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C3A Magazine

Spring 2023

How it all started & where we stand today

In this 20th Anniversary Year of C3A it is appropriate and right to look back at how our Association came into being.

The idea for a University of the Third Age started in France in 1972 and within a year led to the formation of the International Association of U3As (AIUTA). The movement spread worldwide. In UK, the U3A started with the creation of the Third Age Trust in 1982, but it was decided to adopt an approach that was independent of Universities proper in favour of their own autonomous learning groups. It was felt that Third Agers themselves had the skills to do this within the ethos of encouraging positive ageing by enabling its members to share educational, creative and leisure activities. The Cyprus U3A followed the UK model.



When Janet Bureau, our founder, first heard about the movement, she contacted the Third Age Trust in the UK to learn more and get assistance on how to set up a U3A in Cyprus. She also researched all the available possibilities for Adult Education here. In 2001 and 2002 Janet worked with a small steering group of enthusiastic friends to establish the Cyprus U3A, which was achieved in May 2003. We became affiliated to the Third Age Trust and had access to many of their resources.

Janet was Chair of the Executive Committee from 2003 to 2006 and was succeeded by Dorothy Hulley, who had been the founder of the Paphos District U3A. Throughout, there was a dedicated team of individuals who helped to establish and develop the Association. To quote Janet herself: *"... the U3A ... is for all English speakers who would relish the opportunity to mix with alert like-minded people who enjoy doing new things."*

The vision of the founding members was ambitious. The Cyprus U3A started in Limassol, but it was regarded as the nucleus of an island wide venture. It was hoped that each district would set up its own U3A running its own affairs under an elected district committee. These would be represented on the Executive Committee, which would then be free to "fulfil its broader remit." Furthermore, they hoped to engage with educational departments and agencies to influence policies relating to learning later in life, as well as to collaborate with institutions undertaking research into ageing and the position of older people in society.



Some of these aims were achieved. In the early days for instance, U3A Paphos was launched in June 2004 and in the same year a C3A representative attended the European Lifelong Learning Professional Training Centre Seminar at the invitation of the secretary to the Cyprus Education Consortium. Since then, there have been other such events.

However, even the best laid plans of mice and men often go awry. At about this time it became necessary to register C3A with the Ministry of the Interior as it was impossible to open a C3A bank account otherwise due to the more stringent EU banking regulations. This required the Constitution to be translated into Greek. It then transpired that we could not use the word "University" in our title and would be in breach of the law if we did so. Hence our present title Cyprus Third Age.

How it all started & where we stand today



Fast forward to 2010 when the Paphos District C3A faced a crisis situation. Registration of C3A was obtained in March 2009, which meant the C3A Chair and his/her Committee must have seniority over branch committees as branches could not have a separate legal identity. As a result, some branches predating the Constitution felt they were losing part of their independence. Although it was pointed out to them that they would still have a high degree of autonomy, there were some constraints, such as submitting annual details of finances, membership

details and minutes of meetings, amongst others, which they would not accept.

This situation ultimately led to branches going their own way with only the Limassol C3A Branch remaining. Eventually it became unviable to maintain both the Branch Committee and the Executive Committee due to the difficulty of filling positions on both so they merged in 2018 into the Cyprus Third Age Association that we have now.



Where we stand today

The most important thing is that we have survived despite the setbacks of Covid and Brexit! At the AGM in November we had over 130 paid up members, which impressed the Associations staff at the District Office, where we have to provide various documents relating to the AGM on a yearly basis.

We have ten groups and two affiliated groups, all now up and running including the Theatre Group, which was seriously affected by Covid restrictions and then the consequent programming of the Rialto theatre. Members have been discussing books, doing archaeological research, studying family history, watching films, visiting garden centres, ten-pin bowling and meeting for breakfasts and lunches, amongst other things. The Bridge Group could do with more members to function effectively and beginners are welcome.

Truly Useful News keeps us up to date on important matters, such as informing us of lockdown measures during Covid, getting booster doses of the Covid vaccine, the procedure for renewing driving licences in Cyprus and, more recently, alerting us to cyber scams and informing us how to stay safe online. Grow Bold, our magazine, informs and entertains us. It is published quarterly

online, but members need to provide us with enough copy for us to be able to do this.



C3A is no longer affiliated to the Third Age Trust in the UK, but we are affiliated to the Erasmus+ programme for education and training of the European Union. Pre-Covid we received a grant to enable two working parties to visit the U3A in Malta and in Slovenia. Three members managed to visit Malta just before the first lockdown and found it an enlightening experience. The Maltese U3A is essentially linked to the University and members can

How it all started & where we stand today **20** YEARS

attend certain courses. It is sponsored by the government. They also have groups of a more social nature in different locations. Unfortunately, the visit to Slovenia had to be delayed due to Covid and eventually dropped.

The Limassol Municipal Library has been refurbished and updated for use by the Cyprus University of Technology, which is based in Limassol. It is offering C3A members free training in the use of online government services such as GESY, Taxisnet and account payments for utilities etc. There has been a good response from members and four groups of about six or seven people with three sessions for each group have been planned. One group has already completed the course.



George Tsintas - e-government services trainer

There may also be the possibility of using the library for C3A seminars or lectures. A formal request has been made, but we have not yet received a response.

Last June we had an Open Meeting on Artificial Intelligence given by two academics from the Open University of Cyprus, who hoped they would receive funding from the EU to carry out research on developing ways to help people participate in policies relating to AI. C3A members who were interested could join a focus group to represent Third Agers in the community. Unfortunately, the department did not get the funding. I know there was a lot of competition as we were also approached by a University in Portugal asking for our collaboration! Again, the best laid plans do not always work out.

The University of the Third Age in Athens also wanted to visit us here in Cyprus. We helped them build their case, but unfortunately, they couldn't get the funding necessary.

Well, how far have we succeeded in maintaining the aims of the founders of C3A and U3As in general? It's for you to decide. Personally, as a long-standing member of C3A I have learnt a lot, both as a Group Leader, from groups I have joined, lectures at Open Meetings and now as a member of the Committee. I have met lots of people of various nationalities and backgrounds and made some good friends. I have also enjoyed some good outings. I know many of you have, too.

This year is our 20th Anniversary and we are planning a number of activities. I hope you will all support our efforts so that C3A can not only continue but flourish, too.

Cleo Kyriakidou
Chair

Editor's note

The photographs on the first two pages of this article were taken at the (then) U3A Annual General Meeting in 2004.

JOIN US

at our Open Day, which is one of several events planned for our 20th Anniversary Year.



St Barnabas Church Hall

Archbishop Leontiou I Street, Limassol

Saturday 22nd April 2023

10:00 to 13:00

Our C3A Group Leaders will be there so you can find out more about what each group has to offer.

Meet other members and have a chat over coffee/tea.

Existing members will receive a commemorative gift.

We look forward to seeing old friends and meeting new ones.

