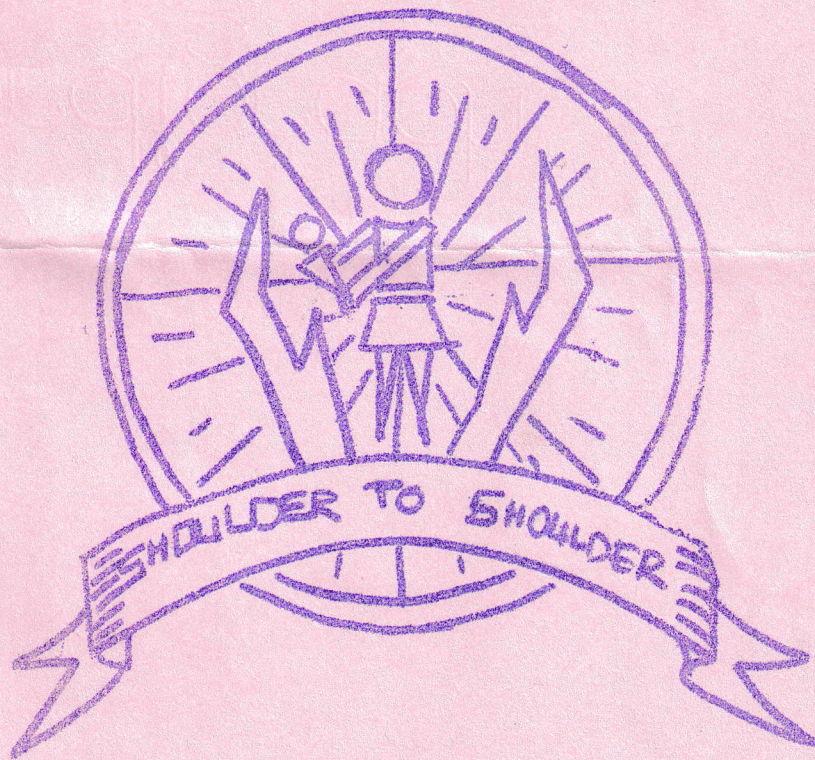


Julie Valentine
42 Westbourne Rd

KENSINGTON WOMEN'S GROUP NEWSLETTER



Child Care Co-op. Ltd
89 McCracken St. Kensington
Ph: 376 4280.
No: 26 1987.

EDITORIAL

①

We all need changes in one way or another and its in our growing we realise this, We have been through a few hassels the last six months, but I believe we are now working through them, and are getting our selves organised once again, The greatest asset in the Womens Group is in the women them-selves how they stick together & support each other in times of crises, and its there dedication and what they have achieved at the house, that gives them the strength to keep going. Everything moves so fast today, and we dont realise until we stop and look at whats happening, and then we realise and have to slow down, or else we can lose so much.

Neighbourhood houses are one of the best projects the government has given to communities, as they cater for families from 0- to 90, and give every one who uses them a opportunity to participate within the house. Its a great way for people to share skills, and learn & teach each other in so many areas.

CONTINUED →

EDITORIAL

②

whether it be book keeping or just budgeting, knitting or sewing. There is just so much that can be achieved and is achieved.

There are also the relationships + friendships with children as well as adults that are formed, where we all understand a lot more about each other and about our selves, This brings us closer to our own families. You can only gain this in Neighbourhood houses as they are not seen as threatening to the users of the houses, as they are run and used by the families themselves, and for the small amount of money the government gives to neighbourhood houses its a small price for the service they give to the communities.

You will find the odd few who criticise and say your wasting your time, but you can only do your best + try to help them, and if they dont understand and dont want to help themselves they are best left alone. As its the people who want to help themselves will gain the most, and will always have friends around to help them in need. And McCracken street has achieved that, and for what you give you will get back in your own growth + development

CONTINUED →

③

EDITORIAL

It's not all smooth running either we all have our ups + downs, our highs + lows and it's when you're at your lowest you have your inner strength and you get up and start again. Then the support for each other grows and you are all back again, fighting for what you believe in. As you grow in strength you grow in support, and it's worth all your energy if you make each other happy.

