



Summer Newsletter 2017

The last three months have passed in a technicolour blur, a flurry of school programs, holiday Stage I's, Stage II's, Stage III's, Open Day and multiple work parties. And through all of this the message that keeps playing in the forefront of our minds is how completely invaluable the Wollangarra community is. And what a wonderful feeling it is to be a part of. As we near the end of our first six months as Directors, we're beginning to see familiar faces as we walk the streets of Heyfield and are hearing familiar voices on the end of the ever ringing Wollangarra phone.

Each week we sit down the young people and introduce

the story of Wollangarra's community, how people gave up their weekends to put together Wollangarra piece by piece. We talk about the incredible local supporters, those who donate their time to service our tractor, those who provide cups of tea, a meal and even a place to rest our weary heads, those who give us infinite advice on livestock and so much more.

We talk about the community that comes from further afield. Those who make the way up for work parties and spend their long weekends, in the kitchen, fixing our phone lines, or helping net fruit trees. There's the council, the ex-staff, the young people, parents and everyone else far and wide all of these group are vital to Wollangarra,

Looking closer, how can we thank the integral part of our community, the incredible people



who have given their last 12 months to Wollangarra? There really aren't words to describe the impact they have had on so many young people. There are no words to define all the blood, sweat and tears they have given to Wollangarra during their time here. And there's no

words that can show how much we value and appreciate the way they've helped and welcomed the three of us with their open arms. Sarah, Amanda, Alice, Dylan, Jake and Mali we will miss the lot of you and are so excited to hear what wonderful adventures to take! Thank you, from the bottom of our hearts.

Clare, Jay and Elliot Reilly

Farewell From The 2017 Staff

Amanda D'Costa

There is so inexpressibly much I am grateful for so here I would just like to share some words with the people I've been so fortunate to meet and forge connection with this year.

To all you inspiring young people who care about the Important Things and live with curiosity and connection to land and community, constantly challenging your assumptions and stepping outside your comfort zones—I am so excited to see what unique imprints each of you leave on the world and thank you for all the laughter, help, hugs and sharing of adventures.

To all the supporters and helpers who are a part of this beautiful community— I've been blown away by your generosity of spirit. Thank you for your time, your friendship, your letters, your lessons, the food, phone chats and for bringing new zeal when our energy has been zapped.

And of course, to those exceptional humans I've lived, worked and adventured with this year—you all have such unique ways of being, seasoned with your particular gifts, spiced with your idiosyncrasies, garnished with that ridiculous silliness that will be my strongest memory of this year. I am grateful for how much I've laughed and I feel truly enriched from witnessing all of you do you.

to end, a haiku—

we part now, for joy to say

hello tomorrow

With love and deep gratitude, Amanda



Alice Jefimenko

A farewell letter ay!! I do not feel as if I am saying goodbye. Every sound, and feel and moment, has imprinted its memory on the very fibre of my being. I'll take this river flat and all who pass through it with me, carrying it all in my soul where ever I go. So, instead of good bye I would like to say thank you.



Thank you; early morning chirpers, late night cracklers, deep silence sitters, cold water players, icy breathed smilers, hot sweaty wilters, squishy toed delighters, garden enquirers, energy generators, ever seeking observers and timely knowing knower. Thank you, year, of flash of wing, crease of brow, crack of grin, crunch of pea and every in-between. Thankyou you for the push and pull, the heavy thumps and gentle bumps, flying high and swirling rush, the quiet calm and the cool green hush, Thank You for it all.....

Mali Booth

Where do I start? This year has been nothing short of an experience of a lifetime that's for sure, and I feel like finding the words to reflect on everything is near impossible. However, there's no better way to do it than in the style of a classic round of thank-you's. There is no way that I can cover everything I want to say in such a small space, to such an incredible community who has given me so much especially this past 12 months, but here goes!

Thank you so much to all local supporters and friends of Wollangarra for welcoming us smelly humans into your homes throughout the year for cups of tea, hugs, wonderful conversations, warm meals, and in some cases a bed to sleep in for a night or two or a warm shower.

