

# ChILL

Term 1 2009

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## **Editor's CRUNCH**

**By Jordan Hammond**

Welcome, welcome, welcome to a brand new ChIPS year. I'm very excited to be leading the Publications Sub-committee again this year, and what a great team I have to work with. Karen Lay, Eliza Masterson, Geri Herd and Kevin He and myself will be your Publications team for 2009.

Firstly, congratulations to them for putting together this wonderful masterpiece that I must admit I've had very little to do with. A huge thank you to Geri who did the whole

editing process and has done such a fantastic job (especially considering it's her first year on Reference), so well done Geri.

We have started to plan the whole year and have some great ideas for the newsletters and magazine ahead. The team has come up with some fantastic ideas and it's been great working with them, even if it has only been for a few months so far.

It's going to be such a fantastic year this year I can feel it in my bones. Per-

sonally I have made some changes to my own life that I hope will help with my health and wellbeing. I joined the gym, have given up partying too hard and am focusing on my uni work, and so far it seems to be paying off.

Anyway I hope that you all enjoy this first edition of ChILL for the year and that you spend this time getting in touch with yourself and doing the things that make you happy, like I will be .

Cheers.

## **Reference Planning Day 2009**

**By Eliza Masterson**

On the 28th of January in sweltering 43° heat the 2009 reference committee gathered for a team building day.

After a while of forgetting which door led to the chips office I finally decided and was greeted by a cheerful Kristen. I was surprised to see that I was not the only very early person as Geri, Jordan, Felipe, and James were already there as well. (sorry if I have forgotten who else was there at that time!).

While a few other people arrived, Beth, Tamara, Geri and I ventured out and over

too the hospital too help Megan the music therapist, cart some drums over for a bit of music, which was set up in the park out the back of the chips office.

When we had chosen our preferred drums, Meghan got us to do a few drumming exercises including making up some very interesting beats and saying all our great goals for this year and the reference committee.

After a few more exercises, and some games which resulted in every-

one getting wet we all headed back into the chips office for lunch which consisted of heaps of sausages with bread if you like, a lovely looking salad and other bits and pieces. After chatting and stuffing ourselves with sausages, a few people headed off leaving the remaining people to label and stuff envelopes with the annual chill wrapper. A little while later off we went home, looking forward to an amazing, exiting year ahead, which I'm very excited to be a part of. Yay!

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# Reference Sub-committee Updates

## Socials Update

BY Abbie Kinniburgh (Socials Leader)

The socials committee team for 2009 has begun the year with a motivated, warm and willing to commit attitude. This year's socials team that will be planning and running the socials and events of the ChIPS program for 2009 includes James Williams, Sarah Menta, Jane Franklin, Beth Sleeman, Jemma Young and Abbie Kinniburgh. We are beginning the year for term 1 holiday social with an African drumming workshop, lunch at Melbourne

central food court and a casual movie session to end the day. This will prove to be unique experience for many ChIPPERS full of fun and entertainment, but also lots of challenges and skill building for many ChIPPERS in many different aspects along the way. The socials team this year will be working their motivation and creativity to run many entertaining and unique

and different events throughout the year. We are also planning a few fundraisers for the program throughout the year for the ChIPS program, which all ChIPPERS will be informed of and their family and friends are welcome to come along to. Hope to see you at many of these events throughout the year!! From the ChIPS socials team 2009.

## Camp Update

BY Stacey Cumming

Well planning has already begun for another fantastic camp in 2010. This year we have a mix of old and new camp committee members to lead the way. The team consists of Michaela, Felipe, Lauren, Heather and Jess, as our fantastic mentor. We have

resourced new campsites and started thinking of themes. The camp evaluations from last year's camp have been summarized and discussed with the group as to what we really want from our campsite and camp in 2010,

possibly incorporating new skills and activities. It's ALL staying a secret as usual so can't tell you too much more but we are all very excited about this process and look forward to getting it all going.

