

Kensington Women's Group Newsletter.



Childcare Co-Op. Ltd.
89 McEtricken St.
Tel. 3767280.
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my view

or of whatever you would like to take
my view about, the house, it's activities, the January
camps !! or whatever

My view of what's happening at McCracken Street is not often put to paper except for being technical. All those things to do with administrative achievements - handling our finances, staffing, policy building improvements. If we weren't managing sufficiently you'd sure as hell hear about it.

I think one of the sad things about this society of ours is that we ~~lose~~ hear all too often of the failures, the upsets, the fights what people are not doing and we, we think they should be. We also take liberty at dissecting people's lives - too often throwing away the goodness and saving up the bad - yes, becoming judges, intolerant and ~~not~~ really or trying to understand. Sometimes - we don't even recognise and credit the changes people have made to their lives because we are quick at jumping when they do something wrong or maybe we have stopped growing.

Apart from all the elements that are involved in the running and sustenance of McCracken Street, the human one - the individuals within it are grossly overlooked. - as individuals. Too often, and shortly after an incident as I walk down Gower Street or along Derby Street, I am stopped and engaged in pleasant conversation until the purpose? ah well! (forgive my cynicism), is stated. And it is stated in authority as if 'first hand' ('first hand being experience'), that, I heard was real bad or I believe ... that's terrible but then it's never changed! Hearsay, repeated as hearsay, repeated as hearsay,
continued...

MY VIEW... continued.

or whenever one gets it - is a killer. It kills the real truth and it kills the credibility of the one who believes they have the authority of 'first hand' knowledge they talk about so freely by passing it forth - and unfortunately - back to those who do know.

Hearsay is an attitude all in itself. One I personally don't rate as meaningful, positive or with care.

So my view of what is happening at McCracken street is often hard to talk about - or unnecessary as everyone seems to know - except, the human spirit.

You see, our place is about personal individual achievements as well as group ones. I know that, many others know this, see it.

Knowing about the level on which this happens can be hard to see unless you are around, in there amongst it all. Once, mishappenings put a cog in the works, things stopped, people left and others drastically hurt or turned off. It was hard to talk about - but everyone did - that's how I found out - hearsay again!

Today, if you're around you'd be apart of an active and alive human spirit where individuals are sincerely striving and achieving those things about life which they want to grasp and use towards getting to where they want to go - not back - but go. And when there are mishappenings as there are, and if we are individually human - there always will be, you may hear about them - ~~there~~ but the cogs don't stop working. It's not as hard to talk about it - in fact, it

continued.

My view continued. 0000

it has to be or else we would fess into a puff of smoke with more frustration. Yes, some might stay away, but it's not in our power to twist their arms to come back - and we wouldn't attempt it this way any how. However, we do endeavour to sort it out on all levels and never discount any possibilities of restoration. My view is that our work is there to be done and what we can ^{give} to our community, - more importantly and inspiring, the house encompasses a human spirit of trying - and if there are mistakes and mishappenings, we try harder because people have the courage to face it and talk it through.

by Marghelsk.

WHAT WE COMMUNICATE.

What we communicate

is never precisely

what we think we communicate.

What we say is never exactly

what people hear.

What we hear is not always

what people say.

Definitions deceive us.

Our perceptions & biases fool us.

In sum, achieving 100 percent communication is as impossible as achieving absolute zero in the laboratory or pinpointing infinity on a map!



The question we often
ask ourselves is
"What can one person
do?" One person can
do little — but one
and one and one and
one can do a great
deal.

-MALTESE DINNER-

5.12.80.

Since I have been a member of the Kensington Women's Group I have attended two dinner nights. The first one I attended was cooked by Marg Welsh where she prepared a really great dinner of spinach pie in pastry, lasagne, cold salad, hot green beans, and boiled potatoes. There was also pavlovas which Marg says they were given to her for the party by her mum. I remember taking a really slice of those pavlovas. Very nice! I'm not used to being entertained with foods though in such a way. The second dinner party was a French night. Because people were mentioning frogs legs and such I could not eat any of the dinner. The rest ate with gusto. I'd felt something hard and unusual so I did not eat anything of the main course. Debbie Bourke the cook for the night had also prepared a beautiful fruit salad which was simply divine.

