

LIVING TODAY

in Mooroolbark and the Yarra Ranges NO. 49 DECEMBER 2014



- A Decade of Hope for Aussie Kids
- Effective Communication
- Light the Night

11,500 Free Copies Distributed Throughout Mooroolbark & District

ROLAND GRIFFITHS-MARSH

∞ A HOME IN



Roland (far left) on leave with fellow soldiers in Tel Aviv, 1940

Roland-Griffiths Marsh's book *I Was Only Sixteen* gives an intriguing account of his grim experiences in World War II as a teenage soldier. In the book, Roland also wrote about his childhood, some of which was spent in Mooroolbark. In our last two issues we included extracts of his Mooroolbark memories, and we continue the story in this issue.

After having spent much of his short life in colourful overseas locations, Roland had come with his family to live in his father's home town of Mooroolbark, where Roland and his brother were rapidly learning how to live like an Australian. At the time, the boys and their baby sister Raymonde were living with their French mother and Australian grandmother and waiting for their father, Captain Bosworth Griffiths, to return from overseas. Captain Griffiths had succumbed to the worldwide financial depression, disbanding his ship's crew and making the decision to return to Mooroolbark, where he had purchased sixty acres of land in Hull Road, near Montrose.

Unknown to Roland, the years ahead were to be filled with danger and adventure. He was destined to become one of the youngest soldiers to enlist in World War II, serving almost six years at the front line and being decorated for his service. Later in life, he qualified for membership of the small 'Under 16s' group of Australians who had signed up for military service in World War II while under sixteen years of age.

But for now, war was a long way off and Roland was enjoying the excitement of seeing the family's first Australian home being built, despite the difficulties of the worldwide depression.



We moved into a three-roomed timber cottage, constructed while awaiting Father's arrival. Built with only a spade, crowbar, hammer, saw and plane, it is a wonder the house was ever completed. The patient carpenter, whose name escapes me, was constantly interrupted by my curious queries. Why did he rub those bright nails in his hair before driving them into the wood?

That was to lubricate them, and make them easier to drive home. Why did he first put stones, earth and pebbles around the footing of the stump before tamping down hard with the blunt end of the crowbar? That was to provide a firm base and hold the stumps rock-solid. Why did he first chalk the tightly strung marking string? Because he could lift it up, release it, and it would smartly rebound on the planking, leaving a clear white line which he could follow with his saw. Why the tin cappings on the stumps? To stop white ants! I had never seen white ants, only black ants. No! You never see white ants, because they burrow in the ground and eat everything. Then wouldn't they eat the tin capping? No, they can't eat tin. Wouldn't they eat your leg?

Only if you stay too long in one place, and you have been standing there too bloody long. You had better take off before that happens. In any case, I have to get some work done. Thus I learnt, and, sometimes, practised bush-building and folklore, and even bush medicine.

Of course, I had to try out all the interesting tools with which our house was constructed, and in so doing I successfully managed to thrust the sharp end of the crowbar through the big toe of my right foot. My boot, toe and crowbar were pinned together. I managed to extract the bar and rushed off, blood spurting through the gap in the front of my boot. Mother went into shock, but responded to the curt directions of the kindly carpenter who cut my boot away, while blood sprayed over him. He crouched in front of me and clasped both halves of my toe together. I screamed my head off, and was only able to curb my flow of tears a little following his injunction that 'bushmen don't cry'. The pain and prodigious flow of blood were at odds with my wish to be a bushman.

After several washes with water and

iodine, he appeared satisfied the wound was cleansed. He asked for kerosene and poured it into the gaping wound. The agony which followed was indescribable. He held me in his huge hands and bandaged the two halves of the big toe tightly together. The bandages rapidly became crimson with the ceaseless escape of blood which, I now believe, must have washed away the kerosene and allowed the toe to heal eventually. This part of bushlore I did not subscribe to.

My brother and I would run and walk to school, a distance of four miles. One of our regular tasks was to collect the newspaper from the small timber general store near the station. If we forgot, as scatter-brained children often do, we would have to return immediately, a total distance of sixteen miles. Sometimes, if we played football with other schools, such as Lillydale, we would tuck the football under an arm and run or jog fifteen miles there and the same distance back, with a game in between. Neither my mother nor Grandma thought this unusual, nor did we. With the arrival of our father, the physical



MOOROOLBARK



Roland enlisted for WWII on 29 February 1940

our horse and dray. George and I would cut the wood for the following week, then we would walk down to Grandma's and spend the afternoon singing hymns. We would drop a penny into the mission box for the natives of Africa. These were hard, merciless days, and, sometimes, when she was alone, I could hear Mother weeping quietly to herself, though not one word of recrimination passed her lips. In later years, I realised how this gently nurtured colonial lady must have suffered. It must have devastated her to see her children work like coolies, often wet and frozen in winter-time; her husband, a commander of men and a ship's master, performing manual work below his station. He, too, was much affected, becoming morose and quiet. On several occasions, when I stumbled to the cow-bails with a recalcitrant beast, he would straighten himself from his stooped

position on a stool, put down the bucket half full of frothing, steaming milk, hug me to him, and with one hand gently stroke my rain-misted hair. I would expect him to say something, but he never did. He would simply look down at me with unseeing eyes, or stare into the distance. My child's heart ached for him. The only joy that marked this sad period was the birth of my baby sister Rosemonde whom I adored.



For Roland, the hardships of the depression were interspersed with the pleasures of childhood. In our next issue, he writes about the joy of attending a new school with a dramatic, delightfully eccentric schoolmaster.

exertions and development accelerated. In next to no time, a timber dairy and a small white-washed house were constructed in which to pasteurise the milk..

It was my job to get up at 4 a.m., warm my hands over a cup of steaming cocoa, drink it, and then go out into the sometimes bitterly cold Stygian pre-dawn to hunt down delinquent cows which would not come in for milking. My father and brother milked the animals, while my mother and I took the buckets of milk to the pasteuriser, then to separate the liquid into cream and skim-milk with an Alfa Laval hand-turner separator. We would work by fluttering candles or smoke-smudged kerosene lamps, after which came a quick wash, a rapidly gulped bowl of porridge with cream or pepper and salt, and off to school. With slight variation, we would reverse this performance on our return.

I had learned to set rabbit traps, and still found time to set them at sunset and visit them at dawn. I would hold up the rabbit, kill it with a rapid blow at the base of the neck with the edge of my hand, and with a string of rabbits around my waist, return home. I'd then disembowel them, remove the skins and stretch them on wire or timber frames. Some of the selected carcasses went to Mother, who prepared them as only the French can. The remainder were boiled and used to augment the pig food. Sometimes, I would sell the skins for two pence a pound, or Mother would make them into fingerless mittens for use in the bitter winter.

Sunday was a day of rest, apart from milking the cows twice a day. That was the day set aside for collecting firewood with



Roland Griffiths-Marsh in the 1980s at an Anzac Day march in Melbourne

celebrate mooroolbark festival 2015

FESTIVAL Saturday 21 March
TALENT QUEST Friday 20 March



Planning for Celebrate Mooroolbark 2015 is well under way. This time, the theme for the family festival will be *My Favourite Storybook*. We are looking for partnerships with new participants in the festival to make it bigger and better. Maybe your business, school or group would like to participate in the marketplace or get involved in the festival parade. We have competitions for school-age children and many opportunities for local acts and performers. We are seeking local acts for the community stage or as roving performers, and groups to provide family-friendly activities or affordable food.