## ChIPS Connect Update

By Tamara Myors

Introducing the 2009 ChIPS Connect Committee Members - Vassie, Ivano, Davina, Scott, Tamara (sub-committee leader) and Carly (mentor). Most of our group members are relatively new to being involved in advocacy roles and even the position of Sub-committee Leader is unfamiliar to me. Yet we are all very excited and each member brings

fresh views and new ideas. Although we do not have any advocacy talks booked, we are working on ideas to make the community aware of ChIPS. Currently we are revising the 'Expression of Interest' form and how to make it more widely known. At the same time we are hoping to communicate the oppor-

tunity of joining ChIPS, by beginning our monthly Ward Visits at the Royal Children's Hospital, starting from April. We are looking forward to another successful and rewarding year! (If anyone has details of groups that may be interested in learning more about ChIPS, please feel free to e-mail me - tam\_myors@hotmail.com)

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## ChIP In Update

The ChIP In Auxiliary are hard at work again to raise vital funds for the ChIPS Program. As the ChIP In Auxiliary play such an important role in providing essential funds for a variety of things including the annual camp I would like to introduce them to you. The ChIP In Auxiliary for 2009 is as follows:

Chairperson: **Jessica O'Dowd**

Vice-Chairperson: **Leah Stuart**

Secretary: **Jenny Balnaves**

Treasurer: **John Fincher**

Auxiliary Members: **Di Fincher, Wendy Stuart, Jan Spiteri, Charlotte Ballan, Loretta Bellato, Jordan Hammond, Stacey Cumming**

This year the ChIP In Auxiliary are hoping to organise a number of fundraising events. We need the support of ChIPPERS and their family and friends to help make these events fun and profitable! All of the events will be advertised through the newsletter so make sure you look for these notices. Some events may also be advertised on the website and/or from time to time you may receive correspondence via email or post.

Some possible activities that we are hoping to run for this year include:

Car Scavenger Hunt

Movie Night at the Sun Theatre in Yarraville – June

Shopping Tour – October/November

Chocolate Drive

### ***ChIPS Gala Ball***

***Saturday 15<sup>th</sup> August 2009***

***A major fundraising event for this year will be the ChIPS Gala Ball.***

***The date has been set and a venue will be confirmed shortly.***

***Please stay tuned for further information.***

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## Gerri's Starlight Diary

In November of last year I was having a pretty grim time. It was nearly five months since I'd seen my doctor and I seriously needed the dose of one of my medications increased. I was alternating between sleeping too much and not at all. The depression was a lot worse than usual. Following the advice of other chippers I decided to email Kristen about it. The response I got was most surprising. Kristen asked me if I would be interested in a referral to the Starlight Children's Foundation, for those who may not know what this is, it is a wish-granting programme for children up to the age of 21 with chronic illness or disability.

My first reaction was confused. I had never considered myself to be eligible for anything like it, but after I spoke with my parents about it I started to think otherwise.

I am a prime candidate for the "well you don't look sick" jabs that could not possibly be more wrong. I have not one, but two, very rare afflictions. One is life threatening, that causes my severe fatigue, anaphylaxis, low blood pressure, abdominal pain and psychological issues. The other caused some moderate deformation before I was born, resulting in some permanent deafness, terrible eyesight, the speed with which my brain sorts information and some deformity to my face (many would disagree on this but if you compare my face with those of my family you'd find there is little resemblance.) In short, not only am I too ill to commit to a job or a class but I also have learning difficulties that hinder my actual ability to study.

So, after I managed to shove my normal person complex aside, I accepted the offer and the process began.

The first thing that needed doing was signing all the papers and talking about my current and past situations. The forms were sent off and I just had to wait for some sort of response. When someone had been assigned to me I met my supervisor and we basically just got to know each other a bit.

She gave me some more forms to fill out - this time for what I actually wanted my wish to be. I had a rough idea. Most people I spoke with about it thought I should want to get one of my (in the works) comics published but I felt that I could do that myself. I wanted to use my wish for something that I would really enjoy, not just as a foot in the door for a possible career. I wanted to learn to sing.

When filling out the form for your desired wish you have to choose three possible things you want. I had trouble with this as all I really did was was someone to teach me to sing to the best of my ability — luckily they chose to approve that one!

More next issue.

**Gerri-Rachael Herd**

### Attitude

The more I live, the more I realise,  
the impact of attitude on life.  
It is more important than education,  
than money, than circumstances,  
than failures, than successes,  
than whatever anyone might say or do.  
It is more important  
than appearances, giftedness or skill.

