



HOWZAT!



ROTARY CLUB OF NEWLANDS

“The club that appeals”



President: Colin Burke
Secretary: Lucian Pitt



Be a gift to the world

Editor: Peter Ennis

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Newlands Rotary website: www.newlands.org.za

Rotary District 9350 website: www.rotary9350.co.za

9 May 2016

WEEKLY UPDATE

P O Box 44735
CLAREMONT
7735

MEETINGS: Western Province Cricket Club Sports Centre, Ave De Mist, Rondebosch, every Monday at 18h00 for 18h15 (Except for first Monday of the Month which is a Partner’s Meeting, 18h30 for 19h00).

ATTENDANCE: Notice of apologies and guests and/or meal specifics to email Vanessa Rousseau at rousseau@iafrica.com and copy to Melinda Stapleton at mjstapleton@webafrica.org.za before 10h30 on Monday mornings please.

Comment

The Editor

Looking Out the Window

By Sam Anderson

A "Letter of Recommendation" from the *New York Times Magazine*

Our windows keep shrinking. Our vision narrows and narrows. Mine roams, for much of each day, in a space roughly the size of a playing card: the rectangle of my phone’s screen. The view through that piece of glass is not out onto the actual world but inward, down a digital depth over which I exercise near--dictatorial control. If I want to see a bird on my phone, I see a bird. If I want to see a manatee captioned by a motivational slogan, I see that. This means, of course, that my phone is not really a window at all. A real window is something that frames our fundamental lack of control.

Windows are, in this sense, a powerful existential tool: a patch of the world, arbitrarily framed, from which we are physically isolated. The only thing you can do is look. You have no influence over what you will see. Your brain is forced to make drama out of whatever happens to appear. Boring things become strange. A blob of mist balances on top of a mountain; leafless trees contort themselves in slow-motion interpretive dance; heavy raindrops make the puddles boil. These things are a tiny taste of the bigness of the world. They were there before you looked; they will be there after you go. None of it depends on you.

Sometimes what you see can be astonishing. One day, I was taking a nap in the red chair in my office when I woke up to the sound of a car crash. I sat up and looked, immediately, out my window. Across the street, in a parking lot, a car had just backed into a chain-link fence. The car must have been moving fast, because it was in bad shape: Its hood had popped up, its windshield wipers were snapping back and forth under a perfectly clear sky and part of its bumper was sitting on the ground. The fence was mangled, bent out in exactly the shape of the car's back end.

I couldn't believe I was seeing this, on an otherwise ordinary weekday morning, out of my office window. I watched the driver get out of the car. He was stocky with a shaved head; he wore cargo shorts and a flannel shirt unbuttoned to expose his chest hair. I disliked him immediately. After a few seconds of assessing the damage, he walked around the car and opened the passenger door — from which a very small child scrambled out. A toddler in the front seat! My disdain for this man increased exponentially.

As the child ran around the parking lot, the man tried to repair the damage he caused. He attempted to tug the ruined fence back into place, but it wouldn't move. He tried to shove the fallen piece of bumper back onto his car, but that only made the rest of his bumper fall off too.

I sat in my red chair, looking out my window, silently cheering.

The man tried, a little harder, to fix the fence. He grabbed its vertical support pole, which was wickedly bent, and pulled against it with his full weight. The pole suddenly broke, and the man fell hard onto the blacktop. The entire fence fell on top of him, and one of his sandals flew off and landed 10 feet away on the sidewalk.

I think I laughed out loud. This was a slapstick masterpiece. It was brightening my whole day, the failure of this terrible man. He climbed out from under the collapsed fence and limped back to the apartment building above the lot, rubbing his elbow.

That, I thought, would be the end of it. The man — that villainous man — was going to leave all the chaos behind for someone else to clean up. It was only the middle of the morning, but I imagined him sprawled out on his sofa with a case of beer, eating horrible snacks, while his child played with fire and broken glass and battery acid near a malfunctioning electrical socket.

But this is the power of windows: They contradict your easy assumptions. They scribble over your mental cartoons with the heavy red pen of reality. The man emerged a few minutes later with some tools. He got to work immediately, detaching one of the fence's bent support bars and hammering it straight on the asphalt. For the next hour, I watched out my window as he doggedly fixed the fence, straightening and reattaching its support bars, scrupulously unbending its bent chain-link. He even improved it. He stole a support bar from another fence farther back in the parking lot and added it to this one. Now the fence would be extra secure, stronger than before, impervious to damage.

This odious man was actually a hero. I was the lazy one, with my knee-jerk judgments and distant clichés, my superiority from three stories up. My window had taken a break, that day, from its usual programming — crows and squirrels roaming over a dead tree, cars piling up at a stoplight — to put on a little passion play for me, an allegory about the nobility of the human spirit. My ugly assumptions, I realized, were all about myself. I would never have fixed that fence; I would have panicked and run away. My window had woken me up from a nap to teach me a lesson in humility.