Thank you to the young people, for constantly inspiring me and reminding me why I fell in love with this place, and why I continue to do so. For reminding me to be silly and relax, and of course for all the incredible memories you wonderful humans have blessed me with.



Thank you to my family for being so supportive and loving, doing countless loads of really stinky post-sheep-wrangling clothes washing, and just for being there when I really needed some care. I cannot thank you enough for all the adventures you have given me from such a young age, those being the reasons I love the outdoors so much.

And finally thank you to all the staff I have shared this experience with this year. For keeping each other sane, yet sometimes

driving each other insane. For so many cuddles, laughs and delirious moments together. You each brought such individual qualities and skills to this place, and combined I reckon we made a killer team!

So here's to munchies, campfire games, sunshine, snow, poo's with views, troopy sing-a-longs, sunburnt thighs, verandah sleeps, milking sheep, smiles, river swims, and Wollangarra. You've been great.

Dylan Burns

What a peculiar thing it is, to write a farewell to a place like this. Wollangarra has been such an enormous part of my life for 10 years now playing a major role in shaping me to who I am today. And this year really was a dream come true for me. People have often asked me if this year has been what I expected, and I honestly can answer that I had no expectations coming into this year, I was just excited about whatever the year could throw at me. It has been an incredible experience, I have loved to spend a year with so much purpose, it really does leave you feeling mightily fulfilled at the end of the day, when you have been working towards a genuine cause. Whether that was fixing fences, drenching sheep, cutting firewood, washing laundry, cooking meals, fixing the sprinklers, pipes and tanks, pruning fruit trees, netting fruit trees, watering fruit trees, wondering about how to best look after fruit trees, reading about fruit trees... maybe I spent a bit too long on fruit trees!



Of course, the most inspiring part of this was the young people who I had the privilege of spending time with this year. Each and everyone of you hold a very dear place in my heart, whether it was an incredible conversation shared whilst trying to distract you while walking a steep bloody hill, or singing a song around the fire, waking up in the morning to beaming faces with the first words I hear being, not good morning, but “we started the fire from last night's embers!” That, is one of the best wake ups you can have, empowered, inspired young people with a “get up and do it” attitude. I remember feeling at the start of the year that it was going to be pretty weird following up from last years amazing staff, and the relationships that they had with the Stage II's and III's, but I should never have worried, you are all such amazing people, with such generous hearts that you made all of staff feel so welcomed and I have loved every minute that I have spent with you. I can't wait to see what you all achieve in the next few years, and I certainly can't wait to visit you when some of you are on staff!

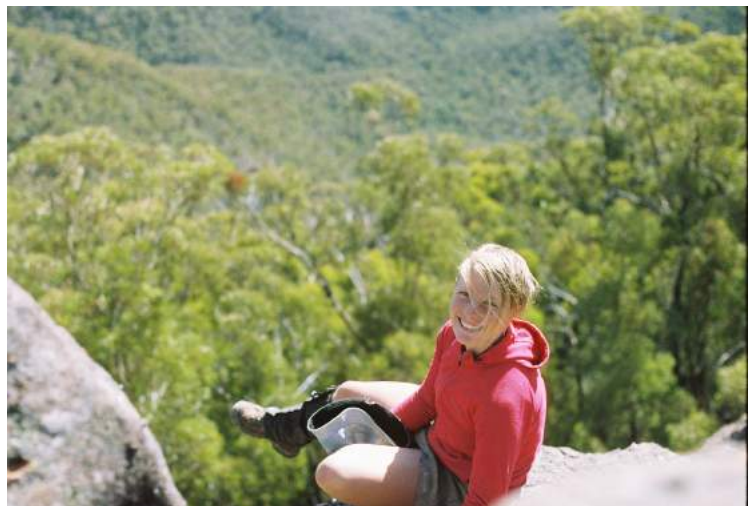
To the local community, and an amazing one it is, an enormous thank you. It has been so bloody fantastic becoming a small part of it, for this year at least, I really hope to stay in touch with you all. It has been such a great experience heading into Heyfield and recognising the regular people at Timberline, or Rodwells, the Bakery (Best pies going round!), and of course Ariel motors, where would we be without you! To the Whiley's and the Neaves and the Hairy House out the front of the Neaves, who have accepted us into their homes and families on numerous occasions for a very welcomed meal, bed, shower or chats, I am eternally grateful for these friendships.