The remarkable thing is that  
we have the choice to create  
the attitude we have each day.  
We cannot change the past.  
We cannot change the way people act.  
We cannot change the inevitable.

The one thing we can change is the  
only thing we have control over  
and that is our attitude.  
I am convinced that life is  
10% what actually happens to us  
and 90% how we react to it.

**Charles Swindall**

**ChIPS Leadership Training**  
**2 day training open to all ChIP-**  
**PERS.**

**Monday 29th June and**  
**Tuesday 30th June**  
**10 am—4pm**

**More info on this event coming**

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# Personal Story

5... 4... 3... 2... 1... Happy New Year!!! A hundred people scream at the top of their lungs, hopes and spirits high as another year dawns upon humanity, my arms out of control, hugging random people who I barely know, that is until I find Travis in the crowd. Good looking guy, about 5 foot 11 inches tall, dark brown hair, blue eyes and a smile that simply warmed your heart. "Cheers mate!" we cry in unison as our bottles of Boags' caress each other, sending the liquid clear sound of glass on glass throughout the air right before we embrace. Now Travis was a very good friend of mine, in fact we got along so well that we practically did everything together, we were leading one life through two people in a sense, we knew everything there was to know about one another, what girls he was looking at, what brand of jeans I was wearing, what colour his boxers were. Now added to that list was sharing the start of 2006 together, "so my friend" he asked me with his deep voice, "What's the New Years Revolution this time?!" With a manic grin in his direction I comment happily "getting more girls to notice me over you for a change!" We share a moment of laughter before he tells me his going to learn to play the piano. I laugh him off, knowing he'll give up after a couple of months. The night moves on and we both drift across the room, but eventually the crowd thins and I catch his gaze again, giving him a sharp nod to let him know it's time to go he says his goodbyes and jogs over.

Walking down the street as the sun kisses the glowing horizon, giving it a beautiful orange tinge. Travis coughs sharply, spitting out onto the grass, I catch a glance of what he spit out as we walk by and stop dead in my tracks. Grasping his arm I gaze into his eyes softly – "Mate, looks like you're coughing out blood. Hospital time for you." He simply smiles at me and keeps walking, calmly replying "The Royal Children's Hospital is done for me buddy." I catch up to him with a soft smile "I like how tough you talk when you're full of alcohol." Our eyes lock as we both stare sternly for a few seconds before bursting out into laughter, walking on away from the sunrise. After what seems like an age of walking number 23 Allumba drive looms before us, I pull out my wallet and grasp my key, swiftly opening the door "ladies first" I smirk as I let him in. We go upstairs, entering my room I reach under my bed, pulling out a small bag with a rough greenish texture inside it. Travis smiles at me before grabbing the paper in my second drawer, rolling up a couple of "smokes" and climbing out of my window, smoking them on the roof we stare off into the distance... "Well travisty, doesn't get any better than this mate." The slow ghostly drawl of my voice eerie on the gusting wind would have been chilling to anyone else. "No my friend it doesn't." The rest of the of the night consisted of poor jokes and friendly banter.

*"Mate, looks like you're coughing out blood. Hospital time for you."*

I didn't see Trav for a couple of weeks after that night, but when I did I was nothing but afraid, what I saw wasn't Travis. It was simply a hollow form that had taken his shape. His cold blue eyes that once shared the warmth of the world staring holes through everything he looked at... He was sick... Trav's Mum tried to make him go to the hospital but even she couldn't force him, I stayed with him for a few nights over the next week. Every morning he would wake up at 6:30 like clockwork and spend 30 minutes in the bathroom coughing out blood. Every morning at 6:30, like clockwork, I sat outside the bathroom, my hands in my head as I did everything I could to get him out of his house and into a hospital bed, I went home for a couple of days, school back in 2 weeks, I should have been out with friends but I was sitting on my bed in a darkened room. Gazing at myself in the mirror on my wall as I felt myself succumb to his chest infection, but every morning I got up and put on a mask to convince my mother I was ok, going to see Travis every day, starting to cough up blood myself. Running a kilometre each day to his house and a kilometre home, desperately trying to keep myself fit and well, punishing my already sick body for letting my friend suffer, after 2 weeks of the same routine and school looming a week away Travis caught me coughing up blood and ordered me into a hospital bed. I fell to my knees with a disturbing laugh escaping my blood stained lips, telling him that I wasn't going anywhere without him, so we went together to the Royal Children's Hospital, together. While in there I was confronted from a lady who claimed to be from an organization under the name of "ChIPS", I looked at her through cold eyes and gave her nothing to work with but the fact that I quite obviously disliked her. My mind racing and my body flaming as pessimistic thoughts consumed my mind, all the people around me wonderful but my thoughts were always on Travis and my attitude was far from alright to those who cared for me. I could feel myself getting better, but every time I gazed into Travis once light filled eyes my heart sank. I wished I could have stayed sick, stayed with him for as long as I could. 10 Days passed and we were half way through the school week, I was freed of my poor health that shackled me to ...

