

corrugated roofing. All White. Rachel was really shocked; but what did she expect?

The next station on the line was Forrest. I planned to alight there for two days to examine the runway built by the US Air Force during World War II. It was an emergency strip built of concrete. All this was for my friend, who was a pilot of light aircraft. Rachel seemed to believe that I was there to fulfil some official aviation task but I assured her I was not.

Rachel was meeting up with her new husband and when we stopped at Forrest she was so anxious to please him. Rachel only had the woollen fabric outfit to greet him - hardly suitable but she did her best in this gear. She looked fashionable, trim and happy and he seemed totally excited to see her. Rachel's husband would have some responsibility for maintenance of the Forrest runway, as he was stationed in Forrest to develop weather forecast operations similar to that operating at Giles Weather Station further north. So Rachel, the Flying Doctor nurse and I all had a connection with the airport at Forrest.

It was a hell of a place to start married life but full marks to her courage and efforts to date with making the move to Forrest. After the discussion with the husband and Rachel, we agreed that on my return from Perth I would bring summer slacks in light fabric for her. We also agreed to buy some toys for a few kids in the area. The Flying Doctor was going to call every few days so we told Rachel and her husband about this service..... And not to worry at the cost of the summer clothing.

The husband was a hard working honest guy who was grateful for our help. They had economic problems which we could barely solve. But we agreed that we would try to improve their life in Forrest. Would we be successful?

We thought we would approach the airways to ask them about refurbishing the kitchen at the local hall. It may assist with catering problems on the train and could serve as a social centre to show films to the local folk in Forrest. As well as space for aircraft, the hangar also had room for a good putting green and driving range.

The whole settlement had a better Christmas - we did our bit and everyone got behind us.

I flew back to the East with my friend in his private plane. As we landed in Forrest, the cargo hatch in the little plane was full of kids' presents. They were delighted. Rachel was grateful for her summer fashions. I gave them my address if they wanted to write about future happenings in Forrest. They eventually rang me in Melbourne, months later. "It's a boy!" was their news.

Rachel and her family now live in Adelaide.

If you want to join in the Life Writing Class contact Carolyn Cuming (03) 9819 6758 or e-mail carolyncuming@accesshe.org.au. You can write your own story and join discussions at the Hawthorn Community House with other Stroke Group Members."

Chicken, Leek and Bacon, Pot Pies

By Liz Berryman

INGREDIENTS

40g unsalted butter
1 tablespoons olive oil
3 leeks (pale part only) thinly sliced
4 bacon rashers (rind removed chopped)
800g chicken thigh fillets chopped into 2cm pieces
1 tablespoon plain flour
Pinch nutmeg
300ml chicken stock
400ml light sour cream
2 tablespoons chopped flat leaf parsley
2 tablespoons lemon juice
4 sheets frozen puff pastry
1 egg, lightly beaten



METHOD

- Heat oil and butter over low heat
- Add leeks, bacon, and chicken
- Cook for 6-8 minutes until the leek is soft and almost cooked
- Stir in flour, add nutmeg, and cook for 2 minutes until chicken is cooked through
- Stir in the stock and bring to boil
- Season then remove from the heat and stir in sour cream, parsley and lemon juice
- Cool
- Heat oven to 200°C
- Cut two 1 cm strips from sides of thawed puff pastry sheet
- Cut circular lids from remaining pastry sheet - 1 cm wider than top of 4 ramekin dishes
- Divide chicken amongst ramekin dishes
- Place pastry strips around rim of ramekins to make collars - brush with beaten egg
- Place lids on ramekins and press down firmly to seal - trim edges if necessary.
- Place 2 cuts in each pie top and brush with remains egg
- Bake for 20 minutes until puffed and golden.

Boroondara Stroke Support Group

NEWSLETTER



ISSUE 53 March 2018

On Australia Day this year, BSSG's President Vivienne Harkness was awarded the City of Boroondara's Citizen of the Year. Following is an extract from her acceptance speech.

Thank you!

Through recognising me with this wonderful honour, Boroondara Council have awarded an even greater honour to all the many people who have volunteered their time to make the Boroondara Stroke Support Group and the Boroondara Community Stroke Hub what it is today. It is those wonderful people who have nominated me, and I thank them all very sincerely.

Through this award to me and us - Council has created invaluable awareness of our mission which is to be available to support, educate, care, and provide friendship for all those in our municipality and beyond, who have had a stroke and for their carers and families.

There are over 3000 residents of Boroondara living a life after stroke. We are there for them and their carers to help relieve the feelings of isolation and loneliness so often felt following having a stroke.

The development of these Stroke Hubs is of vital importance to our community today to provide direct and personal support, for example, our:

- Young Stroke Survivors Group
 - Carers, Aphasia and *Blokes with Strokes* Groups
 - Art and Craft
 - The production of our beautiful correspondence and Christmas cards
 - *Sing for Recovery* choir
- to name just a few.

