

Occasional Care flat- 8/100 Altona St

Kensington Women's Group Newsletter.



Child Care Co-Op. Ltd.
89 McCracken St., Kensington
Ph. 3767280.
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Tribute to Lesley.

Lesley Heatson was a member of the Ken. Community Health Centre team for over five years, she started as a social worker and through changes did most of her work out in the community with the people, we have known her since she first came to Ken and she has been a good friend and support to our group. and many individuals, Lesley has a talent that is very rare in many workers & that is she believes & cares for people. We have lost a great worker.

Good luck in your new job
they are very lucky to have
such a dedicated worker, we
hope the new worker who
takes on your role
here is as dedicated
as
you

written by one of
the residents on behalf
of the group.

the single parent

by Carol Innes.

The single parent
Has to be twice as loving
Twice as caring
Twice as understanding
And altogether PERFECT.

Some people are quick to judge
if your child is not dressed Perfect
if he screams too much
if he has a nappy rash or a bruise
You are asked WHY? WHAT HAPPENED?

Your house has to be spotless
Your cupboards and fridge have to be full
You are not allowed to make a mistake
If you want to have a couple of hours break
from your child it is considered that you don't
care for your child.

A very small minority of single parents don't care
very much about their child.

But a large majority do care.

There is no such thing as a perfect parent
There is no such thing as a perfect child.
Single parents are supposed to be perfect
and their children should be super terrific.

if we don't come up to standards we get our
children taken away from us. And tell me who really
cares???

On Tuesday 12th May 1981 Marg Welsh drove a group of us to a place called Coal Creek at Koroitumbura Victoria. The group that went included Marg Welsh, Leanne, Margaret, myself and my two children Martin and Ted and six young primary school children, among them freckled face blue-eyed blonde Kerry Fagan. Leanne Fagan couldn't come along because she had duties concerning the child care programme.

I love gazing out of the bus window at the scenery we pass. All that green pastures, cows and sheep grazing, the dirty water creeks; out of the city restrictions, and the ride is easy.



TRIP TO

COAL CREEK

by Rita Walker.

Coal Creek is very similar to the Sovereign Hill tourist township. Sovereign Hill at Ballarat is noted for the gold diggings, during the gold rush days, late last century I think. Coal Creek at Koroitumbura Victoria is Australia's only recreated coal mining and railway town of the 1890's.

As soon as we arrived at Coal Creek we stopped to have lunch then I took my two children to the ladies to change Ted's Nappies along the way, Martin decided to try out a C19th tractor. We stopped before joining Marg and Leanne to look at the train which is situated at the entrance. All the children had fun on that train and investigating each of its compartments. Before long we walked through the mines

where the workers gorged out the coal. It wasn't as gruesome as I had expected. I remembered a book titled, "How Green Was My valley" which is about a mining disaster in Wales, so I believe. It's a shame that I haven't read the book or seen the movie of it either



CONTINUED

Marg Welsh, Leanne and myself and Ted and Martin walked along by the lake noting the log cabins, the pristine houses, the sawmill a chook in a cage which had laid a solitary egg (not your ordinary white chook but a certain species of black, orange and red!!). The school brought back memories of school days, they were good, those double seater desks, weren't they? The church is beautifully ornamented, such beautiful bronze lamps hanging from the ceiling. According to the Coal Creek brochure things will be bigger at Coal Creek 14 (A-N) new additions such as a cafeteria, hotel and fire station.

Back at the entrance I bought a cute souvenir flute (which does play) for 80¢ only. Marg Welsh bought 2 lollipops for my children and if it hadn't been for Marg Welsh I would not have noticed that I had left Ted's wet nappy in the ladies toilets on the wash basin area.

SURPRISE PARTY FOR MARGARET.

- After three months of planning the big day had finally arrived, before I go on any further I have to tell you how we got Margaret to turn up without knowing about the party.

As you know Margaret is a member of the Footscray Pipe band and my mum had booked the band to play at the party, now every member of the band knew about the party except of course Margaret.

Margaret thought she was playing at a "Vintage Social". Right now you know how she was going to arrive so I will take you back to the night of May 1st at about 7-30 pm.

The guests were starting to arrive, full of excitement and also very nervous, especially poor mum, she was afraid just incase there was not enough food or drink and whether or not the people would enjoy themselves. The band was due to come into the hall at eight thirty. The time was getting close to eight thirty so the hall lights were turned off and the candles on the tables were lit.

The atmosphere was electric, everyone sitting on tender hooks. The time is right silence falls over the hall, all you could hear was the sound of the pipes and drums. Everyone is so quiet, mum was frantic with nerves, she was almost

eating her cigarettes.

Finally the doors open and the pipe band marched into the hall.

The drum major called the tones and the last song was to be Amazing Grace which was our cue to get ready.

