

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS EDITION

ISSUE  
N<sup>o</sup> .DEC 94

# THE MERIDIAN

A W.S.C. MONTHLY PUBLICATION

Dear Fellow Members,

Greetings for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Let's hope we shall get positive news about our much needed extensions in 1995. Twelve students from CIT have drawn up plans and we hope to exhibit the plans for your inspection. The ACT Capital Works Department is also drawing up plans but what we really need is their cash! Perhaps - after the budget?

Its pleasing to see many groups organizing a Christmas breakup party. Our Club Christmas Party is on Monday 19th December and the numbers are limited to 120. The Turner Troubadors and our choir will entertain. The club will close for the year Friday Dec 23rd and re-open Monday 2nd Jan.

The late night dance organized by Norman and Vera was a great success. It was supposed to end at 11pm but went on until 11.45 by popular request. Thanks to all who helped to make it a night to remember - Arthur for playing excellent music, those who came early to decorate the hall, those who stayed late to clear up. Gerry Bloem for loaning us the organ, Vera for donating the beautiful cake to raffle. Profit for the night was a splendid \$???

Sales of tickets for the Christmas raffle are going well. Thankyou to those who volunteered to sell tickets at Cooleman Court and at the Trash and Treasure 4th December. Pity its nearly always the same volunteers!

Thankyou to the choir and the folk dancers for entertaining in the Plaza recently. All very good PR for the club. We were all shocked and saddened to hear of the sudden death of Olive Craik from the choir and send condolences to here family.

So once more, my best wishes for a happy time in the Christmas break. I hope you all come back fit and well to enjoy the things we have planned for 1995.

Cynthia

## Melbourne Cup Day 1994

On Tuesday 1 November the Melbourne Cup was run and members of the Woden Senior Citizens Club gathered to celebrate. In the morning members went about their usual pursuits while others sold tickets in Raffles and Sweeps and the Woden "Wonderwomen" prepared what was to be a delicious lunch. A festive atmosphere and Racing decorations put everyone in the mood for the afternoon's entertainment and what an entertaining afternoon it was! From the moment the Champagne Charleys and their ladies led in the competitors in the Parade of Hats to the Woden Whacky Race meeting with singing and other musical items, it was pure enjoyment. The hats ranged from sheer elegance (Myra Hickey) to the bizarre "Carmen Miranda" fruit bowl and even our President admitted she had let success go to her head. The jockeys too must be congratulated on their control of their steeds.

Watching theTV build-up to the big race and then over in minutes, the Race itself contributed to the excitement. The winners were ecstatic and the losers well - the happiness of the day left them feeling no pain. Well done President and members of W.S.C. Your willing cooperation made Melbourne Cup Day 1994 a social and financial success. See you next year.

M. Cannons

Woden Writing Group

IS ONE OF THESE CARS YOURS?

YHO 151  
YUI 180  
YVD 898

YDR 554  
YTV 385  
YUD 573

YVO 359  
YXE 240  
YVE 463

If so, please call at the Office and have your vehicle entered on the register. Note that a WSCC sticker is NOT a guarantee that you are on the current list.

Thanks for your cooperation.

Records Clerk



# Christmas Joy



Slowly and agonisingly she dragged herself forward. As she neared the open space there was a clanging noise and a strong wire gate refused her entry. Sighing patiently she rested a moment then turned away pulling herself onward, ever aware of the need to find shelter. Why would no-one allow her a place to lay her head?

The hot December sun beat down unmercifully and her mouth hung open seeking to gulp air to tortured lungs. She had almost given up hope when she saw the shed. It shone brilliantly with aluminium walls reflecting the heat and the dark cavern beyond the open door welcoming her as she moved towards it thankfully. There were no fences or gates here in this humble neighbourhood.

"Oh, you poor darling!" Gently hands smoothed her hair and helped her to find a comfortable bed among the cushions and rugs evidently used as a children's retreat. The friendly presence left her for a few minutes then returned and drops of moisture dampened her mouth. Her tongue savoured them although she could barely swallow.

It would be soon now and she needed all her strength for the ordeal to come. A heavy shudder ran through her frame and she rested.

"I'll get Mum!"

During the next busy hours she was conscious of soft voices and soothing hands and occasionally the deep rumble of an angry male voice, but each time the quiet patient of 'Mum' and 'Christine' brought harmony.

Finally as the sun slipped towards the horizon and the atmosphere cooled she relaxed, her job done. A little one suckled and she was content.

The man's step came nearer. He looked down at the black bundle on the floor and smiled, Dad hadn't smiled much lately. Mum Bob and Christine relaxed.

"I suppose she can stay" he said "but only if you children care for her. God knows we can hardly feed ourselves let alone four extras but we'll manage somehow."

"Well, come on Christine, you found her; she'll need a name and so will her pups."

"Her name's Deefa." the child piped up. "Deefa dog."

"All right Deefa it is. Well Deefa old lady you've come a fair way." The man seemed gentler now. "She could probably do with some milk - not too cold now." Footsteps moved away and the little ones scurried to do Dad's bidding.

