

WE'RE OPENING SOON!



It's been a while hasn't it? Weeks and weeks of isolation, loneliness and for some, simply time to breathe and reflect. Regardless of whether you've enjoyed a break from the normal craziness of life, or if you've perhaps felt like the blinds were completely pulled down on you, we've missed you! We've missed your laughs, your hugs, your friendships, your talents, your jokes, your sharing of everyday life. And subsequently we so wish we could tell you the House will be open in full swing starting today, but unfortunately we will have to wait a little bit longer... Let us explain.

As the Government first announced that some of the state wide restrictions were going to be lifted, we excitedly hoped we would soon be able to open the doors of the Community House. - That we would finally see each other again; if yet with some distancing rules put in place. And technically, there is nothing preventing us from opening; if we were to adhere to the 4 squaremetre rule and the 1.5 metre distancing rule.

However, as much as we would love to see you all, the committee of management has decided to wait a few more weeks before attempting to go back to normal, here is why...

These are unprecedented times and in brief, we believe it is important to be very cautious. We do not want to put anyone's health or life at risk.

Continue on next page...

Nagambie Lakes Community House Inc.

7 Prentice St. Nagambie, VIC 3608

Email: nlchouse32@gmail.com Phone: 0437 - 347 203 (Anna's phone)

Open weekdays between 10.00am and 3.00pm - Except during pandemics

Website: nagambielakescommunityhouse.org

Information about the re-opening of the House

(Continuation from page 1.)

With more people starting to travel and move around, there is an increased risk the virus will start spreading. Considering the demographic of the people who normally visit the House, we believe it would be wise to wait a little bit longer and observe what happens around us during the next few weeks, before going back to 'business as usual'.

The committee has therefore decided to 'open' the House again on the 15th of June for individuals wanting to drop by. This means Anna will be at the House between 10.00am and 3.00pm, but that the door will remain locked. If you wish to visit, either just knock or book an appointment. We know these precautions don't exactly feel inviting, but please know you are just as welcome for a cuppa, a pantry pit-stop or if you want to have a brief chat. We just want to look after you all! Upon entry, we are also asking you adhere to the following procedures:

- **Keep 1.5 metre distance at all times.**
- **Please use the hand sanitiser upon entering the House. It will be located at the little table to the left of the foyer.**
- **Agree to take your temperature upon entering with a thermometer the House will provide.**
- **If you belong to a high risk group, please put your health first and don't take any unnecessary risks by visiting the House.**
- **Please don't sign in the book upon entering. Anna will do this for you.**
- **Please don't come to the house if you have a sore throat, a cough, a runny nose or any other flu like symptoms.**
- **Restroom and surfaces like handles and bench tops/tables will be cleaned and wiped down after every visitor, and/or at the end of the day.**

We know. It feels like such a nuisance doesn't it? So much to consider and think about and don't we all wish things could just straight away go back to normal... But more than anything we care about your health and your well-being. We want you to be safe and to feel safe. Hopefully, this will all soon be over and we can go back to Community House activities as we know them.

If no drastic increase in Covid-19 cases occur, the committee of management will have another meeting on the 17th of June where they will decide whether or not to restart group activities at the House. This of course depending on Government rules and regulations allowing us to.

If you have any questions or concerns regarding any of this, please don't hesitate to contact Anna Close on 0437 347 203, or email: coordinatornlch@gmail.com



Red Maple at the Community House grounds.

Upcoming events

Garden Group

Don't chuck it out - Share it!

Do you have any food scraps you'd like to get rid of? Would you consider donating them to the Community House Garden? Every Monday we sell vegetables, herbs and succulents for a gold coin donation. Now, we're looking at taking care of and feeding our worms and producing some great soil for our veggie patches.

We have three compost bays and would love to receive fruit and vegetable scraps. (No bread or meat as it attracts mice/rats).

We're doing this as part of the 'Share Waste Project' and you are welcome to sign up as well! :-)

For more information see sharewaste.com



Google image

Garden Group is back on!



Google image.

It's been quite some time of waiting but finally, groups of 20 are allowed to meet outside as long as the 1.5m physical distancing is observed. Hence, our Garden Group are now carry on their great work, complying with government regulations of course!

Garden Group member Robyn Northey has also raised a few seedlings which are for sale: Broccoli, cauliflower, cabbage, lettuce, silverbeet/chard, spinach and onions. Swing by the House Mondays between 10.00am and 12.00pm, or contact Robyn on 0458 - 147 333 for further information...

Upcoming events

Welcome Group

An update from Jeanette...