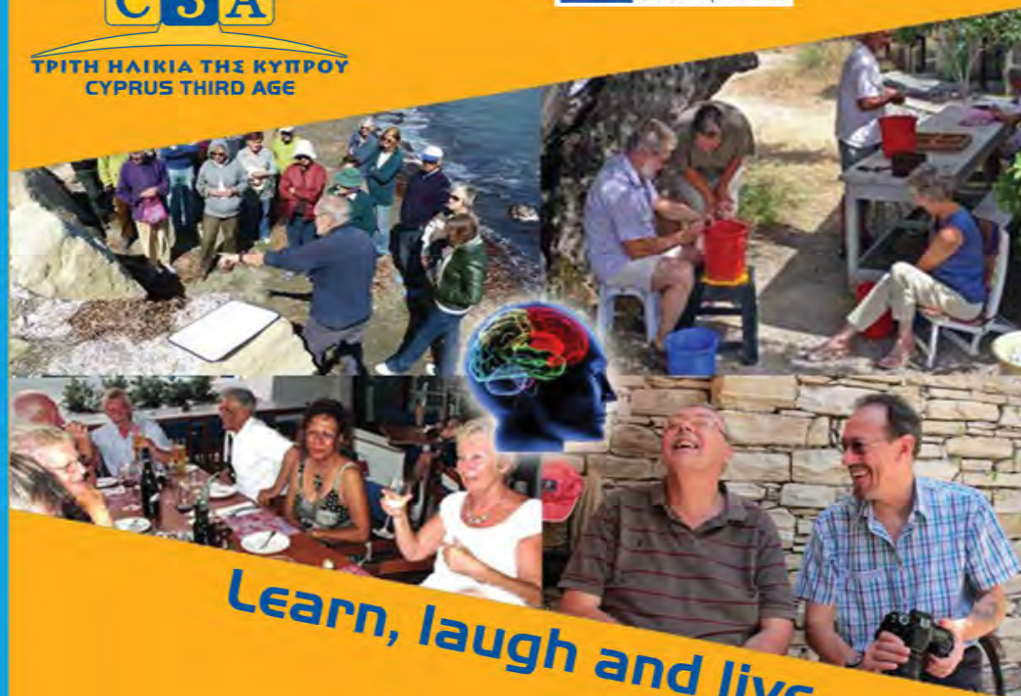
The Cyprus Third Age Association (C3A) is a self-help, self-managed lifelong learning cooperative providing the opportunity for those no longer in full time work to come together and learn for fun.

The C3A is part of a global network of many thousands of U3As.



ΤΡΙΤΗ ΗΛΙΚΙΑ ΤΗΣ ΚΥΠΡΟΥ
CYPRUS THIRD AGE

Lifelong Learning



Learn, laugh and live

No longer in full-time employment?
The C3A is for you!

Pursue your interests, keep active and make new friends.

Visit our website to find out more:

c3a-cyprus.org



MEU1 and MEU3 set to expire



Under the Brexit Withdrawal Agreement, UK nationals who were eligible for residence rights and their family members, could continue to live, work or study in Cyprus and move freely in and out of the country as before.

This enabled UK nationals to use their MEU1 or MEU3 document to prove their identity and avoid getting a 90-day visa stamp in their passport if they presented the document to immigration officials at airports, etc.

In addition, from 1st January 2021, UK nationals were given the right to secure the new style, credit-card sized plastic permanent residence documents UKW1 and UKW3 (as shown above) in exchange for their MEU document.

At that time, securing a UKW1 and UKW3 was optional, but we have learnt that **MEU documents will no longer be valid from 2026** and will need to be replaced with the new, plastic residence permits.

(I exchanged my MEU3 with a UKW3 last year and it was a very simple process.)

You can find further information about the process and documents needed on the [Civil Registry and Migration Department website](#), where those of you who have non-EU family dependents will also find documents that enable them to apply for a UKW2.

Submitted by Nigel Howarth



C3A members about to start their first training session in the use of the E-government services

At the end of an Archaeology Group tour of the Limassol Municipal University Library, the guide suggested that C3A members may want to take advantage of the training the library was offering in the use of e-government services.

I'd met the trainer, George Tsintas, at a Rotary club meeting last year. Before returning to Cyprus, after spending many years in the UK, George was a member of a Rotary club in the north of England that helped set up the Keswick and district U3A.

It took us a couple of weeks to finalise the details after which the first group of members (pictured above) attended the first of their three one-hour training sessions.

A second group of six will start their training on 8th March.

If any members would like to attend the free training sessions in the use online government services, please contact me via the [C3A website](#).

Originally built as a private mansion in the countryside outside Limassol town, the library was designed to resemble the casino in Monaco by the architect Edouard Niermans. He also designed and renovated many hotels, theatres and cafes from Paris to the Riviera (the Folies Bergère and Moulin Rouge are among others).

During the Archaeology Group visit, a C3A member who was born and brought up in the former mansion told the group of her memories of growing up there and the building's history.

Nigel Howarth
Groups Coordinator

What's in a name?



A seemingly innocuous comment provoked me into a rant recently. Happily, for those around me it has been mostly silent. It must be increasing age making me intolerant ...or is it?

The trigger for my rant was a comment made by a television presenter on 'A Brush with Fame'. This programme follows a portrait painting competition with participants of all ages. Why then was it thought useful to describe one artist as '64-year-old Joe Bloggs' or another as 'Betty Boo, who is 67'? I didn't notice that any other competitors were defined by their age. Of course we all indulge in stereotyping, but ageism, whether directed at teenagers or the elderly, is pernicious and isolating.

'A common stereotype is that mental abilities begin to decline from middle age onward, especially the abilities to learn and remember, and that cognitive impairment (i.e.g, memory loss, disorientation, or confusion) is an inevitable part of the aging process (Palmore, 1988).'

Facts: *Most elders retain their normal mental abilities, including the ability to learn and remember. It is true that reaction time tends to slow down in old age and it may take somewhat longer to learn something. However, much of the difference between older and younger persons can be explained by variables other than age including illness, motivation, learning style, lack of practice, or amount of education. When these other variables are taken into account, chronological age does not provide a significant amount of influence on learning ability (Poon, 1987).*

As a recent first-time grandmother I was enchanted to receive 'The Good Granny Guide' by Jane Fearnley-Whittingstall. This is a delightful book which illustrates the full range of that most stereotypical of roles:

'She is a cuddly, warm, homely, curtain making, frilly tablecloth sort of granny'

'My son's grandparents are all around seventy years old, and are all much more active than me- swimmers, magistrates, hockey umpires, globetrotters etc.'

'My mum-in-law smokes like a chimney, drives a 'ute' and a quad bike, hardly eats but is fanatical about decent wine. She loves to be made to laugh. She doesn't seem to have a maternal bone in her body but loves her grandson to distraction ...'

Pursuing this theme of stereotyping, do we see ourselves as pensioners, or Third Agers? The word 'pensioner' indicates the end of a productive life, and is often used in the popular press to evoke an image of a needy member of society, whereas someone in their Third Age has been defined as being in a period of personal fulfilment. How we perceive ourselves affects the views of those around us. There is a great deal in a name!

