

*Welcome all Wellness Warriors to the  
2020 December and 1st term edition of  
our newsletter for 2021.*



As you know in March, due to the Covid, the NSW Health Department was forced to implement severe restrictions and our classes were dramatically stopped and it has only been in the last few weeks that we have been able to restart safely and gradually, a few limited classes of much reduced numbers.

For the members, trainers and volunteers we were able to welcome back, we offer our whole hearted thanks for your courage and support in returning with big smiles while being forced to comply with all the social distancing, temperature testing, documenting of attendance, hand washing and furnishing sanitizing.

It is with regret that as we say goodbye to 2020 we were unable to hold our usual end of year Christmas party and celebrations.

The program we hope to start in 2021 is printed on page 2 of this edition. As I write this a new outbreak is happening in the Northern Beaches areas which may mean our plans will have to change again and you will all be notified before classes recommence if any changes have to be made due to this.

From our team.  
Lynne, Anne, Dell, Lily and  
Sharyn and all our volunteers,  
We wish you all the best for  
the Festive Season and for  
A HAPPY AND SAFE NEW YEAR. .



All being well, this will be our program when classes resume on the 8th of February. for term 1.

Monday

9 am to 10am Drumming

10 15 am to 11 15 am is International Dance

11 30 am to 12 noon is Gentle Exercise

12 noon to 1 pm is Fitness for Seniors.

Tuesday 9 30am to 11am

11 15am to 12 30pm

Thai Yoga with Sugunya Norandechanunt

Ukulele with John Maguire

Thursday 9 30am to 11am

11 15am to 12 15pm

Thai Yoga with Sugunya Norandechanunt.

Tai Chi with Ivan Florini.

Unfortunately, social distancing will be with us for some time so we are again asking that we all respect each other's space and maintain a healthy distance

We may think we have been slammed by COVID-19 and many of us don't feel like peeling ourselves off the pavement. We've been flattened, in some cases our hearts are deflated, and our energy is zapped. What to do? According to H.R Jackson Brown, writing for Project Compassion we should follow the Japanese adage—Nana Korobi ya oki, Fall seven times and get up after the eighth fall.

We can all help each other get back up after the eighth fall.

Charlie Chaplin had it right—smile when your heart is broken. Not only will it make your face smile, it will also make our heart sing.

As women, while observing the precautions and doing our best during the pandemic, we can practice kindness to ourselves and others thus putting compassion into action. Saying hello to someone we know who thinks differently to us, holding open a door for someone, asking someone if they need help and doing the little things that will help save our planet.

Happy moments make a fine cushion for old age.

H.R. Jackson Brown recommended saving the planet so here's a little tip for those of you who may have a slight leak or two.



*I called the incontinence hotline.  
They told me to please hold.*

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During the pandemic lots of us have been spending more time in the garden and some have been lucky enough to have had some visitors. Here are a couple who popped in to Anne's garden to see if there were any treats on offer.



Our Connie girls have played right through the pandemic. That man from the wilds of Scotland, Unkle Cyril, was quick to organize them to continue playing together, first via zoom and as soon as singing outside was allowed, the beautiful beachside park in Towradgi. They even managed to have their Christmas party there. My husband and I went along to wish them a Merry Christmas and Keith was really impressed by their presentation as was I, considering the difficulties they were faced with this year. Well done Connie Girls and well done Unkle Cyril, who, on welcoming Keith reported they have had husbands, dogs, and miscellaneous audience members during their sessions.



A few months ago I shared a collection of notes that had been left out for a milkman. The response was great, here are some of the replies I received.



Robyn replied,

“As an ex milko this really made me laugh. Our customers were not quite as demanding but we encountered some funny notes and requests too.”

From Robyn Mc G.

This made me smile. Ours rode a motorbike with a sidecar for the big silver urns of milk. Billy cans with lids, I remember being amazed seeing milk in "bottles" on t.v. I also remember the ice box my grandma had. Long time ago now.

I used to stand at the front gate with my little tin mug and our milkman would fill it from the tap at the back of the cart before he would fill his measure can to take the milk inside for Mum  
Anon

I am old enough to remember the milk cart that went around and you had to go out with a jug, he has all these different sizes of jugs so he could give you as much as you asked for, the old horse stood patiently while he sorted things out.  
Elizabeth S.

I love it Barbara. Yes I remember the milkman and his cart and horse. The horse was amazing always knew where to stop. We used a billy. Lorraine

Hilarious!! Great to have a good belly laugh! Christine D

Memories. The milko was the star of the day maintaining community connections. I remember having milk at school for morning tea in a half pint bottle Pam S

Thanks Barbara. Brings back many fond memories of our milkman with his horse and cart delivering milk!

♡ Dell

Thanks for the memories. I lived in a country town and we had the milkman deliver our milk.  
From Mary Cull

Thanks for sharing this Barbara. I remember the milkman delivering bottles and if you were the first one you got the cream.

Christine 🏠

Thanks to all who replied and to all who got back to me to let me know you enjoyed my email. For those of you who missed out I have reprinted the notes on the next page of this newsletter.



### Notes for the milkman

#### **Home milk delivery in the 1940s and '50s.....AND 60's**

Home milk delivery was once a regular service that the 'older brigade' will no doubt recall.

The milkman often carried eggs & other items.

Here is a collection of notes left by householders inside milk bottles by the front door:

**\*\* Dear milkman: I've just had a baby, please leave another one.**

**\*\*Please leave an extra pint of paralyzed milk.**

**\*\*Cancel one pint after the day after today.**

**\*\*From now on please leave two pints every other day and one pint on the days in between, except Wednesdays and Saturdays when I don't want any milk.**

**\*\*Sorry about yesterday's note, I didn't mean one egg and a dozen pints, but the other way round.**

**\*\*Please leave no milk today. When I say today, I mean tomorrow, for I wrote this note yesterday.**

**\*\*Please don't leave any more milk. All they do is drink it.**

**\*\*Please cancel milk. I have nothing coming into the house but two sons on the dole.**

**\*\*Sorry not to have paid your bill before, but my wife had a baby and I've been carrying it around in my pocket for weeks.**

**\*\*Please send me a Government form for cheap milk, for I have a baby two months old and did not know about it until a neighbour told me.**

**\*\*Please send me details about cheap milk as I am stagnant.**

**\*\*My back door is open. Please put milk in 'fridge, get money out of cup in drawer and leave change on kitchen table in pence, because we want to play bingo tonight.**

**\*\*When you leave my milk please knock on window and wake me because I want you to give me a hand to turn the mattress.**

**\*\*Milkman, please put the coal on the boiler, let dog out and put newspaper inside the screen door. PS Don't leave any milk.**

**\*\*No milk. Please do not leave milk at No. 14 either as he is dead until further notice.**



Looking forward to seeing you all when classes resume.

The annual membership fees will be due when we return on the 1st of February. 2021

Finally let us bid adieu to 2020, the year of the rat when we all went into hiding, only went out for food, stored our food to eat later and ran away when people got close to us. I think we really have had enough of 2020.



It's time to welcome 2021, the year of the noble Metal Ox. In the Chinese Zodiac, the Metal Ox is hardworking and methodical. This will be a year when our efforts will be rewarded, a year we can leave the uncertainties behind us and move forward with confidence, strength, and resilience.

Barbara. Editor.



A little good news to tell you.  
There are still no gates on the  
hotel carpark.