Greetings,
Missing you - it's been a long time since we've seen each other and it looks as though it might be quite a while yet before we get back to our Welcome Group monthly events,

In the past we have had an average of 30+ people at Welcome Group events so it could be tricky to do anything much together before 21st June when restrictions will be eased to allow 50 patrons per enclosed space. A further increase of up to 100 patrons is planned for the second half of July.

There are also limitations placed on the venue to comply with density - one person per four square metres, and tables to be 1.5 meters apart to ensure physical distancing. Many of our local venues may be too small and would allow only a few patrons under these density rules.

Venues also must request customers' names, contact details and phone numbers. So you could get together with some friends to go to a local venue for a meal for a catch-up.

IN THE MEANTIME YOU COULD TRY A SELF-ORGANISED MINI GETTOGETHER

After the long weeks of isolation you might be ready to get together with some friends for a meal, so make up a small group and choose a local venue to go to. From 1st June up to 20 seated people per enclosed space are allowed (social distancing and density rules still apply and contact details will needed to be collected).

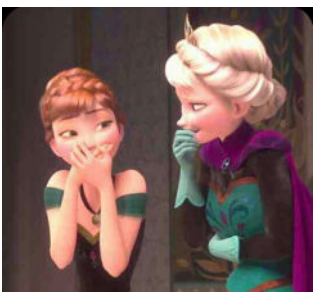
It would be nice for you to include someone from outside your usual friendship group or some newcomers you may have come across. Check with your chosen venue to see if they can fit you in at your specified time.

Please let me know what you plan to do at jmurray771@bigpond.com and if possible send a photo to Anna at the community house coordinatornlch@gmail.com.

FUTURE WELCOME GROUP EVENT

It's looks as though it will not be until the end of June before we can get together. I will let you know the details as soon as it's all organised

*See ya' soon,
Jeanette Murray
Nagambie Lakes Welcome Group*



**"Do you know why Elsa
can't have a balloon?
- Because she'll let it go!"**

Upcoming events

Walking Group

Let's continue to walk safely! - A letter from Wendy

Hi to you all,
Have you been walking in iso? Or bike riding or paddling over the past couple of months of Covid 19? No doubt you have been doing just that! It's amazing how good it feels to be exercising outdoors!

While there has been some reduction of restrictions, I'd prefer to stay cautious and acknowledge our vulnerability. Armed with the minimum of stage 2 restrictions, a clearer picture of the virus situation and with the approval of the Nagambie Lakes Community House committee, I'd be happy to restart our Walking Group

Maybe that can be, on the last Friday of the month (as always,) later in the year sometime. And no doubt, you can continue walking and exercising in smaller groups.

Thank you to Heather who found a new walk from Dookie to Mt. Major during the pandemic. We will add it to our future walk lists. If you have found a new walking track over the past few months, I would love to add your walk to our list.

*Kind regards to all.
Go safe,
Wendy M*



There's still time to make a square for our Community Quilt



We have had great interest from all corners of our community when it comes to participating in the making of our Community Quilt. Schools, churches, sports clubs, Kinder and even Go Nagambie have all happily agreed to make one or several squares!

We also welcome individuals or families who would like to make a square. Deadline is the 30th of June. Our only requirement is that the square is 25cmx25cm, and that you leave a bit of an edge for us to sew it all together.

The theme is "something you love about our community/town" but you can draw, paint, sew, use sharpies, iron ons, quilt - anything! If you don't have any material you can pick up a pre-cut square at the Community House, just call Anna first! :-)

Reports and Recaps

Shared Table

Shared Table's Autumn Fare

Oh my what a delicious variety of dishes we could have shared if only we were not in isolation. Thank you for being part of our virtual shared table. Just look at the effort our members have gone to in remaining a part of our little, but much loved group. We certainly will revisit Autumn Fare next year... just to taste these dishes.

Jeanette and Ross made Crepe Suzette with salted caramel icecream. Yum, my absolute favourite flavour. Jilly Chugg made hearty veggie soup. Carolyn and Kevin made beetroot soup, Berry Pie and Jelly Slice. Peter and I made Tarte Tatin with our own home grown apples to boot. David and Jill had a lovely dinner with family in Greensborough and enjoyed Creamy pumpkin gnocchi, home made soft white bread and sourdough

pancakes. Those sourdough pancakes are divine!

Bob created silverbeet soup, something I had never tasted. We grow spinach so I plan to use that when we have an abundance of produce and can try this recipe. Don and Judy enjoyed their autumn pears poached in a yummy sauce.

Sharing Autumn Fare with us all, how special in time of isolation where we can all imagine how tasty the dishes were.