Joan Du Plat Taylor

20
YEARS



During the 1920's and 1930's in a time where women generally tended to the home and warmed the slippers of their delightful husbands, we quite unexpectedly find that there were a number of women adventuring into other fields usually dominated by men. One such field was archaeology and Joan Du Plat Taylor was the woman.

Joan was born on 26 June 1906 in the Glasgow Barracks, Scotland. She was an only child and we know the family were quite well off. With a ex-military father of which her friends rarely mention, most probably, because he was quite an ill man after being gassed in the first world war. Her mother however, was a dominant figure and refused to let Joan attend school and it wasn't until the University of Pennsylvania awarded Joan an honorary doctorate in 1976 that any formal qualifications were earned.

Her first introduction to archaeology and Cyprus was in 1926, when the family decided to spend their winters in the temperate climate of the island. Within a couple of years they had built a house with a stable on the outskirts of Nicosia where they set up permanent residence, and Joan could indulge in her love of riding and enjoy her time with the dogs.

Rumour has it that whilst in Cyprus, Joan met Professor Einar Nilson Gjerstad during a train ride, and this meeting is believed to have ignited her passion for the subject of Archaeology. Gjerstad would have provided a thrilling account of his successes especially at Ayia Irini, where an Iron Age sanctuary contained around two thousand terracotta statuettes and statues, some life-size, they were still arranged as originally placed in antiquity, around a stone altar.

Gjerstad became famous in Cyprus through his discoveries made over almost four years as the director of the Swedish Cyprus Expedition (SCE) and you can even find a street being named after him in Larnaca! (It is adjacent to the Bamboula archaeological site of Kition).

Joan's chance meeting gave her the will to go against her mother's wishes and volunteer to help in the Cyprus museum. Her initial duties consisted of manning the souvenir shop and acting as guide to the many tourists who arrived in caravans of dust-covered taxis whenever cruise ships docked in Larnaca.

Joan, whilst working under the direction of Mr Porphyrios Dikaïos at the museum, methodically and meticulously prepared card descriptions of the artifacts which were accumulating as a result of new sites or tombs being discovered so that she would

find herself divided between administrative tasks and leading an excavation from one day to sometimes one week. Joan's hard work would have been very quickly recognised by Mr Porphyrios Dikaïos. Documented evidence shows that on the 9th May 1931 the Cyprus Museum Committee records that "It was decided to appoint Miss Duplat Taylor as Honorary (unpaid) Assistant Curator of the Museum." And it was not long whereby on the 5th November 1932 that the Committee decided "With regard to the absence of the Inspector it was resolved to appoint as acting Inspector of Antiquities, Miss Joan Duplat Taylor."

Joan spent her time between Cyprus and England, and as the family continued to spend some months in England Joan would continue her passion by spending her time on the subject of Roman archaeology with Tessa and Mortimer Wheeler at Verulamium (1931 & 1932) and Maiden Castle (1935 & 1936), the premier archaeological digs in England at that time. and by volunteering at the British Museum, discovered new methods and skills which she dutifully put into action when she returned to Cyprus, and this is where she spent the greater part of each year helping Dikaïos in the museum or directing excavations.

The pace of archaeological excavation on the island continued to accelerate and we see the arrival of A.H.S. (Peter) Megaw, who was born in Dublin, who served between 1935 and 1960 as the first Director of the Department of Antiquities, Cyprus. Peter spent 75 years working on the study and preservation of the monuments of the Christian East, where he also acted as a Public Information Officer and an Intelligence Officer on behalf of the Colonial Government. Dikaïos retained his position as Curator, with Joan as having been designated the position of Assistant Curator.

When Dikaïos commenced his first major excavation campaign at the Aceramic Neolithic site of Khirokitia in the summer of 1934, Joan and two of her girlfriends, Judith Dobell [Stylianou] (author with her husband of the book *The Painted Churches of Cyprus* and Margaret Beazley [Walker-Brash] somehow convinced their parents to allow them to participate.

In those days the roads would have been very dusty affairs and would have taken quite some time to get to from Nicosia each day. Joan was the driver, and in those days the sight of an English-woman driving would have been cause enough for some interesting comments among the villagers. The few photographs of Joan's cars which survive depict vehicles overflowing with the accoutrements of field excavation, large bundles tied to the roof and hanging off the rear of the wagon. And always dogs perched among the piles of baggage.

Joan Du Plat Taylor



Veronica Seton Williams and
Joan du Plat Taylor

The living conditions at the site were basic, so the girls, after persuading their parents, stayed at a farmhouse nearby and they would eat only melons, bread, and cheese but that would have only added to the excitement and adventure.

Khirokitia has been listed as a World Heritage Site by UNESCO since 1998. The site is known as one of the most important and best-preserved prehistoric sites of the eastern Mediterranean. The discoveries made newspaper headlines at the

time, and today the acres of circular stone houses spilling over the hillside compel tourists travelling the island's major highway to stop and look.

During the year 1960 Joan took part together with Peter Throckmorton, George F. Bass, and Frédéric Dumas in the excavation of an ancient Bronze Age shipwreck dating from 1200 B.C. It was one of the first projects that led to the development of the field of nautical archaeology.

The remains of the ship sat at a depth of about 27 metres (89 ft) on an irregular rocky bottom. Originally, it was located in 1954, but excavation didn't begin until 1960.

The ship was discovered to be of Greek Mycenaean origin and the cargo included Mycenaean pottery, scrape copper, copper and tin ingots, and merchant weights.

She is probably most well known for her contribution to nautical archaeology where she was instrumental in establishing the Council for Nautical Archaeology and was founder editor of the International Journal of Nautical Archaeology (IJNA) from 1972–1980 and became the first president of the Nautical Archaeology Society.



Joan died in England of cancer in 1983 but she didn't leave without leaving a legacy to others in the pursuit of careers in the field of Nautical Archaeology. Joan put in place an encouragement to others, by personally funding a grant to support publication of nautical archaeological research in the hope it could play an important role in Nautical Archaeology, she also established systems to educate and encourage them.

Since her death, the award has continued to be given by the Nautical Archaeology Society as the Joan du Plat Taylor Award.

Submitted by Catherine Britton



SS Liverpool Bay

In 1975 I was travelling to Kobe, Japan, on a very large containership 'SS Liverpool Bay' with my new engineer husband. I had never been to sea before, in fact had never been on a boat bigger than a rowing boat before.

We arrived at Southampton Docks to board and I was absolutely overawed at the size of the ship but we had beautiful new accommodation and the only other woman on board was the Chief Engineer's wife who was a seasoned traveller and very kind to me.

We didn't see land again until we were off Cape Town when the mail was brought out to us by a pilot boat. I will never forget the sight of Table Mountain in the early morning mist.

