

The Barbed Vine



NEWS, VIEWS AND MUSINGS
Mount Nebo and Mount Glorious

The idea behind the Barbed Vine is to connect and share; to encourage the abundance of local talent and creativity at Mount Nebo and Mount Glorious. In everyone, there are stories, poetry, local knowledge, lyrical dreaming, art and more. This is just the first edition, printed for free thanks to private donations.



We welcome any contributions! Artwork, stories, poems, opinions, humour, cartoons events, reports, tip, advice puzzles.

Contact: thebarbedvine@hotmail.com or follow The Barbed Vine on Facebook.

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We pay respect to the original peoples of this land.

A local plant, a barbed vine, known as the lawyer vine is the totem of the Jinibara tribe (people of the lawyer vine). Wait-a-while is one plant called the lawyer vine, and this plant was used in many ways: the small edible berries, the prickles as fish hooks and for extracting small animals, the leaves as roofing thatch.

Contributors:

Carita Birch –Mt Glorious. *Child of the earth and mother hen to bohemian boy and the boy who had the life of Riley. Step-mother and mentor to many. Professionally a teacher, tutor and positive change maker for more than 30 years. Now a full-time internal change maker, focussing on the heart's desire, healing and art as therapy. Interrupted momentarily by an infiltrating cancer that turned her into a forever spiritual warrior. Living on the mountain in a tiny cottage in the trees with tall dark and handsome, along with a kookie dog and some chooks.*

Lucy Francis (editor) Mt Nebo. *deputy co-ordinator for Mt Nebo Disaster Management Team.*

Mike Hideo Mt Nebo. *He makes a life enjoying the company of family and friends.*

Karen Hutt Mt Glorious *A reformed globetrotter, with photography and writing in her DNA, Karen is a vet with an innate curiosity and passion for almost everything in the natural world, from fossils and clouds, to invertebrates, snakes, and fungi!*

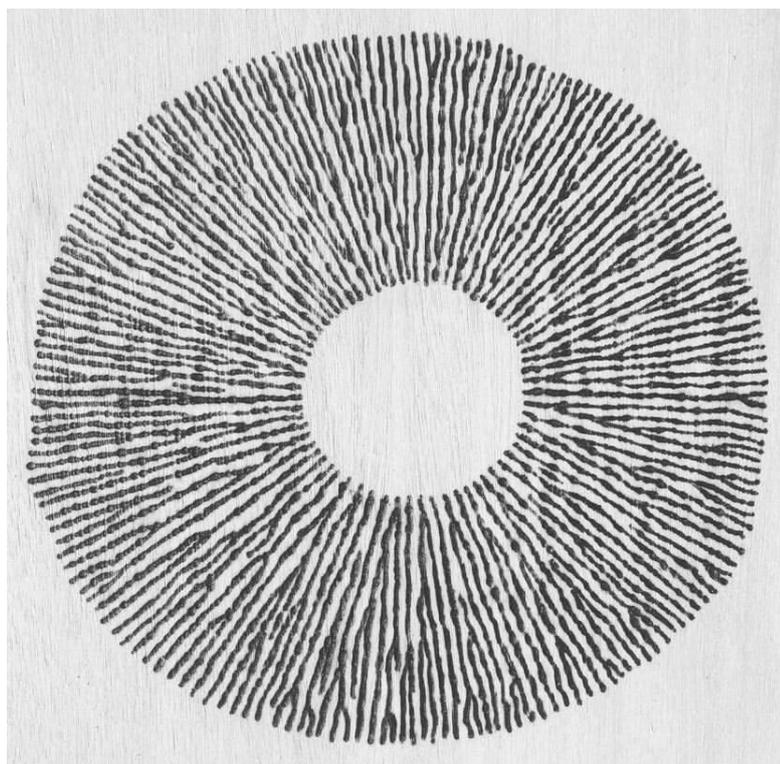
Darryl Richard Aubrey O'Brien. Mt Nebo. *Motivation: I wanted to freak out my pen! Multimedia artist. Dreamer of absurd theatre and the boldness of poetry. Seven exhibitions in Brisbane, Melbourne, and New York.*

Graham Radcliffe (1934 -2022) *late of Mt Glorious. artist and sculptor of international renown. The Phoenix Sculpture Gardens feature his exquisite works in bronze , onyx and marble.*

Margit Radcliffe *Over the past 35 years Graham and Margit created their rain forest sculpture garden on Mount Glorious. Their vision was and is that the beauty of nature and the beauty of artwork create a place where peace becomes reality. After Graham's passing in 22, Margit continues to run their gallery and opens the garden to the public on Sundays. Margit is the driving force behind the Mount Glorious Theater Project, which is planned for Term Two this year.*

Gary Rogers Mt Glorious . *Garry is a wildlife artist and fine wood artisan working exclusively in graphite and recycled timbers. Creating photorealistic drawings on paper and fine marquetry inlays in furniture and wood pieces.*

Ricky Turner: Mt Nebo. *Freehand pyrographic works, burned into recycled plywood found at Treasure Island.*



These works were inspired by mushroom patterns; one represents the gills of a mushroom, the other the growth pattern of mycelium

MEET A LOCAL: Bruce Teakle

Bruce Teakle is the co-ordinator for the Mt Glorious Disaster Team, and part of the Rural Fire Brigade. Just the way he lives is inspirational, his community involvement is wonderful. Bruce uses trees from his own land for wood. He works the wood, using old metal to forge tools and hardware.



Life at Mt Glorious

My parents bought our place at Mt Glorious in 1975, without any buildings or road, and with Peter Gibbons' cattle grazing on the grassy areas (the Gibbons family lived at Cloverlea and grew cattle and orchids). My father wanted to buy a place where he could grow fruit trees and us kids could be in the bush. In 1981 when I finished school, I started building a small house for my family to stay in. I started living here then, in a tent at first. I loved learning how to build the house and I loved being in a natural place having to solve practical problems. We're still building the house now, while we live in it: we being Erika, our kids Jasper, Rose and Luka, and the many others who come and go. _

Our house has changed a lot since it started as a cabin for the family to holiday in. It is a very creative and productive place, always busy with cooking food, baking bread, preserving vegies, fixing broken things, etc..

We have also built various sheds near the house where we do our dirtier work like woodwork, blacksmithing, fixing bicycles and chainsaws.

Living off-grid

It's very important to us to reduce our consumption of resources and energy, because consumption is how we are wrecking the systems we depend on to live. Reducing consumption is multi-layered. For example, if you want to reduce your car use, the most important issue is our own expectations.