Does anyone have a suggestion for next month's shared table. I would imagine we will still not be able to be together in person. If you are all happy to continue then so are we.

Can we perhaps make an effort to recreate one of these recipes in our own home and send through your results. If you have not supplied your recipe please

do so and I will forward to the group. I think I may try those poached pears as they are in season and looked amazing at the produce store yesterday!!!! Thinking of you all my dear friends. May you stay healthy and happy.

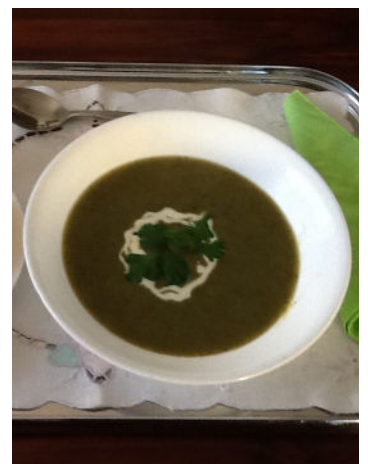
Elizabeth Branagan



Silverbeet Soup

1 bunch of silverbeets, 3 - 4 potatoes depending on size, 1 onion or leek, 1 clove of garlic, 3 tablespoons of bacon chips
8-10 cups of water, 3 chicken stock cubes, 1 tablespoon of butter, herbs, a mix to your taste (sage, oregano, thyme, marjoram, rosemary)

- Slice silverbeet and potatoes and place into pot with water herbs and stock, bring to boil.
- Slice onion or leek and sauté in pan with butter and garlic 2-3 minutes, and add to the boiling pot, and cook for 20 minutes, approx until all soft, allow to cool.
- Place mixture gradually into blender and blend, when all is blended reheat and serve, and hopefully enjoy.



Reports and recaps

Shared Table

Autumn Pears

- 6 ripe but firm pears (Cornice or Williams or Bartlett pears are ideal)
 - 2 cups unsweetened dark grape juice
 - 2 tablespoons rum or port
 - peel of 2 oranges
 - 2 teaspoons cornflour
 - 1/4 cup water
- Peel the pears, leaving just a little skin around the base and stem.
 - Place the pears upright in a sauce pan with a fitting lid, pour over the juice and rum or port.
 - Remove the peel from the oranges in long thin strips and add to the pan.
 - Cover the pears and gently poach until the pears are tender, about 15-20 minutes.
 - Remove the pears from the heat and let them stand for at least an hour to absorb the flavour and colour of the juice. You can speed up the process by spooning the juices over the pears every 10 minutes.
 - Place the pears on individual serving dishes or a serving platter.
 - Combine the cornflour and water. Add to the pear juices in the saucepan and cook, stirring continuously, until the sauce boils and thickens.
 - Spoon the sauce over the pear and serve.



Tarte Tatin.



Berry pie.



Sourdough pancakes.



Jelly slice.

Reports and Recaps

Committee / Secretary Sally Fyfield

Check out our new webpage nagambielakescommunityhouse.org

Nagambie Lakes Community House

Sharing Friendship, Knowledge and Skills

HOME ABOUT US WHAT'S ON NEWSLETTERS CONTACT PAGE 2019

a place for people of all ages

All Welcome

Nagambie Lakes Community House is a non-profit organisation offering a range of social and educational activities to the Nagambie community. Registered under the Victorian Community Development Act 2011, our activities are funded in part by the Victorian Government and the Nagambie Shire Council.



Breast Cancer Support Group
Leader: Jo Smith
Phone: 0800 1300
Email: j.smith@nagambielakescommunityhouse.org

You can learn about
our different groups...

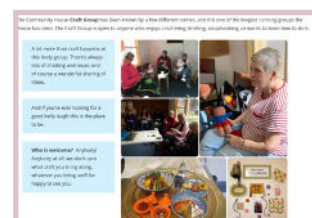


Wendy Koonen
President
Wendy has been working for us over 10 years. Different roles over the years.

...and about our
committee!



You can download all
previous newsletters...



...and find out what we
are planning next!

Obviously, the Covid-19 pandemic has put an end to many of the activities we normally have going on at the House but that doesn't mean we're inactive! One of the greatest accomplishments over the past few weeks has been undertaken by our committee secretary Sally Fyfield. She has put together an amazing webpage with heaps of photos, information and great memories.

She is still working on it and will be adding a few different elements, such as a "history" and "workshop" section. On that note, if you happen to have any old photos of when the House first started up, or similar which you wouldn't mind sharing, please contact Anna via email or phone so she can share them electronically with Sally.