No land again until we arrived in Port Kelang for Kuala Lumpur where we were taken ashore for the day and I visited the Seamen's Mission, a Hindu temple and the famous Batu Caves. Then on to Singapore, Hong Kong (the most amazing city I've ever been to), Taiwan and Kobe and at each port the Chief's wife and I had a wonderful time. I could fill a book with the experiences we had!

But I want to share with you our adventure on the way back.

We had passed through the Panama Canal and crossed the Atlantic. It was New Year's Eve and we were sailing round the north of Scotland to enter the North Sea to call at Hamburg, Rotterdam, Le Havre and back to Southampton. The Master invited us on to the bridge to ring in the New Year - the Chief's wife rang the hooter and I went outside to ring the bell! The wind was getting up and the Master said to me that he had never seen the barometric pressure drop so low. My husband and I went to bed but not for long. Suddenly all the alarms were going off in the cabin and lights were flashing. The waves were now crashing over the bow and water was getting

Memories of being a wife at sea



into the holds and every man was up and working. I tried to sleep but kept sliding from side to side in the bed and the alarms never stopped. We tied down everything that was moveable. The stabilisers on the hull meant that when we rolled there was a sudden jerk as we came back upright but the ship was pitching too, so it was very difficult to walk about.

Before dawn we arrived at the mouth of the River Elbe to go upriver to Hamburg Port but heard that the pilot boat (needed to guide such a large vessel into the port) could not come out into such a rough sea. The Master decided to turn the ship round and head out to ride out the storm in the North Sea. As the huge ship full of containers caught the full force of the waves I was thrown across the cabin into the bathroom. No injuries but in the bar all the glasses crashed to the floor, the fridge door flew open and the contents were rolling about in the corridor.

The men were nowhere to be seen as they were all at station or down below in the engine room. Five minutes later they tried to turn the ship again but this time they put out a warning on the Tannoy. I hung on to something and this time we got round and headed out to sea.

The Master sent for myself and the Chief's wife and asked us to put on lifejackets and stay on the bridge in his room so that he knew where we were. All day and the next night we stayed in the bridge cabin. At first light we went out on the bridge and it was one of the most amazing sights I have ever seen. The whole sea in every direction was white as though we had had heavy snow. The wind was blowing the spray off the tops of the huge waves. The Master told us that several ships in Scotland, the North East coast of England and the Channel had gone aground or sunk.

Some hours later we sailed back to the river mouth and the pilot boat was waiting for us. As we travelled slowly upriver we could see that all the land and buildings on the banks were flooded and when we got to the container port there were no containers for us to load – they had all been washed out to sea in the night. The wives and children of the seafarers who were meeting their husbands to do 'the coast' back to Southampton were waiting anxiously at the terminal and it was a happy reunion.

Looking back over many years, I can remember it all vividly. I remember that the Master was always calm, concerned for us and confident in his crew. I remember thinking that seafarers earned their pay and much more for the dangers and difficulties they had to face. I remember looking at that white sea. I knew with certainty that there was no chance at all of launching the lifeboats in those waves. It is not true to say that I was never frightened – I was at times - but we were all in the hands of God that night and I just knew we would be safe.

Written by Ann Turtle



First of all, I would like to make it clear that a pony trek with Genghis Kahn isn't your bog standard, average, pony trekking holiday.

The organisers are very thorough and provide the ponies, tack, and all the trappings required for the trek: Yak horn bows (range 200 yards), lightweight leather armour complete with a densely woven silk undershirt, sword and lance, and that sort of thing. The silk undershirt is provided in case an arrow pierces the leather armour. "To enable the arrow to be easily twisted out", they say. A likely story that! And one, that, fortunately, I did not have the need to prove!

The training, for the most part, was also pretty thorough, particularly for those staying for a long time. But what they didn't teach you, you learned pretty damn quick if you wanted to stay alive. The discipline is very strict, but this is essential to ensure the health and safety of the party, particularly when one of the spin-offs of the trek is raiding, destroying and plundering.

The general drift of the trek is to ride across the Steppes, en masse, and camp just outside some unfortunate village. Then, at a shout from the Leader, thousands of us (referred to by the locals as 'The Hordes') galloped down on the village, raiding, destroying and plundering, as mentioned above. In theory, anyone who surrendered would be spared. But, in practice, they had to be a bit bloody quick to avoid the swords of the Hordes.

The Trek Leader is Temujin Genghis Khan; a red headed giant of a man, with a funny beard. This Genghis Khan is given to handing out some memorable quotes. There was one that was a particular favourite. "Violence never settles anything". Usually uttered just before he led us in a thundering charge into some village where we slaughtered everyone who did not surrender, and (another quote) "clasped to our bosoms their wives and daughters". At the time it did sound somewhat contradictory, but the enthusiasm of the hordes is infectious, and you just get caught up in the flow.

On joining the trek, you are assigned to a group of nine other trekkies. The whole party is grouped in multiples of ten to facilitate order. Ten to a squad, one hundred to a company, one thousand to

A pony trek with Genghis Khan by Samar Khand



a regiment and ten thousand to a tumen. But you tend to be interested only in the other nine in your squad, there being so many on the trek. The rides across the featureless Steppes are very well organised and controlled.

Another interesting aspect of this trek is that you live in yurts (tents made of willow branches and felt) and eat off the land. Well, others peoples' land, that is. There is a sameness about the menu, though. Mostly yak and all the yak's milk you can drink. The quality and quantity does vary from day to day, but, all in all, it adds up to a very memorable trek; one that you should be able to dine out on for years.

The current trek is from the Great Wall of China to Yenching, and you can join up at any time.

Details of the trek up to the present time and the future itinerary can be found on www.chinatreks.temujin.mongolia.org

For details and pictures of the ponies, equipment, etc., logon to www.ponytrekkinggenghiskhan.com.

For joining instructions e-mail genghis.khan@tours.com or write to:

Genghis Khan Tours
The Booking Tent
c/o The Hordes
Mongolia

Your letter will be forwarded by Genghis Khan's Pony Express to the Booking Clerk.

Submitted by Geoffrey Wallington

My most memorable experience as a C3A member

I was one of 32 members from the three branches of what was then Cyprus U3A, who accepted Constantinos Sourmelis' amazingly kind offer to arrange a touring holiday for us in Syria from 5th to 10th May, 2008.

I now realise that we were so fortunate to have visited Syria before the jihadist group ISIS destroyed many ancient buildings and monuments between 2015 and 2017. International efforts to undertake some restoration have taken place since the destruction, but many places will never look as well as they did in 2008.

Here is a photo of the group with each of us numbered. If you feel like trying to identify them, please put names to the numbers, and let me know (dipentecost@hotmail.com) who they are. I am No.19. (The man in the top right corner was our guide).



We flew from Larnaka to Damascus, and two days later drove to Ma'aloula, and then to the great Crusader castle, Crac Des Chevaliers, staying overnight in Palmyra, where we spent the following day visiting this ancient Greek and Roman town. We returned to Damascus and then visited the Roman town of Bosra, before returning to Cyprus, via Damascus. Sadly there wasn't time to visit the once beautiful Aleppo, now almost a total ruin, which was too far away to do it justice in the number of days which we had available to us.