So next at that French night it was suggested that some one should cook a maltese dinner and they picked me and Mary Bonnici who is an Australian married to a Maltese man.

The date was set for the 29th November 1980 but was later changed to Friday 5th December 1980. We planned the dinner so that Mary cooks sweets & I cook the main meal. I decided to cook "Imquorru" or in English 'Baked Macaroni'. I remembered how good it was as a Sunday meal when I was still living with my parents.

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Maltese Dinner continued...

I'm allergic to certain fast foods and groceries, so that week I made a really great effort not to touch such foods because I really end up really very sick indeed and wouldn't be able to cook dinner.

Well Friday 5th december came along and I had everything ready, too much to, as I had prepared 2 foil packets out of two baking pans quantities. I also prepared a fresh salad. The baked macaroni was enjoyed by all and we all had second helpings. Mary Bonnici cooked baked bread custard from a recipe she found in a maltese cookbook. I thought it was quite nice.

During the evening we chatted about social problems that happen in Kensington. Marg Campbell told a joke..... (note: we never take editing rights, but we had to in this case - the joke was a bit dirty). Anyway... I laughed because I thought it very funny so Marg Welsh says she is going to dob me in to Fr. Saliba. Really though Marg it was only because it was funny you know. Now take the subject which was brought out; the drug scene. I don't consider that funny in any way.

Marg Campbell said that boys as young as 12 were taking drugs and that these people are so hooked on the habit that they had to Prostitute (another serious problem) themselves!

I think young people shouldn't commit themselves to such neglect of their lives and simultaneously

continued

MALTESE DINNER cont...

suffer. Nobody can afford to despair in these times where the pace is so fast and that we should respect life more and recognise our limitations.

When my parents died it touched the spirit of life. I was confronted with many decisions and challenges; there was quite a lot of disappointments. I lived on unemployment benefits most times and here and there I found jobs in factories and one in a snack bar. It was very hard work and I was often dismissed.

I stayed away from the drug & prostitution scene though I was hurt to find out later that young men who I'd met weren't friends at all. I now regard them as shameful.

My husband was very difficult and because of that I am now separated from him. My two young boys are in a home but I love them so much and hope fully they will come to live with me again. I hope that when my two boys grow up they will not confuse life with some idiotic substitute. I as their parent hope to give them some chance anyway.

Maltese dinners, French,
Italian, Pomme, Aussie,
Greek, mixtures. Next
dinner Fri 6th Mar. 1981
Come with an empty
stomach.

by Rita Walker.



Food for Thought

Seeds of hope.



Another outcome of the shattering of hope is the "hardening of the heart".

We see many people —

from juveniles to hard boiled but effective adults — who at one point of their lives, maybe at twelve, maybe at twenty, cannot stand to be hurt anymore.

Some of them, as in a sudden vision or conversion, decide that they have had enough;

that they will not feel anything anymore;

that nobody will be ever be able to hurt them, but they will be able to hurt others.

Having lost compassion and empathy,

they do not touch anybody —

nor can they be touched.

Their triumph in life is not to need anybody.

Not so rarely, a miracle happens

and a thaw begins.

It may simply be that they meet a person in whose concern and interest they believe, and new dimensions of feeling open.