We never connected mains power when we first built our house, because it was expensive and we didn't need it. Over the decades since then we have evolved an off-grid solar electricity system, which provides a modest amount of power for electrical things. We have batteries that are charged when it's sunny so we have power at night and on cloudy days, but we have to live within limitations. In cloudy weather we minimise our electricity use and get by. When the mountain goes into the clouds for a few days - not unusual - the house battery will eventually go flat because of the fridge and freezer, and we will need to run a diesel generator for an hour or 2 each day to prevent losing our refrigerated and frozen food. The reality of solar energy is that sometimes you have too much and it goes to waste, and sometimes you don't have enough and you depend on fossil fuels if you have non-negotiable loads like fridges. It's the same if you are on the grid, but off-grid you need to organise it all yourself.

We do most of our cooking on a wood-fired slow combustion stove, which is the heart of our house. We light it every afternoon normally, but in cold or wet weather we run it more to warm and/or dry the house. The stove also backs up our solar hot water system, so we always have plenty of hot water. When the big stove isn't on, we often boil the kettle and cook on a little earthenware Thai charcoal stove out on the verandah. We make charcoal for cooking and blacksmithing from waste wood from our forest. When the house battery is full and the sun is shining on our photovoltaic panels, we can boil water in a small electric jug, and use a portable induction cooktop at low power, to save time and charcoal.

Living off-grid with our modest system is about understanding and living within our limitations, which is very valuable education for us.

The value of maintaining old skills

We greatly value practical skills and use them all the time. Put another way: our life is full of creativity, making and fixing things, and this develops skills. Skills help us to get our needs met with greatly reduced resources: getting food from the land, fixing things, making things we need from the resources around us. For example, with traditional woodwork skills and tools, we can make buildings, furniture or boxes from a tree that has grown in our forest.

For all of human history, most people have depended on skills for the survival of themselves their families and their communities. Some skills are timeless to humans, like growing food, cooking food on a fire, making things out of wood, building with stones, using ropes, looking after babies. Other skills aren't so old but are really useful, like metalwork or fixing machines. Now for the first time in human history, we have 2 or 3 generations of people in some wealthy parts of the world who are seriously de-skilled in practical things. IF we always have plenty of cheap fossil fuel, if our extremely complex engineering systems keep working perfectly, if we can keep importing everything we need from China, if there are no economic troubles/wars/climate problems/more pandemics – then we can go on without these practical skills -



“Done Splitting” by Gary Rogers

A letter to Art Students (Graham Radcliffe)

Dear Students,

As art students, you already are aware, I'm sure, that the life of an artist is not necessarily a tranquil experience. An artist is an observer of life, a recorder of thoughts both conscious and subconscious, a translator of feelings, a questioner of what and where we are in relationship to our fellow humans, nature, the cosmos, and God. An artist is both a receiver and transmitter of vibrations. The more sensitive or more finely tuned receivers are tuned towards higher vibrations. One can listen to Beethoven, others can only hear rock and roll. But I fear that experience of living in an environment of high decibels might numb our sensitivities and render it more difficult to hear finer music. The highest vibrations of course come from God.

Every emotion can be translated into colour as painters well know. There is a line that corresponds to every emotion as well. So it is possible to create your own calligraphy of line. You will do this automatically and subconsciously as you progress. So you will compose better works of art as you increase your reservoir of feelings and observations. You will write in greater depth as your vocabulary increases. That is all self evident.

Having said that, I would like to emphasise that there is also a great distance between a craftsman and an artist. A craftsman can possess manual dexterity that an artist may never achieve. He may be a good observer. He can carve or paint an eagle, for argument's sake, in the most accurate way. Every feather is perfect. But he has not used a high degree of feeling. An artist perhaps would go straight away into abstract thought or imagination, and create the flight of an eagle. There may not be a feather in it, but maybe he can capture the feeling of being within the spirit of the bird itself. He has created something that was not on this planet before he started. The craftsman by comparison has accurately reproduced what was already in existence before he started. Indeed, he has only copied God's creation. In Australia we have people who paint hectares of canvas copying nature. Sheep stations by the millions, gum trees, windmills, horses, pelicans, dolphins, all populate 'art galleries'. And people come to accept that this is art. It is not. It is craft.



So do not despair if you think that you cannot transform your creative thoughts into reality. Some degree of craftsmanship is needed. You really do need to know your colour chemistry. You must know how to use tools. Some engineering principles are vital. You must learn the physical properties of materials that you might use. But in the end, they are only the means by which you can create your own interpretation of life as you see or experience it.

I urge you not to create to be popular. Do not create for some audience of friends, or to please some critic. You will fail every time. If you do not love what you are doing, if love is not the cornerstone of your work, it will be mediocre at best. Always strive for the expression of your highest thoughts. When you have finished and you will know that you have done your best, then and only then can you ask God if He thinks it is acceptable. Everything is strictly between you and God.

Happy painting, writing, or sculpting, or whatever you choose to do in life. Proceed with passion.

Graham Radcliffe (1934-2022), *this was written last year before he passed away.*

Just Be (Margit Radcliffe)

Blending in with the colours of the forest feels like being held in the arms of the family. Observing, witnessing, being acutely aware of being part of the whole.

Then there comes a time when you feel buds growing and you know that the blossoms will be of bright, beautiful and outstanding colour. They will certainly stand out in the forest.

And you let these blossoms grow and open fully. With ease. With grace and gratitude.

Knowing that you will add beauty to the forest. Allowing yourself to be seen.

This just happens to be your true colour and all you have to do is blossom and thrive. It is neither good nor bad, better or worse. It just is.

Just be.

Cloud Forest (lungs)

(Karen Hutt)

in the forest there is silence
cool mist embraces the earth

ancient trees loom
gnarled, moss-laden trunks gleam green
shining with dew

pale light drifts along thin beams of moisture-
laden air
redolent with the rich scents of earth and fungi
decay and new growth

the eerie cry of a catbird is startling in the silence-
time has no meaning
in this primal place

i am ephemeral
transient
insubstantial

in the living
breathing
lungs of the earth



(Lucy Francis)

Rainforest Cathedral (Maiala)

(Karen Hutt)

shafts of dappled light
drift through piccabeen palms

shadows shifting gently
on the leaf-litter below.