I took photographs of the places we visited, which I've assembled as a [video with sub-titles on YouTube](#).

Submitted by David Pentecost

Whilst I have enjoyed a full social life in Cyprus since my retirement here, it has been C3A which has, more than any other factor, greatly contributed to my understanding of my adopted home.

Interest groups over the years have not only brought close friends with similar interests but also, learning from dedicated group leaders, to gain a deeper understanding of the country. The courses I have joined have been both practical and academic.



One of the earliest groups was a cookery course run in the home of a generous Cypriot lady in Ypsonas. I got to know how to cook those classical Cypriot meals in the way they are produced at home. Learning about new ingredients discovered in the supermarket, their uses and their Greek names.

I have to say I knew practically nothing about Geology before I retired. What a joy to

gradually understand the unique nature of the rocks beneath our feet here. With tiny magnifier in hand, and gazing at exposed evidence of raised beaches, pillow lavas, outcrops of diabase and gabbro with the guide of leaders to explain their presence and position in the landscape.



Having left the lawn mower, clay soil and roses firmly behind in Berkshire, I have embraced the wonderful profusion of Cypriot plants. How blessed the gardening group has been to be led by a very knowledgeable plantsman who is dedicated to drought tolerant landscapes and organic controls and fertilizers. I'm still learning!



Having only used a computer to complete formatted reports and record keeping it was good to take the opportunity on a basic skills course to understand how a computer actually works. After gaining simple processing skills I've had the courage to extend my ability to communicate with my group and develop my use of the computer to a level I'm comfortable with.

The Greek conversation group was great fun but as I rarely have a chance to use the language, I'm afraid I'm limited to listening to Greek conversations rather than instigating them

Finally, indulging in my own passion for history and sharing that interest with many other C3A members has been great. My own British education has been shown to be sadly lacking when it comes to the history of this part of the world. It has been a privilege to meet dedicated archaeologists from the Cypriot Dept. of Antiquities, University and those excavating here from all over the world. After 20 years the desire to know more has not faded and new sites beckon each year.

Submitted by Pat Howarth - Leader C3A Archaeology Group

Memories of the gardening group



Having been informed that this year marks the 20th Anniversary of the founding of the C3A it brought to mind how long it has been since my own introduction to the organization. I can't recall the exact date but it seems like a very long time ago.

It all began when Janet Bureau contacted me with a request that I give a talk to the members of what was then known as the U3A (Cyprus). I have to confess that initially I was reluctant but she persisted and eventually I agreed.

The presentation took place in a large room in the Co-operative Society building in Limassol, and I seem to remember that it was quite well attended. Apparently, it went over well with at least some in the audience as I was approached afterwards by a lady who later became a good friend, the late Pat Ramsey. She was prepared, she said, to start a Gardening Group, and would I act as a sort of consultant. It didn't seem to be too onerous a task to sit in on monthly meetings and possibly contribute from time to time. Little did I suspect what was to lie ahead.



Sadly, Pat did not enjoy the best of health and from time to time I would receive an apologetic phone call asking if I could take the meeting as she was not feeling well. This situation became gradually more frequent until I basically found I had taken over leadership of the Group on a permanent basis.

When Pat passed away the Group not only lost its founder but I lost a much admired and respected friend.

(The photo shows her as I prefer to remember her, on a happier occasion, plant pot in hand).

The early meetings were mostly held in the Alassia Hotel and were generally a sort of discussion with a few examples of plants used to demonstrate certain points.

Over time this was replaced by outings to an assortment of venues considered to be of interest and/or education. I have not kept a record of the places we have visited over the years but I will try to list some of them, purely from memory.

There were Garden Centres/Nurseries too numerous to mention, such as the one in the photo belonging to garden designer and old friend, Yiannos Orphanos.



Memories of the gardening group



There were private gardens, some belonging to members who were willing to welcome us into their homes, while others were more unusual. Like the one on a steep hillside above the village of Galata that has begun to produce honey that is winning awards around the world, Apianthos honey.

Then there is the fishy tale of the man who grows his own vegetables using a method known as aquaponics, basically hydroponics with added fish.

Near Skouriotisa is a garden created around the renovated building that housed the school house where the children of the workers at the nearby copper mines were educated. This is now occupied by the Atsas Training Centre.

A very large area outside the village of Amiantos was decimated over a period of 80 years by asbestos mining. The Forestry Department undertook the enormous task of repairing this damage by reforestation and creating a Botanical Garden. The Gardening Group visited the area prior to the work beginning on the latter and have watched its progress with interest over the intervening years.

Other visits included one to the Government Agricultural Research Centre in Nicosia, where they were trialling six Cyprus endemic plants to assess their potential as garden plants, and another to the mygreencycle composting site where they turn green waste into the potting soils sold under the Premier Shukuroglou name.



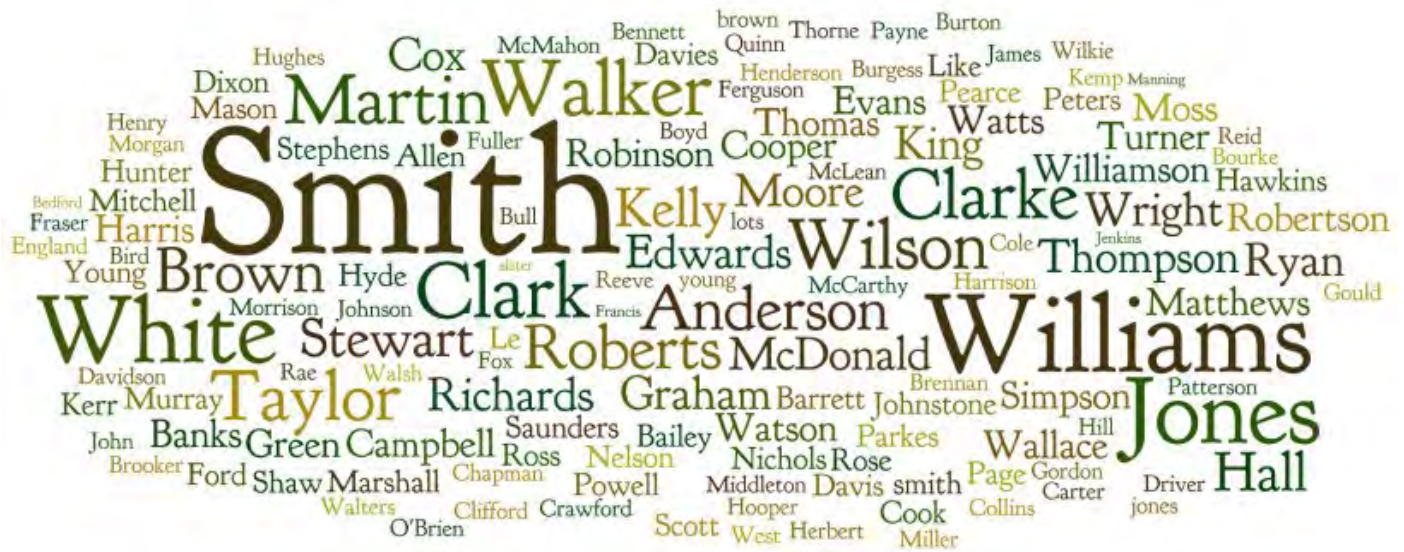
The above are just a few of the venues that we visited as a Group, but probably the most memorable outing was the one we made to Athens in 2019. Over a long weekend we were able to show the members some special gardens as well as a few of the historical sights of the city.

