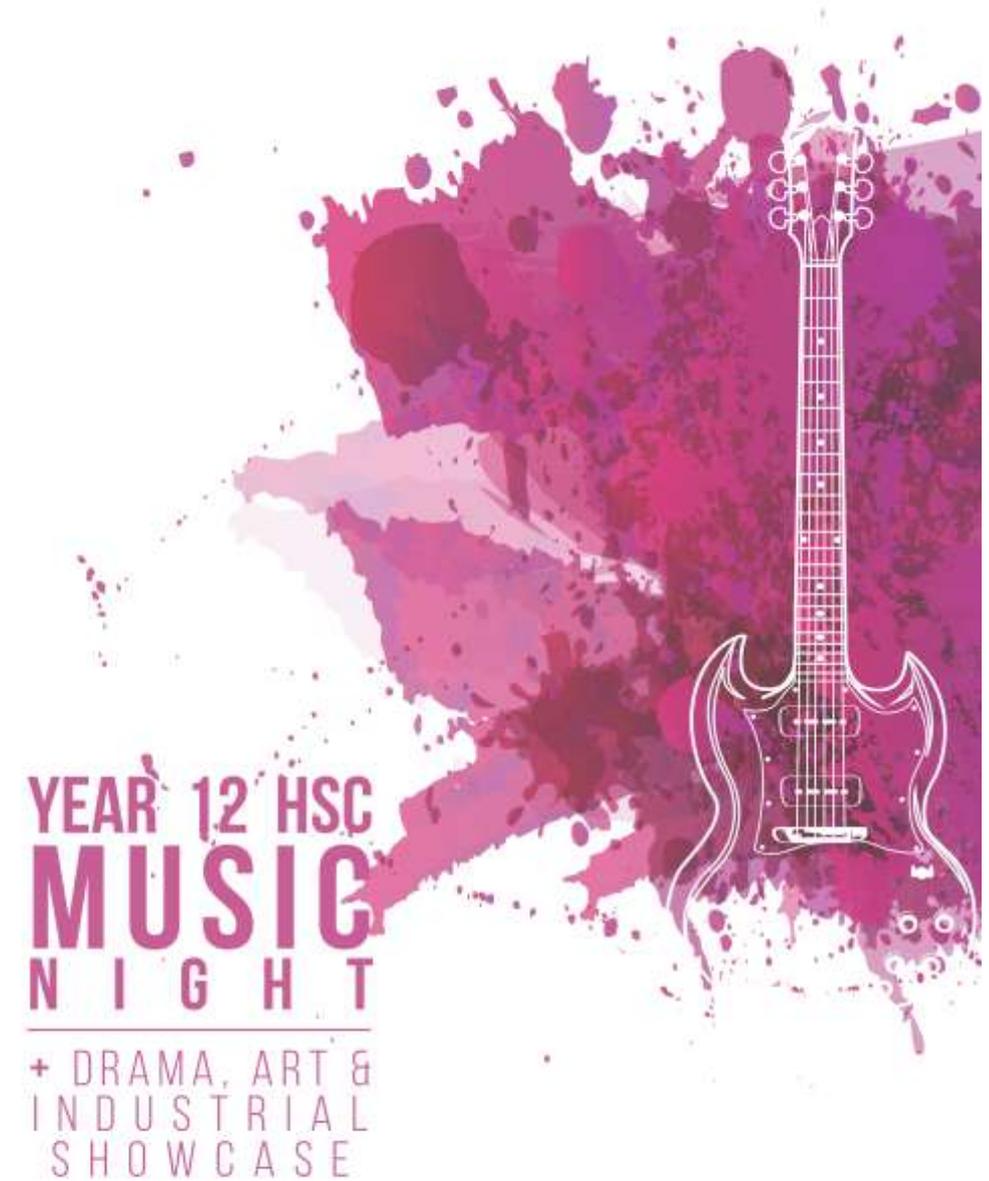
His apprenticeship finished, the wide shouldered, tanned and stubbled young man drives away in his battered ute, his parents' hearts aching as they wave their hands and force happy expressions over their faces. They stand outside the wooden gate next to the star jasmine a long time, staring out at the early morning sunrise. The three younger children go inside one by one, first the girl with her speckled face and curly brown hair, and then the serious boy's tall, skinny frame and golden locks leaves the front gate. The last of the children to go inside is the bucktoothed boy who has grown to be a round cheeked teenager with laughing eyes. His features are quietly contemplative as he remembers times of love, of laughter, of sadness, of fights. The mother follows, her tired frame and wrinkles straightened out as she draws inner strength from her many memories of her strong boned son. Her son who was her man of the family when father was away, her son who held her close when she grieved, her son who helped their family through the hard times with his sense of humour and his antics. Her son. Father is the last to make his way inside, wrapped up in the memories of the eldest son he could rely on, his helping hand, his smart mind, the boy who is so close to him.