Mali, Juzz, Dan, Al, Jake, Sez, Amanda, Clare, Jay and Elliot, wow. It's been a wild ride, and I am so glad that I have shared this year with you all, at some stage or another you have all helped me keep my sanity, lose my sanity, laughed with me, cried with me and sang with me, and danced in the kitchen with me and, strewth, it's been a blast. But it's not a real farewell, this is just a see ya when I'm looking at ya!

Sarah Herkess

I came to Wollangarra seeking to explore community living, working with young people and to develop a skill set to help me on the waves of life.

As it turns out, I adore working with young people. From the very depth of my heart I thank you. Thank you for your energy, your insight, your curiosity and wisdom. Thank you for sharing your laughter, tears, joys and pains. You are exceptional, each and every one of you.



Community. What is community? How far does it extend? Wollangarra, Heyfield, the extent to which

our spice rack has been sourced from? The galaxies we see on a clear summer's night? What does it mean to live in community? What elements are crucial? What do you value in community? I don't have the answers, I mostly come up with more questions,. Two things I feel to be true; asking and exploring these questions is highly valuable and this Wollangarra community has brought beautiful humans into my life, for which I am grateful beyond words.

With regards skill set, I can now report that I can fix the odd fence wire, catch sheep in my own unique way, identify the 2017 staff team by head torch movement, propagate seedlings, bake bread, communicate with chooks, hug chooks, love chooks, sing to chooks, play a few chords on the ukulele, crochet, make pancakes solo for 30 people no problem, make a mean baked bean breakfast for many more, drive Wazza the tractor, use the truckie hitch for all rope tying endeavours (Set up a tarp? Truckie hitch. Put up clothes line in bedroom? Truckie hitch. Tie your shoelaces? Truckie hitch). If coconut oil can fix 99% of ailments, a truckie hitch will sort out the remainder.

With Love, Sarah

Jake Ginnivan

Well Wollies, here's sentiment and an ambiguous cliché for you; calling this river flat home for a year has been truly an experience unlike any other. Let's start there because I still don't know what to make of my own year. It has felt like every hue of the rainbow and our community has held me through challenging lessons in communication and introspection. I've experienced joy, inspiration, wonderment, tears and anxiety etc.. This year Wollangarra has shown me the truth of Tim Minchin's words "Opinions are like arseholes in the sense that everyone has them. However, unlike arseholes your opinions should

be thoroughly and constantly examined". This poignant realisation, whilst at times challenging, has usually manifested itself at Woll in a way that is motivated by passion. It has been such an incredible privilege to spend a year within a community of people who care about and are motivated to explore and rework their relationships with one another and these big beautiful mountains.

I want to thank each and everyone one of you, for the patience, openness, and guidance as I have have found my feet. A



huge shout out to all the volunteers and the Gippsland community, without whom Wollangarra and its brilliant work simply couldn't continue. A big love to my fellow staff / family living here on the flat. And last but certainly not least to every single young person who I have hung out with. Your curiosity, openness, tenacity and passion inspires the absolute daylights out of me. I have so much respect for your questioning and reflective style and I can't wait to see how you nourish your communities both at home and at Woll. Big love to you all, you're "lit"

From The Visitor's Book

"Wollangarra is such an amazing release from daily life. It's so special that such a place is so accessible to everyone who wants to come." – Huon from October Stage II

"Stage II's and my Woll experience just mature like an expensive, kinda gross and foul-smelling wine" – Meg from October Stage II



"Wollangarra truly is a home inhabited by a crazy, bonkers and pretty damn special family, constantly changing and welcoming new members. These mountains are the perfect place for strong relationships to build and to make a previously semi-unavailable experience of going back to basics, acting as a community and connecting with the environment which surrounds us all simultaneously." – Leonard from October Stage II

"I loved the fun leaders and I felt very connected with them by the end of the week. The mountains and plains were amazing and beautiful and very refreshing, a contrast to the city." – Ivy from Collingwood College