If they are lucky

they unfreeze completely

and the seeds of hope

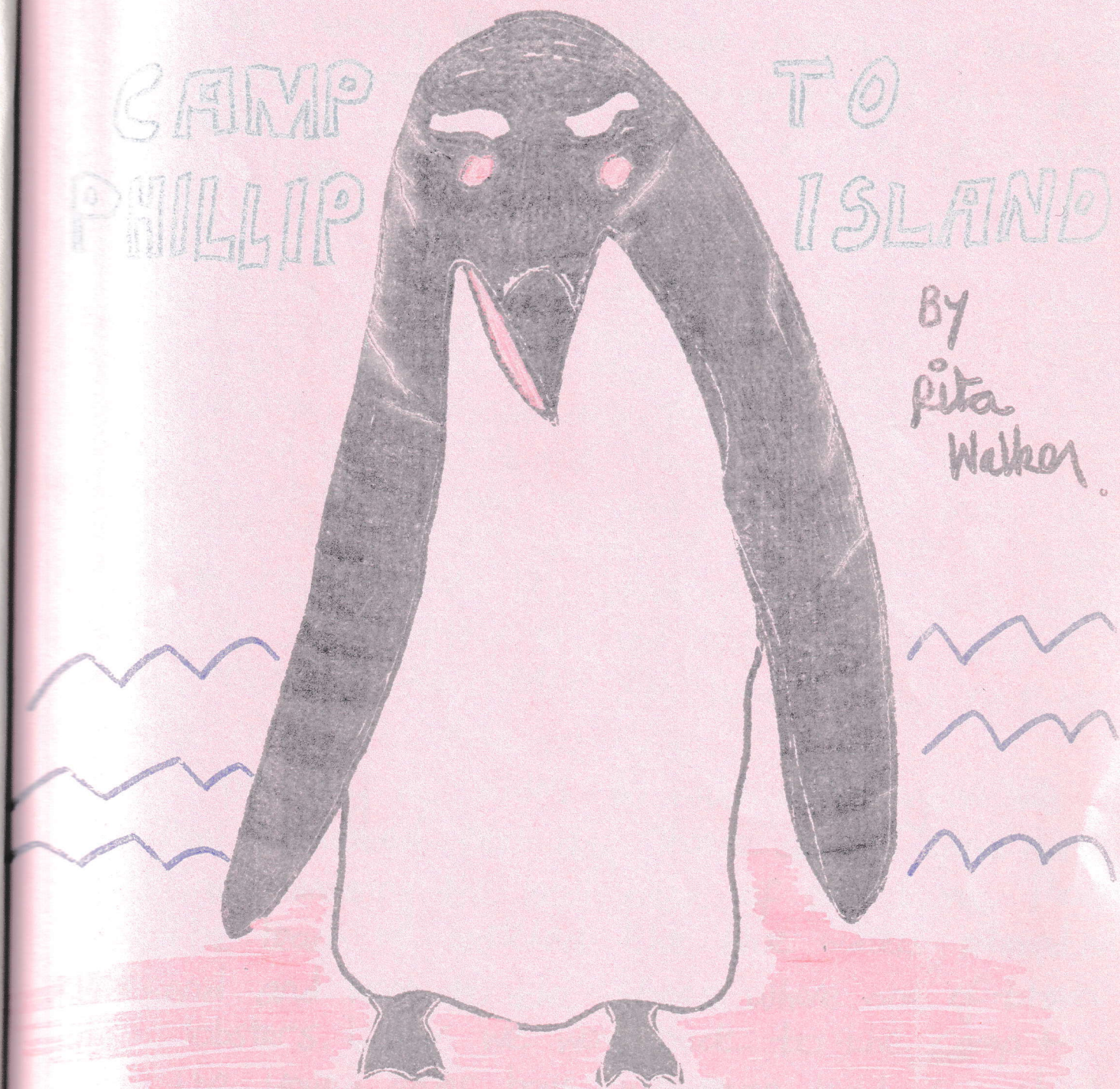
which seem to have been destroyed altogether

come to life.

CAMP
PHILLIP

TO
ISLAND

By
Pita
Walker.



I celebrated Christmas 1980 quietly with my two sons Ted & Martin who were given special leave from the Children's home. What a busy time it was, with the hot weather Christmas shopping and church celebrations. Later on Christmas day, the children and I and my relatives went to the cemetery in respect of my parents who are buried there. There we saw a large beautiful Christmas tree.

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Camp to Phillip Island

scene of the nativity. We also celebrated Christmas with Santa at the Kensington Women's Group house where the children received a gorgeous car in a pouch each. It was a great time. So Oct 1980.

3rd January 1981 on a Saturday was planned for a camping holiday at Phillip Island. There was Maureen, Mary, & their kids, Marg, Vicki's two kids, two other families whose names I can't remember, and myself and Therese and Gail and her kids, and other kids. It was cloudy and windy that Saturday, along the way we saw some trees broken apart by the wind. When we arrived, we and the men who came along to help pitched the tents which took quite a few hours doing so. Altogether we had one large tent and 8 smaller tents for the children. San Remo Caravan park was quite a convenient place to camp.