Cont. Next page

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hospital and in what was usually a joyous occasion was heart breaking for me. I spent the entire day with Travis before I was dragged out by my mother who spoke very little. I went home and eventually returned to school, finding the routine the same. Just another typical year with easy subjects and a couple of fun kids, it was great to take my mind off Travis considering he no longer attended school. Three times a week I would call him from my mobile on the walk home, three times a week we would go through practically the same conversation. Once I asked him if he wanted me to stop calling, his tone emanating despair as he told me sometimes my calls were all he looked forward to. He ducked in and out of the hospital sporadically throughout the year and occasionally that old light would return to his dull eyes, but as the midyear approached he needed yet another admission. This time they told him straight out that prevention wouldn't work anymore, he needed to have half of one of his lungs out, I was with him at the time. He stayed strong throughout the entire conversation, until the doctors left the room. His head dropped right before his blue eyes began to form rivers down his cheek. He clutched at my shoulders and my insides started ripping open. I breathed heavily with a hand placed steadily in his dirty hair; I left the room after a couple of hours to head off home. That mask again appearing across my features, everyone believing I was ok until I made it into my room, defences dropping before I fell onto my knees, hands encasing my falling head while I quietly screamed, my body furiously burning as I could only tell myself it's my fault his like this... I should have done more, finding a knife I used the night before to cut some bread. I stare into the reflective surface, entranced by the beauty it beholds before in one sickening moment I place the tip on my arm and jerked downward. Crying out as my blood flowed freely, for some unknown reason it felt right at the time. I stopped the bleeding with ample pressure, always making sure I wore a shirt around the house to cover what I'd done. My heart racing as my mind darkened and hate for myself and everything around me completely filled me, the only times when I felt alive and real again were when I was hurting myself or seeing Travis. The mask that had once been a rare occurrence now played a big part in my life, it practically plastered itself to my face and it still won't come off. Travis died a week after he was informed he needed the operation. Everyone was telling me how well I was coping with this tragedy, how wrong they were. A month after his death I found myself fondling a card with a Ladies number on it, the top read "ChIPS". I took a vow on that day to live life better for myself and for Travis, to redeem what we had both done to ourselves somehow; to this day that mask is still a vital part of my attire as is the name Travis. To this day I live on every day hating myself for not doing something more for him, but I push on, I joined the ChIPS program where I met a bunch of great people who in time I hope to help heal and help cope with what life has dealt them. I live a controlled and steady life, always taking from this experience but never quite forgiving myself, while physically my wounds have healed, this has scarred me for life and is what shaped me into who I am.

My name is... \*Sigh\*

## Falling into Freedom

As a fairly new member to the ChIPS programme, I was excited to go to my first camp in 2009. While there I laughed, cried, grew as a person and experienced astounding things for myself and through others.

For many, the most prominent event was facing one's fear of heights on the giant swing. Being hoisted up thirteen meters, then free-falling for a few moments, to eventually swing back and forth out over the small confined area and nearly over the fence is not something that I would normally expect to enjoy! However, I love to try new things and have always been fascinated by falling - all kinds of falling. Falling in love, falling into a new phase of life, even just giving up. I'm the kind of person who will peer down from a great height just to wonder what it would be like to fall, not because I have a wish to die but because I imagine it would be an incredible rush. After all, isn't that why people bungee jump and sky dive?