A big thank you to Sally for the countless number of hours she's put into making this webpage happen! It looks absolutely fabulous!

Reports and Recaps

Craft Group



Cards by Margaret StLeone.



Zippered pouch by Denise Smith.



Baby blanket by Barabara Horsburgh.



Paris by night, by Suzanne Sinclair.



Coffee plunger cosy by Wendy Keenan.



Blanket by Marg St. Leon.



Rug by Beryl Dukes.

Reports and Recaps

Writing Group

Writing continues while in isolation

The Writing Group is one of the groups which has continued working while in isolation and their creativity and imagination doesn't seem in the least affected by the drama surrounding us. Below are a of their stories which I hope you will all enjoy!

I OPENED THE DOOR... I CLOSED THE DOOR

By Karyn Thompson

I opened the door and there she stood. Oh my! She looked just like me. My daughter, the one I never saw, never held never, never, never... Almost thirty years had passed and here she stands in front of me, I never thought I would see this day. What do I do, what do I say? I want to hold her, hug her, cry (well I already have tears in my eyes). I am momentarily lost. How must she feel, just standing there so bravely?

"Please come in" I manage to say. She had contacted me, four days ago (by phone), enquiring if I was Amelia Maria Frost, formerly of North Melbourne, Victoria. "Yes" I had replied. "I am not sure quite how to phrase this" she said "but I think I may be your daughter. My name is Marlene Stewart". (Marlene, I never would have named her Marlene, to me she was Maria) "Oh, very likely" I had said.

We spoke some more and confirmed that we were in fact mother and daughter, and we set a day to meet up, and today was that day. Since that phone call, I have thought of little else. Those horrible memories have dominated my every thought. Don't get me wrong, there was a huge part of me that was excited. I had often dreamt of a day like this. But, the guilt was quite overwhelming. Over thirty years ago, when I was only sixteen, I had been dating the local 'hunk' and had managed to get pregnant. Now, I was from a very Catholic family and I was in big trouble. I had brought shame on myself and my family.

The 'hunk' (Darren) had no plans to wed, so I was on my own. The decisions were made for me. I was sent to Sydney to a home (institution) where other sinful girls were also sent. It was awful, but we were all in different stages of our pregnancies and managed to take solace in that fact and supported each other through many an ordeal. Many girls came and went; we all endured each other's torment, emotions and pain.



Google image

Reports and Recaps

Writing Group

But when the girls left the home, they left childless. We were never given our babies to hold or we quite often never even saw them but, if we were lucky we were told the gender, before they were whisked away and given straight to the adoptive parents.

I was lucky I knew I had given birth to a healthy girl. But, I never knew to whom or where she had gone. One could only wish that they were going to be well looked after, loved and happy. Now, Marlene and I sat across from each other. We sat talking over a cup of tea. She wanted some answers, and rightly so, she deserved some sort of an explanation. I explained to her, her history, and her birth, my guilt and tried to explain to her my dilemma at that time. She in turn filled me in on her life. She told me of her adoptive parents, her life, education and her marriage and showed me photos of her two boys, (my Grandsons).

We ended up chatting quite freely. I told her how I had often thought about her, especially on the 26th of July, her birthday. My words

often felt so shallow, so selfish. But, she was graceful and said that she understood. She explained that she had decided to try and find me, mainly because she wanted to know of any major health issues that could have been handed down in her blood line. I was happy to inform her that there were none.

We sat chatting for hours. Catching up on all those missing years. She was such a lovely girl. I told her that she had two half sisters and a half brother. She said she would love to meet them if that was ok. "Ok" I said, "they can't wait, to meet you" I explained to her that after our original phone conversation, I had gathered the family together and told them about her. My husband had been the only one up until then who knew my secret. That's when I cried, she cried, we cried together, we embraced. Finally, I had held my baby girl. . We organised for her to come back in a couple of weeks with her own family to meet her 'other' family. When she left, and I closed the door behind her, I knew another door was about to open.

NICKY'S (& JON'S) BOOKSHELF POEM:

By Nicky McKeown

Sapiens, Homo Dues
Events that changed the world.
Long walk to freedom,
Time to think.
Inconceivable, The troubles,
The Shankill Butchers,
Blindspots - Stolen years.
Shotgun and standover,
Identity crisis, Stone cold.
Just culture!
Leadership transformed;

The purpose project,
Practical self sufficiency,
The loudest duck!
The nature principle,
Principles of home,
Getting our act together.
Educating Rita, The Rosie project,
To sir, with love...
People who changed the world!