That first day we didn't do much else, everyone felt somewhat exhausted. Next day Therese and I spent our free time wandering the local area of San Remo. There along the beach we watched the blue waters, relaxed on the sand and went to the shops, where one of them sold lobsters. Later we went back to the camp & found the young eager boys with some kind of a shark fish which they had caught. I do know that the boys talked & did nothing but fishing, day I, fishing, day II etc... etc... etc.

Swimming, eating and relaxing on the beach in San Remo and Cowes was great! I wore a terry towelling beach set and splashed from one end of the beach where we were picnicing to the other. I gathered up a lot of shells at Cowes and once as I was

Camp to Phillip Island 0000

going on like this I got rammed near the bottom part of my leg by a hire pleasure canoe. Gee it gave me such a shock I really felt like giving the young bloke responsible a great big smack on his head! The second time we visited Cowes we stopped along the way at the Koala sanctuary. We spotted only two of these beautiful creatures. I expected to see dozens.

When it got too hot I decided to relax in the tent which was also hot. I sent postcards of Phillip Island and San Remo to my relatives, and a friend and my children. We took turns at cooking, cleaning and shopping so everything was going smoothly. I bought two souvenirs for myself, which weren't too expensive about \$3 in all. I really longed to see the fairy penguins of which this place is noted; so the day before I was to leave a group of us went to Phillip Island and paid \$1.50 for adults. We walked along this ramp where we saw a few penguins in their burrows. We walked down to the sand away from the large crowd which had gathered to watch this charming spectacle. The beach was rough and splashed in waves on to the shore and rocks. We noticed a seal bopping in the water. Then 40 minutes later about 3 dozen fairy penguins made their appearance in groups walking along the shore. Oh, it was such a gorgeous sight. That was my last day at the camp.

Next day at about 7 o'clock Marg drove Theresse & myself back to Kensington. The scenery along the way was so beautiful till we reached Ku-we-rup service station.

How fascinating it all was.

Well camp I 1981 for me was over with me owing Marg

Nelsh \$1.50 entrance fee for watching penguins.

Jonathan Livingston Seagull a story by RICHARD BACH.



It was morning, and the new sun sparkled gold across the ripples of a gentle sea.

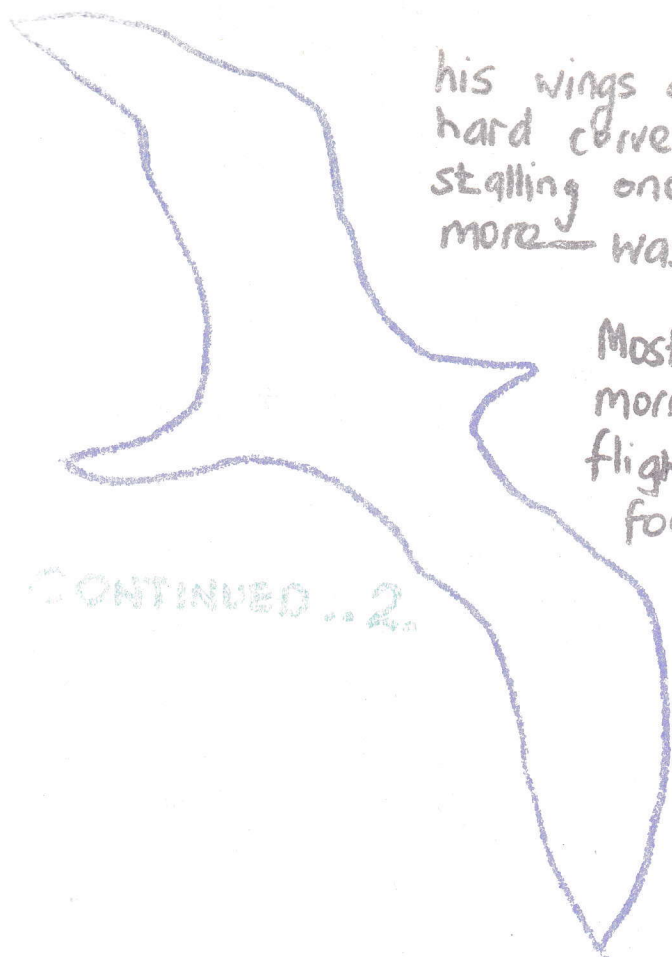
A mile from shore a fishing boat chummed the water, and the word for breakfast flock flashed through the air, till a crowd of a thousand seagulls came to dodge the fight for bits of food. It was another busy day beginning.