"Thanks for teaching me that time shouldn't affect your life." – Ali from Star of The Sea

"This has been the best week of my life and I can't thank you enough. Your endless positivity and sense of community astounds me." – Milly from St Ignatious

"This experience has made me realise there's more to life than electronics and thyme (we run on other herbs). We all just need to step back and admire what we don't often see." – Molly from Koonung Secondary College



Open Day

The first Saturday of October this year not only saw many happy Richmond supporters still celebrating breaking their 30 year premiership drought (especially 2015 Wollie, Sammy, we can confirm she is still alive after the nervous September), but also, and more importantly, saw almost 200 people come to our (sometimes) sleepy little flat. After an incredible Stage II there was already a buzz around here that can only be created by passionate young people, and an incredible team of people who had been up all week making the place sparkle, baking cakes and slices, preparing the sheep and chooks and just working bloody hard, we were "ready". The people started appearing throughout Friday, and by the time we kicked off mid Saturday morning



we had over 80 people ready to explore the flat, reunite with old friends and immerse themselves in the remarkable skills that were on offer throughout the day. Whether it was grafting fruit trees, blacksmithing, bush woodworking skills, felting, cheese making, sheep and alpaca shearing, wool spinning, wool dying, cosscut saw competition, porridge eating competition, tug-o-war, the woll-a-thon, live music or an entertaining auction, we had something to interest everyone!



It was such an amazing day, and amazing opportunity to have so many members of our beautiful community all coming together, with people coming up for the first time, ranging to people who worked here in the 90's. Community is such an integral part of Wollangarra, and this weekend was such an amazing example of how strong and wonderful our community is. From the bottom of our hearts we would like to say an enormous thank you to everyone who came, donated their time, skills and money, it really was an amazing day and weekend.



Garden Party

The garden date swings open,
A brick weight drawing it shut behind you.
Through the boughs of the apple tree,
You spy the newly weeded beds.
Calendula flowers bookending rows,
Filled with delicate seedlings.
Spring time in the garden,
Preparation for summer.
Salad greens, bok choy, eggplant, tomatoes, and capsicum.
Garden beds brimming with promise.
Many hands make the work a joy.
Light work and many laughs,
Days filled with purpose.
You spend your morning with your hands in the earth,
And the afternoon sharing your expertise in the kitchen.
Cooking for 80,
Sharing a meal and a conversation.
Meeting new, like minded individuals,
Each and integral part of the Garden Party.

Clare



Our Auction Work Day

We auctioned ourselves off for a days work, to young person Fraser's Mum, Lucy. This popular auction item at our Open Day, means the winner gets the Wollangarra crew for a days work at their house for whatever tasks need doing. So this morning, just as the sun was coming up, we packed some snacks, a chainsaw and some safety gear (along with our bathers) and set off across the fox, headed for the Mornington Peninsula. We arrived and our tasks were quickly explained. As we wildly attacked them with vigour and enthusiasm , Lucy set about making us a delicious lunch of fresh bread, delicious salads, roast chicken, and a delicious salsa. Lunch was had after the landscaping tasks were completed, we then spent a glorious couple of hours lazing about the pool in the sun, eating ice cream. It felt like we should have been paying Lucy for a day of such luxurious treats. We looks forward to next years auctioned work day. Come along to 2018 Open Day for your chance to win. - Jay



A Summer Poem

A new kind of sun beats down
It pierces land and skin
Coaxes out growth, forces out all life-force
And everything emerges in abundance:
fruits, flowers, fauna.
The sky opens up in sweet summer storms
And everything glistens, satiated.
We pluck from the garden and celebrate

This circular ending when everything feels
like the start.
We make plans, pack things and give
thanks
To this place of beautiful contradictions:
Timeless and dynamic
Old and forever renewed
With each parting, each coming person,
Each passing season and each new year.



Amanda

1900 Footprints

Hi! Remember Me? My name's Tristan and I live and worked at Wollangarra in 2016! If you're reading this after the 20th of December, I will have covered over 1600 of my 1900km fundraising walk called 1900 Footprints (<http://1900footprints.com/>).