Then there is the Celebrate Mooroolbark Talent Quest. If you can sing or dance, play an instrument or can entertain an audience, why not enter the talent quest with the opportunity to win cash prizes. Entry is free, with two categories – Under 16 and Open, with first, second and third prizes as well as a 'People's Choice'.



If we have not been in touch with you yet, please contact Yolande Pickett (admin@celebratemooroolbark.com) and she will ask the appropriate people to provide the information to you. We would welcome new faces for the committee, and volunteers on the day.

Above all, keep the date available.

Andrew Lang
Chairman

SHARON'S WINNING SMILE

Sharon Morse's smile is even brighter than the gold medal in her hands. After competing in the Melbourne Special Olympics National Games in late October, where she won gold in the women's tennis singles and silver in the doubles, Sharon and her family are justifiably proud of her latest achievement.

Tennis is in Sharon's genes. Her parents Judy and Wally are lifetime members of the Mooroolbark Tennis Club where Sharon first picked up a racket at age 10 and has been playing since. "The whole family played in those days," explained Judy. Sharon admits she loved tennis from the start, but never dreamed she would one day be winning gold medals.

Sharon competed in her first Special Olympics in 1998 in North Carolina, USA. Her mother Judy commented, "In those days it wasn't well publicised that people with

an intellectual disability could get into these things," adding that it has been encouraging to see the Special Olympics' profile grow in recent years. Sharon's talents have taken her far and wide with the Special Olympics and Ausrapid, an organisation that promotes sporting opportunities for people with intellectual disabilities. Overseas, she has competed in Hungary, Sweden, Poland and the Czech Republic – often bringing home trophies as her souvenirs.

Sharon's success is certainly a team effort by the Morse family. Their enthusiastic support has not wavered over the years of her tennis career. They are her cheer squad at competitions, and her sister Karen, Sharon's fitness trainer, has the task of whipping Sharon into shape before big matches. "She hates me for it, but then she loves me when she wins," Karen joked.

Sharon's family cites her determination and love of competition as ingredients in her winning formula. Above all though, it's her enduring positivity and balanced attitude towards the sport that are the key. "She just goes along to have fun and see what happens. If she wins, that's great. If not then she's just as happy." The social aspects of the competitions are just as important to Sharon, and her family are not the only ones who describe her as 'incredibly sociable'. "Everyone knows Sharon!" was a recent comment from the mother of



another Special Olympics competitor.

Up next for Sharon is the Australian Open competition in January 2015. She has had a month off to relax after the Special Olympics ("Half a month!" interjected Karen in her capacity as official trainer), but now it is back to training. Asked what she would like to achieve there, Sharon answered "Oh, whatever!" with her characteristic smile and a shrug. It's easy to see that for this happy champion and her family it's about so much more than just the medals.

Carissa Warren



Lanterns of Hope

Light the Night

A sea of white, gold and blue lanterns glowed brightly against the spectacular backdrop of the night sky on 29 September when more than 500 people gathered at Lillydale Lake to raise awareness and money for blood cancer. The event, Light the Night, was organised by Brian Hodgson and Brian Mier under the auspices of the Leukaemia Foundation.

Light the Night started in Australia in 2008, and Victoria held its first event in 2009. The event was held at more than 20 Victorian locations this year, but the Lillydale event was the first one to be held in the eastern suburbs.

Brian Mier first became aware of Light the Night through the Leukaemia Foundation, which supported him when he was diagnosed with chronic lymphocytic leukaemia in 2013. Brian describes himself as “one of the lucky ones” – his cancer is currently stable. Brian had long been interested in providing community support, particularly in the area of men’s health. Brian, who is also a volunteer for Beyond Blue, met Brian Hodgson when he was preparing to give a talk on depression at the Rotary Club of Wandin. The two Brians decided to work together in promoting community health issues, especially given Brian H’s people skills and Brian M’s organising skills. Together, they arranged the area’s first Light the Night.

The Lillydale event began at about 5 pm with registration of the participants. Entrants paid \$20 for a lantern, with the proceeds going entirely to blood cancer research. Lanterns were available in three colours... gold in memory of a loved one, white to indicate a

personal experience of the condition, and blue to show support to others.

The registration process required the help of many volunteers, including a sizeable group of year 11 and 12 students from Billanook College, who helped with the lantern assembly and distribution, then donned high-visibility vests to act as guides and safety monitors around the perimeter of the lake.

Vicki Nation, head of the maths faculty at Billanook College, was involved in the Light the Night event because of a personal connection... her stepfather had leukaemia. When Brian Hodgson, a former Billanook teacher, requested extra help, about twenty students volunteered – even though it would mean taking time out from their school holidays. “They were happy to help out as much as they could – I’m really proud of them,” said Vicki. For Vicki, it’s all part of the Billanook College education. “We really want to give our students life skills for when they leave school,” said Vicki, adding that a sense of community spirit is an important part of those life skills.

After registration was complete, a West African musical group provided entertainment to those waiting for the walk to begin. To the delight of the crowd, particularly several young children and adults who joined in with dance moves of their own, the group sang and danced to the beat of African drums. Then, as the sun began setting over the lake, Member for Evelyn Christine Fyffe spoke to the crowd about the importance of the fundraiser. Organisers Brian Mier and Brian Hodgson also addressed the crowd before it was time for the twilight walk to begin. As darkness descended over the lake,

the bobbing lanterns moving leisurely around the lake’s edge were an impressive sight... a colourful and touching message of support for those who have fought blood cancer. Following the walk, some groups remained to privately remember loved ones who had lost their battle with the disease.

For Sandra Ball, the walk around the lake was an emotional experience. Remembering the suffering of her grandfather who died many years ago from leukaemia, Sandra said, “He had been quite a big man but he lost so much weight. He was like a shell of the man he used to be.” Sandra has often donated to charities raising money for leukaemia, but she was unaware of Light the Night until this year. As she walked around the lake with her gold lantern, Sandra thought of her grandfather and of other family members who have had blood diseases. “It was a really moving way to raise money,” she said.

The two Brians are now looking ahead to the 2015 Light the Night. This time, they want to share the responsibility by creating a working committee to lead the volunteers. “If we establish our committee now we can work gradually toward next year’s event,” said Brian Hodgson. “It isn’t a huge quantity of work, but it *is* a lot of work if we don’t have enough people helping.”

If you would like to lend your support to the organisation of the 2015 Light the Night, please contact Brian Hodgson on 0419 397 650 or brianhodgson47@gmail.com.