We are providing personal and meaningful support on a very personal level through Council's continued support we can achieve our main mission - that new stroke survivors and their carers may come through our door upset and tearful - but we know we have honoured Council's support if they leave us smiling. So, a heartfelt thank you Boroondara Council for your continued support for everything we do; it is you who should be receiving this award!

The latest statistics on stroke are very concerning and therefore not appropriate to list here today. However, to combat this situation, a new exciting campaign will be launched this year, which again has emanated from Boroondara.

It will be called *Strike Out Stroke*® - SOS and its emblem will be a lightning bolt.

We aim to create awareness, educate, and raise

funds for research, treatment, and life after stroke.

My, and our thanks go to the Mayor - Cr Jim Parke, the previous Mayor Cr Phillip Healey and councillor Felicity Sinfield.

There are also several others at the council whom I would like to list -too many to mention - but I believe you know who you are. My heartfelt gratitude to you as well.



Also, I would like to recognise Jenny Cheng, founder of BSSG and 2014 Citizen of the Year, members of the BSSG committee, and my dear family.

Finally, I would like to take this opportunity to thank our very caring local members - Josh Frydenberg, John Pesutto and Tim Smith for working with Council and for providing their own individual support and encouragement.

The Boroondara Stroke Support Group is very

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FOR A BETTER YOU



proud to see their dream and hard work become a reality.

Boroondara Council through its high level of care for its citizens makes life so much easier for all those fortunate enough to live in this lovely municipality.

It is indeed a City of Harmony.

I dedicate this award to my late husband Peter - for his love for myself, our family, and friends, for his courage, and for continuing to smile for over 5 years, despite having his severe stroke.

I wish he could be here with me today.

Coordinator's Report
by Juley Thai

Welcome back, members, to the Hub for 2018 and another year of new programs, special events and making fabulous memories..

As you have seen in February's activity schedule, I am excited to report that all programs that were running at the end of the last year will be continuing this year. These include: **Blokes with Strokes, Young Stroke Support Group, Sing for Recovery, Able X, Chatterbox, Knitting for the Needy, Lawn Bowls, and Carers Support Group.**

New programs to look out for in upcoming months: **Women and girls' stroke support group (WAGSS), Exercise & Nutrition, and Cooking Class.**

Thank you to our wonderful volunteers who have returned this year and are continuing to donate their time and energy to the stroke cause. There are too many of you to list, but each and every one of you are highly valued and are a huge part of the running of our Hub. As it has always been the case, the Hub wouldn't be possible without you.

On a sad note, Chris Stephens, who has been volunteering with us for just under a year since we found her at the Boroondara Volunteer Resource Centre Expo, has formally left her post as volunteer. Chris helped us on Tuesdays at the Hub, doing all sorts of tasks from making cards to spending time with stroke survivors while their carers were in a group meeting. She was wonderful at connecting with all members and has a positive energy and sense of humour. Chris is moving to her new home in Carrum Downs, and we wish her all the



Vivienne Harkness (left) and Christine Stephens
Wonderful and invaluable volunteers

best with the move and settling in. We will miss her dearly, and welcome her back at any time.

The BSSG are taking part in the BVRC Expo again this year, where we hope to find the right people to help us keep the Hub running. As we become busier, more volunteers are needed to keep the place running smoothly.

Look out for membership forms for 2018 in your mail - coming to you soon. Feel free to give me a call if you have any questions about programs, volunteering or membership, or just pop into the Hub!

Independent Living
by Lynette Tyack

Since my stroke in 2013, I have struggled to achieve the level of independence I used to have prior to the stroke. I was also diagnosed with schizophrenia and depression ten years ago, although this has remained relatively stable - mainly because of medication I take daily. I have to maintain a level of activity to help with the auditory hallucinations I experience, and I would like to do this to the fullest.

Since I was discharged from the rehab hospital, I haven't had the same amount of support or therapy as was provided for me in hospital. I have had many, many falls, which has been unfortunate as falls disrupt my progress, take a toll on my self-esteem, and the fact that I cannot get myself up afterwards.

I feel a funding package for independent living would improve my situation greatly. It would also help me in the near future, catching taxis for my activities. Suffering from a stroke I already have a lot to deal with, including a lifelong left-side weakness (including reduced speech abilities, and drooling whenever I have a drink).

When I came home from the rehab hospital in December 2013, my parents took over my care; they worked very hard (much more than they realised), including helping me to live independently in my own apartment (social housing).

I strongly believe this funding package would help not only me, but would give my parents their lives back. They are in their early 70s and should be able to relax, rest and enjoy their time with four lovely grandchildren, and two other daughters. The financial strain endured by my parents has been huge. I also want them to enjoy their life, live long and have time to spend more time with their grandchildren and perhaps more importantly their other daughters, my two sisters. I don't want to be such a burden, or wear them out. I believe this funding would relieve the situation greatly.