But way off alone, out by himself beyond boat and shore Jonathan Livingston Seagull was practicing. A hundred feet in the sky he lowered his wetted feet, lifted his beak, and strained to hold a painful hard twisting curve through his wings. The curve meant he would fly slowly, and now he slowed until the wind was a whisper in his face, until the ocean stood still beneath him. He narrowed his eyes in fierce concentration, held his breath, forced one... single... more... inch... of... curve... Then his feathers, ruffled, he stalled and fell.

Seagulls, as you know, never falter, never stall. To stall in the air is for them disgrace and it is dishonour.

But Jonathan Livingston seagull, unashamed, stretching

CONT...



his wings again in that trembling hard curve — slowing, slowing, and stalling once more, and stalling once more — was no ordinary bird.

Most gulls don't bother to learn more than the simplest facts of flight — how to get to shore to food and back again. For most gulls, it is not flying that matters, but eating. For this gull, though, it was not eating that mattered, but flight. More than anything else, Jonathan Livingston Seagull loved to fly.

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This kind of thinking, he found, is not the way to make one's self popular with other birds. Even his parents were dismayed as Jonathan spent whole days alone, making hundreds of low-level glides, experimenting. He didn't know why, for instance, but when he flew at altitudes less than half his wingspan above the water, he could stay in the air longer, with less effort. His glides ended not with the usual feet-down splash into sea, but with a long flat wake as he touched the surface with his feet tightly streamlined flat against his body. When he began sliding into feet-up landings on the beach, then pacing the length of his slide in the sand, his parents were very much dismayed indeed.

"Why, Jon, why?" his mother asked. "Why is it so hard to be like the rest of the flock, Jon? Why can't you leave low flying to the Pelicans, the albatross? Why don't you eat? Jon, you're bone and feathers!"
I don't mind being bone & feathers mum. I just want to know what I can do in the air and what I can't.

CONT.

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That's all. I just want to know!"

"See here, Jonathan," said his father not unkindly. "Winter isn't far away. Boots will be ~~few~~, and the surface fish will be swimming deep. If you must study, then study food, and how to get it. This flying business is all very well, but you can't eat a glide you, know. Don't you forget that the reason you fly is to eat."

Jonathan nodded obediently. For the next few days he tried to behave like the other gulls; he really tried, screeching & fighting with the flock around the piers and fishing boats, diving on scraps of fish & bread. But he couldn't make it work.

It's all so pointless, he thought, deliberately dropping a hard-won anchovy to a hungry old gull chasing him. I could be spending all this time learning to fly. There's so much to learn! It wasn't long before Jonathan was off by himself again, far out at sea, happy, hungry, learning.

The subject was speed, and in a week's practice he learned more about speed than the fastest gull alive.

From a 1000 feet, flapping his wings, as hard as he could, he pushed over into a blazing steep dive toward the waves, and learned why seagulls don't make blazing steep power-dives. In just six seconds he was moving 70 miles per hour, the speed at which one's wing goes unstable on the upstroke.

Time after time it happened. Careful as he was, working at the very peak of his ~~of~~ ability, he lost control at high speeds —

Does Jonathan
Survive? — find out in
the next issue of Shoulder
to Shoulder.

My Trip To Sydney...

My family and I set out for Sydney to spend Christmas & the New Year with my daughter and her husband. We all left Melbourne by train which was packed as usual we spent all night on the train. We arrived in Sydney the next morning early so my daughter was late there arriving to meet us. The weather was really beautiful nearly all the time our stay in Sydney except one day we had a freak storm.