Janet Van Dijk



Lionel Jessup

A Life of Service

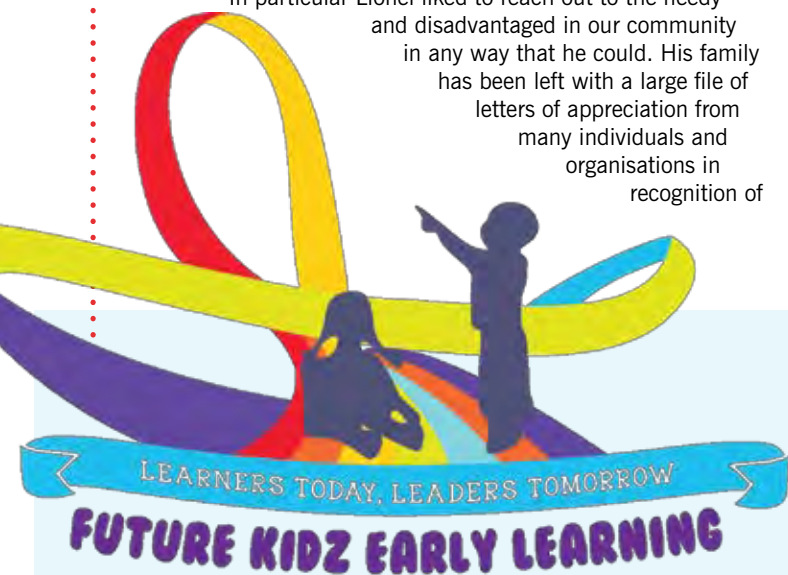


In August this year, over 180 people gathered at the Ringwood funeral service of Lionel Rodney Jessup to celebrate a long and active life centred on giving to others.

Lionel passed away on 23 August at the age of 83 years. He was the much-loved husband of Margaret (for 61 years), father to Dianne, Terry, Lynne and Philip, father-in-law to Graham, good friend to Lynne's partner, Eddie and beloved grandfather of Lachlan, Adriana and Maddie. The family spoke of him as a man who loved family gatherings and was an honest soul with a gentle heart who lived to help others and had so much to give.

Over 32 years of running his leather-craft store in Brice Avenue, Lionel demonstrated a big heart for people in the community and became a good friend, mentor and confidant to people from all walks of life. His shop was often a stop-off point for those just needing to have a chat about life's challenges. It was also the gathering place for a group of men who came together regularly to share their interests and talents and to support one another. This little group has been described as a forerunner to the Men's Shed movement.

In particular Lionel liked to reach out to the needy and disadvantaged in our community in any way that he could. His family has been left with a large file of letters of appreciation from many individuals and organisations in recognition of



Future Kidz Early Learning

is situated in a delightfully quiet setting at 7 Croydonale Drive, Mooroolbark. It is a relatively small child care centre which focuses on providing a warm, nurturing and home-like environment. It offers education and care for children from birth to five years and includes a funded four-year-old kindergarten program. The centre is open from 7 am to 6 pm, Monday to Friday.

The centre was established approximately 20 years ago. Many will know it by its former name of **Busy Kids Child Care Centre**. Many will also know – and be well known by – the current manager, Jackie Faranda-Pluke. Jackie owned and managed the centre for 12 years prior to selling the business in 2013, and she now continues to manage the centre on behalf of the new owner.

Future Kidz employs 12 permanent part-time and casual staff including an in-house cook who has been employed since its inception – serving three meals each day. Continuity of

facilities offer attractive, well-equipped indoor areas and two beautiful outdoor play areas set in a natural environment with gardens, trees, sand pits and activity structures.

The learning programs align with the government's Early Years Learning Framework curriculum guidelines. They are play-based programs with intentional teaching and a holistic approach. This provides a context for learning that allows for expression of personality and uniqueness, enhances dispositions such as curiosity and creativity, and assists children in making connections between prior experiences and new learning. In addition, the approach helps children to develop relationships and a sense of personal wellbeing. Daily routines are flexible, recognising the individual needs and interests of the children. They may be approached individually or in a more collaborative way – through various-sized groups. The regular 'Hey- De- Ho' musical activities are a source of much fun and delight.

his support in response to a wide variety of needs.

One activity that was close to Lionel's heart was a leather-work program that he would offer to groups of disadvantaged young people, prior to Christmas each year. With the financial support of the local Traders' Association, Lionel would provide the necessary materials and teach his young friends how to make a leather belt for themselves and also to produce three special gifts for family or friends. He even provided Christmas cards and wrapping paper. In addition there would always be some be some tasty food – supplied by local traders. It all added up to a great time.

Over the years, Lionel created and sold a range of leather-craft goods such as belts, wallets, handbags and wall-hangings. In recent times he was kept busy with all sorts of leather repair jobs and in creating special items at the request of customers, using the engineering and mechanical skills he developed earlier in his life.

Lionel will be greatly missed and long remembered for his generosity and the kindness expressed to so many in our neighbourhood. Mooroolbark has been made a better place by his many contributions to community life.

The Jessup family would like to express their thanks to the people of Mooroolbark and surrounds for the way they supported Lionel over the years and also the support for the family during the sad process of closing down the shop.

We extend our condolences to his family and to his many friends.

Doug Lewis

employment has been a highly-valued factor in promoting personal bonds and giving the children a strong sense of trust, confidence and security.

The centre's

The family is seen as a most important part of the preschool/early education learning environment, so parents and other family members are always welcome to participate in the daily life and activities at Future Kidz. They are encouraged to spend time with their children whenever they can. Many parents contribute additional ongoing support and assistance in a variety of ways, which is greatly appreciated and highly valued.

Jackie said, "We all would like to thank our families, old and new, and the wider community in their ongoing support and we would like to wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a very happy 2015."

If you would like to know more about this unique child care centre, please telephone Jackie on 9727 3033 or email jackie@futurekidz.com.au.

Doug Lewis





'Schoolies' in Cambodia for Students from Mooroolbark College

A place to inspire discovery, to value and to seize opportunity

Twenty one adventurous Year 12 students at Mooroolbark College have chosen a unique way of celebrating 'schoolies.' Rather than opting for a time of partying on the Gold Coast or at another Australian location, the students will make the most of their 2014 schoolies experience by participating in an exciting 14-day trip to Cambodia.

The itinerary for the trip includes several days working in a children's orphanage in a rural area of the country, where the students will help with constructing animal enclosures and will assist in class work. While there, they will present the orphanage with a donation of \$2,800 raised by the students to help support children in their care.

The Mooroolbark College students will also visit a variety of significant sites around the country and will have many opportunities to learn about the local culture and way of life. Their time in Cambodia is planned to conclude with some relaxation time at a beach.

For many of these students, this trip will be their first taste of life in a third-world country and their first real opportunity to begin to personally appreciate the huge gulf that exists between the standard of living in such countries, and that of our own.

Trip organiser and Student Welfare Coordinator John Nichol said he was inspired to put this idea forward through his observation

of the very positive impact of such travel opportunities on his own family. "At Mooroolbark College we believe that this will be a life-changing experience for these young people and we want them to be empowered and to feel a sense that they can change the world," said Mr Nichol. "We want them to come back different in some way."

College Principal Simon Reid further explained that the philosophy of the college is to help shape kids who are community minded and want to make life better for those around them. "This project is a natural extension of that philosophy," commented Mr Reid.

The trip has been arranged through World Youth Adventures and the students will be accompanied by three teachers. Students fund themselves at a cost of \$3,500 each (which is not much more than many students spend for a schoolies week on the Gold Coast).

Mr Nichol is very encouraged by the fact that a considerable amount of interest is already being expressed by Year 11 students for a similar opportunity in 2015, with 23 already signed up. He concluded, "In my 20 years of teaching, this has been the most exciting and worthwhile experience that I have seen offered to students and at Mooroolbark College we all feel that it will have long-term, positive benefits for those involved. It will indeed be a life-changing experience."

