



NEWSLETTER

NO. 46

FEBRUARY, 1990.

Genealogical Society of Victoria
Mid-Gippsland Group

CHAIRMAN: Mr. Greg Sephton, Boolarra 051 69 6285
SECRETARY: Miss. Melinda Van Klaveren 051 33 9918

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETINGS:

At the November Annual General Meeting of the Mid-Gippsland Group of the Genealogical Society of Victoria, the following motions were moved by the members:

1. Annual General Meeting of the Mid-Gippsland Group of the Genealogical Society of Victoria, to be held on the night of the July meeting of the group to be consistent with the financial year.
2. That the following year's programme be organised on a calendar year basis (Jan-Dec). It was formatted by the executive and presented to the members at the November general meeting.

Due to the above motion - SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE PERIOD January to June 1990 will be as follows:
\$5-00 for single membership and \$6-00 for a family membership.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS:

Following the Annual General Meeting held on the 23rd November, 1989, listed below are the Committee Members for the period of January to June 1990.

CHAIRPERSON: Greg Sephton
SNR. VICE-CHAIRPERSON: Bill White
SECRETARY: Melinda Van Klaveren
TREASURER: Jeannie Drane
LIBRARIAN: Florence Butcher
ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS: Betty Musgrove and Shirley Connaghan
PUBLIC RELATIONS: Bill White
PUBLICITY OFFICER: Dawn Cowley
SUPPER ORGANISER: Fiona Kemsley
NEWSLETTER COMMITTEE: Karen Healy and Laraine Ramselaar
ANCESTOR REPORT: Lyn Sephton
RESEARCH OFFICERS: Don Macreadie with others in specific localities.

1990 PROGRAM

ear Bar-b-que in the Rose Garden of the
.E. at 7.30 P.M.

e-acquaintance Night"

hop Night at the G.I.A.E.
e in program for this evening.

er, Dawn Cowley -
"Genealogical Resources"

night-Topics, Mormon Library,
atherine's House, Kew Library.

hop night including a talk on
is the P.R.O."

logical "Trivial Pursuit Night"
talk, "What is the Latrobe Library"

1 General Meeting, followed by the
meeting. (Supper meeting.)

er, Patrick Morgan, Centre for Gippsland
es. (Topic to be arranged.)

ry discovery night
talk "What is A.I.G.S."

Seminar, only one speaker.

oom night, bring a treasure to "Show
ell!"

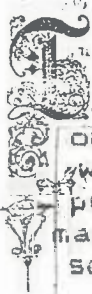
vities: - Visit B.A.R.C.
Bus to G.S.V./P.R.O.
Elephant Game
(Linley Hooper)

HAZELWOOD CEMETERY, PAUSING AMONGST THE COMMAS , , ,

(The following essay, by local poet John Kyd, recently took out first place in the descriptive-writing category at the annual Fellowship of Australian Writers literary Awards).

"I, born of flesh and ghost, was neither
A ghost nor man, but mortal ghost
And I was struck down by death's feather."

-Dylan Thomas

N THIS AGE of perverted archeology where we're digging our own graves with missile-silos and fallout-shelters, and where we're playing ecological roulette with ozone-depleting pollution and deforestation, I come here to escape from the madness of it all and to commune with silence - the sepulchral silence of the tomb.

While everyone else is frantically scurrying about to buy their last minute quick-picks for Saturday night's record jackpot, I go to a Tattsletto draw of a different kind, where, if your number comes up you lose, here where the slow mosses weave across the headstones and the old-fashioned cast-iron lace grave-railings rust in peace...

Like giant chess pieces with which Christians try to play death at his own game, Hazelwood's towering crucifixes and sooty-winged angels give this picturesque cemetery a quaint Old-World charm, a blend of time and history, its weather-worn monuments bleached by uncounted summer suns and stained by more than a century of Gippsland winters.

I wander pensive as a pallbearer amongst the obelisks and pedestaled urns that overlook the older, hilltop section, the long forsaken grave-beds haggard and overgrown, and out of which trumpet daffodils sprout like heralds of the Last Judgement. Here and there I pause, and bend down to make out a barely readable epitaph - that long-distance granite telegram of our forefathers that invariably bespoke of a rustic resignation, the rock-of-ages faith of persons who went confidently, if not willingly, to their Maker. I strut along, withdrawn and Hamlet-like, muttering brooding soliloquys to myself, the mid-summer air fizzing with the death-drone of hatching cicadas - broken only by the occasional weekend speed-boat zooming across the waters of the nearby Hazelwood Pondage.