Deefa felt loved. She snuggled into the covers and the three little newcomers warmed themselves from her body. Why was it that so many had turned against her and yet this poor family had welcomed her?

"It won't be easy Kids" said Mum "but we'll manage. God will show us the way somehow. Deefa is comfortable until morning. I've rigged up the hurricane lamp so she won't be frightened in a strange place."

It was Bob who suggested the pups be named for the wise men of the Magi and their names became Mel for Melchior who brought gold, Cas for Caspar who carried frankincense and Balt for Balthazar who brought the myrrh to breathe life to the Christ child. In the days that followed the local children arrived at the silver shed bringing gifts for Deefa and her family. The children had found the true blessing of Christmas. The shed became the stable and the bed of rugs and cushions the manger. It was little Christine who had found Deefa who summed it all up best.

"This has been the best Christmas ever. Santa might not come, but we have a real Nativity group right here at home and Deefa brought Joy to our World."

## CHRISTMAS EVE

Agnes pushed a damp tendril of grey hair from her forehead with the back of her hand, leaving a trace of dirt on her fair skin. She was handwatering her front garden as the sun was going down, red and fierce that Christmas eve. 'Not a cloud in sight and not a breath of wind', she mused, 'it's going to be another scorcher of a Christmas Day.' Agnes spent a lot of time with her flowers now that she was on her own and no longer had Jim and the children to take care of.

She turned the hose onto the base of a rather stunted spruce, a particular favourite because this was the tree Jim used to rig up with fairy lights during Christmas week. The children would chase each other round it with shrieks of excitement and neighbours would stop to admire.

What wonderful Christmases they'd had. Few families had money to spare after the war so she and Jim would start planning early to get the presents ready. She would spend hours after the kids had gone to bed dressing baby and bride dolls, right down to the tiny singlets and pants. Jim was extra good with his hands and made all kinds of pull-along toys, cradles, carts and even a rocking-horse one year.

How they'd laughed when told of young Billy's spirited defence of the existence of Santa Claus when the big boys at school sneered, 'Garn - it's only your old man!' Eyes blazing, Billy said he could prove there was a Santa. 'My parents,' he said, with complete conviction, 'just couldn't afford all the presents we get!'

And the cooking. Puddings and cakes while the weather was still cool and the kids fighting over who would lick the bowls. Jim would provide shiny sixpences to pop in the puddings

Christmas week was absolutely hectic. Money seemed to fly out of her purse as she bought the last minute essentials. There was no credit in those days and no plastic cards. If you couldn't afford it you couldn't have it. Jim was very good, though. He'd grumble a bit then surprise her with a fiver 'he'd won on the horses'. She knew that was a fib but she went along with it. Bless him.

Christmas Day. The kids out of bed at dawn to rummage in their stockings. Squeals of joy as each new treasure was torn from its coloured wrapping, children jumping all over Jim and her before

her eyes were barely open. As the tribe eventually disappeared whooping up the hall Jim would take her in his arms in an enormous bear hug. 'It was worth all the work, Love, wasn't it?' he'd whisper happily.

Later there was church where they sang her favourite carols, smiles and handshakes and "Happy Christmas's" all round; and then home for a huge, hot Christmas dinner. Agnes and Jim did the biggest washup of the year and then had a desperately needed snooze during the hot afternoon.

Agnes directed the hose onto the white rose she had planted after Jim died. Oh, how she missed him. At Christmas the ache for him was raw and tears misted her eyes. She missed the children too but wouldn't for the world let them know how lonely she was as they had their own lives to live. Shirley was an air hostess and travelled all over the world - she sent her mother postcards from such romantic sounding places. The twins, William and George, had good jobs in Melbourne and often rang her. Both the boys were engaged to be married but she hadn't met their girls yet. 'Soon,' they kept on saying, 'we'll bring them up to meet you soon.'

Darkness fell and Agnes rolled up the hose. She flipped up the lid of the letter box just in case there's been a late delivery. Shirley had told her to look out for a surprise that would arrive Christmas Eve but there was no sign of it. 'Poor old postie's snowed under, I guess,' Agnes muttered as she let the lid drop. Slipping her feet out of her muddy shoes, Agnes padded into the house. How quiet it was, how awfully quiet. She hurriedly turned on the TV. With a cup of tea beside her, she settled down to watch a TV Christmas special. Hadn't she seen this same one last year?

Agnes was thinking about going to bed when she heard whispers and stifled giggles coming from the front verandah. Oh, dear, she thought, not those Robertson kids playing tricks on her again. She really wasn't in the mood. She's better shoo them away before they damaged her pot plants. Opening the door, Agnes peered out into the black night. 'Is that you, young Fred?' she called in her sternest voice. 'Now, off you go home to bed or Santa won't bring you any toys tonight!'

Instead of disappearing down the steps, the shadowy figures rushed towards her. She found herself clasped in three pairs of arms - grown up arms - and dear familiar voices crying and laughing and saying over and over, 'Christmas surprise, Mum darling! Happy Christmas! Happy, Happy Christmas!'