Living Today congratulates Mooroolbark College on offering this valuable and exciting initiative to their Year 12 students and wishes the travel group a safe, enjoyable and productive journey.

Doug Lewis



Picture: Courtesy Steve Tanner, Lilydale & Yarra Ranges Leader
An excited group of Mooroolbark College Year 12 students with Principal Simon Reid

ARK Theatre Company

How do you start up a theatre company?

Well, you ring up all your theatrical friends on Australia Day (because you have nothing better to do) and ask them if they are interested in joining a new theatre company. Then you have two or three meetings, pick a name and ten months later you put on your first production, inviting your friends and family to attend.

Jim Dunne did just this – and so the launching of the ARK took place.

The ARK Theatre Company has been in existence for eighteen months, with its first show being in December last year. Tom Blackburn, Lucy Morris, Rosey Cullinan, Angela McCulloch and Evelyn Devitt were the founding members, together with Jim. All have extensive knowledge and experience, having been involved in a lot of theatre companies over many years. All are amateurs, apart from Lucy who has worked for five or six years with a semi-professional company called the Machination Theatre Ensemble which did a lot of work with the VCE curriculum.

The ARK's first production in December was three very short pieces each about 15 minutes long, then in May they produced three short plays called *Dial T for Theatre*.

Radio ARKadia, from an original idea by Lucy Morris, was the ARK's first full-blown production. It was also directed by Lucy and has just completed a very successful season, doubling the attendance from the previous production. The audience was taken back to a time before television, when people sat by the radio and listened to radio plays, singers and bands.

To enact the production, the stage was divided up into two sections; one half being a radio studio where two plays were acted out over three



Lucy Morris

microphones, with two people in the background doing the sound effects. The other half of the stage was The Meridian Room in New York City where the Lark Sisters, akin to the Andrews Sisters, sang a medley of songs from the 1950s and the Tappin' Arkers tap danced their way across the stage between the two plays. To one side of the stage sat a married couple in a darkened room with a radio on a table, listening to the plays being presented in the studio. To complete the effect of being back in the 1950s there were advertisements such as Alka Seltzer and Mr Clean at the beginning of each play, acted out by the performers.

The ARK is sponsored by First Impressions, a small grant through Cr Maria McCarthy and the Shire of Yarra Ranges, and supported by other theatre companies

In June 2015 ARK Theatre Company's theme will be *Australian Season*, with two one-hour plays, and the September production will be a complete play. If *Radio ARKadia* is anything to go by, it will be well worth while!

Barbara Austin

Effective Communication

More than just words

We've come a long way... why is there still so far to go? We're communicating in more ways than ever, yet many people feel they are not truly being heard. So they shout and get angry; they hate and they attack.

The world seems to have become a bit more selfish, less loving and more proud. For better communication we need to be more gentle, humble and genuine. Perhaps that approach is too late for the *world*, but it's not too late for our *families*. Being gentle, humble and genuine; being loving, patient and thankful helps our families to mature and thrive.

Learning how to communicate more effectively will enhance relationships with those around us... families, work mates and friends. Maybe even our enemies!

By reducing conflict and tension that can occur through miscommunication, a skilled communicator makes a valuable contribution towards a more peaceful world, one conversation at a time.

The good news is that it's free, relatively easy and anyone can do it. When it's done well, everyone benefits!

There are two challenges we face when communicating: the first is to express what we feel is important, and the second is to have it received in a way that is accurate and beneficial to the recipient. For example, we don't want to give a compliment only to have it received as a criticism. We'd both be better off if *nothing* had been said! It's far better to get our message right the first time rather

than trying to fix what was incorrectly said or received. But if offence does unintentionally occur, we must address any concerns, hurt or confusion that may linger.

Let's explore some ideas that will help us to be more effective communicators.

Eyes, ears and mouth... in that order

Usually our first connection with others is through our **eyes**. What do our eyes convey to others? Do we frown or look too serious? Do we look as if we are pleased – or angry and impatient? We can even smile with our eyes – try this in front of a mirror! Smiling eyes are usually a little bigger, more open and convey a friendly expression. This 'look' helps to convey a genuine interest in and focus on the other person. It is certainly better than a frown, which might discourage a positive and friendly exchange.

Our eyes also show others where our attention is focused. If we are constantly looking away and are distracted by things like other people, the TV or our phone, people will assume we are not very interested. We can easily be distracted by all the gadgets that are in our lives. Does it

matter if we miss a few meaningless moments of TV? Phone calls and text messages can often wait and don't deserve to be prioritised above the person we are actually with. We don't have a relationship with the TV, do we... well, do we? We're all too easily deceived into thinking we have to listen to every word from the TV. Let's take back control by turning it off when we're sharing dinner or other valuable time together!

Ears are made for listening. They don't do anything else very well at all, except help hold our glasses on! Communication is a two-way process, so we need to consider the information coming in as well as that going out. We can get some clues about whether someone is 'hearing' us by picking up on non-verbal clues like facial expressions and other body language. Likewise, speakers will know if we're not giving them our full attention by observing similar signals. The tendency to get our next comment ready is very tempting, but this should be resisted because it hinders our ability to listen politely.

Effective listening shows respect, and patience toward those who may take a while to get their thoughts together. The more difficult the subject matter, the more effort we must

make for attentive listening. It's not easy, but it conveys a genuine desire to hear and understand another's view or situation. Look the other person face-on, rather than side-on, and show your understanding by responding

I speak to everyone in the same way, whether he is the garbage man or the president of the university.

~ Albert Einstein



with little words such as 'yes', 'OK', or 'uh huh'. Leaning forward, arms uncrossed, or sometimes a small touch on the arm or shoulder can help to convey your interest and focus on the speaker.

Kind words can be short and easy to speak, but their echoes are truly endless.

~ Mother Teresa

The **mouth** is usually considered the main way we communicate. Sadly, it's one of the least supervised, often leading to amusing or unfortunate outcomes. Poorly chosen words can be accompanied by a tone that does not invite others to listen well. We also need to consider the volume of our speech: if we're too loud we can turn others off; speaking too softly makes hearing difficult, especially in a noisy or distracting environment. Using the other person's name occasionally through the conversation shows respect and that you value the contribution to the discussion. In addition, using the name of someone you have just met will help cement that name in your memory.

Good communication takes some time and can't be rushed. Take a moment to consider the other person before speaking. Try to gauge the other person's attitude and emotions. Take a breath or two so logic and emotion work together in response. Remember, when we are confronted, our emotion kicks in first, then our logic trails along behind. Given time, emotion and logic can synchronise, which means we can say what we really mean in a thoughtful and considered way.

Team-building coaches recommend using frequent positive and uplifting words, while reducing the number of criticisms we make. This is a vital key to enhancing the quality of our conversations.

Conversation Builders

Consider the following ways to extend your conversations with others. With careful consideration you can make your interactions a conduit for productive growth and enlightenment.

- Seek to offer a sense of **challenge**... perhaps a discussion of goals or desires you know the other person is interested in, or that you have discovered from previous conversations. It might consist of exploring

the challenges faced in present tasks or simply the day ahead.

- Recognise the other person's **achievements**. This could mean acknowledging specific accomplishments or a recognition of personal contributions.

- Verbalise your **appreciation** for other people, noticing something about them rather than what they've done. Everyone has something to offer, and it's good to let them know what it is. Often they may not actually realise what they contribute just by being there!

