

## Attivitajiet ghax-xahar ta' Frar 2018

**Il-Gimgha 2 ta' Frar:** Education Boardroom, Floriana. 8.00pm.  
Illum ghandna talk interessanti mis-sur James Sultana fuq ..... "It-Tejtru Wara l-Kwinti"

Certa li din it-tahdita ser tkun interessanti. Titilfuhiex!

**Il-Gimgha 9 ta' Frar:** Education Boardroom, Floriana. 8.00pm  
Illum se niccelebraw quddiesa ghall-gheziez taghna li hallewna. Ser iqaddes Fr. Saviour Chircop.

**Is-Sibt 10 ta' Frar:** Fuq talba ta' hafna minnkomm illum se naghmlu one-night break half board go San Pawl Hotel gewwa San Pawl il-Bahar. Booking ilu miftuh u l-postijiet kwazi kollha mtlew. Nispera li min jigi jiehu gost.

**Il-Gimgha 16 ta' Frar:** El Catalan Restaurant Xghajra, Zabbar. 8.00pm  
Illum se niccelebraw il-Birthday Celebrations ta' dan ix-xahar gol-El Catalan Restaurant. Giel morna u dejjem hadna gost u din id-darba m'ghandhiex tkun eccezzjoni.

### Menu

**Starter:** Lasagna jew Mushroom soup

**Main course:** Pork in mushroom sauce jew Chicken breast bil mushroom sauce jew Swordfish.

Birthday cake

Drinks: Soft drink jew tazza nbid jew ilma.

Prezz :€18.

Booking ma John Trapani mobile number: 9944 3481

**Il-Gimgha 23 ta' Frar:** Education Boardroom, Floriana. 8.00pm.  
Illum ghandna tahdita interessanti hafna mill-Clinical Psychology Practitioner Lisa-Maria Gilson. Is-suggett maghzul huwa: Mix-Xewk johrog il-Ward. Zgur li tahdita bhal din johrog il-gid minnha!

**Chairperson: Maria Borg**      **Mob. 9927 1981**

**Secretary: Louise Suda**      **Mob. 9949 8784**

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Volum 21

Harga 2

Frar 2018

Gheziez Hbieb,

Nispera li kollha tinsabu tajbin. Diga' ghadda xahar mis-sena l-gdida! Kif itir iz-zmien hux!? U ahna tal-kumitat dejjem inhabblu rasna x'nistghu nivvintaw gdid biex inzommukom ferhanin. Xi kultant hija difficli hafna ghax gimgha wara gimgha hemm hafna gimghat u mhux dejjem tkun taf x'se taqbad torganizza. Kultant anke biex insibu post fejn naghmlu l-Birthday Celebrations difficli ghax min izomm ghali (u ahna dejjem nippruvaw insibu prezz ragjonevoli ghalikom), min ma jaccettax gruppi etc etc. Imma nsomma s'issa dejjem irnexxielna nzommukom okkupati.

Jien nixtieq naghmel appell li ghamiltu kemm il-darba imma kif jghidu bl-Ingiliz "It falls on deaf ears," cioe', li min jista' joffri xi servizz lill-grupp... bhalma jaghti tahdita jew dimostrazzjoni fuq xi hobby.....jew jaf lil xi hadd li kapaci jaghmel xi haga fil-grupp ikellem lill-kumitat u ahna nikkunsidraw is-suggerimenti taghkom. Pero', jekk joghgobkom, taqbdax u tistiednu lin-nies intom, IMMA GHIDU LILNA! Anke min ikun jista' jaghti xi ghajnuna ohra jkellimna. Forsi jkun hemm bzonn ghajnuna biex naghmlu t-te u l-kafe' jew inqassmu l-kejk. Insomma kull ghajnuna tghodd. M'hemm x' ghalfejn tkun fil-kumitat biex taghmel xi haga ghall-grupp. Grazzi dejjem tal-kooperazzjoni.

Nixtieq infakkar ukoll li min ikun se jgib lil xi hadd gdid javzana minn qabel billi jew iccemplu lili jew lil Marie-Louise Suda, is-segretarja, fuq il-mobile numbers li gejjin:

Maria: 99271981, Louise: 99498784. Kif tafu, bhalissa qeghdin nigbru l-membership fee li hija €15. Importanti li, min irid jibqa' membru, ihallasha mill-aktar fis. Dan ghaliex irridu nkunu nafu kemm minnkomm se jibqghu membri ghax min ma jhallasx il-membership fee awtomatikament jinqata' minn membru. Tinsewx li min ma jibqax ihallasha u jaqbez l-eta` ta 61 imbaghad ma nkunux nistghu nergghu naccettawh bhala membru. Barra minn hekk, min ma jgeddidx il-membership qabel l-elezzjoni li jmiss tal-kumitat ma jkunx jista' jivvota.

