

MALA MESSENGER

Newsletter of the Mature Adults Learning Association Inc. Rockingham Branch

MAY 2021

FROM THE CHAIR

Welcome Back.

Classes start – albeit masked up – on Wednesday the 5th of May.

Another close call with COVID. I have a feeling that the uncertainty and ambivalence that comes with COVID is going to be the overriding reality of our lives for a long time to come. We do have much to be thankful for, and no matter how inconvenient and disruptive we may find life at times, we are the most blessed of people.

Thanks for the support you have shown for the courses this time. I hope you all find your choices are fun and fulfilling.

Please take the time to respond to our Expression of Interest notices today. Two very different offerings. If either appeals to you or someone you know, a quick email to let us know would be a great help.

Looking forward to seeing you all on Wednesday.

Until then stay safe.

Bronwen Usher

Chair



*"Good judgement comes from experience
- which comes from poor judgement."*

Anonymous



EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST

Boola Bardip Museum Tour

We would be very interested to know how many of you would be interested in coming on a guided tour of the new WA Boola Bardip Museum.

We would choose a day when no other MALA courses are running as a trip to the museum would take a good part of a day, excluding participation in other courses.

The exact timing will of course depend on the Museum.



Model Making

We are thinking about running a series of model making sessions. Sessions would be conducted by a facilitator who would provide basic skills and techniques, answer your questions and give individual attention when required.

Anyone who is interested in sharpening their skills or learning how to construct, paint and detail models in a convivial and sociable way, just let us know. So often this can be a solitary pastime with no one to appreciate your finished products.

Come learn and share at MALA.

If you are interested in either or both activities could you please register your interest by emailing us at malarockingham@gmail.com



BOOKSHELF

“Gentry” by Adam Nicolson

If you like history or period drama, this is a beautifully written and fascinating book you will enjoy. It traces the stories of twelve families from all over England and makes you feel as if you are living amongst them. This book gives you an understanding of what is that peculiar phenomenon that is the English gentry. I loved it.

It was written in 2011 and I found it in a second hand bookshop, so you may need to look for it or ask at your library.

Amanda



Feedback from our Bookworms

“The Lost Man” by Jane Harper

I did enjoy this book, but I thought the ending a bit rushed. The author created the feeling of being in a country town and how claustrophobic it can feel in stark contrast to the wide open blue sky spaces in which the story is set. The relationships within a family and how volatile they can become is the core of the story, but rather than seek help take the situation into their own hands. An interesting very Australian story.

Marie



If you have read a book you have enjoyed, why not share it? – Drop us a line at :

malarockingham@gmail.com.au – attention Ed.



“Moses had the first tablet that could connect to the cloud.”



WRITERS CORNER

Many thanks to our members who took part in the writing group last term and who are happy to once again share some of their work. I am sure these pieces will evoke memories for you too.

It seems appropriate that the subject of Seasons and Weather be the focus this time as we change from Summer to Autumn. The diversity that the topic offers is illustrated very well here. I hope you all enjoy the read.

From Marie-Claire for the daring amongst us comes :

NO GUILT, NO SHAME IN PARADISE!

I remember well when Jacques and I were young, carefree and good looking! The year was 1977 and we were trying to find our way to a secluded Nudist beach, in beautiful Queensland Sunshine Coast.

A long walk under a bright hot, summer sun saw us arrive on an isolated beautiful tropical golden beach with its blue turquoise sea, with foamy-white waves gently washing on the sandy shore. We knew instantly we had found 'Paradise'! A Nudist beach we had talked about and wanted to visit out of curiosity.

As we came out of the bush and walked onto an open space, we panicked as the place was full of naked people walking everywhere! Nudity all over the beach! Bare young bodies, Pale ginger-freckled bodies, good-looking young males, and even a few wrinkled oldies, who were probably close to their use-by date! All around us people were stark-naked, and we were the only ones wearing clothes.

Giggling, nervously we walked away from the bare-bottomed crowd, trying to find a spot away from prying eyes to experience swimming in the nude, something we've never done before. After a shy, timid moment of hesitation, we both took our clothes off and let it all out in the open! Quickly, we ran towards the sea. Once safely in, covered by azure-blue cool water we did relax a bit. From a safe distance we were watching nudists casually walking on cream-ivory sand enjoying sunny Queensland weather. After a while, still in deep water to cover our nakedness, we realized that nobody was taking any notice of us, or anybody else, for that matter. In the cool crystal-blue ocean, for the first time, we were experiencing total freedom and felt quite at ease with our body shape

Back safely in our secluded spot, we rested for a while. Both our bare sun-kissed bodies lay without any complex on chaste-white sand. We felt alive and connected with the nature around us. Without a hint of embarrassment, we both enjoyed the sensual pleasure of the warm sea-breeze caressing our nude bodies.