in the canopy high above
ferns cling to Dali-esque forms

vines loop low
tangled, bearded with moss

home to vibrantly coloured birds
transiently flowering orchids and hidden fungi

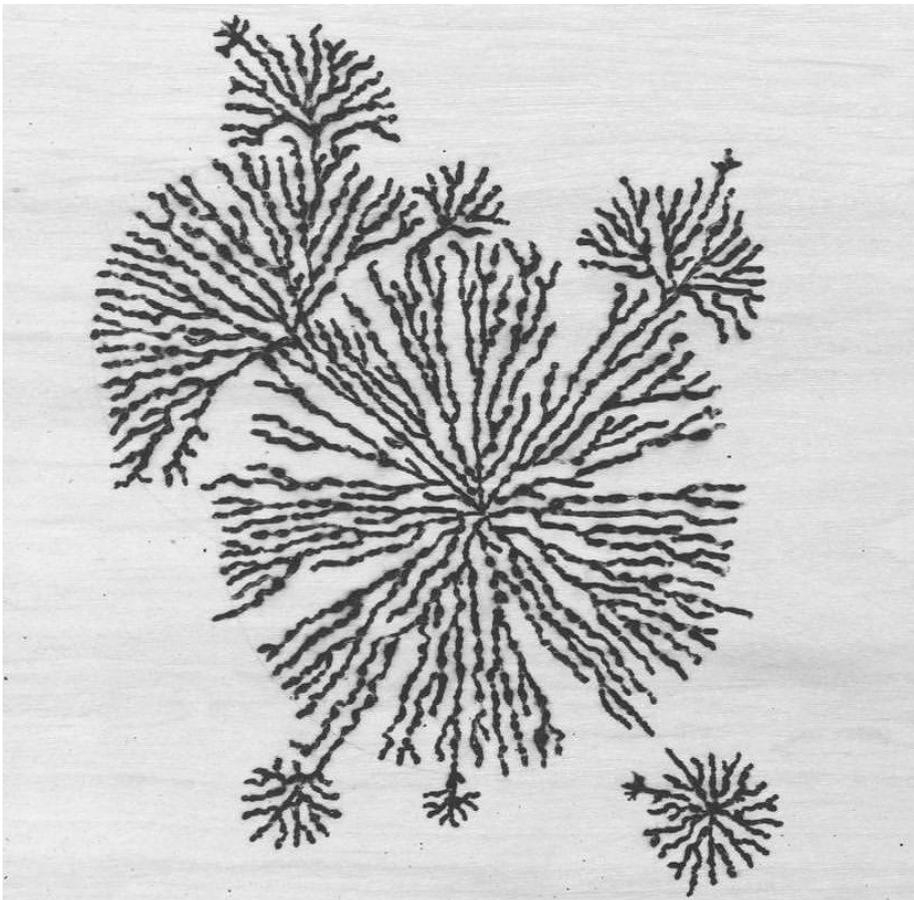
there is a peace and stillness here reminiscent of churches
of sacred ground...

the world recedes
peace grows...

roots reaching out
within glorious earth.



(Gary Rogers)



(Ricky Turner)

Penelope Pinhead in 2 Chapters (Carita Birch - poems and art)

Chapter 1

A little ditty about Chapter 1 of my 2nd Life:

When the light turned out - finding pinhead

There is little humour
In a brain tumour.

They're not teasing
about focal seizing.

There's no pills
for a lack of executive functioning skills.

It's pretty rude
when you can't control your mood.

It's not a joke
to have your driver's licence revoked.

It's nothing short of a shock
You quickly take stock.

The right frontal lobe from where treasured
creative thinking skills sit
is being slowly invaded by an insidious git.

So I extracted myself from work and from
friends
To sit on the mountain and start to make
amends
with myself, my thoughts, my dreams and my
health,
enacting radical self-care, with radical stealth.

'Make friends with the tumour' they said,
So I called it Penelope Pinhead,
in an attempt to make it seem tiny, female and
cute
rather than a big blobby growing brute.

I began loving the pinhead, thanked it for its
presence.
It taught me that I had lost my essence.

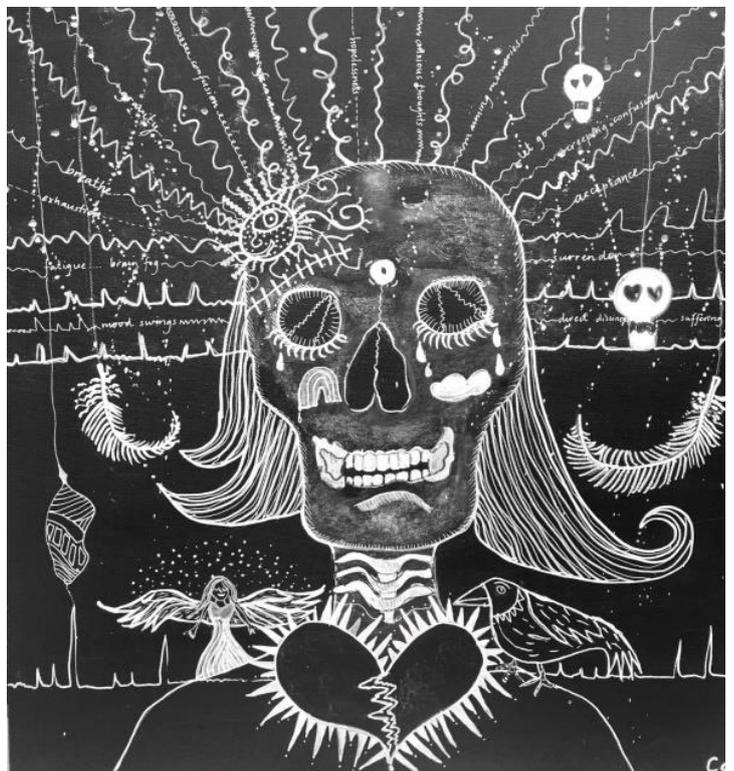
It shocked me into changing my life as a whole
I had neglected my self, my heart, my soul.

I went deep, I went dark, down the deepest hole.
My body became an empty void, a vacuum of soul.
It was three torturous months in the waiting room
The mountain became my safe cocoon.

I re-imagined my future, healthy and free
I shone my own light in the dark, so I could see...
that I would be safe, whatever transpires
I had slowly re-kindled my inner fire.

The first chapter over, a grand transformation, a new day
Ready for a plan, not a problem, knowing I can face any
hurdles that get in the way
of ME and my own blinding bright inner light.

It's not the end, but the beginning, It's all alright, all right.



Chapter 2

Lessons learned stuck in the waiting room with the Pinhead.

AKA: The Surrender

We sat together, the pinhead and I
In a long waiting room
I cannot lie..
I felt inhabited, invaded and stuck
Sitting with her
was uncomfortable as f*&#.

The room seemed grim, ugly and long.
A dark river of water.
The current was strong.
We worked to make this time make sense
by figuring out together
that one day this would all be past tense.

We would look back and laugh
at our time together, as like climbing onto a life raft
holding tight with no rudder or mast.

The raft was a gift.
We got on for the ride,
Preparing for a new life, to sift..
through all the priorities of my life.
Time to get things sorted,
to do what is right?