U issa nigu ghall-AGM. X'inhu AGM? L-AGM huwa Annual General Meeting jew Laqgha Generali Annwali. Din il-laqgha ssir kull sena f'Marzu fejn jinqraw ir-rapporti tal-kumitat dwar attivitajiet li saru fil- grupp, rapporti finanzjarji ecc. Imbaghad issir l-elezzjoni ghall-Kumitat il-gdid. Din il-laqgha din is-sena se jkollna naghmluha kmieni ghax l-ahhar zewg gimghat ta' Marzu se jkun d-Duluri u l-Gimgha l-Kbira. U ghalhekk ma nistghux naghmlu AGM f'dawn il-granet. L-AGM se jsir nhar il-Gimgha 16 ta' Marzu. U fl-ahharnett, imma mhux l-anqas importanti, nixtieq infakkarkom li jekk hemm xi individwi interessati johorgu ghall-kumitat jghidulna kmieni minn qabel halli nippreparaw ghall-elezzjoni tal-Kumitat il-gdid f'Marzu li gej. Grazzi.

Dejjem taghkom,  
*Marija*

## The Power of Love - True Story

Karen and her husband were full of excitement when they learned that they will soon have an addition to their young family. They had Michael 3 years ago, and now a baby girl was on the way. One of their first concerns was how Michael would adjust to the idea of having a sibling and how to make him view this addition to the family as a positive change. So they gradually introduced to him the idea of having a new playmate, a special companion in the family and somebody who will be looking up to him as an older brother. They slowly but gradually ingrained into his mind that his sister belonged to him as much as she belonged to them, the parents... that the new baby was somebody for all of them to love and care for.

Michael seemed to love the idea of him being part of the family effort to take care of their new baby girl. He increasingly became curious about the growth in his mother's womb. So his mother encouraged him to touch her belly to feel his growing sister, and talk to her.... or sing to her.

From that time on, whenever Michael found the opportunity to sing to the evolving new life in his mother's womb, he would animatedly sing to her the only song he knew: "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine. You make me happy, when clouds are gray ....."

Sometimes while caressing his mother's womb as he sang, his whole face would suddenly lighten up with sheer delight when he felt a slight kick or movement from within the womb, and he imagined that his baby sister liked his singing and was dancing to his tune.

Karen was gratified to notice that as the pregnancy developed, Michael was forming a bond of love with his younger sister, to whom he would now be singing morning, noon, and evening.

Then the time came for the delivery and Karen was in labour. The spasms became more frequent, first every five minutes, then every three minutes. Then, unexpectedly, some complication developed and Karen took a much longer time to deliver the baby.

Finally, after so much wait and struggle on the part of Karen, the baby came. But the little girl was not well at all. In fact, her condition was so delicate that she had to be rushed right away by ambulance to a neonatal intensive care facility where they had better capability to handle critical situations. But the doctors told the parents to expect the worst. The doctors said they would be lucky if she lived longer than a few hours.

The following day, the baby was still alive, but struggling, and getting weaker by the hour. Instead of the happy anticipation of welcoming a new member of the family, Karen and her husband now had to attend to the necessary tasks pertinent to the death of a family member, like arranging for a funeral. They had a nice, brightly painted room prepared for the baby, but now they had to look for a burial plot for her. And there was this saddest task of all: how to tell Michael.

Amidst all the confusion and sad development, Michael was almost forgotten and relegated to the background. A neighbor volunteered to take care of him for a couple of days while his parents were at the hospital.

But Michael was impatient to see his new sister, to meet her face to face. He wanted to hold her tiny hands and feet, the same ones he felt kicked him while still in the womb. He wanted to talk to her. Most of all, he wanted to sing to her.

When he was finally reunited with his parents, he cried in frustration. He cried because he missed them, but more than that because he wanted to see his little sister.

But little kids were not allowed in the neonatal intensive facility.

A few more days passed and the little baby was still hanging on to life. But the prognosis was the same, and it was a matter of a short time before they would be having a funeral.

Karen was heartbroken to think that Michael would not even be able to see his sister alive. His watery blue eyes told her how much he loved his little sister.

Believing that it was totally unfair for Michael not to meet his sister, Karen drove to the facility with Michael. Whether the hospital staff liked it or not, Michael was meeting her. In no time at all, Karen was in the facility dressing up Michael with an oversized scrub suit.

Before they could get to the ICU, a nurse barred their way, reminding Karen of the rule prohibiting children there. But Karen was adamant, "Michael just has to see his sister ... a few very brief moments, that's all he needs!" Faced with a hurting mother's fierce resolve, the nurse moved out of the way.

So Karen gently and quietly led Michael to the crib of his sister. He silently gazed at her, then smiled up to his mother indicating his happiness at finally seeing her. Karen just wanted to wait a few minutes until they had to go.

Then Michael, softly at first, started to whisper to the baby the song, "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine."

Immediately, there was a perceptible reaction from the child. Where before, her breathing was shallow, she started heaving sighs and the pattern of her breathing changed and became stronger. The nurse and Karen were startled at this response.

Karen then told Michael to continue singing. "You make me happy when skies are gray" The nurse felt the little baby's pulse, and surely enough, there was a calm, steady and clearly perceptible pulse from the baby now.

"You'll never know, dear, how much I love you. Please don't take my sunshine away."

With tears in her eyes, Karen urged Michael to continue with his singing.

"The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping, I dreamed I held you in my arms".

The little baby now appeared to be beautifully resting, her breathing normal and her small heart beating regularly. Some other nurses had come into the room, and all of their faces were full of tears. They knew how a healing rest looked like, and they had no doubt, this little baby was going to make it.

"You are my sunshine, my only sunshine. Please don't take my sunshine away..."

Just a few days later, the little baby had become strong enough for her parents to take her home.