Your base is a small group who get together + build up each others confidence and then you can achieve many things!!!



GROWTH
ENCOURAGEMENT

CONFIDENCE

HAPPINES

CAN BE ACHIEVED IN OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD

I TOOK HIS HAND AND FOLLOWED

My dishes went unwashed today;
I didn't make the bed,
I took his hand and followed
Where his eager footsteps led.

Oh yes, we went adventuring
My little son and I
Exploring all the great outdoors
Beneath the summer sky.

We waded in a crystal stream,
We wandered through a wood
My kitchen wasn't swept today
But life was gay and good.

We found a cool, sun-dappled glade
And now my small son knows
How Mother Bunny hides her nest
Where jack-in-the-pulpit grows.

We watched a robin feed her young,
We climbed a sunlit hill
Saw cloud-sheep scamper
Through the sky, cool-

We plucked a daffodil,

That my house was neglected,
That I didn't brush the stairs,
In twenty years, no-one on earth
Will know, or even care.

But that I've helped my little
boy

to noble manhood grow,
In twenty years, the whole wide
world
may look and see and know.



Jonathan Livingston Seagull.

by Richard Bach. Cont'd.

Without a word, Jonathan put them to the test, a test that no gull had ever passed. He twisted his wings, slowed to a single mile an hour above stall. The two radiant birds slowed with him, smoothly, locked in position. They knew about slow flying.

He folded his wings, rolled, and dropped in a dive to a hundred and ninety miles per hour. They dropped with him, streaking down in flawless formation.

At last he turned that speed straight up into a long vertical slow-roll. They rolled with him, smiling.

He recovered to vertical flight and was quiet for a time before he spoke. "Very well," he said, "Who are you?"

"We're from your Flock Jonathan. We are your brothers." The words were strong and calm. "We've come to take you higher, to take you home."

"Home I have none. Flock I have none. I am an outcast. And we fly now at the peak of the Great Mountain Wind. Beyond a few hundred feet, I can lift this old body no higher."

"But you can, Jonathan. For you have learned. One school is finished, and the time has come for another to begin."

As it had shined across him in his life, so understanding lightened that moment for Jonathan Seagull. They were right. He COULD fly higher, and it WAS time to go home.

He gave one last long look across the sky, across that magnificent silver land where he had learned so much.

"I'm ready," he said at last.

And Jonathan Livingston Seagull rose with the two starbright gulls to disappear into a perfect dark sky.

PART TWO.

So this is heaven, he thought, and he had to smile at himself. It was hardly respectful to analyse heaven in the very moment that one flies up to enter it.

As he came from Earth now, above the clouds and in close formation with the two brilliant gulls, he saw that his own body was growing as bright as theirs. True the same young Jonathan Seagull was there that had always lived behind his golden eyes, but the outer form had changed.

It felt like a seagull body, but already it flew far better than his old one had ever flown. Why, with half the effort, he thought, I'll get twice the speed, twice the performance of my best days on earth!

His feathers glowed brilliant white now, and his wings were smooth and perfect as sheets of polished silver. He began delightedly, to learn about them, to press power into these new wings.

~~His feathers glowed -~~

At two hundred fifty miles per hour he felt that he was nearing his level-flight maximum speed. At two hundred seventy-three he thought that he was flying as fast as he could fly, and he was ever so faintly disappointed.

Continued →

Jonathan Livingston Seagull. Cont'd.

There was a limit to how much the new body could do, and though it was much faster than his old level-flight record, it was still a limit that would take great effort to crack. In heaven he thought, there should be no limits.

The clouds broke apart, his escorts called, "Happy landings, Jonathan," and vanished into thin air.

He was flying over sea, towards a jagged coastline. A very few seagulls were working the updrafts on the cliffs. Way, off to the north, at the horizon itself, flew a few others. New sights, new thoughts, new questions. Why so few gulls? Heaven should be flooded with gulls! And why am I so tired all at once? Gulls in heaven are never supposed to be tired or to sleep.