There was time to take sight and look straight ahead,
to envision a whole new incredible life
without dread.

Along the river I planted the seeds
of health, vitality and freedom.
That's all I would need.
I had to surrender, to let it flow,
trust that I was safe
That I would know....
to be free of spirit, to love, to have a grateful heart.

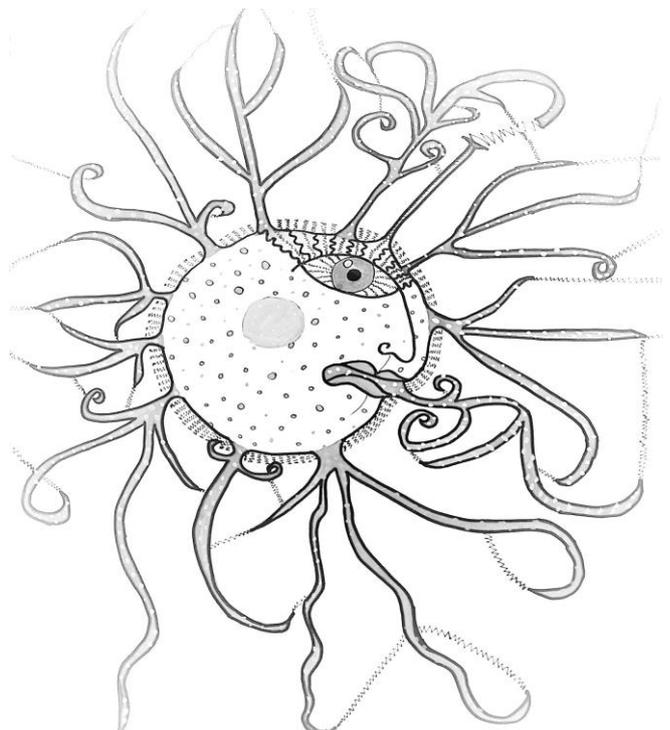
To remember my soul's desires
of alchemy and art.

To live in the moment, be completely present.
Don't look back, look forward
was our lesson.

Love yourself, nourish your body and soul.
Maintain your boundaries.
Become more whole.
Bathe in nature, it feeds your spirit,
reminds you who you are, where you came from
and where you fit.
Reach out to your loved ones, let them help and
support.
Friends and family are your life line.
A port in the storm.

I became free on that life raft, the future looked
grand.
At the end of the river was a vision of confidence
in my surgeon's deft hands.
Penelope Pinhead would finally be fully revealed.
No longer the problematic, enigmatic being
I have loved, hated, feared and revered.

I have courage and hope where there once was
gripping fear.
I'm embracing the next chapter of life,
When a clear plan for the future without the pinhead
is near.



Board of Directors Meeting Minutes, February 2023

Opening:

The meeting of the MNAAA Board was called to order at 4:00 PM on January 3, 2022 by Dale, member from Fernlands Road.

Present:

Dale (Member from Fernlands Road), Ken (Member from the Blocks), Robert (Member from Forestry Road), Bob (Member from the Blocks), Nick (Bob's Mate)

Apologies:

Ackerman (in Hong Kong and teleconference facility doesn't work in Dale's shed)

A) Determination of Presiding Officers

It was agreed that Dale would preside over the meeting as he was less prone to "zoning" out.

B) Election of Executive Officers

After discussing the duties and responsibilities of each role within the board, each member agreed to the following assignments:

- Dale - Chairman
- Ken - Vice Chair
- Robert - Treasurer
- Bob - Secretary
- Ackerman - Member at Large

C) New Business

- Before this evening's festivities begin, the treasurer reports that after two years we have \$32 in the treasury account. As a reminder, our 2022 goal is to buy an actual telescope since ex-member Rick passed out and smashed into the old one that we got from the tip.
- Second order of business is to ensure tonight's alibi's cross check. Ken, your tire will go flat and Robert will have to stay back and fix it. The chair has already had the foresight to set up that he's helping Bob with the fence that Robert will smash into so we are good. Nick has been advised that he is on his own and to be sure that his alibi doesn't conflict with ours (like last time) and he gets sin binned for the next two meetings.
- A vote to change our name to the Mount Nebo Social Club was taken on account we still do not have an actual telescope and our significant others are getting suspicious. 3 votes no, 1 vote yes, 1 abstention. The board agreed to resolve that an astronomy club was far more dignified than "just a normal piss-up in Dale's shed". Motion carried, we remain the Mount Nebo Amateur Astronomy Club.
- A vote was taken to ensure Bob, founding Member from the Blocks, only has 12 stubbies on account of his undignified behavior at the last meeting. 4 votes yes, 1 vote no. Motion carried. Dale to get his ratchet straps from his ute before we commence this evenings' stargazing.
- A motion was moved and seconded to ensure that all members brought their own toilet paper (except for Nick, Bob's mate, who wasn't told and didn't know what he was getting into until we got to the Chairman's shed and it got too dark). While on the topic of emergency evacuation, it was discussed that the Chairman's "Long Drop" was unusable as it was too infested with spiders and so shovels will be set next to the tractor. Members advised to approach on the right and walk around the tractor. A note will be put on the tractor reminding the Chairman to approach the tractor from the left.
- Robert stated that he would have his son file the ASIC forms and perform the End-Of-Year financial report. That means Robert needs to take the coffee tin tonight/tomorrow with all the gold coins so we ask all members to update the IOU's and put them in the tin for Robert's son.
- After reviewing the 2015 financial records it was determined that 6 of 6 members have not

paid their dues. As all members in arrears are in attendance it was agreed that IOU's would be put in the tin for 2022. Except for Ackerman who just got the role at Deacons in their commercial branch in Hong Kong (congratulations Ackerman!). The Board resolved that Ackerman pay all his IOU's. Motion carried, seconded. When Ackerman gets back he owes us the shrapnel in the seat of his new black car.

- The chair advised that: *“Currently, Mount Nebo Astronomy Club (Amateur) Statute 720.306 (1) requires that voting members with membership in arrears forfeit the voting privileges (unless an IOU is chucked in the tin)”* If you add up the IOU's we have \$236, which is enough to buy a telescope. Almost near the goal boys!
- Review of the current service providers
 - Kubota ride-a-mower belt needs replacing that we all borrowed from Ackerman before he went O.S.. Kubota is at Nick's house now.
- Someone borrowed the Stihl whipper snipper from the P&C shed and so a special sub-committee will be actioned to investigate this serious mystery. Ken, member from the blocks and president of the P&C, will head this special sub-committee.
- It is advised that no member of the MNAAAC should hold a public office as last time Nick was here he had his iphone and took photos of our proceedings where things got out of hand quickly with the fire and the burning tyre. The other Bob brought forward a motion where we use alias' but that was quickly shot down when we tried to remember whose alias was who's so the board resolved to use **Chatham House Rule** with our real names and hide Nick's iphones. 4 votes yes, 1 vote no.
- In addition the board resolved to bring a teapot or some coffee to the next meeting so we could caffeinated quickly and straighten out. Members of the board will take turns bringing a hot beverage.

