Addington Times

THE VOICE OF THE ADDINGTON COMMUNITY.

MARCH 2009



GETTING BIGGER

A view of the building going on at the corner of Grove Road and Harman Street (the old P.D.L. site). In the background is the partially completed five-story car park, and in the foreground work has started on installing a mini-roundabout to replace the existing stop signs

Photo.. Dave G.

COMMUNITY DIARY

TUESDAY 3rd MARCH. And every Tuesday afternoon, the craft group meets at 1.00 p.m. All ladies welcome

SATURDAY 14th MARCH. Autumn Market Day at the Strickland street Community Gardens. See information inside.

WEDNESDAY 25th MARCH. The monthly meeting of the Addington Neigfhbourhood Association will be held at Manuka cottage 730 p.m.

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News from Manuka Gottage

All of the usual Cottage activities are up and running again for 2009 with the exception of the Tuesday Morning Massage. We are still hopeful of Tania resuming her wonderful service soon. Watch this space.

The weather put something of a dampener on our January Double Decker Bus Trip with numbers being lower than usual. We were fortunate to have the use of the little Hall at Abberley Park to provide a weatherproof environment Keep an eye out for the date and format of our next trip in the next school Holidays.

Our Tuesday Afternoon Craft Group has recommenced with the skilled input of Dianne. The session starts at 1 pm. All women are welcome. There is no charge for this class but we do welcome donations. Our grateful thanks go to Hagley Community College for their ACE funding which makes this class possible.

An exciting recent development has been the start in Addington of the award- winning Mothers At Home Programme being run by the Family and Community Development Worker here at the Cottage, Kathryn Byfield and the Sydenham Community Development Project's Suzanne Sanderson. On Thursday the 12th February our garage space was bulging with mothers and babies.

Also in our garage space is a large quantity of fabric. Is there any one or any local group who would like to make use of this for sewing or craft projects? Again contact Helen Ross, the Community Development Worker at the Cottage on 338 1613

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED.

We have three delivery rounds for the Addington Times which don't have regular deliverers at present. This is an opportunity to get to know your local neighbourhood, pass on valuable community information, get some exercise and improve vitamin D levels. Please contact Helen Ross at the Cottage if you are able to assist. All of these rounds are on the hills side of Brougham Street as far south as Coronation.St.

CREATIVE JUNK NOW IN ADDINGTON AT 25 DISRAELI STREET.



What are we?

We are a non-profit incorporated society. We have a voluntary management committee employing people to run the centre with help from volunteers.

MISSION STATEMENT

Our aim is to provide an affordable, and extensive range of recycled and natural materials, collected from industry and the community to promote creative and imaginative play and happenings in the community for children, their families and related services.

SUPPORT US - BECOME A MEMBER



www.creativejunk.org.nz

AUTUMN MARKET DAY

STRICKLAND STREET COMMUNITY GARDENS 188 STRICKLAND STREET, SPREYDON SATURDAY 14th March ~ 10AM - 1PM

~ PLANTS & PRODUCE ~ PICKLES AND PRESERVES ~ CRAFT ~ BAKING

HOT SOUP AND OTHER TASTY FOOD FROM THE GARDENS

~ FREE LUCKY VISITOR RAFFLE DRAW ~

FROM OUR NEIGHBOURS IN SYDENHAM



REFLECTIONS ON GROWING OLD

Old Age, I decided, is a gift

I am now, probably for the first time in my life, the person I have always wanted to be. Oh, not my body! I sometime despair over my body, the wrinkles, the baggy eyes, and the sagging butt.. And often I am taken aback by that old person that lives in my mirror (who looks like my mother!), but I don't agonize over those things for long.

I would never trade my amazing friends, my wonderful life, my loving family for less gray hair or a flatter belly. As I've aged, I've become more kind to myself, and less critical of myself. I've become my own friend.

I don't chide myself for eating that extra cookie, or for not making my bed, or for buying that silly cement gecko that I didn't need, but looks so avante garde on my patio. I am entitled to a treat, to be messy, to be extravagant.

I have seen too many dear friends leave this world too soon; before they understood the great freedom that comes with aging.

Whose business is it if I choose to read or play on the computer until 4 AM and sleep until noon?

I will dance with myself to those wonderful tunes of the 60&70's, and if I, at the same time, wish to weep over a lost love I will.

I will walk: the beach in a swim suit that is stretched over a bulging body, and will dive into the waves with abandon if I choose to, despite the pitying glances from the jet set ...

They, too, will get old.

I know I am sometimes forgetful. But there again, some of life is just as well forgotten. And I eventually remember the important things.

Sure, over the years my heart has been broken. How can your heart not break when you lose a loved one, or when a child suffers, or even when somebody's beloved pet gets hit by a car? But broken hearts are what give us strength and understanding and compassion. A heart never broken is pristine and sterile and will never know the joy of being imperfect.

I am so blessed to have lived long enough to have my hair turning gray, and to have my youthful laughs be forever etched into deep grooves on my face. So many have never laughed, and so many have died before their hair could turn silver

As you get older, it is easier to be positive. You care less about what other people thin k. I don't question myself anymore. I've even earned the right to be wrong.

So, to answer your question, I like being old.. It has set me free. I like the person I have become. I am not going to live forever, but while I am still here, I will not waste time lamenting what could have been, or worrying about what will be. And I shall eat dessert every single day. (If I feel like it)

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Moo

One day two cows found themselves chewing over the same patch of grass.

One of them, looking rather worried, paused and whispered "What do you think about this 'mad cow' disease" The other cow replied "I wouldn't know anything about it – I'm a tractor"



Oh Dear.

THE LAST WORD

Jesus replied, "What is impossible with men is possible with God" Luke 18:27.

I will turn my situation over to God, for with God all things are possible.