Where had he heard that? The memory of his life on earth was slipping away. Earth had been a place where he had learned much, of course, but the details were blurred - something about fighting for food, and being Outcast.

The dozen gulls by the shoreline came to meet him, none saying a word. He felt only that he was welcome and that this was home. It had been a big day for him, a day whose sunrise he no longer remembered.

He turned to land on the beach, beating his wings to stop an inch in the air, then dropping lightly to the sand. The other gulls landed too, but not one of them so much as flapped a feather. They swung into the wind, bright wings outstretched, then somewhere they changed the curve of their feathers until they had stopped in the same instant their feet touched the ground. It was beautiful control, but now Jonathan was too tired to try it. Standing there on the beach, still without a word spoken, he fell asleep.

In the days that followed, Jonathan saw that there was ~~was~~ as much to learn about flight in this place as there had been in the life behind them. But with a difference. Here were gulls who thought as he thought. For each of them, the most important thing in living was to reach out and touch perfection in that which they loved most to do, and that was to fly. They were magnificent birds, all of them, and they spent hour after hour every day practising flight, testing advanced aeronautics.

For a long time Jonathan forgot about the world he had come from, that place where the Flock lived with its eyes tightly shut: to the joys of flight, using its wings as means to the end of finding food and fighting for it. But now and then, just for a minute, he remembered.

He remembered it one morning when he was out with his instructor, while they rested on the beach after a session of folded-wing snap rolls.

"Where is everybody, Sullivan?" he asked silently, quite at home now with the easy telepathy that these gulls used instead of screees and cracks. "Why aren't there more of us here? Why, where I come from there were....."

".....thousands and thousands of gulls. I know." Sullivan shook his head. "The only answer I can see, Jonathan, is that you are pretty well a one-in-a-million bird. Most of us came along ever so slowly. We went from one world into another that was pretty well like it, forgetting right away where we had come from, not caring where we were headed, living for the moment. Do you have any idea how many lives we must have gone through before we even got the idea that there might be more to life than eating, or fighting, or power in the Flock? A thousand lives Jon, ten thousand! And then another hundred lives, until we began to learn that there is such a thing as perfection, and another hundred again to get the idea that our purpose for living is to find that perfection and show it forth. The same rule holds for us now, of course, learn nothing and the next world is the same as this one, all the same limitations and lead weights to overcome."

To be continued.

A Very Unhappy Xmas for Us.

The Australian governments have a campaign against dole bludgers, now, do they an campaign against all pensioners. Do they want to starve us and to drive us to scavenge in dustbins and to buy only our clothes in O.P. shops and Trash and Treasure stalls. Our pensions are below Bro Henderson's poverty line. Rents of private landlords homes are rising, also rising in November '81, H.C.V rents for all tenants. Rises for rebated pensioners, go from \$1.60 per week to over \$5.00 per week. There goes our pension rise in November, also pensioners in future coming to live into Housing Commission flats will lose their rent allowance. Other pensioners now housed in rebated H.C.V homes might keep the allowances they receive now but not get any increase. The recent rise in pet food — due mainly to a Federal government Policy has become already a heavy blow to pensioner's pockets, in trying to feed their pets. All the future sale taxes increases demanded by Federal government, will hit pensioners and their children heavily. Even the big stores will not get as great a slice of our pensions as they hoped for, pensioners at Xmas, will not have the extra money to spend or to be able to avail themselves of the opportunity to shop, because of heavy

the Rail fare rise, over 100% rise for pensioners even in O. Peak concession tickets. Our future is dim indeed, dreadful electricity charges, gas rise before Xmas. We will all have to go to bed early, we won't be able to afford to stay up, light and heating to clear for us, even T. V programs will be carefully chosen, no more late film shows. Further rises in phone rental and local calls, will cause many pensioners to be unable to keep their phones on even if they have good health reasons, and change other pensioners ability to get a phone. I forecast many poor pensioners, going the rounds to get food, vouchers, material aid even aged pensioners, a heavy load on all Welfare agencies, a foray on Court poor boxes to help pay their gas and light bills. I forecast also a decline in demand for magazines and newspapers, pet dumping to increase, many local shops incomes not rising, as more people will want goods on tick, the sale taxes to come on all articles the big stores sell must hit them.