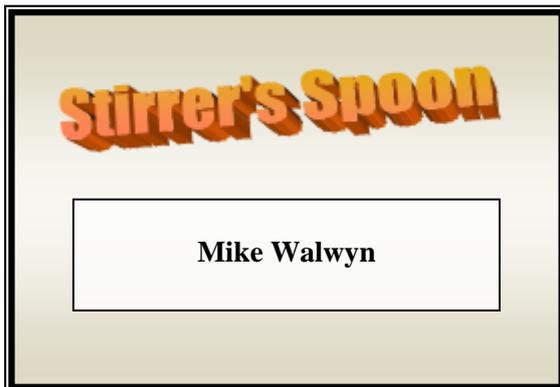
The incident changed my entire day. I went back to my shallow screens with new determination. Years later, I still look out my window at that fence almost every day. It still looks brand new. It makes me wonder what else that man has improved, and how I can make myself more like him.

Previous Meeting

Unfortunately, the minutes of the previous meeting did not arrive in time for publication.



www.facebook.com/newlandsrotary



[Newlands Rotary Club Runner Calendar](#)

FUTURE FIXTURES

Year Planner

Please advise the secretary promptly of any additions or changes

May 2016

Mon 9 Partners
Mon 16 Ordinary
Mon 23 Business
Mon 30 Ordinary

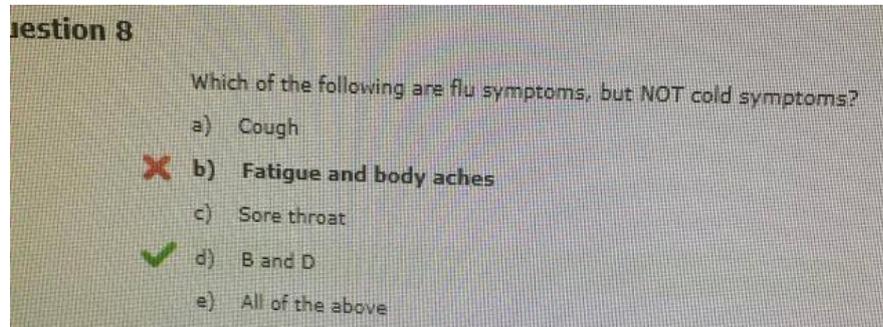
June 2016

Mon 6 Partners
Mon 13 Ordinary
Mon 20 Business
Fri 24 Induction Dinner
Mon 27 Business

Happy Birthday

16 May
Dottie Leveque

Tricky
Test
Question



UMPIRES AND SCORERS

DATE	9 May	16 May	23 May	30 May
MEETING	Partners	Ordinary	Business	Ordinary
SERGEANT	Regine le Roux	Richard Burnett	Brian Pickup	Chris Beech
4 WAY TEST/ OBJECT	Tinus de Jongh	Corinne Hudson	Wybe Meinesz	Lew Botha
GRACE & TOAST	Rochelle Malherbe	Mike Young	Lucian Pitt	Bill Holland
ATTENDANCE	Andy Ismay	Terry Lancaster	Christine Calothi	Garnet Carr
FELLOWSHIP	Pippa McLeod	Bill Meyer	Nora See	John Stephenson
MINUTES	Menno de Wet	Jenna Monk	Heidi Andersson	Paul Spiller
COMMENT	Johan Beukman	Janey Ball	Michael Walwyn	Jana Forrester
THANK SPEAKER	Graham Finlayson	Jenny Ibbotson		Graham Lowden
INTRO SPEAKER	John Winship	Vanessa Rousseau		Terry Lancaster

Invited GUEST SPEAKERS

- 9 May **Cllr Suzette Little** – *City of Cape Town MOU - Masi ECD*
- 16 May **Dr Michele Youngelson** – *Teens project “Your Future”*
- 30 May **David Wolfer & Lizi Benninger** – *Global Grant Scholar & Ambassadorial Student*

If you cannot do your job on the day, please find someone who can do it instead of you, then contact the Sergeant on the day to update the roster. Please don't leave this until the Monday afternoon – let the Sergeant know in advance if you have not been able to arrange a swap. If you are going to be away for particular future meetings let Peter Ennis know.



Rotary Club of Newlands Office Bearers

Colin Burke	President	colinburke@mweb.co.za
Lucian Pitt	Secretary	secretary@newlands.org.za
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Johan Beukman	Youth Service	jbeukman@netactive.co.za

Books for the World

For all educational school books and novels for age from early education to High school

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St Anthony's Catholic Church, Ndabeni Street, Langa