Google image

Reports and Recaps

Writing Group

THE HOUSE

By Vonnie Deering

The door opens
as the start of a secret
whispered behind a hand.

The house holds a history
holds a memory
hand in hand with dream

it is a composition
of many rooms
a reminiscence and a fiction.

Long-ago old
it is worn into warm
and sleepy

mahogany-dark
misshapen
ramshackle and rambling

it holds uncertainties

like lure of nurture
or threat of stumble.

Rooms curl through corridors
into other rooms
rub up against each other

an interlocking puzzle
of loveliness
and softest sadness

each room an expectation
of nooks and crannies
for hiding places

for finding
comfortor
enduring longings.

The door never closes.



Google image

OUR GRAND OLD HOLIDAY HOUSE BY THE SEA CAME WITH OCEAN VIEWS
ACROSS THE CLIFFS, A HOUSEKEEPER, AN OLD GARDENER IN A RAM-
BLING OLD GARDEN, AND A RESIDENT GHOST . . .

By Margaret Lock

Recently, I dreamed I was back at High Winds, our old holiday residence in Dromana where our family spent many happy times in the fifties. We three boys were always excited when Dad drove us and Mum, together with our dogs Beau and Davey, in our Holden station wagon towards the Peninsula.

That decade, we had visited this special seaside place a few times each year and it was where we spent some of the most wonderful times of our lives. Dad had inherited

the two-storey weatherboard house from his parents, and I still recall seeing Grandpa and Ma there on several occasions before they were relocated to a nearby nursing home which was only a few minutes' walking distance for us to visit them.

Grandpa and Ma's furniture and many of their other belongings remained at the house which was kept clean and tidy on a part-time basis by one of the neighbours, Mrs Edna Green. The abundant garden and veggie patch were

also kept reasonably up to date by her elderly husband, Waldo Green.

We had always been led to believe that there was a resident ghost upstairs, but we were never concerned that we might come face to face with it sometime. The idea of a ghost completely fascinated us and all we really wanted to know was, whose ghost was it? At the back of the house, there was a garden gate which opened onto a sandy track leading down to the beach.

Reports and Recaps

Writing Group

Nearly every morning after breakfast we put on our togs and sandals and, with our faded beach towels, we'd head down the track lined with ti-trees to the water and invariably splash each other till we screamed or else we'd collect shells and driftwood to take home. Mum and Dad usually came down to join us and then we'd return home for sandwiches and cordial before playing games on the back veranda or out on the lawn.

One day it was raining hard so we pulled some board games out of the cupboard and sat around the table. My brothers and I would have loved to have gone to the beach, but it was too miserable and cold outdoors. Dad soon got the fire going in the games room and after lunch we sat around playing Scrabble and later drank hot chocolate and feasted on marshmallows which we'd slightly toasted in front of the fire.

It was a long day inside and we played several games until we grew tired. Mum arose to prepare dinner as we lounged around listening to Uncle Norman, the host of one of our favourite radio programs.

After dinner, we walked upstairs to shower and get ready for bed. There had been quite a lot of thunder and lightning early that evening and the storm was threatening to start up again. In our bunk beds, each of us read a few pages of our books and then it was time for lights out when Dad came in and tucked us in.

I found it hard to sleep and I soon began to think about the rumoured ghost and if it would appear if I managed to stay awake. In no time I was shuddering as I heard creaking

sounds on the floorboards. Maybe it was the ghost walking around. Maybe not. It was probably my vivid imagination, so I covered my head with my blankets and tried to get to sleep. However, the creaking sounds continued and I could barely breathe, too scared to peep out from under the blankets.

Frozen and dry in the throat, all I wanted was a glass of water but I didn't dare get out of bed as the thought of coming face to face with a ghost had me scared out of my skin. I could hear my brothers' gentle breathing, so I didn't dare wake them, and even if I did, my throat was locked owing to there being a huge lump in it. I lay still for what seemed like hours, listening for more creaking sounds to resume, but the house had become extra quiet since the wind had suddenly subsided.

Next morning, I felt worn out and cranky, but I felt relieved to be getting dressed alongside

my brothers before we headed downstairs for breakfast. Mum noticed that I was pale and listless and asked if I was feeling all right. "Yes", I replied. "But I was really worried that that ghost was out and about for a long time last night, and I couldn't sleep for ages." Mum laughed. "That's what happens in this house when there's a storm," she said. "The house is so old that the creaking often keeps us awake. Don't worry, son," she smiled. "You just have to try and ignore the sounds. After all, there's no such thing as a ghost." "I don't know about that," I blurted out. "A lot of people believe in them and I still do too. I'd like to know who our ghost is, I really would."