Our pensions we receive can only stretch so far— If we cannot afford necessities of life. How in Hell can we pay for luxuries such as toys for children, theatre shows, cinamas, sporting fixtures and even a holidays

God bless us all,

K. J. G.

YOUR STARS with Teresa

Aries

This week should
be fairley quite
Friday is lucky

Cancer

Give children a
good hearing on
Monday when they
come to you with a
problem the weekend
is quite but pleasant

Libra

Tuesday should be a
good day for overdue
accounts. Spend time
with the eldly on
Thursday

Capricorn

Tuesday should bring
good news go broke on
Friday. And the weekend
should be great.

Taurus

Keep an eye open
on Monday the numbers
one and six are lucky

Leo

Tuesday is good for
humour. You got it

used it Saturday
sees a suprise.

cont

YOUR STARS with Lereso

So

Scorpio

Lady Luck pays
a fleeting visit
good news by-
mail or phone

Aquarius

Many hear of a
long-distance ~~traveller~~
traveller on Tues-
day. Friday brings
Cupid into play

Gemini

Voice an opinion
if you feel strongly
enough. Sunday
looks promising
for water sports

Vingo

Through Lady Luck
you can afford to
relax the purse strings
the weekend is
great

Sagittarius

An old flame could
contact you on
Thursday
Lady Luck shows
you. She has not
forgotten you.

Pisces

A thoughtful
gesture starts
the week on a
positive note
Wear blue
You should feel
good

THE MULBERRY BUSH

Long ago in my youth. I recall,
When I used to go for walks in the
park. The most thing that caught my
eye was the mulberry bush. With it's
tiny yellow and pink flowers with
it's small stems. Thinking I could take
the flowers home. But on the way
home the flowers would fade. And
I used to feel very sad. Sometime
the girls and boys used to sit and
talk by the mulberry tree. The
children used to play round it
Sometime they used to pick the flowers
and drop them on the ground. Which
made me sad. And I thought to
myself nothing last. Even the good
things must come to and end
Only the memory of the mulberry-
bush remains. Like a song.

Meetings Bloody meetings.
Ladels and jelly spoons.

We are here tonight to stand before you
to stand behind you, to tell you a story
I know nothing about, last Thursday which
was good Friday there was a meeting
meeting for the first only. Mission free
for all the door, bring your own seats
and sit on the floor. A lady gave me
some chocolate & ate it up and gave it
all back.

By Edith Coffey.

Love Lament.

If I were in all this life, I had a reason
to be glad for living and to love again
without pain. I hope I'd be kind and give
each piece of mind as life is short and love
and always finds away this once I pray.

By Vicki Cockburn.

Creation.

I'm all the Creation's
for earth and under the sky,
All things should be made
to be stirred up and die
because in all the world there is
no all this Creation
nothing so complete with
no celebration that are made.

By Vicki Cockburn.

Just a Trip.

I would like to tell you about a trip
I really went on. I was a boy
I was a boy. I left Melbourne Thursday
on the train and arrived in Canberra on
Friday. It was really a trip
I went to places I never saw before
I spent a lot of money but
I was a boy. I arrived home
and I was a boy. I never really went on.

By Edith Coffey.

Dead Right.

Once upon a day in the middle of the
night. Two dead men got up to
fight. Back to back they faced
each other. Drew there. Swords
and shot each other.

By Edith Coffey.

God is love

FOG

The fog comes over harbour and city
on little cat's feet on silent haunches
it sits looking and then moves on.

Bar in ditch
Man in tree
Moon was full
and so was he

I SAW YOU OVER THE OCEAN
I SAW YOU OVER THE SEA
I SAW YOU IN THE BATH TUB
WHOOO'S PARDON ME.