D) Special Projects (Membership Drive)

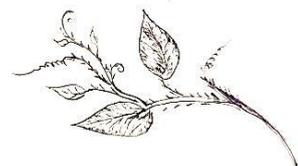
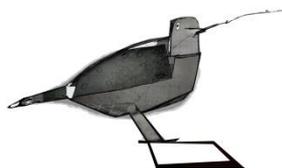
- Robert is taking the lead on the recruiting drive and ensuring everyone's background checks out so they can be on the up-and-up. Robert wants to put an ad in the paper advertising how wholesome stargazing could be with family around but that was quickly shot down when Ken showed us the scars from the last meeting. So the current plan is to ask around and see who is not doing anything like usual. Bob wants to bring in a consultant and as long as it does not negatively impact our finances or stack more IOU's in the tin the board thinks it is a good idea.

E) Next Meeting Dates and Time

It was agreed to have the board meetings on the 2nd Tuesday every other month at 4:00 pm to late in the Chairman's shed, unless it is the evening his Mrs. is doing the jewelry making workshop and then it will be the week after.

F) Adjournment

At 5:40 PM, Dale made a motion to adjourn the meeting, Bob seconded it and the first stubby was cracked.



Storm at Ang Ville. (Darryl Richard Aubrey O'Brien)

Once, when eight, Aubrey had been hit by a bigger boy at school and held down ignominiously by a smaller one and hit so many times about the head that both ears finally lost their sense.

However, the sound was replaced. Replaced, as one allergy is cured, the body immediately creates a brand-new allergy. Here in each ear, his hearing was replaced by a fresh, powerful sense.

Sometime later, it was a day unlike any other and the darkness of green clouds would be gathered behind a curtain of impending doom. At the same time, nearby at the local railway station, the force of storm would rush through to knock over the frailer ones and make the bigger ones wish they had been put to the ground.



Ang Ville railway station had been placed somewhat askew, somewhat un-parallel to the track. An impossibly, quantifiable God had made sure that this was a place in providence where would stand a particular group of platformed passengers, to witness the meaning of their unintentional dis-redemption. There would be no recovery for a collection of minds that would shatter in an experience that hadn't been pulled out of indication nor any rabbits' chapeaux, nor lightly imagined, except by Aubrey, standing with them, awaiting the result of his power, to precipitously manifest the overwhelming crescendo of a great storm.

At first though, with lots of people and his mother there on the platform was our Aubrey, anticipating, staring peripherally and nervously at a rapidly approaching tempest. With sound nowhere around, he reified the black mass, which no one else in their ordinariness or to any clarification of their soon-to-be necessity for safety, would apparently sense at all. His absence of hearing in a mute world filled his resourcefulness with portents of magic and tragedy that increased as the tremendous force primed the thunder into its great, imminent bellow, and its angry lightning into its proper place overhead, while the consulting wisdom gave the all clear to vertically embrace his fracture of the *sky-barnacle*.

Seconds before the storm began Aubrey initiated a rage inside and out. His mouth was cranked to its limit, full of gobbling blackbirds. Only an obscure pointlessness posted caution to the quiet lucidity of nature and her divine presence.

The station was encapsulated by a long scream of Aubrey's defiance of a world that had abandoned him. This abandonment of society's niceties was particularly observed by a single, maternal witness of extreme bias. She had so many times admonished and strapped it out of her son with that endless strictness of Reminder's Lash. This, as usual, was barbed in salty disappointment as she spat at him a low comment about his true birth. It could be said that her son had been nourished, not just by the sour drippings of a mother's full tit, but damned by the rest of Life whose destiny would flambé his luck and drag from his mother her dark depths, in a cruelty composed of the invented innocence of her own guilt.

Aubrey had for some years spotted the disgust of home's, infantile circus. All were composed in his fancy of letters of the alphabet, drowning with him under the line, struggling always to get back to the surface of their word. His stammered mind was woven by defence, constructed from a dominating perimeter of intellectual insulation, and specifically designed by his mother to terminate at the hurt of his interior child. Ever since that beating, he would be flourished by an itch in an unbroken infinitude and rarely to a moment, that it be *in its reason*, be ever at all, helped by a scratch.

Aubrey and rebelliousness were the targets of his mother, she snapped, raced through the crowd, grabbed him by the neck, and threw him onto the train tracks; somehow effortlessly in time for the wheels of the train, and just in time for the helm of the storm. The heavens broke open, fractured by an immediate revulsion in its gathering. Countless lightning bolts joined the sky to the earth. Crack! Strike! Time was fusing the past into the future. The present lay open, its guts wrenched out by a mysterious force, instigated by a dark green dynamism that came from the boy. His life was finished, his essence reaped the wild winds of desire as his body, crippled by a locomotive fed the storm that destroyed everything.

Then, the page was turned over, and something was exposed from a single, piece of paper that floated so slowly down onto the scene, and it read:

The reality of one's severe determination.

Wait-a-while (Lucy Francis)

Running . Away from - he can't even think of that, he just has to run, to escape. As he goes further, the sound of whispering, hissing and pissing becomes a thrumming. Must go on. Thrumming is now a pounding. The waterfall is master of this place – it protects itself. The water crashes, a long drop to the large rocks below him. Sweating in the humid forest cover, he slips and grabs. Prickles sting his palms but he grasps tightly; he cannot, must not fall– slippery rocks, scrabbling feet, bloody grip. Trapped. The more he struggles, the worse it becomes. The more entangled he becomes. The biting, scratching thorns and barbs of the plant. The dark closes in, desperation begins.

His own scream wakes him. In his air-conditioned room, he lies panting covered in a sweat that chills him. It's been every night like this. Sleeping pills just trapped him longer in nightmares. Those dreams, and a fear he doesn't understand which haunts him. The more he sleeps the worse it is, but the less he sleeps the worse he is. There doesn't seem to be escape. Real life has its own terrors. He stares at his phone waiting for the alarm that will make things that bit more normal, a routine. First online meeting at 7.30. His computer beeps and bleeps and pings. It used to inspire and motivate him, but now the endless stupid issues of office politics just annoy him. The pay is great, so there's no reason to complain. He stares at the four walls of this, his home office; just another day, another hotel room - all the same.

No sooner does he think that it's probably too early to phone Mira when she calls.