Mum didn't appear to know what to say after that and she just shook her head. Then, smiling, she replied, "If I could prove there was a ghost walking around this house, I might just have to agree with you."



Google image

Reports and Recaps

Baré Legal

Baré legal - Now in Nagambie

Baré Legal has recently launched in Nagambie and they offer services in the following areas:

- Debt recovery
- Commercial Landlord/Tenant matters
- Contractual Disputes
- Will preparation
- Property Law & Conveyancing
- Land Subdivisions
- Business Law

The clinic will be open between the hours of 10.00am – 3.00pm and it is strictly by appointment to ensure they adhere to social distancing requirements. Please contact Sharyn Baré on: 0422 145 579 if you wish to make an appointment.

Baré Legal are located at the new Community Care Hub, run by Nagambie HealthCare. You find them on 352 High Street, in the corner of High and Vale Street, behind the library.

They are fully equipped to ensure adherence to the COVID-19 physical distancing guidelines however if you would prefer to have a consultation without attending, you can still call and make an appointment via their technological platform.



— BARÉ —
LEGAL



Google image

Nagambie Library opening up - with restrictions

With the ease of restrictions, Nagambie Library will from the 2nd of June be open to a maximum of 20 patrons. At this stage they will not be offering use of their public computers or printing/copying service. They are however hoping they will be able to offer use of computers the week after initial

re-opening.

Patrons will be expected to maintain physical distancing and personal hand hygiene will be mandatory. All returned books will be cleaned before going back on the shelf and in the first step to reintroduction of services we will be encouraging

people to minimise the time spent in the Library. Click and Collect, borrow and go home will be the mantra!



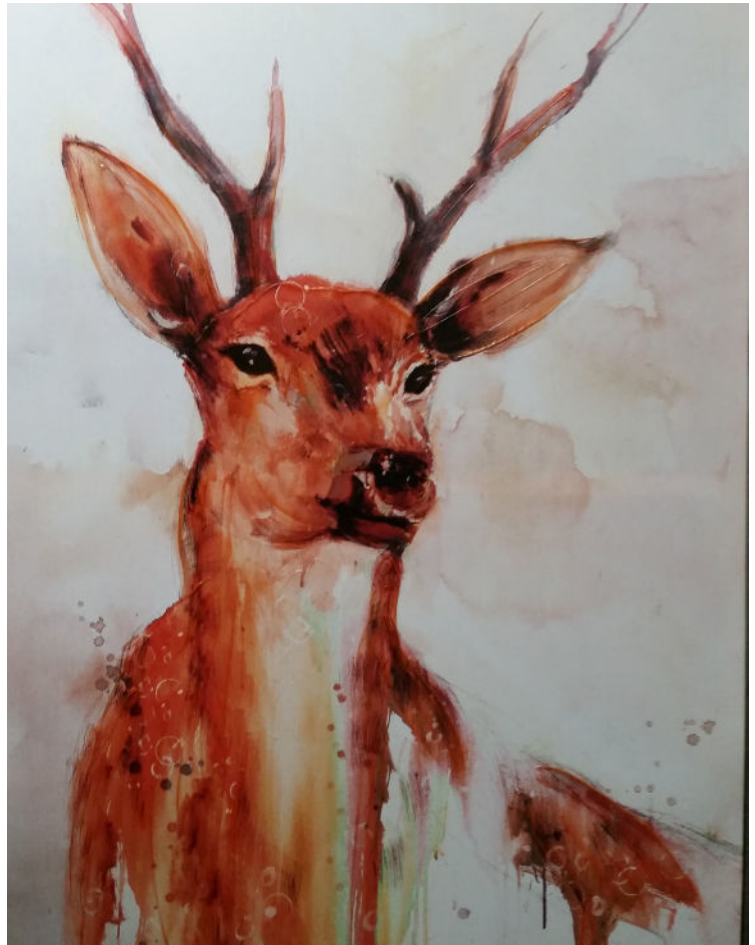
Virtual Noticeboard

June

As you might remember from our last newsletter, we have decided to replace the noticeboard at the Community House with a virtual ditto! For the month of June, we have the pleasure of looking closer at some of the paintings done by the Art Group and they do not leave anyone disappointed! Get swept away by the beauty in these...



By Sonia Aspinall



By Sonia Aspinall



Self portrait, by Valma Crerar.



Mitchelton, by Wendy Cook

Virtual Noticeboard

June



Eastern Rosella by Wendy Cook

Still life by Beryl Dukes.