The end of Amazing Grace was near so mum went into the kitchen and came out a few minutes later with the cake and the candles were lit.

As mum walked towards Margaret and both bands played "Happy Birthday", The lights were turned on and everyone sang out 'Surprise'.

Margaret's face was drained white and the tears came into her eyes, it was very emotional.

Margaret was so shocked but very happy.

The pipe band marched off to be dismissed, and from that moment until the end of the night the party was a success.

From the reports mum and I have received all the guests enjoyed it.

Mum just wanted Margaret to know how very proud she is of her for getting into Teachers College and that she loves her very much as do the rest of the family especially me.

Carol Innes.

SHANTY TOWN By EDITH COFFEY.

Once upon a time far out in the never lands there was a little town called Shanty.

They were having there every day hustle and bustle as usual going about their different chores.

Until one day a stranger happened to stumble into their town, everyone was so excited because they very seldom got any visitors.

There little town was so isolated away from everyone. So they all decided to put on a big shindig for the stranger.

They got their flags out of the moth balls and decorated the streets the best way they knew how. The food they ate was very delicious considering the conditions they had to live in.

They danced and sang till all hours of the morning, the stranger was treated like a king. He thoroughly enjoyed himself, he had never been treated so well like this before in his whole entire life.

Everyone in Shanty Town really enjoyed themselves, because no one knew whether another stranger would ever come through there town again.

It was a little shanty town on a night like this.



My trip to Daylesford. by Edith

It was a glorious day when I set out for my trip to Daylesford. I was to meet the bus at the end of the street where I live. The bus was full of other women, a few men too. The bus left about 10.30 a.m. in the morning on a Wednesday. We didn't have to take our lunch because it was provided for us all when we arrived.

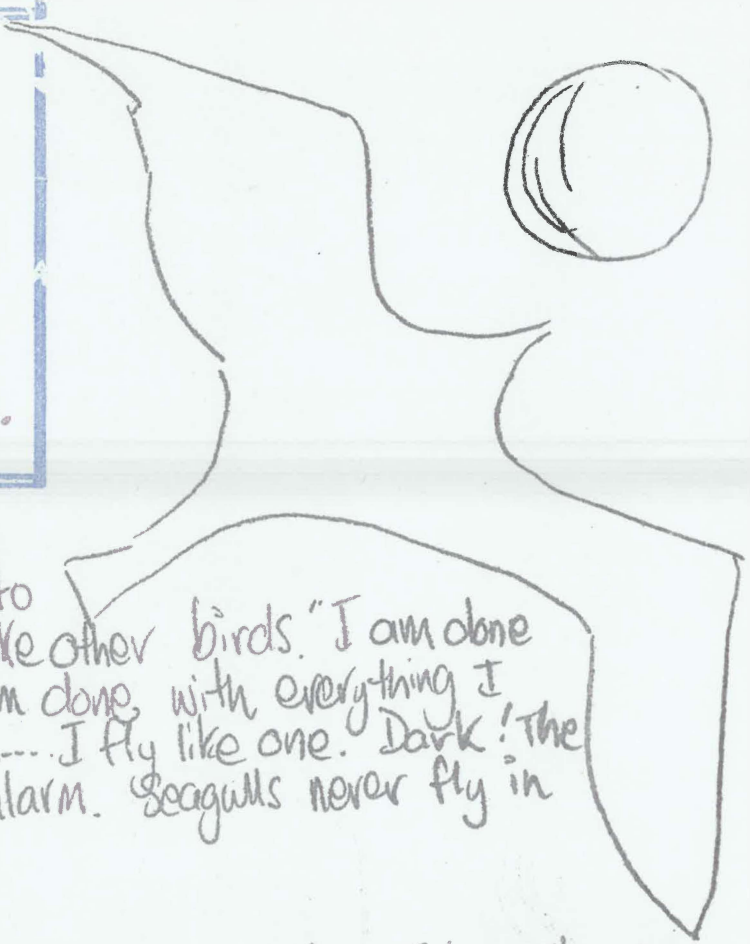
We all had a lovely hot lunch. We had a menu to pick from, we also had a choice with sweets. Then we finished up with a cup of coffee. Then we all decided to go window shopping, so we went off in little groups hoping that none of us would get lost. I finished up buying two lovely T-Shirts for my son, then we all met back at the place where we had our lunch.

We boarded the bus and we were taken to this lake where you could go for rides on small boats and canoes, you had to pay so much an hour for the rides. We saw some lovely swans which we fed with some bread we had left. We all piled into the bus again and were taken to see this big tower, which had so many stairs you would think that you would never get to the top. They had beautiful gardens and flowers there, you have never seen anything like it in all your life.