"Hi dar .er .Peter." she knows better than to call him darling. He finds those terms of endearment trite and false, so easy to say to everyone, never meaning anything.

"I miss you."

"Me too." he answers.

"I just woke up and I want you in bed beside me."

He can envision her dark hair fanned against the pale pillow, her sleepy eyes blinking a morse code of desire.

"Me too"

His palms itch and tingle, and he scratches at the tiny punctures. Reminds himself it was just a dream.

"Are you okay? You don't sound great. When will I see you again?"

"Work's still pretty hectic. I'll let you know. Sorry got to get started."

Life is full of knots, nets and traps. He cannot untangle it all. Everybody, everything tangled in tiny chains, soft strong ribbons and big ropy vines. How do you find the one true cord to cling to, the lifeline that drags you out from drowning? Perhaps Mira is that good thread worth holding onto, the one that leads him out of the fog and gloom. So why does he always pull away from her?

Other girlfriends have accused him of being distant, not capable of being part of that entity "a couple". He's watched them drift away with equanimity. But Mira is either extremely determined or really understands and cares. Both options are disquieting.

"Love you."

"Me too."

++++++

"This is a great team-building exercise. Get you all out from your offices and into the wild."

He tries to stifle a snort; a loud group walking along a tourist track in office shoes is not his idea of the wild.

“Did you know Peter grew up in the rainforest?”

“Oh wow, you’ll love this tour, Peter. You can tell us more about the forest while we walk.”

“So Peter, can you tell us anything about this tree?”

“Well actually, it’s not really a tree. It’s a vine.”

“I bet he just googled that.” comes the snide loud whisper.

“Well, Ali, I think you’ll find your phone doesn’t work in the forest.” the group huddles panicked grabbing at their phones, unsettled at being briefly disconnected. A small moment of triumph, this is his kind of place.

“And it’s a strangler vine – slowly it winds around a tree and grows up until the tree is dead and the vine becomes a huge plant having taken everything from the tree it used.”

“I’ve known women like that!” Steve always has to open his mouth about his exploits. Steve has tried with all the women in the company with no success. Ironically, Peter’s detachment seems to get more interest than Steve’s machismo.

“Yeah .Sounds like my wife.” Ronan rarely says much, but the strain of his current divorce has been evident. No one is sure whether to laugh or commiserate. Her career has taken off, while his frequent absences to look after the children have put his job in jeopardy. Team-building can hardly be important to him when soon he may no longer be part of the team, whatever that is.

For a while, they walk in relative silence, broken by the constant furtive bleeps of everyone re-checking their phones for reception. Ali is the first one to break from the path; she is as sharp-eyed as she is sharp-tongued. Holding her phone in front of her face, something is photo-worthy. Peter sees her crouch and move forward, low near the ground, eyes focussed on her phone.

“Stop there.” he calls.

“What? You’ve ruined my shot! It ran away, you idiot! ..OWW.” She stood up too quickly.

Carefully Peter approaches her and uses his shirt as a glove to lift away the plant that caught on her hair, scalp and sleeves.

“It’s wait-a-while. I didn’t want you to get scratched”

There’s a small cut near her eyebrow which starts bleeding.

“Thanks a lot. Now I am scratched AND I didn’t get the photo.” She puts her hand to her face and sees the blood on her fingers. The horror of a small disfigurement stuns her. “I’m bleeding!”

“Better get that seen to – Jared has the first aid kit.”

Noisily she stomps off to re-join the group. He watches them move on. It’s not his forest, the one where he grew up; but it is like a language he knows and it speaks to him. He stands still, indecisive, torn. How could they (his office world) come into this, his other world? As though just by being here, they infected it, diminished it, and caused some subtle damage.

He stares at the plant – wait a while.

Slowly he lowers himself to the ground and sits, eyes never moving from the spiky fern.

He lets his hands rest inside the leaves and decaying matter, the life-giving humus. The smell of the soil, all the living things – taking deep breaths seem to feed a hunger that he hadn’t known he had.

He sits still.

The wallaby is there and comes close. That must have been what she was trying to photograph. In his pocket is his phone. It would be a victory of sorts to take the shot she missed. He doesn’t move, just stays still. A blank gaze that allows him to see without looking.

A bird hops on the ground a metre from him, a tree creeper maybe. A catbird calls somewhere high and close. A second wallaby approaches from behind and he feels its movement beside him. If he reached out his hand, he could pat it, so close he can feel its living warmth. He just stays, unmoving. What if the group left without him? Would they notice? He finds that he wouldn't care, content right where he is. The idea of a long walk to the nearest suburb doesn't bother him. "Guess I'm just not a team-player."

He hears Jared's voice calling "Peter? Peter?" Approaching footsteps.

"Ok, get up and get on." And as he leaves the forest floor, it feels like something of him remains there, embedded in the ground. And then that feeling of losing something. He charges ahead and starts to catch up with the group. Then he stops; slashes his arm violently against a nearby spiked stalk. With an extra act of bravado he kneels close and moves his face close to the plant and lets it puncture his cheek. The sting feels satisfying, he has marked himself with part of the forest. He has to stop himself from rubbing dirt in his wounds to complete what feels like a ritual of connection. "Sorry, Jared, I got caught. Guess I'm not such a forester after all."

His arm is bleeding through his shredded shirt sleeve. His face has light scratches. With the leaves and dirt in his hair and on his clothes, it makes for a dramatic entrance and a great excuse for being delayed. It also takes attention away from Ali, who has been repeatedly asking if she needs stitches and will she have a scar. Everyone's been waiting for her threat of litigation for a minor cut that will be gone in 2 days. Peter laughs inside thinking how one lawyer vine can lead her to another lawyer vine.

From then on the topic of "wait-a while" is all anyone would discuss and when re-united with their precious reception, all phones are on dedicated searches in a bid for upmanship. On the phone that night, Peter tells Mira everything about his day. She laughs with him about Ali, understands when he describes his time alone and exclaims "Oh Peter!" when he tells her about his pretend accident. Not long after, they sit together in the forest. To his great relief she doesn't speak and only moves to hold his hand.

One month later, Peter and Mira are visiting her parents at their rose farm. Everywhere there is an abundance of blooms in every shade of white, yellow, pink and red, even a mauve variety her father treasures. There are roses that cover the ground, large trees with blooms that fly high, reaching upwards to stand out against the bright blue sky, and roses that climb. It is to one of these that Mira's father takes them: a beautiful wrought iron arch to which a delicate blooming rose clings and fills all spaces. Behind the arch is a beautiful vista of the valley below.

"I built this for you, Mira. I have waited so long for you to have someone as special as Peter in your life. "

He looks at them with the same adoration and pride he takes in his flowers.