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Sugar is sweet
and so are you.

False friends are like
autumn leaves
Found everywhere
True friends are like diamonds
Precious and rare.

A WALL OF BOTTLERS and a yard
of bucks,

Recall his years of innocence
The Tow hair boy of six,
Who fled a fathers salutary kicks
To Build an empire in his own
defence

The Eagle

He clasps the crag with crooked hands
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

OF ALL THE THINGS I LIKE TO BE
I LIKE TO BE A SPARROW
AND SIT UPON THE PRINCE'S BRIDGE
AND HELP FILL THE YARRA.

I thought and I thought
and I thought in vain
and now I think I'll
will write my name

K. Gibbs

Speak with contempt of none, from slave to king,
The meanest be he, and will use, a sting.

Dare to be true;
Nothing can need a lie
The fault that needs some most
Grows two there by.

Like a small grey
coffee pot,
Sets the squirrel.
He is not

all he should be
Kills by dozens
Tues, and eats
his red-brown cousins

The Keeper on the other hand,
who shot him, is
a Christian and
loves his enemies
which shows the squirrel
was not one of those

Rejoice in the lord.

NO PEN, NO INK,
NO BRAINS, CAN'T THINK.

In jail you get coffee
In jail you get tea,
In jail you get everything
except the darn key.

People who live in glass houses
Should pull the blinds
When removing their trousers

1. DAY TRIPS FOR ALL.

By RITA WALKER.

In an area such as Kensington which facilitates for a large number of disadvantaged persons such as single parents, ethnic groups, invalids and low-income families, the Holland Park community live in four-storey flats and the very high-rise flats. Unfortunately this situation could be the molecular breeding ground of psychological disorders, inferiority complexes interspersed with unexplained feelings of anxiety.

I have never lived nor been inside the higher-storey flats fortunately. I wonder if they can comprehend their situation. I often have such feelings because I am a pensioner with two little boys who are separated from me. I also have a huge appetite and the constant gas and electricity accounts further abuse my pension money. All the same I'm very grateful and regard myself very fortunate to have been placed in a flat which is not in an obtrusive position.

I suppose the other tenants like me listen to the hits or ethnic radio, they may also watch the television. It is a good thing therefore that there should be a meeting place like the Kensington Women's Co-Op where we have the opportunity to evaluate our problems. I have found some really good help from this group.

I have just come from the Kensington Women's Group house. We discussed our familiar but personal problems. I had gone there to help care for some children while the staff have their weekly meeting. We have planned an outing to the city for tomorrow to watch a free movie. I like that feeling of meeting with other women and going out together as a group. To the Dandenong Range, we had a flat tyre on Melbourne Road, Boundary Road.

2.

DAY TRIPS FOR ALL BY RITA WALKER

While it was being replaced we tried gymnastics on the reserve. My two little boys Ted and Martin joined in. They really enjoyed that break. How I love taking my children on these outings, they really look forward to these trips.

Marg Welsh is a competent driver, so too is Helen Haverly. You can relax freely and observe the surroundings and share a prepared lunch with the children. This is a good way to communicate with the children and I like the way the children respond!

The End.

Rita Walker.

CAMPING

I think camping is real great!
Especially when you're away from the city. Specially the bush camp where there's a fire. And a big ~~camp~~ pan of soup is kept on the fire. And soup and bread is for everyone. Really everyone's not at that time. And poor Mally gets caught to serve everyone. The nights are the best. When we all gather round the camp-fire to listen to the radio. Some sip beer while listening to the music and enjoy the peace and quiet of the bush. The kids dance round the fire. And we don't miss the city. In the mornings we go for walks some pick wood for the fire. Others go fishing. And they come back only with one or two fish. If you like camping come with us. I promise you'll enjoy it.

COME To THE WOMEN'S GROUP
BEACH CAMP THIS SUMMER -
CALL INTO THE HOUSE FOR DETAILS