- A sense of **curiosity** adds some spice and longevity to the discussion – something to pick up on next time. Ask questions and pose 'why/why not' scenarios to explore an infinite range of topics.

When all is 'said and done', take a few quiet moments to appraise how the conversation went. Did both of you go away better for it? Consider how you may have said things more wisely or eloquently.

Any conversation that's worth having is about relationship. The ways we can learn to communicate better will produce true rewards for us and for those with whom we spend our time.



Steve Steel

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CHURCH NEWS

A PIECE OF THE PICTURE by Joseph Tkach, *Speaking of Life*

I'm sure most of you have used Microsoft Excel at some point during your professional career. It's a computer program that helps you manage large amounts of information. The data is entered into a 'cell' and then organised across a spreadsheet and highlighted according to the user's preference. Sounds kind of boring, right?

Well, one Japanese man worked out a way to make Excel really fun. His name is Tatsuo Horiuchi. And at 73 years old, he decided to finally pursue his dream of creating digital art. Horiuchi discovered that by colouring individual cells in a spreadsheet, he was able to create beautiful pictures. His renderings of Kego Falls and Cherry Blossoms at Jogo Castle look like a master artist had painted them.

But when I heard about Horiuchi's paintings and how he was making them, I couldn't help but think about how his focus on each individual cell is similar to how God works in our lives.

There are so many different moments in each of our lives where we interact with one another. We may brighten our favourite barista's day with an encouraging word, or offer a ray of hope to our neighbour by helping them with their groceries. We don't always see the effects our actions can have on another person. And we're not really meant to.

Instead, we should see these simple interactions as individual cells in God's majestic painting. Christ is actively working to show signs of His work here and now in this damaged world. And He does



so by enabling us to be agents of His generosity and kindness in our interaction with one another and working through us to bring our world into communion with our Heavenly Father.

We won't know until the end what effect our interactions have had on other people. But we can trust in our God to work all things out for good. Each of our actions, small or large, is like a single cell shining brightly on a grand canvas that God is painting with His transforming love.

HOW MUCH TO CHANGE A LIFE?

Doug Williams

St. Margaret's minister Arnie Wierenga ran his first Melbourne Marathon recently in 4 hours 13 minutes. His effort inspired donations of over \$4,500 for Rubaga Youth Development Association (RYDA), Uganda.

How easy it is to write that. How smoothly it glides from keyboard to screen.

How little it tells of the story.

RYDA's extensive work is centred on orphaned or otherwise disadvantaged youths. There are three million orphans in Uganda. They are often found in the street, in child labour situations, or are referred by government agencies. At RYDA they are trained in life skills and to government standard in a chosen trade. When they graduate they are assisted to find work. Arnie tells us, "A marathon is personally challenging, but it is minor in comparison to the challenges these young people have to go through. I was moved enough to shed a tear as I crossed the finish line, but I continue to be moved at the work of RYDA and the tangible difference they make in the lives of vulnerable youth."

The United Nations too has been moved by this African success story. RYDA has just signed an 11-month contract with its International Labour Organisation (ILO) to target 135 child and potential child labourers aged 14-17 years. The project title is 'Combating Child Labour through Skills Training for Older Children'. ILO provides \$US71,445. RYDA provides its training college resources and is expected to raise \$US26,732. Each donation equivalent to \$US200 will secure training for one child.



An important part of RYDA's mission is enhancing educational opportunities for Ugandan teenagers

Now you know how much to change a life.

Find out more at www.blackdouglas.com.au/ryda or contact Doug Williams: doug@blackdouglas.com.au or 9726 6968. Doug is also available to speak to your church, school, club or group.



A Decade of Hope for Aussie Kids

Janet Van Dijk

In October, Rachel Van Twuyver gave a speech in front of a large group of students, parents and teachers at her school's valedictory dinner. The valedictory speech was just one of several speeches Rachel has given this year in her role as school captain at Oxley College. Rachel has come a long way from her early days in primary school, when she was a quiet, timid child in need of some individual attention. At that time, KIDS HOPE AUS stepped in, providing a mentor for Rachel.



In early primary school, Rachel was very shy. She gained more confidence with the help of her KIDS HOPE mentor



Now 17, Rachel is confident and outgoing. She has just finished her final year of secondary school and is looking forward to university.

This year marks the tenth anniversary of KIDS HOPE AUS, Australia's largest mentoring program. It is a life-changing program which pairs local churches with community schools to make a difference in the lives of vulnerable children.

The KIDS HOPE program began in the United States in February 1995 after experts in education, law enforcement and other areas dealing with at-risk children were asked how churches could help such children. The response was that these children need a one-on-one relationship with a caring adult, and that churches could train members to be mentors.

KIDS HOPE was introduced to Australia as a World Vision program in 2004 by Marylin Leermakers, after extensive research into the US program. Marylin was a World Vision employee at the time and is now CEO of the Australian KIDS HOPE program. While valuing its early years and ongoing association with World Vision, KIDS HOPE AUS began operating as an independent legal entity in 2014. From its beginning in 2004 with 30 programs, KIDS HOPE AUS has been established in over 500 schools and has provided more than 10,000 children with a mentoring relationship.

Children often face challenges and stresses that can leave them feeling helpless and disconnected. Schools are usually stretched beyond their available resources and are unable to provide the additional care and support needed by these vulnerable kids. Even children like Rachel who have two loving parents can benefit from the special nurturing that is provided by a KIDS HOPE mentor.

Rachel started school before she was five, and her mother Sue-Ann became concerned about her social readiness. "She cried almost every day for the first term of prep," remembered Sue-Ann. "It was awful." The school had a "buddies" program, but even that didn't help Rachel... she was too shy to speak to her grade six buddy for most of the year. She eventually mustered up the courage to tell her buddy when another child was teasing her, but her intense shyness remained.

Sue-Ann had been trying to build Rachel's resilience, but because Rachel wasn't shy at home, it was hard for her mother to tackle the problem in the necessary environment. Fortunately for Rachel, the school she attended – Pembroke Primary School – had partnered with Mooroolbark Christian Fellowship for KIDS HOPE AUS, and a mentor became available for Rachel when she was in grade two. Rachel was paired with her mentor Margaret, who became another caring adult in Rachel's life. Margaret met with Rachel for just one hour a week, talking with her and helping her with crafts. "I always looked forward to that time," said Rachel.

One of KIDS HOPE's mottos is 'One Child, One Hour, One Church, One School'. This motto aptly describes the program: a church is partnered with a local primary school, and children who are identified as being at-risk or in need of assistance are paired with a volunteer mentor. Each mentor has a prayer partner who commits to pray for the mentor. The mentors are screened and comprehensively trained before each is matched with a primary school student who needs support. Each mentor then meets with a child for one hour a week, providing help in areas ranging from academic to social and emotional. The time is usually spent doing activities such as reading, cooking, playing sport, art projects, and doing homework. For churches, involvement in the program is an exciting opportunity to put their faith into action. It gives church members the knowledge that they are able to make a real difference in the community, and in the life of one child in particular. For many of these children, the chance to have one-on-one attention for an hour a week, every week, is a very important part of their lives. In the words of KIDS HOPE, it can "change a child's life, one hour at a time."