BSSG Lawn Bowls
by Brian O'Meara

The BSSG Lawn Bowls group is back in action after the Christmas 'break' with members displaying their bowling skills, some might even some extraordinary skills. As always, it is fun, and our dedicated

numbers have an enjoyable morning. Bowling is held each Monday morning (Public Holidays excepted) at the MCC Sports Club, 397 Barkers Rd, Kew for about an hour commencing about 10AM; after which we adjourn to the club house for morning tea and a chat finishing about 11.45. This year, apart from our very popular chocolate biscuits, we have had an added treat of some home-made sponge cakes by one of our keen bowling members Dominic Schipano. Dominic travels all the way from Epping each Monday to attend BSSG bowls, a very keen member. Lawn Bowls is a great activity for people with a disability apart from the social advantages and it is embraced by many disability groups such as the vision and hearing impaired, wheel chair and intellectually disabled.

Keeping On Track
by Bill Berryman

About 15 years ago, I was heading West by train across the Nullabor. In Summer, which was the wrong time to travel in barren country. The Indian Pacific starts from Parklands Station in Adelaide in bright shimmering heat, nearly 40 °C. The silver train looked cool. It is air-conditioned, with tinted windows and there is ice cold water in every cabin. I had my first glass before we left the station. Sitting in my cabin, I told the railway porter that I was getting off at Forrest. Would he keep me advised of the designated time of arrival, and was there a platform as I wasn't too flash climbing down steps? He said "yes" to everything I asked which made me wonder. He was Indian and constantly smiling and aiming to please. He told me of another lady who was also getting off there; looking at a passenger listing he advised me that there were in fact two ladies. It was amazing that there were three of us alighting at that small siding just over the interstate border.

I went to the long Lounge car and introduced myself to a woman wearing a Flying Doctor Service badge. She had the task of checking the airport at Forrest for its refueling facility, the runway condition, the availability of a hangar, and a room for her first aid/treatment use.

I told her about the other younger woman getting off the train at Forrest. I did not know anything about her. As I sipped a glass of white wine, I asked the nurse if she was aware that the Americans had built the airstrip during the war - in 1942. She knew all about that and the fact that they built the hangar too. I told her that there was an old homestead there but it was now abandoned and it would take a lot of work to refurbish it. She had not known about that.

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But where was the other passenger for Forrest? As I looked along the carriage passageway I noticed this poor young girl, with two heavy looking cases, trying to cope. Where were the porters or carriage staff? Was there no service to help? Eventually staff came to help and they soon got her cases to her cabin. She was the third person for Forrest.

I asked the nurse in the Lounge bar to check on her and talk to her about lighter clothing as she was wearing a wool fabric skirt and a woollen top. It made me hot to think about it. Would she have packed lighter summer garments? If the nurse would talk to her, could she ask her to join us for a drink in the Lounge car when she was freshened up? If she would like that, the cost would be ours.

They came back to the lounge together. The young girl's name was Rachel. She still had all her woollen clothes on - hardly relaxing or suitable for this sweltering day. The nurse calmed her down. She looked like a soul who would be shocked out of her comfort zone in a settlement like Forrest.

The train was about to start from Adelaide, at walking pace, slow and silent, the air conditioned path to the Nullabor. Rachel seemed to want to talk about her future. Was it a realistic plan? I thought not as she spoke so much about growing plants. She hoped to convince her new husband of her interest in building a garden, and to grow vegetables too! Had he been in Forrest long enough to realise it was impossible to grow anything except saltbush or tussock grass?

Rachel wanted to try. I explained to her that the soil had no nutrients as it hardly ever rains in summer. What a hell of a place to start a garden, let alone a marriage!

The nurse indicated she was anxious to talk to me alone. As I had to secure a placement for ourselves in the dining car, I excused myself from the lounge bar - after agreeing we would have our evening meal together. The nurse caught up with me in the dining carriage.

"She is pregnant, and in my judgment she has no summer slacks, blouses etc. and would you believe, her other case is full of videotapes"

The train was rocketing along toward Port Pirie. I returned to the lounge bar and while I was away a young guy decided he would take over my seat. "I'm her father" I said. He got up and left us.

The nurse, Rachel and I continued our talk about Forrest. As the landscape changed it looked more like a moonscape. Rocks the size of footballs, tussock grass, hard dead branches, trees stunted by hot winds and there was the lack of water and nutrients in the soil. It was getting dark and it felt much cooler. We had a 'getting to know you' evening meal. We enjoyed talking about the ways of the outback, and getting on with people. We spoke of Forrest only having a population of 20.

One station or settlement on the way was Cook. "Don't feel crook in Cook" one sign said, pointing to the hospital which was closed. Gravel track to the fettlers' housing was dry and hot. No trees for shade. No drainage or curbing. All houses were the same design. Very basic. All timber with