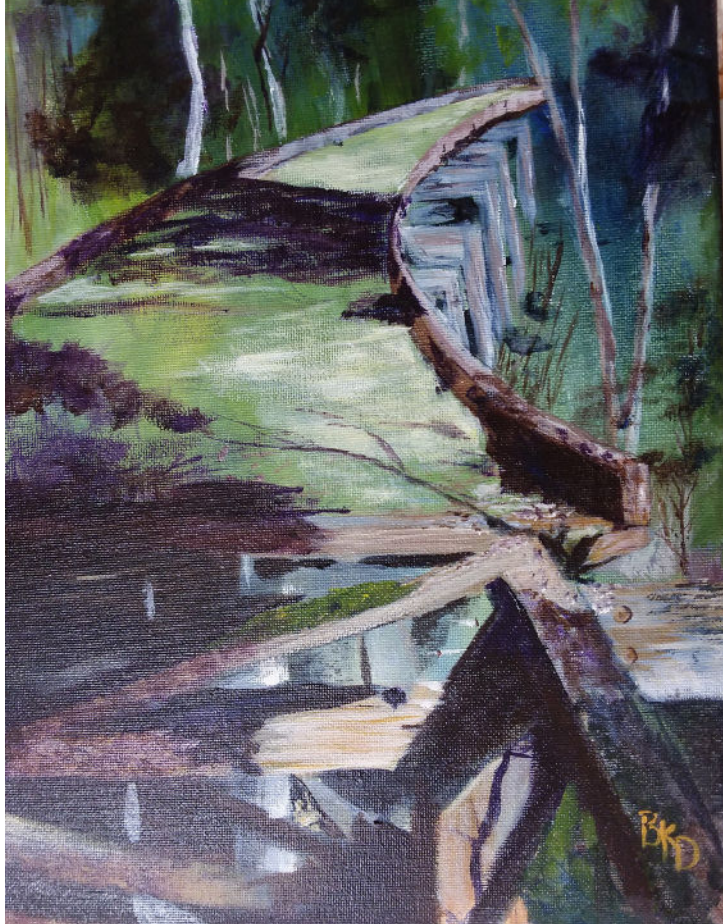
African dancers, by Sonia Aspinall.