As a newly independent not-for-profit organisation, KIDS HOPE AUS relies on both the willingness of its partner churches and financial donations from those seeking to make a difference in the life of a child. KIDS HOPE AUS is an Australia-wide program with several participating churches and schools in Mooroolbark and surrounding suburbs.

Rachel spent only two or three years as part of the mentoring program before it was decided that she no longer needed the extra support. Many children remain a part of the program throughout primary school, and stay in contact with their mentor into their high school years. Rachel remembers the hour with Margaret as being the highlight of her week. "I'm really thankful that Margaret was so dedicated to spending time with me," Rachel said. "Even now she still keeps in touch with me. She always used to tell me she was really proud of me – it meant a lot to me."

Rachel has certainly gone on to conquer her shyness... she has many friends and her role as school captain at Oxley College was both voted on by her peers and endorsed by the teachers and principal. Next year she plans to begin an arts/law double degree, and her ultimate aim is to use her qualifications to help others. That's quite a goal for a girl who was once too shy to speak to anyone at school!

Churches or individuals who are interested in involvement with the KIDS HOPE program can contact 9780 4823 or visit the website: www.kidshopeaus.org.au

The Washhouse, the Woodshed and the Neighbours

Marcia Fitzsimons (née Wilkinson) was born in Ballarat and in 1945 when she was about 3½ moved to Cardigan Road, Mooroolbark, with her parents Jim and Kitty and her brother Geoff. The Wilkinsons lived in a house owned by Mrs Katherine Ballantyne, and Marcia recently found a receipt showing that the rent was £1 7s 6d per week. Marcia lived in Mooroolbark until 1969, when she married and moved away. She has fond memories of a gently-paced rural area, where she and her friends were free to roam the countryside on bikes or horses until nightfall. Now 71 and living in Rosebud, Marcia is sharing with Living Today some memories of her early childhood, when she was between four and eight years old.

The washhouse and woodshed were combined at our place. We had a wood heap outside too, but the wood was kept in the woodshed in winter. Both of my parents cut the wood, but mostly Mum split the smaller stuff for the stove, and then only out of necessity if Dad hadn't cut enough. Mum's axe was smaller and lighter than Dad's and she didn't swing it over her head like he did.

The axes were always in the chopping block. My father's axe had a very keen edge, but Mum's wasn't so sharp because sometimes she'd miss the wood and chop into the ground. Dad knew when my brother and I had been playing with his axe, as the edge was off it because we'd been chopping dirt. Of course, we always denied it.

Above the chopping block was a shelf where Mum kept brown onions. Long green shoots sprouted from their ends and my brother Geoff and I ate them, although they burnt our mouths. The washhouse had a dirt floor and it was a good place to play during the winters, out of the rain.

One day when we were playing in the woodshed – we spent a lot of time in there – I had the axe and Geoff had his hand on the block and wouldn't move it, even when I threatened to drop the axe and start chopping. So I did, and took the tip off one of his fingers. I maintained then, and still do, that he only cried when he saw the blood. He says he cried because it hurt. I cried – or rather, bellowed; I was good at that – because I thought I was going to get a hiding.

Fortunately, Mum and Dad were more concerned about Geoff's finger than they were about me. The nearest doctor was thirty minutes away by car and we didn't have one; nor did we have a phone and neither did anyone close by. So Dad stuck the finger back on – it was hanging by a piece of skin – and and bandaged it up. Mum gave Geoff something for the pain and put him to bed. It healed well and I didn't get a hiding, although my voice was hoarse next day.

In the washhouse were a copper and a pair of concrete troughs, and the troughs had a hand wringer fixed to the centre. The copper was in the corner. Mum kept the soapy water in it for what seemed like ages – but probably wasn't – and she'd re-use it. When the water was cold it became thick and slimy and was fun to play in. Mum cut slivers from

a bar of Velvet soap to use in the copper and put Reckett's Blue in the rinsing water for the whites, and she used Silver Star Starch for Dad's collars and some of her linen. Mum did all her washing by hand and hung it on a clothesline that was slung between two trees. To keep the line up high, Dad made a prop from a forked sapling he'd cut down in the bush.

One day when Mum had the copper going I put the hand-knitted, wool blanket from my doll's pram into the boiling water. When it dried it was as stiff and thick as felt, and stayed like that forever.

After the water was connected to the house, Dad built a shower recess at the end of the washhouse, in the far corner. He used beer bottles, neck down, as a foundation, and poured concrete over the top. The shower only had cold water, so I suppose only Dad used it. Mum would never stand under cold water, no matter how hot the weather, and we kids never used it. We were put in the bath with a chip heater at the end of it. The chips for the heater came from the woodheap and there were always plenty of them. When the fire was lit in the chip heater the water took only a short time to boil and when the tap was turned on to run the bath, the water was very splurty, splashy and burny. Until the water was on there was a tank by the back door and the water was carried by bucket and heated on the stove.

We had two immediate neighbours; one at the back and the other along one side. Molly Rogers and her uncle, Mr Walstab, lived behind us. Mum was very friendly with Molly Rogers so we saw quite a bit of her. One year she gave me a green, cut-glass vase for Christmas, and it's still in one piece. Later, Mr (Ron) and Mrs (Beryl) Washfold moved into that house.

Mr Walstab had an Irish setter called Digger and a horse called Nonny, short for Anonymous because no one knew her history. Nonny was kept in a small paddock down the back because she was impossible to catch. Even in this the smallest of areas she could not be caught if she didn't want to be. She usually chose to be difficult on Monday mornings, when Mr Walstab wanted to go to the Croydon market. Market day was the highlight of the week and Mr Walstab liked to go in the jinker with Digger on the seat beside him. He'd start early to catch Nonny, bread in hand as a bribe. The horse would snatch it out

of his hand and take off. The language that floated through the trees when he couldn't catch Nonny would've made a sailor blush. When Mr Walstab ungraciously gave up on Nonny he'd go on the bus and stand in the doorway, his dog inside on the top step. When the bus came to a stop, Mr Walstab and Digger would get off, let the passengers on, and then they'd both hop on again. It was like that all the way to Croydon.

Our other neighbours were Bill and Katherine Ballantyne and old Mrs Griffiths, Mrs Ballantyne's mother. Mr Ballantyne, in the carpet business with his brother in Flinders Lane Melbourne, was rather skinny, and Mrs Ballantyne, a journalist, was a largish lady with a largish voice.

Ballantyne's had six acres, chooks, a cow and two horses, a black and a grey. Mrs. Ballantyne used to ride them but I never saw her on one. One evening Mrs Ballantyne's voice came booming through the trees, "Bill, you wash the dishes, I'll milk the cow." It's been a family joke ever since.

Eventually power came to the area and all the houses were electrified. For weeks the workmen blasted their way through the rocky reef so they could put the poles in. When night came – particularly in winter when it became dark early – either Mum or Dad went to turn the lights on for Mrs Griffiths; she was too frightened to touch the switches. Because the Ballantynes worked in the city, it was dark by the time they arrived home. Mrs Griffiths was elderly and hadn't had anything to do with electricity; she was happier with a candle or a kerosene lamp.

We had a Tilley lamp, which Dad always lit; an Aladdin lamp that Mum could cope with; and a couple of kerosene lamps.