Why 1900km? Well there are over 1900 threatened species in Australia, which translates into a distance far enough to take me from Adelaide along the coast to Melbourne, then from Devonport zigzagging my way down to Hobart. It has been an incredible adventure and the best parts have been meeting a diverse range of characters and being able to spend time in nature along the way.

Part of the funds raised will go to Wollangarra, and the rest will go to BioR – an organisation that uses individual's contributions that offset their own ecological footprints to put back quality habitat for declining species (<http://BioR.org.au/>).

If you would like to donate to my walk, please visit <http://1900footprints.com/donate> .



Melbourne Cup Work Party

Melbourne cup weekend work party was a four day haze of the most scrumptious food that has yet to touch our lips. A million capsicums and the pure genius of Monica, Steven, and their cohort of creative, dedicated food loving young people, peppered our days with bites of bliss. Meanwhile, a flurry of activity saw the young people dominated work party complete project after project. Huon led a bunch of mud



moulding naturals in the construction of a cobb wall. So many tomatoes, basil, beans, pumpkin, corn, parsley, radish, zucchini, lettuce and other assorted baby plants were tenderly placed in freshly prepared garden beds. Gentle whispers of encouragement swirled through the air and over the head of the tiny spurts of new vegetable life. A pen to yard sick sheep was whipped up in an instant and put into action to attend our mastitis plagued Mumma Uwe. The gear store fairies wove their magic, re water proofing tents and mending loved packs, hands skilfully darning in the sparkling sunshine. The Outdoor

Kitchen was a hubbub of making and fixing and planning, as the beginnings of a functional new space begun to take shape. Cabinets, Benches and Flooring, begun the transition from a dream land to reality.

The showers were adorned in a vibrant green paint and swirled into a mirage of opulent Wollangarra inspired murals by a host of imaginative hands. In amongst it all the river held all our hearts and nourished us with its chilly waters and the laughter of young people set the tone of one of the most glorious work parties. Thankyou to all who came, helped out, and brought with you such warmth, ingenuity and an abundance of capsicums. How lucky Woll is to have such a wonderful mob of humans filling its river flats and cosy roofed spaces.



Alice

Fruit Bottling

Jan. 26th – 29th

Join us for a long weekend of jamming, canning, preserving, chutney'ing, which will be spread on Vita-Grains and poured a top porridge for 2018. Come along to farewell the 2017 staff cohort and welcome our 2018 group.

Call us at the homestead to let us know if you're coming along and ask what you can bring to contribute to the menu: Ph 51480492



Stage II News

At the beginning of October, another lot of stage 2's rocked into Woll in search of new adventures once again, with old friends and soon to be best mates. The two groups, the Gums and Wattles, were sorted by the magical sorting hats and off we went on a relatively short drive to Dingo Hill track, where we had a nice lunch in the middle of an old wooden stockyard in the beautiful sun. The first day was great, but it was also a big challenge too with up and down hill



spurs to the 'Rock Shelter', with some very tired and hungry people. The leaders did a great job, it was just on sunset and getting dark when we had just made it to the shelter. The second group was meant to stay there for the first night, and we were meant to head onto another campsite, but with it being another 2km or so onwards with steep cliff edges on either side of us, the leaders decided it was for the best if we stayed over the top of the shelter. We were very fortunate to have a warm meal that night, and great company too.

The second day was better, but just slightly. We set off after a brekky of porridge, overlooking the most amazing view you could imagine, with the fog slowly clearing to find a beautifully clear blue sky. We did a bit of track work along the way, but our biggest priority was to find a campsite with a water source close by. Many songs, riddles and stories were told and sung along the way, with laughs coming from each person

from the group, and no ill mood was had with all the great friends we had made, including Dylan, Mali and Gabe, our great leaders who had a bit of a bigger struggle than on most stages, and all of the stage 2's are eternally grateful for that. The sun was beginning to set once again, we were still short of water when we turned back, as we had gone too far. However, we found another great campsite with another great view with the sun setting. With camp all set up, we didn't have enough water to cook a dinner and keep all of us going, so we had a lunch for dinner! Dylan cooked the salami up, and melted some cheese too.