Eyes semi- closed I was enjoying that sensual, devilish moment I had for too long-awaited and so much desired..... Without any shame or guilt, I was enjoying ‘ Sin’!... All my senses under my younger skin

Ah! Memories of that summer when we dared to swim in a nude. Mind you at that time we were young and good looking. We could not do it now, but back then what a fun adventure it was!

PS: On our way back from the nudist beach we got lost, and I managed to get sunburned in places where the sun usually doesn’t shine!



From Linda, a different swimming experience, but a memory that I am sure many of us will identify with :

SUMMER SWIMMING LESSONS

Who picked Mersey Point for swimming lessons?

The cloudy sky is pale grey in the morning light; the cold wind from the south west whips the sand, stinging our legs. “Into the water” “Frog kicks in the shallows” the instructor bellows. Shivering we walk to the edge, small feet leaving imprints in the wet sand. The water feels warm on our toes. Lying with the ocean lapping our backs we move our legs as ordered “In” “Kick out” “Together” “In” “Kick out” “Together”. The lesson seems to last forever. Wrapped in our towels we walk shivering home as the drizzle starts.

Next lesson A hot sunny morning, the sand is warm on our bare feet as we leave our thongs and towels on the dry sand. “Into the water” “Backstroke between the markers” begin the orders. The blue salty water is cool on our sunburnt bodies. The lesson is over too soon. Let’s stay a bit longer.

Mersey Point great choice for swimming lessons!



From Summer to Winter -

Thoughts born of a harsh European Winter. A shiver inducing offering from Marie Claire :

WINTER KNOCKING ON MY DOOR

The old woman shivers in her bones,
with soon the season of the Autumn departing

Rusty red, brown-orangey sort of hues,
Forewarning her, not much time left, and so much to do.

Winter, soon is closing by, and he will knock on her door,
But she won't let him in, even if he cries poor.

No, it's not the time yet, even if he begs, or kindly asks
For first she has to hurry-up and must finish her task

Before a blanket of cloudy white snow, makes it all disappear
Wiping off all her memories, that is what she most fears.

So, she will ankle down, working hard, and weather the Winter storm
Because this old woman is stubborn, with a mind of her own!



From Bronwen - A very stark contrast from the Aussie countryside when summer and drought become synonymous :

THE DRY

We watched it coming, the rising dust cloud getting closer until finally emerging from the haze the old truck rattled into view. All eyes saw only the water tank that it carried.

The earth was exhausted by the relentless sun, cracks opened, like mouths seeking water, a cry for rain, but none came. The wind finding joy in whipping the parched earth and tossing its precious topsoil into the air in storms of dust. Vegetation was dead, not a speck of green to be seen. Seed pods slit open by the heat scattered their seed on dry ground. The river bank grasses usually a haven of green was crispy brown and dissolved to dust as you walked the paths. Kangaroo, bones lay picked dry by circling wedge tailed eagles.

Searing sun-baked days in a seemingly endless procession had exhausted not only the land, but also the people who called this place home. All colour had been leached from the country and from our lives. The daily battle to exist without water when the tanks went dry was draining Spoon baths the order of the day, a family bath once a week a luxury to savour. The kitchen garden shrivelled to that which could survive on the once a day dirty washing up and spoon bath water.

Church on Sunday a sober affair with the priest preaching hope and God's love when clearly God just wasn't listening. Dust raised from scuffing boots as the men gathered in the corner of the church yard under a tree, muttering of stock losses and failed crops. Some said little just stood and took what solace they could from just being there. Weekly their numbers dwindled. The women, drawn and weary made an effort to make things seem almost normal serving cups of tea and scones, now missing the cream, after Mass.

Such is drought

The battered and faded once green door creaked open and an old man, as work weary as the truck, slid out. Uncoupling a long flat canvas hose he played it out until it reached the water tank that stood beside the Road Board building. We watched, our mood already lifting as water swelled the hose and the magical sound of running water sang in our ears. Little as it was for the town, the smiles it brought were wide.

The crops and earth still cried for water, but we at least could last just a little longer.



Thanks writers, I'm sure more of your thoughts will hit our pages in future editions.



"If evolution really works – How come mothers only have two hands?"

Milton Berle



THAT'S ALL FOLKS

Just A Reminder . . .

Please make sure your emergency contact number is on your name tag
This number is essential for us to fulfil our duty of care requirements
and it is a safeguard for you should an emergency occur

Until next time let's all be kind to each other. As Mark Twain said, Kindness is a language that the deaf can hear and the blind can see.

Enjoy every day, that's what it is there for.

Regards to all

Bronwen Usher
Editor



*"A life spent making mistakes is not only more honourable
but more useful than a life spent doing nothing."*

George Bernard Shaw



Always room for a little one :

"Don't trust atoms, they make up everything!!"