When it came time for our team to have a turn on the swing, I enthusiastically demanded to go first. My group shouted encouragement as they lifted me higher and higher until I was above the trees and the land seemed to stretch out forever.

'What do I do?' I called down. In my haste I hadn't realised it wouldn't be me controlling the drop. I heard being asked if I was ready, I replied that I was. There was a brief click noise and then I fell.

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'What do I do?' I called down. In my haste I hadn't realised it wouldn't be me controlling the drop. I heard being asked if I was ready, I replied that I was. There was a brief click noise and then I fell.

Wind rushed through my hair, then stinging my eyes and drying my mouth. In that brief moment I forgot everything I ever had been, am, and dreamed I will be. None of it seemed important, and how could it, when all that was there was the exhilarating rush of the wind backed by my team-mates fanatic cheers and congratulations. I forgot to scream, so I laughed instead. I did not have the ability to be afraid at the same time as feeling such an overwhelming joy to be alive.

Despite appearances, physical or mental, I have my dark days, some possibly darker than you can imagine. Fortunately in my most recent year of life I have learned that although bad can turn into impossibly unbearable, things might be just as likely to turn out all right.

We all fall and sometimes we crash. But sometimes - even when we least expect it - we fly.

**Geri-Rachael Herd**

## **ChIPS Cluedo Camp 2009**

**By Beth Sleeman**

Whoa! What a great 3 days spent with ChIPS, chippers, potato chips and everything chippy. I simply loved camp this year it was absolutely brilliant and the beach day was the best. The camp site wasn't big but wasn't small. Just pwerfect and we were all close and able to converse with each other easily. I think everyone will agree that camp rocked, totally awesome. Very welled planned (congrats and

thanks to Charlotte and Felipe for that) Day One excitement and nerves as on every camp experienced by everybody. All wanting to make new friends and experience new things and most importantly have FUN! Day Two - beach day pretty extreme stuff with cricket, waves and swimming, one of my favourite past times which has now coined me a nickname at ChIPS of Fish. Then came Day 3 the day of

high emotions and teary good – byes. Awards were given out we had some very special guests and on top of all that I got a mass amount of hugs! Now I'd just like to send out the message to any people that haven't been on camp before you have to do it. ChIPS camp gives you a great energy and you have the most fun ever. Please come on camp next year.

## **First Year on RefCom**

**BY Kevin He**

When camp was over, I thought to myself, what else could I do? I thought the answer was nothing...but lo and behold, I was handed a form to join Reference Committee. I was in year 12, so a sense of apprehension came over me, as I thought about the amount of workload. But I overcame those fears, and promptly handed in my application...a few days late. Thus I was made part of the publications team. Great joy to be had.

First meeting: I felt a tad nervous about the first meeting. Expectations abound, I walked in pretending to be confident, but felt content to just sit and watch. Watching intently, I noticed the instant rapport between fellow Chippers, not to mention the generosity of those who contributed food. The meeting was friendly but still quite professional, and I was quite impressed. Seats were pretty comfy as well.

Jumping straight into Publications, I hoped to make a few contributions for the people, writing quality material for fellow Chippers. I suppose this is my first article for the group, enjoy!

## ChIPS is having a Tupperware Fundraiser!

With your support, the ChIPS Program could be rewarded with quality Host Gifts and Tupperware Vouchers!!!

How Can **YOU** Help?!

- Place an **order** today and you will be donating **10%** to ChIPS
  - Book a Tupperware **Party** and it is equivalent to **\$200** in orders  
(make sure you do this before end of **April** - contact details below)
- Tupperware April Preview* – one copy included in your ChIPS Newsletter

*Tupperware Catalogue* – available on request, contact Tamara Myers (ChIPS Member) to receive free copies - could give to friends, school, work, community... or view online at [www.tupperware.com.au](http://www.tupperware.com.au)

Complimentary Tupperware Products received will be used as

Auction items for our Annual ChIPS Ball in August!