"And when . . .". He pauses, and his face drops a bit "or if, you get married, wouldn't this be perfect?"

Peter stares at the sharp woody thorns on the rose. A nightmare vision of those branches reaching out, catching him, trapping him, his blood colouring the pale pink roses until they were all red. It seems like they want him to make a deadly promise.

Mira is staring at him intently.

"I think we might wait a while".



Mt Nebo State School: Principal's Report

For those of you that I am yet to meet my name is Robyn Burke and I am privileged to be the Principal at Mount Nebo State School. This is my 5th year in the role and I love having the opportunity to teach students three days a week.



This year our school has 36 students enrolled. We have 2 multi-aged classrooms as well as a large library and multi-media classroom. We are lucky enough to have full time teacher-aides in our classrooms each day, supporting the individual needs of our students to realise their full potential.

Our students are respectful, responsible, kind and safe learners. These are the values our students follow each day. **Our school mantra is Motivated Students, Nurturing Staff, Supportive parents and community = Successful Students.**

Mount Nebo students are so lucky to have a beautiful forest surrounding the school and we take advantage of learning outdoors whenever we can. Term One has already been a busy one for our students with the introduction of the Stephanie Alexander Kitchen Garden, our continuation of Forest School and many other exciting learning opportunities both inside the classroom and in our natural environment, all promoting literacy and numeracy development.

Our dedicated P&C will hold a 'Movie on the Oval' evening on Saturday 18th March from 4pm. Everyone is welcome to attend with food and beverages being available to purchase. This will be a great opportunity for community members to get together and support our school. This year we are raising funds for educational resources, including musical instruments, books for our library and on enhancing our kitchen-garden program. Each year the P and C assists with the cost of transport to swimming and excursions.

Many of you may have seen our new electronic sign on which we advertise many school events. We also offer the use of our sign for the advertising of community events. Please feel free to contact me by email at rburk10@eq.edu.au or phone the office on 3289 8162, if you would like to make use of this method of advertising or if you would like to become involved with our school.



Mount Nebo State School has the oldest school building still in use in QLD

Mount Nebo Resident's Association

1 MARCH 2023 AGM MEETING HIGHLIGHTS:

The President thanked all the volunteers and committee members who had contributed to a successful year of social events and fund-raising. The new 2023 MNRA Committee comprises:



- President Julia Hocking
- Vice President Carmel Black
- Secretary Fiona David
- Treasurer Karen Mungomery

Discussions with MBRC re a suitable location for Disaster Management radios and batteries.

The Rural Fire Brigade has done hazard reduction burns and QA assist operations.

Applications for grants have been lodged or being investigated for:

- 1) Vegetation and wildlife audits, and nature trails in the vacant part of hall land.
- 2) Playground & hall improvements, ie shade sail, play equipment & sand pit, aircon, noticeboard, shed, blue room flooring, gutter guard.
- 3) Series of performances / events at Mt Nebo hall
- 4) Series of markets at the hall.

An Entertainment Sub-committee is being formed to coordinate a variety of community events at the hall.

Email: mancom@mtnebo.org.au **Webpage:** www.mtnebo.org.au



Mount Glorious Community Association

FEBRUARY MEETING HIGHLIGHTS:

The committee renewed our insurance, submitted annual return and are improving some governance around our documentation such as role description.

There were discussions about preparing an annual budget. The committee would like to support local community project ideas and is working through the required steps for this to occur. Projects include things like a theatre production and library for the hall.

Comms activities are in process of being implemented. A balance between all communication channels is planned. Feedback welcome. There are some matters still requiring finalisation at the hall (such as the sliding door). Meetings continue with council about this. Aircraft Noise Advocacy continues following the opening of the 2nd Brisbane runway.

Email: mtgloriouscommunityassociation@outlook.com **Webpage:** mountglorious.org.au



Disaster Management for Mt Nebo and Mt Glorious

MBRC (Moreton Bay Regional Council) has two Community Disaster Management Teams on the mountain: Mt Glorious and Mt Nebo. Bruce Teakle is the Coordinator for Mt Glorious and Lynette Needham is the Deputy Coordinator. Cathy Rough is the Mt Nebo Coordinator with Lucy Francis and Andrea Mitchell as the Deputy Coordinators.

One of the roles we perform is to open the new Mt Glorious Hall as an evacuation centre and the Mt Nebo Hall as an information hub if they are needed during disasters. With the support of Vicki Anderson and Matt Peteranec from Councils Disaster Resilience and Recovery Team we undergo training, so we are prepared during disasters.

We would love to see new people on our teams. If you wish to volunteer for either the Mt Glorious or Mt Nebo team, please contact one of the people below.

- Bruce Teakle 0438746740 and Lynette Needham 0477660121
- Cathy Rough 0488517191, Lucy Francis 0409898249, Andrea Mitchell 0490400350.
- Vicki Anderson, Matt Peteranec 54332856

You can find the latest disaster information on Council's website:

<https://disaster.moretonbay.qld.gov.au/>

Anyone who is fully inducted as a volunteer into the Mt Glorious or Mt Nebo Community Disaster Management Team will have the opportunity to attend free First Aid and CPR training on the mountain on Wed morning, 3 May 2023, so get your details to us as soon as possible.

Being in Disaster Management (Lucy Francis)

I have personally experienced local events (from losing our sole water tank when a tree fell and also smashed through the living room, to the difficult decision of when to leave when there's a bushfire). That's mainly why I joined – to help others in these or other situations, particularly those who are vulnerable in our vulnerable community. Being part of disaster management has been far more than I expected!

As part of the local team, we get free training, specialised weather forecasts and more. But it can also be exciting and fun! Here are some of my highlights:

- Visiting the State Disaster Management Centre (which has the largest screen in Australia). The amount of information that comes in is mind-blowing.
- Attending a bushfire exercise with Bruce Teakle which involved so many different organisations. The adrenaline started to flow as it became increasingly real for us. Even with all the technology, the local knowledge from Bruce and me made a difference! Really reinforced the idea we all need to work together.
- The Big Map! There's this huge rug printed with an aerial view of the entire Moreton Bay region. You really have to see it -walking over it makes you feel like a giant.



Pointing out my house, I could squash it like a bug!

