

IDLE CHATTER Mark II

Newsletter No: 197

Thursday 2nd June 2016

This newsletter is an initiative of the Quandialla Progress Association

Quandialla Website Page – www.quandialla.com.au

Sponsored by Quandialla Bowling Club

*This weeks' newsletter is featuring a poem that was given to me a while ago
and I have been waiting to have the room to present it in its entirety
so please excuse the smaller font used .*

It's My Life

There by the side of the road...

Right over here in front of that big old scorched tree...

Sleeps a young man,

It could be someone's son, someone's brother, someone's husband, someone's dad,
someone's grandson, someone's best mate,

While his mother gets out of the car, holding flowers in her arms..... she remembers:

- A mischief of a kid
- A life of a party
- A best mate a bloke could have

His mother's eyes follow the tyre tracks to the tree, she cries..... and remembers:

- A kid that gave his mother grief
- A kid that made his mother laugh
- A kid that made his mother proud

His mother sheds tears and laughs out loud..... and remembers:

- Mum come here!!
- Look Mum!! I done a poo!
- Look Mum! Dog poo!

As his mother takes the cross out of a bag she sobs..... and remembers:

- Look Mum! No hands!
- Look Mum! No training wheels!
- Look Mum! A footy trophy!

While his mother holds the cross she wails..... and remembers:

- Wow, look Mum! She kissed me on **this** cheek, I'll never wash it off!
- Oh Mum, she really broke my heart!!

His mother cries out in pain..... and remembers:

- Look Mum, my first beer,
- Wow Mum, I am so drunk,
- Mum, I am so high,
- Look Mum, I can fly!

While his mother chokes on her tears and calls out..... and remembers:

- Mum, listen here, it's my life!!
- I can do what I want now.

A car pulls up and a family steps out.

- Excuse us, when did this happen?

Gasping for air... taking a deep breath... his mother whispers: -This morning

- How many people died? They asked
- She whispers, my son...

People whisper among themselves

- Thank god it happened on Sunday
- Thank god he was the only one.

His mother lashes out... but she is met by the other mother

While clenching her fist she shouts out

- How dare you...
- He was **my** precious one...

The mother of the family speaks out

- I feel your pain, but you listen to me, and you listen good...
- Thank god it was not Monday...

Because,

- It could have been my son,
- It could have been my daughter,
- It could have been my husband,
- It could have been **ME!!**

His mother looks at the family, sobs, shakes and whispers:

- How do you tell a grown man to cherish his life?
- How do you tell a grown man not to drink and drive?
- How do you stop, a grown man, from driving a car?

I tried.

- I took the car keys off him,

- He took the spares,
- His mates grabbed the spares from him,
- We all thought... he won't be going anywhere,
- But he got in his ute and locked the doors,
- We all ran to the ute, and we grabbed the door, and I yelled
- You idiot! You've been drinking! Don't drive!!
- He looked at me with his kind eyes and gently said
- 'You worry too much, I'll be fine, I love you Mum.
- He revved the ute and honked the horn,
- And just like that he was gone

She looked at her shaking hands and said

- I shoulda held on harder... I shoulda reached in and grabbed the keys...
- If only my arms were stronger... I coulda stopped him...

The family gather around her... embrace and support her, not letting her fall, while she screams

- I shoulda begged him not to go,
- I shoulda begged him not to get in the car,
- shoulda begged him not to drink and drive.

His mother sobs and whispers:

He told me **he loved me**, and I called him an **idiot...**

- I shoulda told him I loved him,
- I shoulda told him he was the love of my life,
- I shoulda told him he was my precious one,
- I shoulda told him I was proud to be his mum.

His mother walks to the scorched tree... clutching the cross and flowers in her arms... she sobs quietly...

Her son's voice whispers through the leaves,
'Sorry Mum... Mum I am sorry please don't cry'.

Wind caressing her face she looks up,
With no more strength to scream, she whispers...
'I love you my son, my precious one.'

Author: Vesna Gregory 10/4/2015

I would like to congratulate Vesna on writing such a moving poem about a very sensitive topic. It is so true that it only takes one rash decision by someone that could end up costing themselves and their loved ones so much. Vesna's poem is very emotional and I am not ashamed to say I had a tear or two while reading it.

Thank you Vesna for sharing "It's My Life" with I.C. Readers

BLAST FROM THE PAST Extracts from IDLE CHATTER

Sorry – there will be no 'Blast from the Past' page this week.

QUANDIALLA PRESCHOOL

Will be hosting a **Slow Cooked / Casserole Dinner**

At the **Quandialla Bowling Club**

Friday 17th June 2016 6pm – 8pm

Cost: \$15 per person & \$5 per child (10 years & under)

Main Menu: A variety of slow cooked casserole style meals served with rice or potato

Dessert: Apple Crumble or Sticky Date Pudding with Ice Cream

Kids: Ice Cream with Topping and Sprinkles

(Gluten Free option will also be available)

R.S.V.P. 13th June 2016 to Ruth Penfold 6347 2130 or 0408 381 380

The Preschool will also be holding a Raffle – with great prizes (more info next week)

Plus 2 x \$100 CASH Lucy Door Prizes up for grabs!!!!!!

QUANDIALLA FRIDAY NIGHT JACKPOTS

Things are starting to get exciting on the 'Jackpot' front in Quandialla. I'm sure everyone has a few things on their 'Wish List' – I do and either amount would do me nicely. But to be in the running remember you must be in attendance at either venue. This Friday night the Bland Hotel "Joker" Jackpot will be \$680 and the Bowling Club Members Draw will be \$4400. *Good Luck Everyone!!!*

ST MARK'S ANGLICAN CHURCH service will be held on Sunday 5th June at 5pm

QUANDIALLA COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTRE:

Dr Wail El Waili will be visiting Quandialla next on **Wednesday 15th & 29th June.**
Please phone West Wyalong Medical Centre 69722866 to make an appointment

QUANDIALLA HOSPITAL AUXILIARY

The next General Meeting of the Quandialla Hospital Auxiliary will be held at the Health Centre on Tuesday 14th June commencing at 9.30am. *All Welcome*

SAD NEWS was received late Tuesday of the passing of Gail Martin (nee George) formerly of Quandialla. Gail was the eldest daughter of Tommy and Jean George.

Deepest Sympathy is extended to family and friends at this sad time.

Cheers until next week **Sue Priestley**