

A CUP OF COFFEE

by

Philip
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Rush



All I wanted was a coffee at ten o'clock today, So I strolled into a coffee lounge that wasn't far away. "Could I have a cup of coffee?" I asked the waitress there, As I sat beside the window on an ageing, wooden chair. "Cup of coffee? Not a problem - and which would you prefer?" "Just a coffee, thank you kindly," was my reply to her. "We have a Cappuccino, or Black, both long or short, Or Vienna, or a Latte, with milk of any sort. We have Decaf and Caro; we have plunger coffee too, Or Flat White in a mug or cup; which will do for you?" This choice left me a mite confused, and so I softly said, "I think I've had a change of mind, I'll have some tea instead."

"That's no trouble, sir, at all," and then I heard her say, "Orange Pekoe, Prince of Wales, or Earl or Lady Grey? We have both Irish Breakfast, and English Breakfast, too; And Jasmine and Darjeeling are both a tasty brew. We've also Lapsang Souchong, and then there's China Black, Or, perhaps, you're into herbal? We've many out the back." I thought I was confused before, but now this waitress girl had given me such choices that my head was in a whirl! I went in for a coffee - but that's not what I bought: "Just bring a glass of water, thanks, and never mind what sort!"

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Phil has a swag of poems. Visit his website and order some of his books. His poems of Australia are excellent.

<http://www.philiprush.com.au/books/highcountry.htm>

FORREST GOES TO HEAVEN

The day finally arrived. Forrest Gump dies and goes to Heaven. He is at the Pearly Gates, met by St. Peter himself. However, the gates are closed and Forrest approaches the gatekeeper.

St. Peter said, "Well, Forrest, it is certainly good to see you. We have heard a lot about you. I must tell you, though, that the place is filling up fast, and we have been administering an entrance examination for everyone. The test is short, but you have to pass it before you can get into Heaven."

Forrest responds, "It sure is good to be here, St. Peter, sir. But nobody ever told me about any entrance exam. I sure hope that the test ain't too hard. Life was a big enough test as it was."

St. Peter continued, "Yes, I know, Forrest, but the test is only three questions.

First, what two days of the week begin with the letter T?

Second, how many seconds are there in a year?

Third, what is God's first name?"

Forrest leaves to think the questions over. He returns the next day and sees St. Peter, who waves him up and says, "Now that you have had a chance to think the questions over, tell me your answers."

Forrest replied, "Well, the first one, which two days in the week begins with the letter 'T'? Shucks, that one is easy. That would be Today and Tomorrow."

The Saint's eyes opened wide and he exclaimed, "Forrest, that is not what I was thinking, but you do have a point and I guess I did not specify, so I will give you credit for that answer. How about the next one?" asked St. Peter.

"How many seconds in a year? Now that one is harder," replied Forrest, but I think and think about that and I guess the only answer can be twelve."

Astounded, St. Peter said, "Twelve? Twelve? Forrest, how in Heaven's name could you come up with twelve seconds in a year?"

Forrest replied, "Shucks, there's got to be twelve. January 2nd, February 2nd, March 2nd..."

"Hold it," interrupts St. Peter. "I see where you are going with this and I see your point, though that was not quite what I had in mind. But I will have to give you credit for that one, too. Let us go on with the third and final question. Can you tell me God's first name?"

"Sure," Forrest replied. "Its Andy."

"Andy"? Exclaimed an exasperated and frustrated St Peter.

"Okay, I can understand how you came up with your answers to my first two questions, but just how in the world did you come up with the Name Andy as the first name of God?"

"Shucks, that was the easiest one of all," Forrest replied. "I learnt it from the song, "Andy walks with me, Andy talks with me, Andy tells me I am his own."

St. Peter opened the Pearly Gates and said, "Run Forrest, run."



Just a
Thought
From
Bill
Northcott!

'Many a true word is spoken
through false teeth.'

My neighbour owns several cats, and during a visit she introduced them to me by name.

'That's Astrphe, that's Erpilar. That's Eract. That's Alog.'

'Where did you find those unusual names? I asked.

'Oh those are their last names.' she explained. 'Their fist name is Cat.'

George D's Puzzler

Look at the following
number..... **101010**

With one straight line how can you
change it to **950....?**

See answer on page 9

Felicity's in the Cafés

Felicity Urquhart's new single, *Big Black Cloud*, has achieving the number 1 spot on the *Sounds Like Cafe* chart.

Sounds Like Café was established with the specific purpose of distributing quality Australian music to **cafes and coffee shops**

throughout selected areas of Australia. So if you happen to be sipping a latte, a long black, a cappuccino or a flat white at a coffee shop in South Australia there's every chance you will hear Felicity's velvet vocals.

Felicity said. "I think *Big Black Cloud* is a really relatable song. It has its dark side, but then most of us have those days when you feel like there's a big black cloud hanging over you."

If you would like to know more about Felicity's latest adventures, visit her website www.felicityurquhart.com



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