

Getting on down Smith Street

It's is so good to be here!

Large sigh out

I wasn't sure I would make it. I've been so busy. Everybody is busy. I don't know anyone who isn't busy.

There were so many things to do!

I had to check my email. Home and work. My texts. Home and work. 101 home and work; answering machine home and work; my yahoo, my big pond, my aussie mail, snail mail home and work. I had to do my blog, my website, do my Facebook, my space, my space book and then twitter.

After I did all that I was exhausted. I didn't know if I'd make it here. But I had to come because I'd emailed, phone, texted, blog, Facebook and twittered about it!

And I'm glad I did. I love being in Daylesford.

Modern technology. I love it and hate it. I'm not of the technology generation. I don't naturally embrace the next new technological advancement. Every new thing requires learning for me, whereas for the younger generation it's just a movement in time.

I grew up without a telephone. My father felt that they were unnecessary in the home. More specifically he felt that the phone was unnecessary for him. Why would anyone need a phone? If anyone wanted to get him he would be at work all day and there was a phone there, home every week night and they could drop around, at the pub on Friday night, everyone knew that, at the races on Saturday arvo, ditto, at the drive in on Saturday night and mowing the lawn on Sunday. People could drop around or write a letter. The phone was superfluous.

He knew where he kids were. Home, school, sport, work, social, home. No need for a phone.

I would have loved a phone. My best friend in primary school had a phone and we used to make crank calls.

"Hello, this is the PMG, we're just testing your phone. Could you take one step back please and whistle."

Does it. Takes one step back and whistles.

Phone voice: 'Congratulations! You just won two pounds of bird seed'.

We thought we were hilarious.

Phone voice: 'Is your fridge running? Pause You better go and catch it cause it's just running up Vincent!'

Slam! Hang up the phone!

We thought we were hilarious! I would have loved a phone at home.

And when I had my first boyfriend. I spent hours in the local phone box. I grew up in Mt Isa in north west Queensland and it was stinking hot. Especially in the phone box. I worked out how to sit on the little bench and keep the door open with my foot. I spent hours in there.

Phone voice: ‘No, you hang up first.....okay I will....okay at the same time, 1, 2, 3.’

So romantic.

But modern technology. Knowing what we’re doing every hour, minute, moment. I don’t know. I’m so busy checking in on all my social networking tools that I don’t do anything else. There’s no time!

In fact so much time has run out that I’ll be fifty next year!

When did that happen?!!! Aren’t I still 27? I loved being 27. For me it was the perfect age. I felt completely a woman yet so in touch with being young. The perfect balance.

In my head I’m still 27. I get dressed for work and think, ‘yeah, I look like a totally young hot chick’ And then I catch a glimpse of my reflection in a shop or café window and I think ‘fuck who is that old that boiler wearing my clothes’!!!!

Do a few Zumba moves.

Do you know Zumba – silly old boilers who should know better. Spell it out. Z U M B A.

What I love most about getting older is the self knowledge and the confidence that brings. I wish I could have been this wise at 23. Would have saved me a lot of fuss and bother! I wish I had the same tits I had at 23 too!

All about self care, doing new things, keeping the grey matter agile etc. Willing to look stupid in order to feel good.

I have a list of things I’m want to do.

I want to bring back the parasol. I love hats but I’m a profuse head sweater, sorry perspire, I perspire profusely from the head and when I wear I hats I get hat hair. I hate hat hair. My hair gets plastered to my skull. So when I wear a hate I have to plan to keep it on for the whole time or deal with hat hair. So that’s why I want to bring back the parasol. There are so many things to worry about