The Ballantynes had their old tin chimney replaced with a brick one and the old one was left lying in the paddock, outside the garden gate, not far from the house. When Geoff and I found it we climbed inside, began jumping about in it and rocking the sides. The noise was wonderful and incredibly loud. Eventually Mrs Ballantyne came out and gave us our marching orders.

Dad used Ballantynes' saw-bench for cutting wood. When the teeth of the circular saw bit into the hard, dry wood it made a screaming noise that hurt my ears, so I'd run away to a safe distance when I saw Dad starting it up. Lots of trees grew around



Neighbour Beryl Washfold uses an outside trough for washing clothes, while Marcia's brother Geoff and dog Sandy keep her company

Ballantynes' house and lots of possums preferred the inside of the roof to the trees. Many of them were dispatched via a .22 rifle, something against the law these days. One day when I was passing the rubbish heap with my pram – I was taking my doll for a walk – I found one of the dead possums.

The possum looked as though it was asleep, so I put it in my pram with my doll and wheeled it home. Somehow, I must have thought I shouldn't have had it, because when I got home I took my doll out, wrapped the possum in the blanket and put the pram in the shower recess in the washhouse. It was discovered later when Mum went to the woodshed for wood. She tracked the terrible stench to my pram with its maggoty passenger. Dad was given the job of removing it when he got home from work. I thought the possum had woken up and gone away and Dad let me believe it.

Some time after Ballantynes' chooks had left the scene their chook house had been empty for a lengthy period, so my brother and I thought it would make a good playhouse. It did, too – however, the inhabiting lice were hungry for sustenance. Mum had a close look at us and our scratching to discover us alive with chook lice. Needless to say we warned off further excursions to the chook house.

It's hard to believe that Mooroolbark is part of the urban sprawl, when it was once so far out in the sticks no one had heard of it. Now, it has two railway platforms and Black Cabs operate taxis there. When Jimmy Burns tried to start a taxi service, he had to give it away. It cost 3/6d for the trip from the station to our place, a distance of 1½ miles. I rarely had the money for it; nor did anyone else have spare money for taxis. Most people walked, rode bikes or caught the bus if it happened to coincide with the arrival of a train.



Geoff and Marcia with their father Jim



Geoff and Marcia Wilkinson at home in Mooroolbark

Mr and Mrs Ballantyne are now dead and huge Federation-style houses adorn the paddocks where the cow and horses once grazed, and where Dad tried his hand at throwing a boomerang.

Our place now has several houses covering the bushland where my brother and I made our cubby houses, and Molly Rogers' place has not escaped development either. Nobody has a washhouse now, and there aren't too many woodsheds about either. There are swags of neighbours these days, but many of them do not know each other.

Marcia Fitzsimons

A Life Lived to the Full Peter Higgins

A tribute to a man who will be greatly missed and long remembered.

In August, Mooroolbark lost a treasured friend and valued community member when resident Peter Higgins died suddenly of a heart attack at age 50. Pete was a much-loved member of the Mooroolbark Christian Fellowship and was a very well-known, active member of the local community. He is greatly missed by his family – wife Andrea and daughters Kristie and Fiona; his parents, brothers, and sons-in-law – and all who knew him. At Peter's memorial service, fellow Lions Club member Peter Giddings spoke eloquently of Peter's community service and his active involvement in the Lions Club... he had been a member of the Lions for nearly 20 years, holding many offices and serving on the board of directors. He had just begun his fifth term as president of the club. Following is part of Peter Giddings' tribute to a man who made a difference in the lives of so many.

We are here today not only to mourn the passing of Peter Russell Higgins, but also to celebrate his life. When Andrea asked me to speak about her beloved Pete I was deeply honoured, but putting my thoughts together was very hard. I found it difficult to express feelings, emotions and experiences in words. What I am about to say cannot do him justice, but Peter would have expected me to do my best and I feel obliged to him and Andrea to try.

Once in every person's lifetime they may be privileged to meet an outstanding human being, and even more privileged to know that person as a friend or colleague. Peter Russell Higgins was such a person.

He had wonderful practical skills which helped him in his career, but he also put these skills to use in helping others. He had vision and saw the needs of his community, and through determination, hard work and organisation, set about meeting these needs. He saw our youth as the future of our community and worked to provide them with the tools and skills to live meaningful and fruitful lives.

He was the first to praise others for successes, in many of which he had been a driving force or motivating factor. He was the quiet achiever: reliable and efficient, knowing what had to be done and getting it done.

He appreciated other people's skills and talents and used them wisely. He loved hands-on work and had the uncanny ability to make things happen. He was forthright and called a spade a spade, but that is not to say he didn't have a down side – he was, after all, a Collingwood supporter!

Photo courtesy of Kmack Photography



The Higgins family at Fiona's wedding in April

In some ways Peter was an enigma. He was both a humanitarian and a thrill seeker. He was just as much at home racing his motor cycle around a circuit as he was in setting up the rotunda for the carols service. He was successful in his career and enjoyed the fruits of his labour, but he never allowed this success to engulf him.

Most of all he was a person of complete honesty and integrity, a person who observed and practiced the highest moral and ethical principles. He was compassionate, humble and selfless and true to his beliefs and to his faith.

He was a wonderful husband and father, who valued fidelity. He was justly proud of his two daughters Kristie and Fiona. He loved his family dearly and I know that they loved him in return.

The greatest compliment that I could pay Peter is to say that he was a truly outstanding human being, and that is how he will be remembered.

Peter, I am honoured to have known you as a friend, and to have had the privilege of speaking at your memorial service. You will live on in our memories. My life and the lives of all of us have been enriched by knowing you.

Farewell, my dear friend.

Peter Giddings

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Christmas Concert at Mooroolbark Community Centre



End the year on a high note with a special Christmas concert at Mooroolbark Community Centre.

In a Christmas tradition for the centre, the acclaimed Melbourne Welsh Male Choir will return to ring in the festive season with a 60-voice ensemble. This truly splendid choir will fill the Red Earth Theatre with booming baritones and smooth melodies, delivering a world-class program of musical hits and popular Welsh repertoire.

The best choir I've heard in Australia... unique ability to engage and hold its audience.
~ Professor Jan Highfield of the Guildhall School of Music, London

These experts of four-part harmonies have toured the USA, Canada and the UK, including the Royal Albert Hall and Wales' own Cardiff Arms Park, where they performed with Tom Jones and Dame Gwyneth Jones.

The choir will be expertly directed by Lucas de Jong, formerly of the Royal Opera House Covent Garden and the Welsh National Opera.

Join us at interval, when we keep the Christmas spirit going with a helping of fruit cake, coffee and a chat.

They are nothing short of majestic. Their sound is as smooth as the green valleys of Wales.
~ Herald Sun

With one show already sold out, don't miss your tickets for the remaining show on Saturday 13 December at 7:00 p.m. Tickets are just \$12, or \$8 for concession holders. Book by calling 1300 368 333 or visit culturetracks.info.

Mooroolbark Community Hub Project

On Friday 22 August local MPs David Hodgett and Christine Fyffe met at Mooroolbark station with representatives from Public Transport Victoria, Metro Trains Melbourne, Shire of Yarra Ranges, and the local community to announce the commencement of work on the Mooroolbark Community Hub Project.