(Photos show the ancient cemetery of Keremaikos and on the hillside of the Philodassiki Botanical Garden).

I believe I am right in saying that there are members in today's Group who joined that embryonic one all those years ago, and I would like to thank them all for their patience, perseverance and loyalty in sticking with it for so long.

Submitted by John Joy nes - Leader C3A Gardening Group

What's in a name?



We all know that our surname is our family name, the name we have inherited, usually through our fathers and which has been passed down through many generations over hundreds of years.

The prefix sur is originally from the Latin super and comes to us via the French word sur, both of which mean on, above or over, and suggests that a surname is an extra name, over and above the personal first name.

All our surnames began as nicknames of some sort, but we have to thank the Ancient Romans for adding a descriptive after-name to the personal name. The impact of the invading Saxons (beginning in the 5th century) on the native language of England and therefore on surnames, was to be greater than the later Danes, who contributed much more to place names. Kings and high-ranking nobles in the 9th and 10th centuries, already had an extra name added by contemporaries, describing some feature of character or conduct: Alfred the Great (849 -899), Edmund Ironside (981-1016), Harold Harefoot (died 1040), Siward the Valiant (11th century)

The Norman Conquest brought in officialdom that required accurate identification of individuals. Some surnames were derived from Norman nicknames e.g. Peverell, peppery in temperament; Crispin, crinkled, relating to his hair or beard; Flambard, flaming torch; a reference to the red hair; Giffard, chubby cheeked. Other surnames may describe an occupations, places, local features or relationships.

Surnames originating from an occupation, craft or office.

Miller and its derivations Milard, Millin, Millinder, Mulliner, Mills, Milne, Milner, Milward, Molin, Mullard.

Smith was added to other crafts e.g. Arrowsmith, Shosmith, Naismith (maker of nails) and Locksmith, there is also Smyth.

Baker had the female form of Baxter and Spinster was the female form of Spinner.

Surnames from places

Bury or Berry come from the Old English word byrig, which meant a defended or fortified place or even a stronghold.

Dossett is from Dorset, Bruckshaw is a distortion of Birkenshaw in Yorkshire and Strathclyde, Hebborn is from Hepburn in Northumberland.

Surnames from local features

Athill (Atthill); Attfield; Attridge; Attwater and Attwell (Atwell). The surname Attenborough is less obvious, it's an alternative spelling of Attenbarrow, meaning a dweller by the mound or hill.

Longbottom, one living in the bottom of a long valley; Sidebottom, dweller on the valley side; Rowbottom, rough valley; and Winterbottom, valley where the sheep and cattle were wintered.

Surnames from relationships

Adding an s to denote son of - Williams, Harris (son of Henry), Peters, Roberts and Edwards. Widdowson and Widdows, handed down from a female.

Scottish examples

McCaskill of Askill; McDonald of Donald; McDougal of Dougal; McFadden of Patrick; McHendrie of Henry; McInnes of Angus; McIntosh of the Chieftain; McKellar of Hillary; McKim of Simon.

Irish examples

McCafferty (Eachmharcaig) of the steed-rider; MaCann (Cana) of the wolfhound; McCusker (Oscair) of Oscar, or of the champion; McElroy (Giolla Ruaidh) of the red-haired one.

Welsh examples

Lloyd is from a word meaning grey and may refer to the colour of the bearer's hair or his ashen face, Trevor meant grand dwelling place and Vaughan comes from the Welsh word for little. Ap was often added to a name to indicate the son of and the names have changed over time, ap Owen became Bowen, ap Howell became Powell, ap Evan became Bevan and ap Richard became Pritchard.

These are just a few examples of the derivation of surnames. It's surprising the information you find when your hobby is family history. My name is Pat Boden and I am the leader of the Family History Group and our next meeting is at Theo's Café in Kolossi (by the castle) on Wednesday the 15th March 2023 at 10.30 am. Come and join us, all are welcome, whether just starting research or are a seasoned campaigner come and join us.

Submitted by Pat Boden - Leader C3A Family History Group



It all started for me at an RAF lunch held at the Famagusta Nautical Club in 2005/6 (not sure). I was invited by a friend who was recently widowed as she didn't want to go on her own.

When we arrived I was introduced to several people (whose names I never remembered) and soon after we all sat down to eat.

There was a buzz of convivial conversation as you would expect and then a rather nasty smell emanated which seemed to come from the area in which I was sitting.

When I looked at the floor, I could see that a big tabby cat had deposited its business right beside my chair.

I yelled and Peter Bureau who was sitting next to me, immediately sprang up horrified and appalled at my discovery.

Needless to say, that was my first introduction to the C3A organization, meeting Janet among others and consequently, in 2006, I became a member.

It wasn't long after when I heard that the then Membership Secretary, Jean Butcher and her husband were returning to the UK and all of a sudden I was asked if I would take over the role - my background in business administration had been exposed!

I saw Jean for 'tuition' on several occasions and was finally handed a large index folder and a 'memory' stick, which I had no idea what to do with. Of course, it contained the database and from then on, as well as being just a member I had a part to play which I've now carried out since 2006.



Submitted by Barbara Johnson - Membership Secretary

Breakfast group – new venue



We breakfasters have found a new venue, the Harmony Bay Hotel, tucked away behind the Garden Restaurant, and very near the Miramare Hotel turnoff in Germasogeia, Limassol.

The parking is perfect. You just need to approach the hotel carpark from the Larnaca side. It's cheaper at €10, but is super buffet food! We all said so. Not sure how long this will last! Tea, coffee, juices, hot and cold fare are available. Amazing choice, all catered for. Then we can borrow a book from the hotel's small library, and replenish by leaving our own books there.

We were fourteen last time, the last Thursday of the month, 9 - 10a.m. Notices go out regularly to invite you to breakfast with us once a month. The Harmony Bay Hotel has lovely seating and tables inside and outside by the sea, next to a pool. We chatted together in the lounge, in groups after breakfast, and could stay on as long as we liked.

Friends and guests are always welcomed, but are encouraged to [join the C3A](#), only €10 a year.

It's super getting together.

So much to choose in the week; the C3A is good value for money - and it's our 20th Anniversary this year!

We only missed December 2022, so we breakfasters hope to romp through the year 2023!

Submitted by Lilian Hayball - Breakfast group leader



At last, I have had enough time to finally get around to writing something about my trip to Nepal!