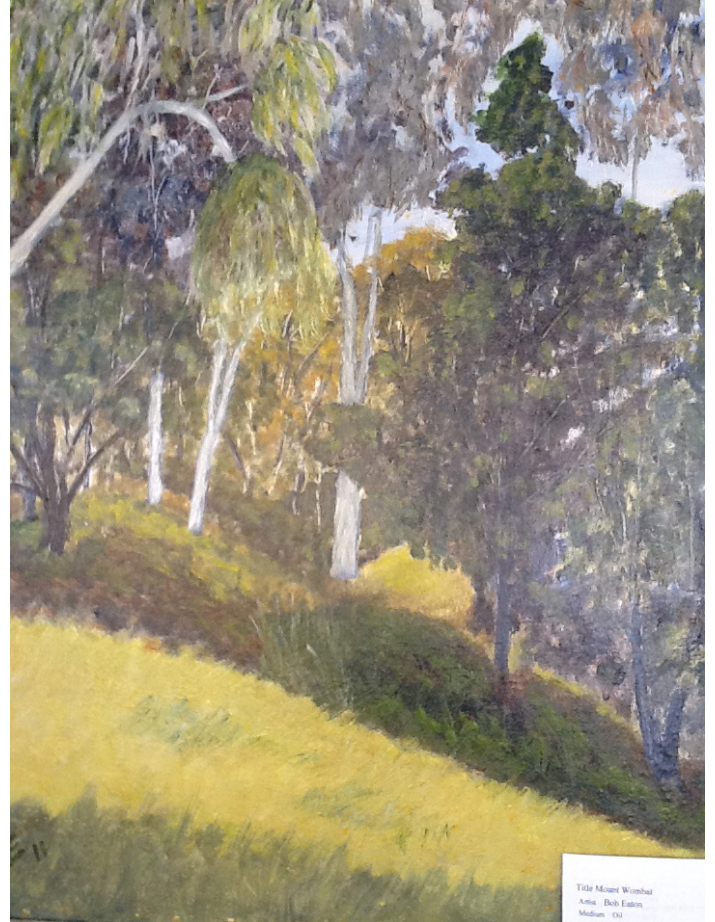
Black Rose, by Wendy Cook

Virtual Noticeboard

June



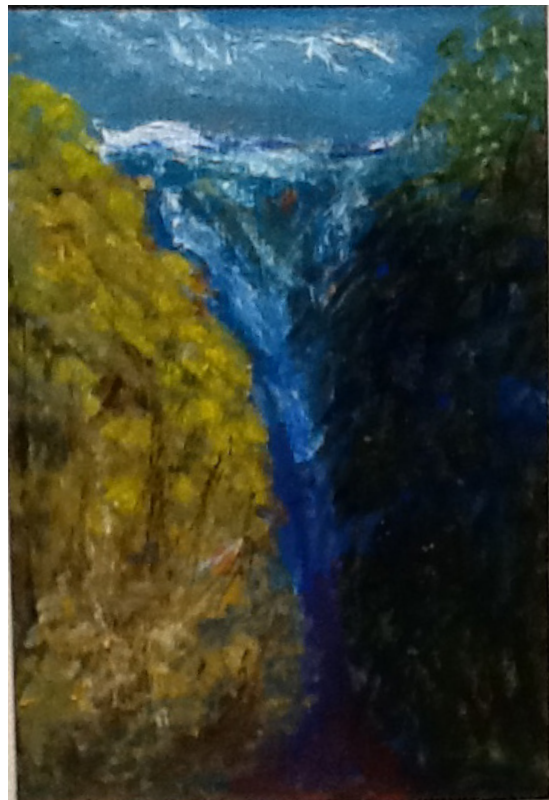
Trestle 2, by Beryl Dukes.



By Bob Eaton.



By Bob Eaton.



By Bob Eaton.

Virtual Noticeboard

J u n e



By John Fielden.



By John Fielden.



By John Fielden.



By Mel Arnold.

Virtual Noticeboard

June



By Val Monigatti



By Val Monigatti



By Val Monigatti



By Val Monigatti

From the Coordinator's desk

When I was a little girl, I wanted to be a writer. In fact, for as long as I can remember, writing is all I've ever dreamt of doing. All my favourite memories from school somehow involve writing; like that time my fourth grade teacher made the whole class listen to a poem I had put together about summer mornings. It included sunrises, cherry picking and waking up early, as far as I can recall. (Poor classmates being forced to listen to my dramatic phrasing! They were such good sports...) I've always been rather horrible at maths however, or anything involving numbers really. I don't know how many times nurses and/or doctors have looked at me suspiciously for not knowing the dates and years my children were born, but it's like they all just look the same to me; numbers that is, not the kids! ;-)

Words on the other hand... Words I feel are magic! The way they can be combined and put together to display beauty, explain emotions, inspire courage or just teach us, about anything at all really, has always fascinated me more than I can explain. I'm passionate about words. Passionate about the power they possess. As you probably know just as well as I do, words can also be used for bad. They can be strung together in a way that hurts, intimidates, creates insecurities or installs fear in others. Perhaps that's also why I've been wanting my pen to be heard; because I've wanted to make a difference by using it. I've regarded it the sword I've been called to bring to a battle... (Dramatic flare, anyone?!)

Now, throughout my life I've had the opportunity to write, often in fact. I've been a speech writer for ministers as well as a so called 'ghost' letter writer. I've been writing editorials for both Swedish and Australian newspapers and even through this job as a coordinator have I found an outlet to write... It's not always great, I know, but it does come from a good place of wanting to make a difference, if even the smallest little distinction to someone's life, day, minute or second. In fact, I'll settle for a fleeting smile!

And if you were to ask me today, what I want

to be 'when I grow up', what my deepest most honest desire is, I would still in a heartbeat tell you I want to be a writer. A "full time, publishing books and making movie scripts kind of writer." Preferably under some kind of pseudonym so no one would know it was actually me, but that's beside the point. I want to write books. Heaps of them!

At the humble age of 44 years old, one might think I've most likely missed that train. If I haven't been able to get anything published by now, it's probably too late... And perhaps that'd be a completely logical conclusion, but I try not to think that way. I try to think of my writing dreams as a seed which isn't dead, but has rather been planted in the ground and one day, it'll simply start to poke out of the ground and reach for the sun. One day, I'll hold my very first published books between my hands, because that is the true desire of my heart.

Why this self-indulgent talk about writing you might ask... Well, truth is, I think you too might have a dream. Just like I do. Something deep down in your heart which you might have been scared to tell even your closest friends. A dream you've been trying to shake but if you were really honest with yourself, it's still there. It's still breathing...

Maybe it's a trip to do the Inca trail. Maybe it's becoming a nurse. Maybe it's learning another language or volunteering at an orphanage overseas... Only you would know, but today I'm daring you to remember that dream