Thank you for supporting **ChIPS** with our **Tupperware Fundraiser!!!**

**Tamara Myers**

(Tupperware Demonstrator)

Mobile: 0424 624 355

E-mail: [tam\\_myors@hotmail.com](mailto:tam_myors@hotmail.com)

## Kristen's Korner

So we are well and truly into a new year – the ChIPS Camp has been and gone, the 2008 ChIPS Wrapper has been laughed and cried over, the 2009 Reference Committee is hard at work, and daylight saving is over

So what next you may ask? Well we do it all over again...bigger and better than ever before of course! But first some reflections.



The **2008 Christmas Party** was an afternoon of laughs and fun. Lawn Bowling with ChIPPERS and staff from the Victoria Police High Challenge Program and other volunteers is a HOOT and should be tried by everyone! Aside from planning the activity and location, the Social Committee organised a yummy BBQ dinner, snacks, Kris Kringle and a quiz. Well done Karen and the team!



**The 2009 camp** held at Camp Waratah Bay was an enormous success, with 46 ChIPPERS, staff and volunteers spending 3 days together playing a life sized Cluedo game, and sharing meals, laughs, burnt fingers, beach cricket and volleyball games, and songs. A HUGE effort was put in by the camp committee, in particular camp organisers Charlotte and Felipe – THANKYOU! A particular high point for me was that there were so many new faces at the camp, and these new ChIPPERS were welcomed so warmly by all and seemed to have a brilliant time. Well done to our winning team Miss Scarlett, and all our award winners, in particular Scott Campbell for deservedly winning the Chris Balnaves Award.

At camp the **2008 ChIPS Wrapper** was distributed, and mailed out to those not in attendance following camp. I think you will agree that the creative approach to this Wrapper was refreshing and a great read. The Publications committee did a wonderful job throughout the year, led admirably by Jordan.

The **2009 Reference Committee** had a planning afternoon in late January and first met officially in mid-Feb. We again have 21 young people (including 5 new people) and 4 mentors on the committee, with this year's Chairperson voted in as Jordan, and Vice-Chairperson being Felipe. Read the sub-committees updates for information about what they are focusing on this year, and who to contact if you have ideas about activities they could consider in 2009.

The first term **8-week group** has just come to an end, co-facilitated by Meagan and peer-leader Ivano. Welcome to our new recruits! The first **ChIPS Intensive** program will be run in the April school holidays, so we will let you all know how this new component to ChIPS goes. So far it is proving very popular with many referrals for the July intensive already received.

We are currently designing a **research project** on the success (or otherwise) of the ChIPS program. The idea is to evaluate all areas of the program, so we know what is and isn't working, and why. Then we will be in a better position to develop the program in useful ways, and hopefully attract more funding to support all the work we are currently doing and hope to do in the future. This means that sometime in the next 2 years, you are likely to be asked to participate in some of the research (answering questions, completing surveys, telling us your ideas etc). Be warned...!

Some **staff news** - Meagan will be on annual leave most of June (lucky thing is going overseas!), but will have finished the Term 2 8-week group before she leaves.

And my news – I will be leaving ChIPS in July to move to Darwin for 1-2 years. I am very hopeful of being able to take Leave Without Pay, and thus being able to come back into the ChIPS Coordinator position when I return to Victoria. It will be very sad to leave the program and you guys, but it certainly won't be the last you will hear from me! I will keep you updated on what and when this is all happening via letter/website/Term 2 CHILL.

Take care and keep smiling,

**Kristen**

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# Impression of an 8- week group facilitator

By Ivano Cascone

Facilitating an eight week group is something that I have been wanting to do for about 6 months prior to joining the CHIPS Connect Sub-committee. My first meeting was an interesting one because I was more nervous than I expected to be, despite Meagan's efforts; but it was good because I managed to actually do my facilitation. So the first session, as it always is, was a bit of a nerve wracking one, where it is hard to get the future ChIPPERS to talk. However all that was needed was one suggestion and it was amazing to see what a small suggestion can bring out of them, and gradually bit by bit it was great to see their skills come out, very slowly. So I was glad to see that all the other new ChIPPERS were increasingly becoming more and more comfortable with each other, it was good to see I didn't have to work so hard also was good to see all four of them grow in confidence. So I really hope they have enjoyed the eight week group, as much or more than I have mine and hope to see them soon at socials and also maybe at the next camp.

Welcome to our newest ChIPPERS; Rohan Knowles, Claire Gornall, Pippin Robey!!!