Cryptic Crossword

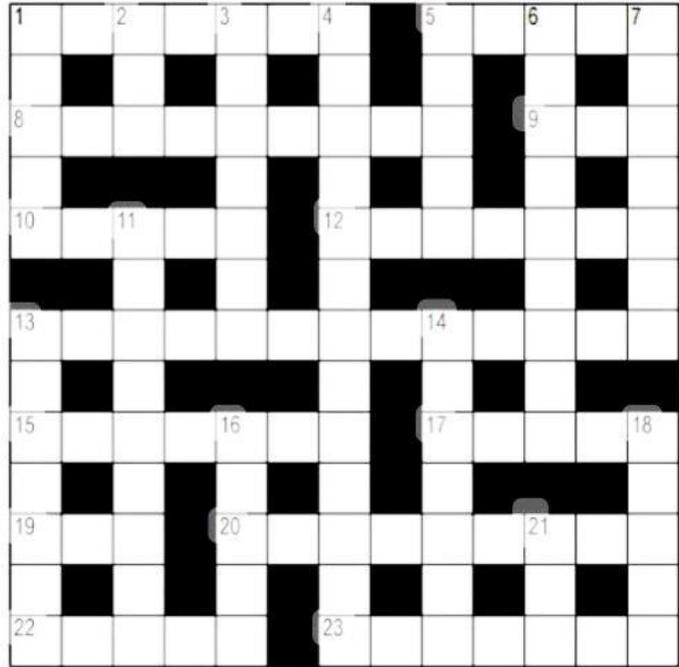
Setter: Sesquipedalian

Across

- 1. Dental base for local cover (7)
- 5. One who learns and sees (5)
- 8. They make our roads so hard (9)
- 9. Initially politicians idolise greed (3)
- 10. She disagrees with her French friend. (5)
- 12. Medicine with posh name. No guitar playing (7)
- 13. People who give us a pain here (5,8)
- 15. You have a nose for it. (6)
- 17. Bit of a small dilemma (5)
- 19. None of this self-possession here (3)
- 20. Irish poems to laugh at (8)
- 23. What our coffee shops do for us (7)

Down

- 1. Do we vote here (5)
- 2. You are one to leave the mountain. Return the tree! (3)
- 3. Don't leave the tap (7)
- 4. What might burn us to rubble (7,8)
- 5. No futures here. (5)
- 6. Father's drips from his eyes – mistaken for rheumatism (4, 5)
- 7. Lower limb connects me with you and me for healthy foods. (7)
- 11. We missed these out



- 13. Peace'n Choir – all of them (7)
- 14. No jokes, we don't have these birds here (2,5)
- 16. We do this together to complain about others driving as if they were in one (5)
- 18. With article, advice to male offspring: we don't want someone who burns to do this!
- 21. Have a cuppa? Chat without their leader

Word Quiz: do you know what these words refer to?

- ? Phascogale
- ? Boobook
- ? Wompoo
- ? Garumngar
- ? Pobblebonk
- ? Melomys
- ? Spotted dog
- ? Dray
- ? Antechinus
- ? Rezzos

Q: What is this?



Crossword Solutions. Across: 1. Gumtree 5. Pupil 8. Engineers 9. Pig 10. Naomi 12. Nostrum 13. Sting planters 15. Nostril 17. Lemma 19. Ego 20. Limerick 22. Sassy 23. Sustain Down: 1. Green 2. Mug 3. Running 4. Eternal flames 5. Pasts 6. Pops Rheum 7. Legumes 11. Omissions 13. Singers 14. No Larks 16. Rally 18. Arson 21. Cha

Local Groups:

Glorious Theatre Project – first rehearsal, 6.30 April 19th at Mount Glorious Hall. Contact Margit Klee (Radcliffe) on 0410030870

MEPA: Mountain Environmental Protection Association. Website: www.mepainc.org.au
email: mepa.enquiries@gmail.com

Mobile Library: The Moreton Bay Regional Council has a Mobile Library van which visits the mountain every two weeks on a Wednesday at:

- Mt Glorious Hall (10:30 am to 12:00 pm)
- outside Mt Nebo Hall (1:30 to 3:00 pm).

Mount Glorious Community Association - Yoga, Zumba, table tennis and more are held at Mt Glorious Hall. **Email:** mtgloriouscommunityassociation@outlook.com **web:** mountglorious.org.au

Mountain Music Club – a community platform for expression of all the arts (music, poetry, singing, writing, comedy etc.) It allows community members to present or perform their work in front of an audience. The goals are performance confidence, testing material, jamming and fun! The benefits are friendships, sense of community connections, collaborations and the magic of performance as a participant and as member of the audience. 3rd Saturday of every month, 4-7pm.

Mount Nebo Resident's Association – Pub nights first Friday of every month. Yoga, zumba, and more held at Mt Nebo Hall. **Email:** mancom@mtnebo.org.au **Webpage:** www.mtnebo.org.au

Mountain Play Group A place your 0-5 year old can have unstructured play time with others in nature. Come make a connection in natural surrounds and let your child explore their senses. Every Thursday 9am - 11am. For details contact Crystal Crosthwaite on 0478173846 or find us on Facebook @ Glorious Nebo Bush Play Group.

Peace 'N' Choir on 7:30pm every Thursday night (Mt Nebo Hall) and open to people of all skill levels. Contact choir leader Ann Bermingham at annpbermingham@outlook.com

Rural Fire Brigade: 1947 Mount Nebo Rd, mtneborfb@gmail.com

So many other local groups and communities: from cockatoos to goannas. Tell us about your locals!



Local Directory

ACCOMODATION

Maiala Park Lodge: a bespoke accommodation venue where you can just be.

Email: hello@maialaparklodge.com.au

<http://www.maialaparklodge.com.au/>

Mt Nebo Railway Carriage and Chalet

Phone 07 3289 8129

Email railwaycarriage@bigpond.com

Turkey's Nest Rainforest Cottages Peaceful, private accommodation set in 15 acres of Mt Glorious rainforest. Phone 3289 0004 for bookings www.turkeysnest.com

ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE

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Acupuncture & Structural Bodywork phone Annie Meredith on 0414 873 608

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Contact Details: 0475087761

ELECTRICIAN

Kevin Ashworth

Glorious/Nebo electrician

Ph: 0474690301

kmashworth@gmail.com

FIREWOOD

John Nicklin - ute load of hardwood

Ph: 3289 0156

HAIR

Vanessa Kennedy Mobile Hairdressing services

Ph: 0450036015 Holistichairdressingservices@gmail.com

J.P. (JUSTICE OF THE PEACE), C.DEC (COMMISSIONER OF DECLARATIONS)

Maureen Boddington (C.Dec) - Mt Glorious

A CDec can: witness documents, statutory declarations, and affidavits, witness and administer oaths and affirmations, and certify a true copy of an original document..

Ph: 3289 0272

Alison Cavanagh

Ph: 0431 021 502

Maggi Scattini (J.P.) - Mt Nebo

Ph: 3289 8175

MASSAGE

Michele Hobart

Mt Nebo Rd, Mt Nebo

Remedial massage therapist with full health cover rebates.

Ph: 0407 662 044

Mt Nebo Massage - Peter Thompson

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