And here, too, in this demilitarized zone of worldly immunity, one comes to escape from the fast-food cues, the traffic-jams, and the dizzying St. Vitus dance of an ever accelerating rat race. Here one comes to get away from the deadlines and the timetables and to see through the vanity of it all. For here, in this country graveyard, amongst these sad souvenirs of yesteryear, these tiny punctuation marks - shall we call them commas? - amid the centuries, there is only nothingness: nothing but the quiet passing of time...

Time, that thief who steals the gold coinage of our youth and leaves us with the miserly short-change of old age. To be sure, just when we're starting to get the hang of life, it's all over bar the burying. The world might have been a stage for Shakespeare, but to me it's a kitchen: where people come and go and cannot stay long enough to work out the rhyme or reason of it all. The fact is, no one really, in spite of all progress, knows any better what lies behind the dream of life than did people in the days of Job or in the days of the Pharaohs.

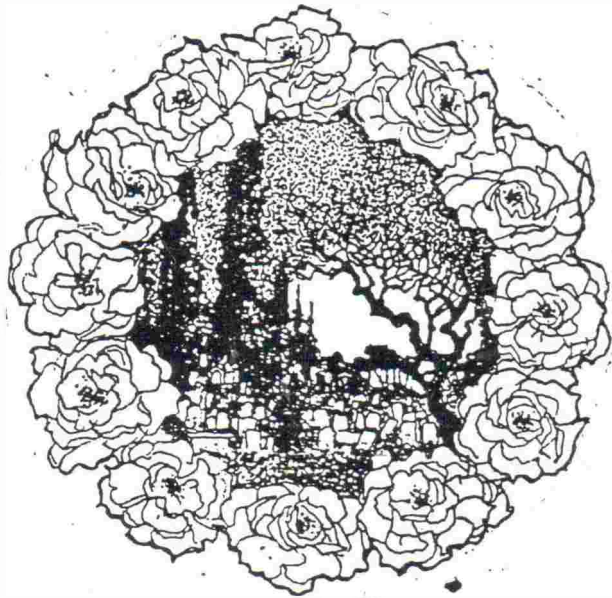
All we can be sure of is that on a certain day all days become certain - that, sooner or later, it all ends in some grave in some cemetery. From the high-chair to the wheel-chair, from the basket to the casket, we cannot escape from the awful curse of our own mortality. Still over our heads and under our feet stretches the incredible monstrosity of boundless space. Still before us and between us stretches the incredible monstrosity of boundless time. Still when we sink into our minds we find the movements of consciousness itself turning eternally in one and the same fatal circle. Life goes on; the mourners become the mourned; the cycle repeats itself over and over ad infinitum... - and that's all about it!

Places like Stonehenge and The Great Pyramid of King Cheops accentuate this transience and insignificance of a human life. One is so dwarfed by the magnitude and age of ancient Egypt that it crushes your individuality - while generation after generation come and go, the 5000 year old pyramid has kept its Sphinx-like silence. On a smaller scale, the 100 year old monuments in the Hazelwood Cemetery teach the same timeless moral.

And now as I was nearing the exit-gates, dusk was creeping across the sky like a closing eyelid as peace, soft as a lace curtain, fell over the graveyard. And in the trees the cicadas were singing their sad-sweet requiem, and with hardly a hint of their early deaths. It seemed as if to give voice to the unspeakable pathos of everything; it was a song beyond human comprehension or solution - tragic, and yet, paradoxically, at the same time so strangely beautiful.

Just like life.

-John Kyd



Footnote: John Kyd is the author of 4 books of poetry: "Diary"(1976); "Proud Words on a Dusty Shelf"(1977); "The Blade of Damocles"(1979); and "The Black Art"(1980). Should anyone wish to obtain a copy of one of his books they can write directly to John Kyd, P.O. Box 482, Morwell, 3840.

John Ansell

Photography

COPY & RESTORATION OF OLD PHOTOGRAPHS

We have available an expert service to restore & Copy your old, faded or damaged photographs. As a special offer for society members a 20% discount on all copy & restoration work will apply. Call in and see us now for an obligation free quotation.

CITY CENTRE ARCADE
HOTHAM STREET
TRARALGON 051 74 7714

Contributions are accepted in good faith and the Newsletter Committee do not accept responsibility for accuracy of information or opinions expressed.

Compiled for the
Mid-Shippisland Group - G.S.V
by the Newsletter Committee

Mrs. Karen Healy and
Mrs. Laraine Ramselaar

P. O. Box 622 MOE Vic 3825