THERE WILL ALWAYS BE CHRISTMAS

As long as a Christmas tree  
Lights up a window for others to see;

When holly hangs high from doorways ajar  
And far in the distance the glint of a star;

And of course there are cards and messages too  
From family and friends just especially for you;

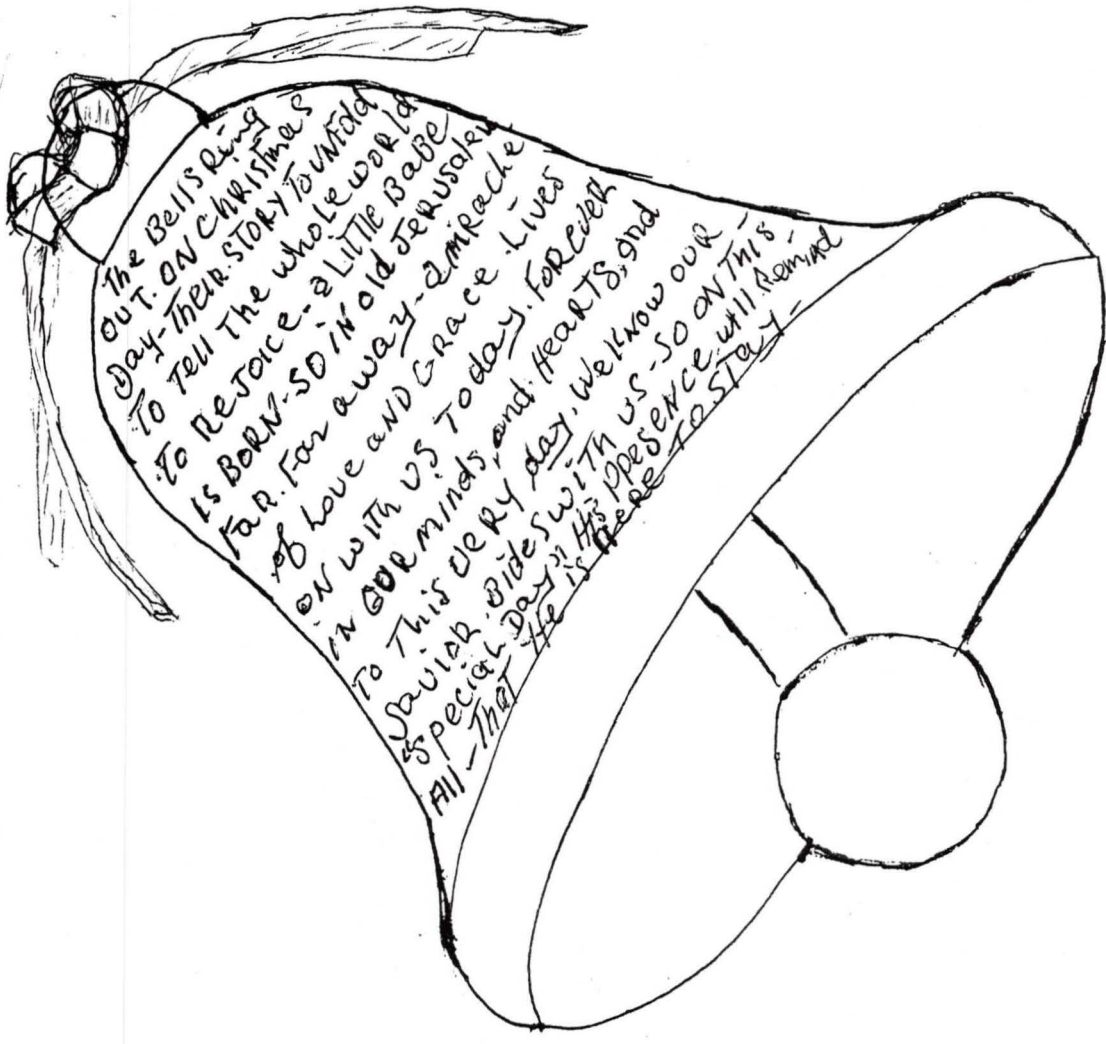
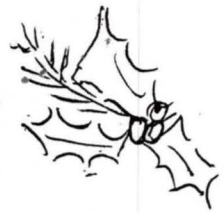
And there's the joy and anticipation on a child's face  
Picturing Santa Claus' sleigh drifting through space;

And the Christmas carols sang all over again  
Giving the eternal message of 'goodwill towards men.'

Then comes Christmas morning and as church bells ring  
We welcome this day full of such wonderful things.

Kathleen Heath.





The Bells Ring  
 Out on Christmas  
 Day - Their story to unfold  
 To tell the whole world  
 To Rejoice - a little babe  
 Is born - so in old Jerusalem  
 Far away - 2000 years  
 of love and grace lives  
 on with us today. Forever  
 in our minds and hearts.  
 To this very day. We know our  
 Savior. Side with us - so on this  
 special day. His presence will remain  
 All - that He is here to stay.



A very Merry Christmas

To all -