Background

As some of you may already know that towards the end of 2017, I employed a 'live-in' Nepalese maid to help me look after my wife (Sue) who, by that time, was becoming increasingly ill. Sue subsequently died in intensive care on the 22nd February 2018 shortly after a very risky 'do or die' 13-hour Aorta Arterial Graft operation that sadly failed.

After Sue died, I gave Divya the option of either leaving to find another employer or, alternatively, staying on and being 'promoted' to be my housekeeper! Well, she decided to stay and has now worked for me for over 5 years.

Every 3 years, as part of her contract, I am required to pay for a ticket for her back to Nepal for a calendar month – well, as you can imagine, Covid got in the way and prevented her travelling until this year.

So, after organising a house-sitter (friend of my cousin) to come and stay to look after the house and cat for 7 weeks - we were all set!

The plan was for us to get to Kathmandu and then go our separate ways – she to her family and me to tour Nepal.

Trip to Nepal

Divya & I pitched up at Larnaca Airport for the Qatar flight to Doha and then on to Kathmandu only to discover that overnight the load had changed from 39 seats available to 19 overbooked – no chance of us getting on the flight! We went to the Larnaca Airport check in area restaurant and I fired up my laptop and quickly rebooked us on BA flight in Business Class – a flight that that we managed to get on!

As I was unable to get an e-visa for India (the UK had been removed from the Indian e-visa system in retaliation for UK immigration denying visas to Indians!) I was only booked as far as Heathrow but Divya, being Nepalese, didn't require an Indian visa so she successfully transited Heathrow and flew on to Delhi on the BA flight and then caught a local flight which I booked using the inflight Wi-Fi on the way to London.

I was picked up by my middle son from Heathrow and went to my UK house for 36 hours and rebooked myself on BA flight to Dubai and then on to Kathmandu on FlyDubai but had to spend the night in Dubai on the way as the flight timings didn't mesh.



I eventually arrived in Kathmandu about 50 hours later than planned in the middle of a thunderstorm (torrential rain) and was met at the airport by Divya, her uncle & aunt who kindly delivered me to [The Landmark hotel](#) in Kathmandu) – which turned out to be very comfortable, clean, nice with staff who couldn't do enough for me!

For the next 10 days or so I spent my time exploring Kathmandu (temples, the Royal Palace (cameras not allowed), museums etc) - and also took the cable car to the viewpoint over-looking Kathmandu city – during this time I was invited to visit Divya's parent's home for the first of several festivals I was privileged to share with her extended family.

I then flew to Pokhara in Nepal and again stayed at the [Landmark Hotel](#) which again was absolutely excellent – especially at the price!!

In Pokhara I did much the same as I had in Kathmandu – looked around the city, visited temples (including the Pokhara Lake island temple - boat ride). There are some great restaurants. Divya and some of her family and friends also travelled by road to Pokhara from Kathmandu, as her grandmother lives in Pokhara, and it is where she spent much of her early life living with her grandparents and even went to school there (the road distance is only 200km but it took her 14 hours by bus – the roads are absolutely dire!!).



Trip to Nepal



A couple of days later we all met up to travel by the hotel minibus to the [Kusma Gorge Bungee Jump](#) – about 4 hours' drive (70km) each way from Pokhara - Divya, her cousin Nani and friend Rita all jumped!!

After again about 10 days exploring the PokHara area I jumped a ride with the Landmark Hotel owner son's wife to Chitwan (where her parents live) and this time stayed at the [Landmark Forest Park Hotel](#) (Chitwan) where I went on an 'all day' [Jungle Safari Tour](#) around the [National Park](#) where there are (reputedly) 129 tigers – I didn't see one!



To get to the safari vehicles first we had to cross the [Rapti River by canoe](#) to the reserve itself, but during the 6 hour jeep jungle tour I saw quite a lot of animals – including the rare Indian Black Rhino, jungle pigs, monkeys, crocodiles (muggers), snakes and birds – there was also an interesting stop at the [Gharial Crocodile Breeding Centre](#) for refreshments and a wander about halfway through the day.

On one of the days, I was in Chitwan I spent an extremely enjoyable half day at '[Stand Up 4 Elephants](#)', which was probably the best and most interesting experience I had during my time in Nepal!

Both the Pokhara & Chitwan Landmark Hotels put on evening entertainment – usually local ethnic dancing – however the quality of the meals (particularly at the Chitwan Landmark) was absolutely superb - FYI the Chitwan hotel is very isolated and, other than a few other hotels, there are really no decent local restaurants located within a reasonable distance worth traveling to!

I eventually stayed at the Landmark Forest Park Hotel Chitwan for 6 days before finally returning to Kathmandu (by road – 96km & almost 6 hours!) for the remainder of my stay.

I deliberately returned to Kathmandu on Wednesday 26/10/22 in time for the last day of Nepalese Tihar (Diwali in India) on the 27th as I had been invited to be a guest for the ceremony at Divya's uncle's house - which was both very interesting and a privilege to see some of the Nepali culture from the 'inside'!

I then returned to the Landmark Hotel (Kathmandu) for the last week – other than spending a couple of very relaxed nights at the [Serene Resort Hotel](#) in Nagarkot which is located in the hills about an hour's drive from Kathmandu - before flying out.

The return trip to Cyprus proved to be nothing short of epic – after meeting Divya (15 of her friends and relatives came to see her off!) at the airport on the day of departure we flew out on Nepal Airlines to Delhi intending to catch the Emirates flight later the same evening to Dubai and then on, again on Emirates, direct to Cyprus.

All went well until we tried to check in for the flight at which point Divya was denied

boarding as she didn't have an NOC (No Objection Certificate) from the Nepalese Ministry of Labour to fly via Dubai!

The requirement for this document was not mentioned ANYWHERE except on a bit of paper sellotaped to the glass wall of the immigration office at Delhi airport. I rang UAE immigration in Dubai directly from the Delhi Immigration office who confirmed a NOC was NOT required simply to transit Dubai - but the Indian Immigration Duty Officer refused point blank to accept this by telephone and wanted it in writing!

Anyway, to cut a long and extremely frustrating story short, I rebooked our flights with Emirates for the next evening to give me breathing space to 'make a plan' and booked into a local hotel for the night – after we arrived at the hotel I managed to establish that the Nepalese Embassy could issue an NOC but to issue it would take 3 working days (this was on Friday night 04/11/22) so the earliest Divya would be able to get a NOC would be the following Wednesday which meant spending at least 5 nights in Delhi – where the smog was horrendous!

So, to cut our losses, I made the decision to send Divya back to Kathmandu the next morning (Saturday) and then rebook her tickets direct from Kathmandu to Dubai on FlyDubai and then on to Cyprus with Emirates – with no requirement for a NOC!