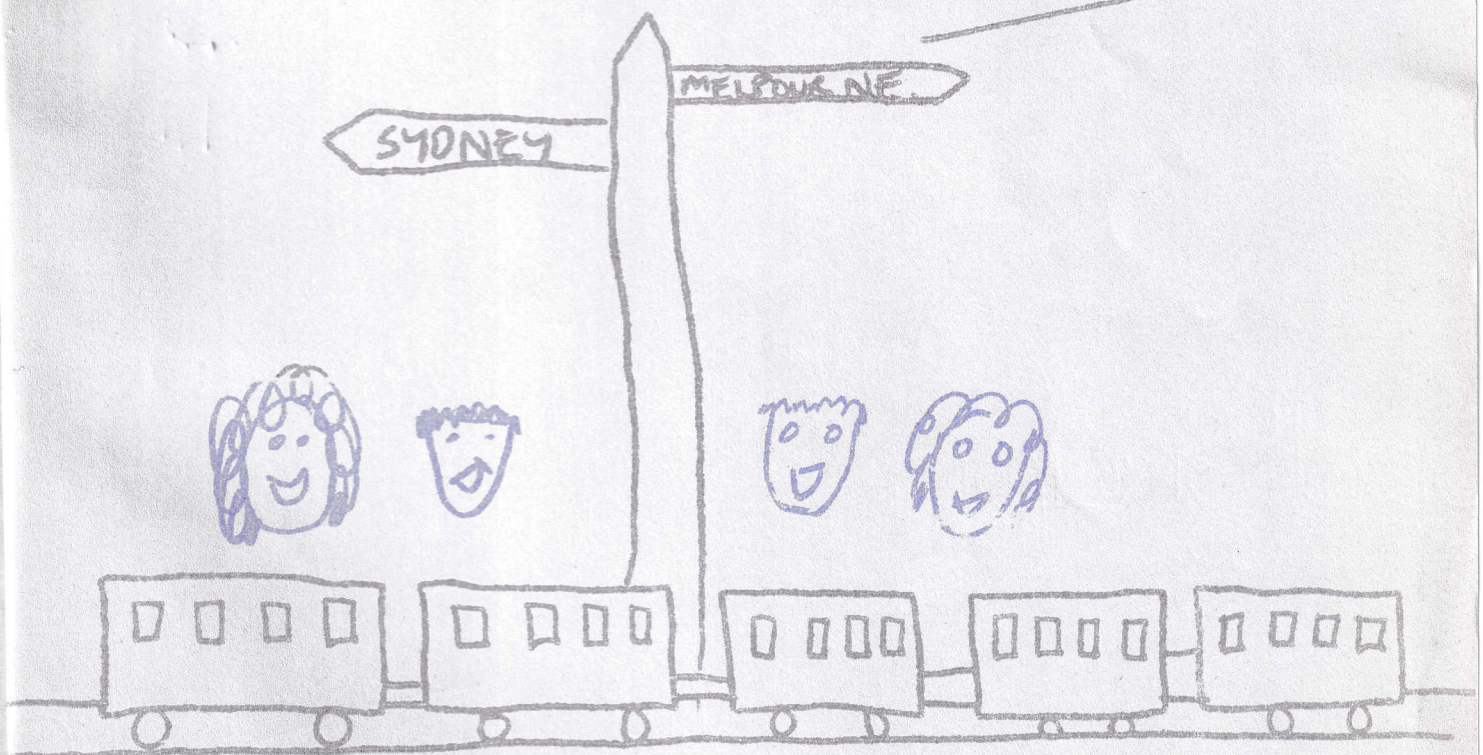
We went and visited the lions park we saw all different kinds of animals it was really great they had this really big bird in a cage he was singing out loud everybody was laughing at him, it started to rain so we couldn't go to the circus so we all had to go home. Then the next place we all went to was the reptile park which was a bit scary because we saw snakes wriggling around in there pits and were behind glass. We saw two little platypusses swimming in a big closed in glass and then we saw a lot of tortises in a big pool and we went down a bit further sightseeing and we saw an enormous tortise the Granddaddy of them all. We went over to the shop and bought some food so we could go and feed the kangaroos and there little joeys and the daddy ones they were really beautiful. We all had photo's taken while we were there. The different coloured birds we saw were really beautiful. All the animals that get sick and hurt they go to the reptile park and they look after them, and they all do a great job.

continued

My Trip To Sydney.. continued

The last place we all went to was the car racing. the Australians against the Americans of course we lost but the Australian captain broke the track record so we didn't really lose everything we all had a wonderful time. So the time drew near where we had to leave for home we said all our goodbyes and boarded the train for Melbourne it was good to be home. 89

Edith Coffey



The End