These works to revitalise Mooroolbark station are being delivered by Metro Trains Melbourne on behalf of Public Transport Victoria. Work began on Monday 18 August. The project is designed to improve the station precinct by:

- Providing additional CCTV cameras and improving lighting
- Upgrading ramps, footpath signage and the car park, including new disabled parking spots and drop-off facilities
- Constructing a new café and canopy over the station entrance
- Upgrading and improving landscaping in the station forecourt area

In his official announcement, David Hodgett mentioned the benefits of this development for the community and expressed his thanks to all who have contributed to the process of bringing it to fruition. Christine Fyffe spoke of the combined impact of the Hookey Park and Mooroolbark Streetscape developments along with this latest project – and the additional safety elements they provided. The Community Hub Project was described by Cr Terry Avery as “a most significant project in the ongoing development of the Mooroolbark township.” He thanked community members for their valuable contributions to the process.

As this report goes to print, Public Transport Victoria advised that works are progressing well, with the new station entrance, canopy and café taking shape. Over the coming weeks, the project team will add the finishing touches to the station forecourt area and plant trees and shrubs to provide shade and greenery. The project will be completed in early 2015.



Announcing commencement of construction of the Mooroolbark Community Hub Project

Doug Lewis

Carols in the Park

Hookey Park, Friday 5 December 2014

6:30 p.m. Picnic dinner in the park

7:30 p.m. Enjoy the sounds of Croydon Citizen's Brass Band

8:00 p.m. Community Carols – including performances by local schools

*Bring your own rug or chair
Food for sale at family-friendly prices
Battery-operated candles for sale*

Community Events Calendar

First Sunday of each month	Farmers Market: Bellbird Park, Swansea Road, next to Lillydale Lake. Combined Rotary Clubs. All proceeds to local and overseas projects. Contact Bill Sutherland: 9727 0037.
Friday nights during school term	Fridays@Kids Domain: Activities for primary school age kids. 4-6 p.m. Oxley College stadium. Details: phone 9726 8111 or www.lmc.org.au
Monday evenings each week	Scottish Country Dancing: Mondays 8 p.m. (except public holidays). Beginners and experienced. Minimal charges. St Margaret's Uniting Church, Hull Road. Enquiries: 9876 9206.
Second Monday of each month	Mooroolbark Country Women's Association: 1 p.m. at St Margaret's Uniting Church, Hull Road. New members always welcome. Contact Jeanne Wilson: 9726 9858.
Wed and Thurs during school term	Happy Hands Art Time - Encouraging Creativity in Toddlers: children 1-5 yrs. Wednesdays: 9:30-11:00 a.m. or 11:45-1:15 p.m. Thursdays: 9:30-11:30 a.m. Register online: www.happyhandsart.com
Thursdays during school term	Music Together program: for 0-5 year olds. Run by trained music therapist. St Margaret's Uniting Church. Morning tea & playtime included. \$12.50 per session per family. Call Yvonne: 9726 9347.
Thursday evenings each week	Maroondah TOWN Club: (Take Off Weight Naturally). Weekly, starting at 6:30 p.m. St Margaret's Uniting Church. Hull Road. More information: Marcia 9725 1259.
Wednesdays during term time	Kilsyth Primary School Playgroup: Painting, story time, activities and games for children birth - 3½ years. 9:15 a.m. More info: 9725 4320 or www.kilsythps.vic.edu.au .
December 2, 10, 23	Yarra Ranges Council Immunisation Sessions: Mooroolbark Community Centre. More information: phone 1300 368 333.
December 5	Community Carols: Hookey Park. Begins 6:30 pm for picnic dinner: 7:30 pm Croydon Citizen's Brass Band: 8:00 pm sharp carols begin. BYO rug or chair; food & battery-operated candles for sale.

2015

January 6, 14, 27	Yarra Ranges Council Immunisation Sessions: January 6, 14, 27 at Mooroolbark Community Centre. More information: 1300 368 333.
February 3, 11, 24	Yarra Ranges Council Immunisation Sessions: Mooroolbark Community Centre. Feb 3, 11, 24. More information: 1300 368 333.
March 3, 11, 24	Yarra Ranges Council Immunisation Sessions: Mar 3, 11, 24 at Mooroolbark Community Centre. More information: 1300 368 333.
September 2015	Light the Night: Volunteers are needed to form a working group to assist in planning the Lilydale Light the Night event in aid of the Leukaemia Foundation. Info: Brian Hodgson, 0419 397 650 or brianhodgson47@gmail.com

Mooroolbark Community Centre and Montrose Town Centre

The following special events will be held at Mooroolbark Community Centre (MCC) or Montrose Town Centre (MTC). Bookings can be made by phoning 1300 368 333 or online: www.yarraranges.vic.gov.au/ach

November 19- December 8	Red Earth Gallery Exhibitions: "Artists in Our Residence". Opening December 4, 6-8pm. Red Earth Gallery, Mooroolbark Community Centre, 9726 5488.
December 4	Montrose Movie Club: <i>Red River</i> . Montrose Town Centre. Bookings: www.yarraranges.vic.gov.au/ach or 1300 368 333.
December 6	Montrose Concert Series: Jack Carty. Montrose Town Centre. 8pm. Bookings www.yarraranges.vic.gov.au/ach or 1300 368 333.
December 13,14	Red Earth Theatre - Melbourne Welsh Male Choir: Tickets \$12/Concession \$8. Saturday Dec 13, 7pm - TICKETS AVAILABLE. Sunday Dec 14, 2pm - SOLD OUT. MCC. Bookings/Info 1300 368 333
December 20	Mooroolbark Community Centre & Montrose Town Centre: close for Christmas period.

2015

January 12	Mooroolbark Community Centre & Montrose Town Centre: open for 2015
February - March	Montrose Movie Club: great movies in a relaxed theatre environment on the first Thursday evening of each month. MTC. Bookings www.yarraranges.vic.gov.au/ach or 1300 368 333.
February 4 - March 8	Red Earth Gallery Exhibitions: "VCE Creative Showcase". February 4 - March 8. Opening February 5, 7pm. Red Earth Gallery, Mooroolbark Community Centre, 9726 5488.
February 2	Term 1 Workshops commence: pottery, oil painting, tribal belly dance, Young Artists, Pottery 4 Kids & craft. MCC. Bookings www.yarraranges.vic.gov.au/ach or 1300 368 333.

Our Community Events Calendar offers a free service to local clubs and organisations.

To include entries for your group's community events in future issues please contact Doug Lewis on 9761 1121 or email living.today.mooroolbark@gmail.com

Note: *Living Today* is distributed quarterly – in the first week of March, June, September and December. Calendar entries need to be submitted one month prior to the distribution date.

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Like to contribute?

If you have a good news story about people or groups who you believe are an inspiration to the community, please contact the editor through our church-office phone number or by email (as above)

PDFs of this issue and all past issues of *Living Today* can be accessed at: <http://mcf.gci.org.au/current/livingtoday.html>

MISSION STATEMENT

To contribute towards and to help to foster a **growing community spirit** within our neighbourhood.

We seek to achieve this by:

- highlighting the many positives within our community
- encouraging partnership in community initiatives
- contributing to the process of identifying and addressing community needs and concerns

ADVERTISING POLICY

Living Today does not publish direct advertising. We do, however, greatly appreciate the valuable contributions made by those who partner with us in serving our local community through this magazine. We acknowledge those partners in each issue.

Proudly supporting Living Today
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