After spending the rest of the day re-visiting some of my old haunts in Delhi I, myself, then flew out of Delhi to Dubai on that Saturday evening – rented a [Sleep'n fly](#) 'Pod' at Dunai terminal 3 for my (almost) 8 hour transit – I also took the opportunity to go and have a talk with UAE Immigration who confirmed that they did not require a NOC for transiting Dubai airport – I asked them to escalate it to government level as I had been told by the Emirates Duty Manager that they had off-loaded over 1000 passengers due to this NOC 'problem' during the past month which they agreed to do - and then eventually flew on early the following morning to Larnaca without any further problems.



Unfortunately, FlyDubai had no seats available until the following Friday (11th November) so Divya got almost an extra week with her family and finally arrived back in Cyprus on Saturday morning 12/11/22 having experienced no further problems.

Over the past few days I have also finally managed to find the time to finish uploading all my photos & videos to my Google Cloud (I'm afraid none are labelled yet!) but, should you wish (and not be too bored?), you can view them by [CLICKING HERE](#)

Submitted by Paul Costerton



Yesterday Today and Tomorrow. How do you think of these days?

Good memories of yesterday? Happy today's? or not so the tomorrows. Maybe in another way. We will all look at the times differently because of our own life experiences.

'Enlightened' thinking is a constant reminder that we need to live in the 'now' and not consume ourselves with the past or eat away our present with planning too far ahead to a future we may not have.

But we are the people today because of our past life and experiences. We bring these along the years with us.

Yesterday's memory may be a simple one with no specific event that makes it mark: yet in truth everyone has a particular event/memory that is specific to themselves. In our uniqueness these memories become our 'stories'

Indeed! we may not think we are relating a story but the significance of the telling is it's your story, no matter how small or huge, dramatic or simple it's yours.

Regurgitating our memories are what our life stories evolve from.

When you have read this article give yourself the time to sit calmly and recall one year of your life whilst writing them down in a list.

You will be surprised how many stories emerge. You may even chastise yourself claiming "no-one is interested in my life": "they are boring!" "nothing ever happens to me" but it does! Your happenings are unique. We may all go to the same beach, but our experience will be different, same restaurant, same excursion, holiday destination and so on, each will develop into your own story to tell.

Memories: Life's Journey



We can go further and explore coincidence: the unexpected and the surreal. Whilst relating to a person's coincidence, we then start to compare, before we know it dozens of stories are being told.

Experiences! Memories! These have all helped form our character through years. We will prioritise our memories making some more significant than others. For sure some will always stand out in our mind!

I have one such experience I will share. I could write about amazing adventures, fun shared holidays, Christmases, weddings and family times but this one is indelible in my memory bank.

My Story

My youngest son Simon was born 6.5 weeks earlier than the given date of his arrival to a young mother, me. Each day even now I thank my guardian angel for letting me keep him. Born under 3.5pds after an horrendous birthing he was incubated and remained in the hospital for a further 4 weeks until he gained weight of 6lbs.

The day I brought him to meet his other 2 brothers of 4 years and 2.5 years our family was complete. My little bundle of joy with his silver white hair delicate skin and limbs was home. My task as mother of 3 small children was busy yet I was not prepared for what the next few years was to bring to us.

Simon grew slowly; often had digestive problems, ear infections whilst not walking without tiring easily until he was over 2 years old. We were visiting a paediatrician at 6 month intervals at the local hospital. There was always an issue to be discussed but generally all was going forward, if slowly.

Before going to big school an appointment had been made to visit the hospital. A routine check-up. Another after many! Simon was 4 years old.

Hospitals were then dreary places! Full of very important people going about their daily routines. Silence was expected - a hush exuded the whole sanctuary.

My appointment was for 2.30pm but eventually was ushered into the office at 3.30. No 'I-pad' to amuse my small boy who was a trite fractious by this time.

I had met this paediatrician many times. She was rather dower with a booming voice. "*Sit down*" I was commanded. She proceeded to go through a pile of papers she had in front of her on her large desk.

"*Come with me*" was the next command "*and bring your son*". I followed her into an examination room where there stood a large leather examination bed.

Simon was lifted onto the bed, told to lie down when she began to manipulate his legs and arms moving his head from side to side. I attempted to hold his hand but was told to stand aside. Then she asked me his progress, his behaviour, his appetite and walking progress. I answered as best I could. She then asked Simon to climb down from the bed walk back and forth in the room, then proceeded to measure his limbs and his hips. Examination over we were told to go back into the office. He was by this time well and truly anxious as I was. Then the tornado hit!!

"Mrs Calver you must realise your son will never grow normally or walk properly. He will not be a normal child. Bring him back in 6 months and we will see what we can do for him. In the mean while just go on as you have." She pointed towards the nurse to escort me out.

I went out of the room in complete shock. What had I just been told?

I was paralysed and sat in the waiting room holding my son tight to me with tears streaming down my cheeks.

Her words kept rolling around in my head; as I sat there my mood moved from shock, fear, protecting my boy to anger. Hot rage swelling up in my body and mind. How dare this woman tell me this about my son? How dare she not offer any help? How can this be after all the years I had been coming to appointments. My son a semi- invalid or stunted growth or what?

Fury took over! I went to the door holding Simon safe, opened it and marched up to her desk, slammed my fist on the desk and screamed at her. How incompetent she was. How dare she dismiss us without offering help or comfort. I would report her for negligence, for bad practise and anything I could add to the list.

She was now shocked! I did not wait to be ushered out and turned whilst shouting I would prove her wrong, as no one would tell me that my son would not be 'normal'.

The journey home was the longest 30 minutes I ever knew. I needed to discuss with my husband what we were going to do. How would we go forward to help our child if any part of what she said was true? I was determined he would get the best assessment and treatment we could give him.

The story did not end here of course. The treatment went on for several years with many doctor and specialist visits all around the county

They found other conditions he had which reflected on his general health. Gradually, we eliminated them one by one as he grew stronger.

The story does have a fairy tale ending.

When he was nine years old, he and his brother won their first sailing trophy; at senior school he played rugby for the first team; plays tennis; member of walking groups; and has just completed rowing the Atlantic with his friend in the Tallister Atlantic Rowing Race from La Gomera to Antiqua.

Was she wrong? So wrong! Was she reported? Yes! I did not want any other mother to go through the trauma I went through that day. Am I the mother of a fit healthy son? For sure!

A memory/experience that will never be forgotten.

There are many happy memories; exciting ones; sad ones but all worth remembering as they have been part of my life.

Submitted by Pamela Calver

Small Ads

Over the years, the C3A has acquired a number of assets for various groups, many of which are no longer needed.

If you wish to acquire any of the following by making a small donation (preferably folding) to the C3A, [please get in touch](#).

Photographic accessories

Newer led photographic lights (3)

Led light stands (3)

Muslin backdrop white (1)

Photographic clips (12)

Professional background support system (1)

Light grey paper roll backdrop (1)

Projectors

Mitsubishi SD110U Projector

(If you have a new(ish) computer, this will require a VGA to HDMI connector, which costs around €16.00)

Epson Powerlite 92 Projector

Portable PA System

Carlsbro Speakezee