



JUST LIKE AN OLD RED WINE MY DEAR

Poem by: Diane Ford Smith (President)

"Cessnock City University of the Third Age Inc 11/11/2003

A City formed from blood and sweat,
Miners' hard Yakka and toil
A City, blessed with the richest soil,
Producing, a very palatable wine.
Which some of us will agree; tastes very fine!

But now, as we head into the "The Third Age of Our Lives"
Lets forget about the board room,
Underground mine, pots and pans or those Fly Buys!
And, instead, by joining Cessnock City U3A,
May we become forever-wise!

Some Folks may prefer the highbrow stuff,-
"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"
Whilst others, may wish to "strut their Stuff" –
A possibility!
Still others may wish to indulge in,-
Age-old, Anthropology!

The chance to re-educate, and learn new tricks –
Is really up to you! –
And whilst we learn – we surely grow – and whilst we grow –
We live, - a life more meaningful and knowing; -
With such a lot to give!

Some subjects, yes, some what "vine-ripened",
Some tutors may be too!!
But by joining Cessnock City U3A just imagine what we can do for you!
So, may the seeds of wisdom flourish
And may our future growth, prove strong;-
So when someone says, your "Cactus"
Or almost "gone to Pot"!
One may reply, not blinking an eye
"I certainly have not!"

Just like an old red wine my dear.
Which has improved with Age
I have joined Cessnock City U3A',
And have turned, yet, another page