It was time to leave for home, we all got in the bus and settled down, then we all started singing, we finished up singing all the way home.

We all had such a wonderful time we didn't want our day to end.

Jonathan Livingston Seagull. by Richard Bach.



The story so far:-

Jonathan has decided to give up trying to fly like other birds. "I am done with the way I was. I am done with everything I learned. I am a seagull.... I fly like one. Dark! The hollow voice cracked in alarm. Seagulls never fly in the dark!...

Continued

Jonathan was not alert to listen. It's pretty, he thought, the moon and the lights twinkling on the water, throwing out little beacon trails through the night, and all so peaceful and still....

Get down! Seagulls never fly in the dark, you'd have the eyes of an owl! You'd have charts for brains! You'd have a falcon's short wings!

There in the night, a hundred feet in the air, Jonathan Livingston Seagull — blinked. His pain, his resolutions, vanished.

Short wings. A falcon's short wings!

That's the answer! What a fool I've been! All I need is a tiny little wing, all I need is to fold most of my wings and fly just on the tips alone! Short wings!

He climbed two thousand feet above the black sea, and without a moment for thought of failure and death, he brought his forewings tightly in to his body, left

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only the narrow swept clappers of his wingtips extended into the wind, and fell into a vertical dive.

The wind was a monster roar at his head. Seventy miles per hour, ninety, a hundred and twenty and faster still. The wing-strain now at a hundred and forty miles per hour wasn't nearly as hard as it had been before at

Seventy, and with the faintest twist of his wingtips he eased out of the dive and shot above the waves a gray cannonball under the moon. He closed his eyes to slits against the wind and replied. 'A hundred forty miles per hour! And under control! If I dive from five thousand feet instead of two thousand. I wonder how fast....'

His vows of a moment ago were forgotten, swept away in that great swift wind. Yet he felt guiltless, breaking the promises he had made himself. Such promises are only for the gulls that accept the ordinary. One who has touched excellence in his learning has no need of that kind of promise.

By sunset, Jonathan Gull was practicing again. From five thousand feet the fishing boats were specks in the flat blue water, breakfast flock was a faint cloud of dust motes, circling.

He was alive, trembling ever so slightly with delight, proud that his fear was under control. Then without ceremony he hugged in his forewings, extended his short, angled wingtips, and plunged directly toward the sea. By the time he passed four thousand feet he had reached terminal velocity, the wind was a solid beating wall of sound against which he could move no faster. He was flying now straight down, at two

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hundred fourteen miles per hour. He swallowed, knowing that if his wings unfolded at that speed he'd be down into a million tiny shards of seagull. But the speed was power, and the speed was joy, and the speed was pure beauty.

He began his pullout at a thousand feet, wings flapping and flaring in that gigantic wind, the boat and the crowd of gulls tilting and growing meteor fast, directly in his path.

He couldn't stop; he didn't know yet even how to turn at that speed.

Collision would be instant death.

And so he shut his eyes.

It happened that morning, then just after sunrise, that Jonathan Livingston Seagull fired directly through the centre of Breakfast Flock, ticking off two hundred twelve miles per hour, eyes closed, in a great roaring shriek of wind and feathers. The Gull of Fortune smiled upon him this once, and no one was killed.

By the time he had pulled his beak straight up into the sky he was still scorching along at a hundred and sixty miles per hour, when he had slowed to twenty and stretched his wings again at last, the boat was a crumb on the sea, four thousand feet below.

His thought was triumph. Terminal velocity! A seagull at two hundred fourteen miles per hour. It was a breakthrough, the greatest single moment in the history of the Flock, and in that moment a new age opened for Jonathan Gull. Flying out to his lonely practice area, folding his wings for a dive from eight thousand feet, he set himself at once to discover how to turn.

... TO BE CONTINUED....

THE PUPPIES HAD MOTHER.

One day my dog named Tammy, had herself some puppies, then the trouble really began.

They were everywhere from then on, around our feet under our feet, as small as they are they bark and make a lot of noise as well as getting into trouble.

Some of them bark as if to say no when you tell them don't do that you naughty-boy or girl.

They are eating and drinking on their own now but they still chase Tammy around for a drink, but she just walks away and they all fall over on their backs.

Then the cats start a fight with the puppies, and one of the puppies got their tail bit by the cat.

All of a sudden there was a dog and cat fight with paws from the left and to the right, none of them won the fight because they were getting too serious and I had to separate them from each other.

You should see them trying to get up into their cone bed which they are sleeping in, then they decide to have a sleep and they are all cuddled into each other, or sleeping on top of each other, but either way it is peaceful. when they are asleep

and I can relax for a little while, that is until

Tammy, the mother of the pup's decides she will let them know she is around; What I mean by that is she goes up to them, sniffs at them and she disturbs one of them, then while that one tries to move to get out of the basket the others wake up as well and again the fun begins all over again.