Flowers. Champagne. The girl, with

plain features and a wide smile, is dressed in a flowing white dress. She clings to the arm of a willowy, tall man with big lips and a brown complexion. Her father, his hair white as snow, smiles and shakes hands, slapping his new son-in-law on the back. The woman with lines on her face and grey hair smiles and stares at her daughter's face like she will never see it again, storing up the image of her face, her joy, her beauty. Her two youngest sons are happy for their beloved sister, yet can already feel the absence of her presence. The couple leave early to a new life and a new future, but the guests stay long into the night, talking and laughing too loud as they, for one night, pull back together the family that has been pulled apart by time.

A black car. Two coffins. Family members and faithful friends come together to mourn the double death of the elderly couple who touched the lives of so many people. Tears run freely as the woman and man are laid to rest in the warm rich earth, Even the weather mourns, dark clouds building as the four siblings stand together, heads bowed through a church service in memory of the man and woman who loved God, loved their children, and loved each other. But yet, the couple's hope was in the Lord Jesus Christ, and a glorious eternity lay ahead of them in the powerful arms of the great I Am.

The sad, tired house sits in its ring of green leaves, the deck white and dry, like old bones. The house is full of memories and yet is empty, silent. The youngest, round cheeked man sits, listless on the front step of the house of his childhood. He sighs, the house creaks mournfully in agreement with him. His mind wanders far back



**WEDNESDAY** | **DRAMA 6.00PM** | **\$5 TICKETS**  
**31.08.2016** | **MUSIC 7.15PM** | AVAILABLE AT BUSINESS OFFICE  
CHCCS BONVILLE AUDITORIUM | **SUPPER INCLUDED** | BEFORE 30.08.2018

in time when young children ran shrieking across the front lawn, cart-wheeling and somersaulting as their beaming parents throw children up in the air, catching them, wrestling and tumbling along the cool lawn. He remembers times of climbing and jumping and secret clubs. Hidey holes, friends made, friends lost, battles won, buildings built, colonies founded, disputes settled, injustices done. He remembers each of his family members, their faces, their smiles, their eyes, Thousands of moments passing by in the blink of an

eye. Next to the time-worn, lopsided cubby house cocooned in thick greenery, a fuzzy haired toddler stands. She reaches up, pressing her outspread hand against a blue painted handprint, her features slowly flowing into a contented expression.



## Bronze Awards!

### Matilda Bailey (7Di)

Matilda is such a friendly person. She is inclusive of everyone during group work, working well with whoever she is placed with. Matilda puts so much effort into her schoolwork and has beautiful handwriting. She is very polite and helpful and has produced pleasing results. Well done!



### Macaela Hegarty (7Di)

Macaela is such a relaxed and happy student. Nothing seems to phase her and no matter the task, she gets on with it and does her best. Macaela has been noticed by her teachers for her helpfulness and perseverance. She involves herself in extracurricular activities and is to be congratulated!



### Huon Templeton (6W)

Huon is a polite, helpful and caring student. He has a wealth of general knowledge and is a keen reader. He makes interesting and thoughtful contributions to discussions and is able to think outside the box. Huon is an easy-going student who is happy to work independently or collaboratively. Congratulations, Huon!



### Josiah Garnett (6W)

Josiah is a kind-hearted, gentle young man. He is helpful, thoughtful and a good friend. He shows perseverance and diligence. Although quiet in the classroom, Josiah has a strong, clear voice which



is an asset when reading aloud, giving explanations or making interesting comments. He shows good sportsmanship and is a valued member of our class. Well done!

## Student achievement

Brandy Carr of 6W competed in the State CSA Athletics carnival in Sydney. We know that she did exceptionally well and are awaiting official confirmation of her achievements. Well done, Brandy!



## NAPLAN test pilots!

ACARA is working towards moving NAPLAN online. The aim is for students to complete NAPLAN tests using a computer or another electronic device, such as a tablet.



As part of the development of this new phase of testing, some of our Year 7s will be taking the test!

Miss Dickson's class will be trialling NAPLAN online during Tuesday, 30 August.

If you would like more information, please go to the website: <http://www.nap.edu.au/online-assessment/naplan-online>



*Middle School*

*Music Night*

*Week 9!*

*Tuesday, 13 September*

*All welcome!*



The annual Poetry recital competition will be held in Week 8. Middle

School students are encouraged to be memorising a poem and practising their expression and pace in front of family!

## EAT MORE FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

### Did you know?

- 56% of primary and 80% of secondary school students do not eat the recommended daily amount of vegetables.
- Research shows that watching a lot of TV is associated with children and teenagers drinking more soft drink and not eating enough fruit and vegetables.
- Fruit and vegetables are a great source of vitamins, minerals and dietary fibre.
- Eating fruit and vegetables every day helps children and teenagers grow and develop, boosts their vitality and can reduce the risk of many chronic diseases - such as heart disease, high blood pressure, some forms of cancer and being overweight or obese.