## Term 1 2009 8- week group Song Lyrics

ChIPS Term 1, 2009 Song  
Rohan Knowles, Clare Gornall  
Peer Leader: Ivano  
23/3/09

To the melody of If Everyone  
Cared by Nickleback

Everyday I live, I struggle with  
The emotions that, are within me  
My anger leads to sadness  
And my sadness leads to anger

It's a burden on my shoulders  
A heaviness on my mind

I struggle with the differences  
I feel the isolation overtake me  
I try to smile when I am down  
But I am fragmented

I'm singing  
Bring the world back to me cause  
I'm alive  
Bring my world back to me cause

I'm alive

I won't let this thing take over me  
I started off being down but  
Now I fight it, take it down  
I can do it I'm not alone

I can take it cos I'm alive  
I'll be everything I can be

I struggle with the differences  
I feel the isolation overtake me  
I try to smile when I am down  
But I am fragmented

I'm singing  
Bring the world back to me cause  
I'm alive  
I will bring my world back to me

CAMP!





More Camp Photos



Social Photos



# Coldplay Concert Review

BY Kevin He

Summed up in one sentence: quite amazing. That's not a sentence...

I suppose I should go into more details. People who don't know this band, or don't care much for them look away now. Into Rod Laver at 7pm, boiling hot and no signs of cooling down, me and my friends sat down and made ourselves comfortable for Coldplay, buying food and going to toilets, so I wouldn't be going halfway through the concert. Seats on the side, good distance, but we did envy the standing audience, right in front of the stage.

A couple of supporting acts were on, and while they were good, we were impatient and couldn't wait until the big band came. Finally, at 9:30 they came in. The wait was over, the whole arena was dark, and the four band members, lit up only by sparklers, ran on the stage and immediately burst into 'Life In Technicolor'. YAY! The front was covered by a black veil (made us feel better, sitting on the side), but then the veil came down and the band jumped straight into 'Clocks', a personal favorite of mine. 'Yellow' was accompanied by a stream of huge yellow balloons, exploding with confetti, showering the audience.

The giant display in the background constantly changed, depicting cover arts of albums, or different themes based on the nature of the song. 'Lovers In Japan' had one of the most spectacular displays, depicting scenes of Japanese culture, while lighting up the whole arena, finally revealing the true nature of Coldplay's fanbase. An empty seat could not be seen, and camera flashes would be constantly be flickering through the arena. It was quite awe-inspiring, one might say. When 'Viva La Vida' was played, the whole audience joined in singing the chorus and the song's memorable chant. The show continued with an acoustic set in the middle of the audience, and ended with 'The Scientist' and 'Life In Technicolor II'. For 'The Scientist', people (including myself), promptly pulled out lighters and the like, to wave to the music. Walking outside, we were blessed with a cold breeze and rain. A great night, listening to them again while driving back home, full blast, garnering the attention of pedestrians and the shady looking passerby here and there.

## African Flavoured ChIPS

By Tamara Myers

The first ChIPS Social Event for 2009 was held on Tuesday the 14<sup>th</sup> of April – certainly one to remember! ChIPS has done some workshops as socials in the past, but none quite like this. And just being after the Easter Celebrations made it even more eggciting, eggstraordinary and eggstotic! The day began at ChIPS where we all met and then travelled by trams together to our destination (Dom Bosco - Brunswick). There we were greeted by Jacob (also known as Abbie's brother). He started by explaining what we would be

doing and then introduced the variety of instruments and where they originated from. We were taught how to play the instruments and learnt about the different sounds we could make. Jacob explained that there is no conductor or verbal forms of communication in African music, and that the talking is done all through the playing of the instruments themselves. Jacob and Abbie then demonstrated an example of a call (drum) and response (bell) sequence. Then we got down to business, learning different

rhythms and the gradually combining them all together to make amazing African Music! Although everyone was busy concentrating on their instruments and their particular rhythm, I think we were all surprised how well it all came together in the end – including Jacob! After a fun filled morning of music making, we then travelled to Melbourne Central, where we had lunch together. In order to chill out and relax, some of us then decided to view the Pink Panther 2 movie, which was an enjoyable way to unwind!



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