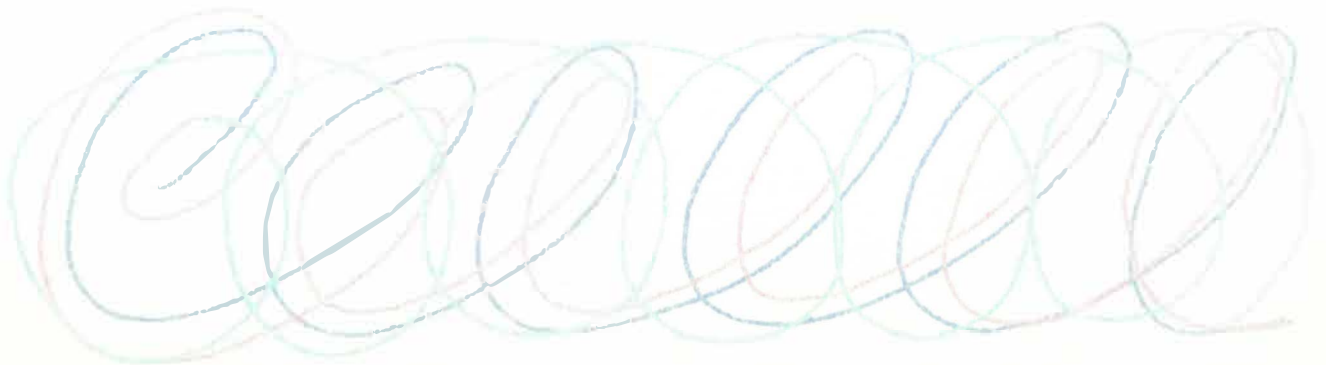
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One or two of the pups look up at you or anyone and starts barking, you should see there little sad faces or thats the way they look at you and want you to think they are so as you will feel sorry and pick them up and give them a cuddle. Well i have come to the end of my little story about my dog and her puppies and just about the end of my life with my animals, it is probably funny for you readers when reading this little story from as it is, but not so funny for the owners at the present moment.

L. Cain

QUOTE OF THE MONTH.

It will be a great day
When our schools
Get all the money they need
And the Airforce
Have to hold a cake stall
To buy a Bomber.



LIFE

When I was young I loved this earth
I thought everything was as it should be
For I only saw the trees
And all was green and wonderful
For I had not seen man's disease
But now though young as I am still
It's caught me in its web
That never ending search for something more
Than all the rest have got
And though I'm only half way caught
I wish that I could tell
The people on that downhill hike
That life's too good to waste
But never will they listen to me
For I am too young to know
So with their stubborn minds made up
They pass me by with haste
So I guess I'll have to drift with them
Like a blind or senseless sheep
And close my eyes and block my mind
To this mixed up way of life
Till maybe I can break away
With my peace of mind intact

Kerry.

From - "The Best of the Worst."

THE WORST ANIMAL TO WIPE OUT.

During the 12th and 13th Centuries, the Catholic Church decided that cats were "ambassadors of the devil" and should be wiped off the face of the earth. There followed more than 200 years of cat beatings and burnings. Those cat owners who defied the Church's anti-feline edicts risked being branded as witches and burned at the stake.

When the cat population of Europe was effectively wiped out, the rat population exploded and inflicted the Black Plague on the cat-fearing population. Approximately 75 percent of the people of England and Europe were killed by the dread disease. After the Plague had taken its toll, the Church reversed its stance on cats, declaring that anyone who mistreated a cat from then on would be dealt with harshly.



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

THE HUMAN CONDITION TODAY
IS NOTHING TO BE JOYFUL
ABOUT. HAPPINESS, CONTENTMENT,
THE FREEDOM OF LIVING, FRIENDLINESS,
ARE, FOR SOME, BECOMING MORE
AND MORE UNRECOGNISABLE.

THE MYTH OF ROSE COLOURED
GLASSES HAVE LONG BEEN SMASHED.
THIS SOCIETY SMELLS OF
OPPRESSION, UGLINESS.

JOINING HANDS IS NOT AN EASY
VIRTUE TO LIVE BY AS WE ARE
MORE DESPARATELY TRYING TO
HOLD ONTO OUR OWN HOPE —
AND BELIEFS — AND BLOODY
SURVIVE.

IF WE DO AWAKE, READY
TO BE BOLD AND DETERMINED
TO SURVIVE, SUCH BATTLES, WE
WILL NEED TO HAVE AN
AMOURY OF WEAPONS —

I HOPE DISILLUSIONMENT IS AS
VOID AS A PASSING CLOUD, THAT
BLONS AWAY OR NOTHING
WILL CHANGE