Throughout the night, and even before dinner we played mafia, coming up with some great characters and even better laughs. It turns out, both Jack and Finn are the funniest people to have as the narrators for it.

The third day was a whole lot better too, we were greeted with beautiful skies once again. Dylan and Gabe went on the epic water mission to get 1 litre of water for each person, and filled the water bladders too, hiking from our camp all the way to the Rock Shelter and back again. More games of mafia were played, injuries were taped and we got a bit sunburnt too. The trip back to the shelter was a lot easier than we expected, track work done along the way and we also ate a whole pineapple too. It was heaven! Then, by nothing but a miracle, we made it to camp in daylight! We explored the area, and found a little cave within the rock, which of course, Otto had to climb in, and I was on watch to make sure he didn't get stuck. That night, we all snuggled under the rock shelter, eating our dinner in bed and hearing another round of lovely

Stage II News cont.

thank you's. Some awesome games and sing-a-longs were had too.

And lastly, the day we hiked out was awesome too. It was a lot easier and quicker than the first, although it was a bit dreary, our moods weren't. Laughs were had, struggles were also had, but the most important this was all of us had a blast, with the encouragement and friendship of the others. And we were greeted by cake back at the cars. Cheers Sarah for that! The river and our mates were there when we got back to Woll, which was even better. Overall, it was a great time, even if it wasn't a long time.

I wrote this little piece when I got home from a stage not too long ago, hope you enjoy it!

There is a place you can call home, whether you're at the front gate or crossing Cheynes bridge, 1.7 km away. With mountains of various sizes but the same beauty and the pure, crisp mountain air. The place where there's no service and no Facebook to worry or even care about. Take a rock, any rock can be your very own special rock, and release your worries into it. Throw it, throw it into the mighty Macalister River, for this is a place of no worry or stress. It is a place where you're free to be you, to be the person you wanna be; without the people around you caring or judging, because it is your own lives and your decision.

The people around you are the genuine people that will be with us through anything, from hiking in the high country to any hard time you are faced with. They're the ones that share your interests, who don't care about the way you look, or smell. They don't care about the small things, or even if you've got dirt all over your face on a public train.

Post Woll depression always sets in hard, especially when you don't know how long it will be till you're back; it could be weeks, months or even years. You just need to hold on for a little longer. Reminisce over photos or stories and catch up with as many Wollies as possible, but if that's not possible, chuck 'em a phone call or even just a letter. It'll get better, I promise, although the longing for the mountains never ceases, no matter what we try and do.



Wollangarra will always be there to welcome you home.

Teagan Hughes Stage II

News From The Flat

Buuuuurrrrk BurrRRK BOK BOK BOK!! (translation – good day to you friends)

Greetings from the coop. I write this as Sarah wanders away from our pen, where she locked us in AGAIN. I'll forgive her this time, only because she gave us fermented chook pellets this morning. Claire Mosely gave her the recipe on my instructions. Thank goodness for Claire. For those of you playing at home, in a bucket mix a cup of pellets with some water, give it a stir and leave in the coop to stew for a few days. Your hens can thank me in a letter addressed to 'the coop c/o Wollangarra'.

We're going well coming into Summer, looking forward to more dust bathing once the ground dries up after that big weekend of rain. A few feathers are being rustled due to some pecking order change ups but nothing too drastic. Henrietta has gone broody, poor love has been sitting on unfertilised eggs for the past two weeks. Much like the Australian school system, we are in desperate need of sex education from a younger age. Henrietta is determined she can hatch chicklets by way of immaculate conception.



As the temperature rises we're sighting more and more snakes and goannas. Not worried though, Jay has been whipper snipping, mowing and slashing to ensure we (and you lot) can spy them and simply give them the space they deserve. Pretty cool creatures those slippery snakes, no idea how they scratch for worms though.

That's all from me, I've got an egg brewing.

Chook queen. Top Perch. The Coop.



Other things that have been happening on the flat:

Snakes are out in full force

The outdoor kitchen has a fancy new floor

We have the beginnings of some amazing storage in the outdoor kitchen store room

Grapes are growing bigger every day

We had a massive flood warning but escaped unscathed.

Fruit trees are all netted in anticipation of delicious summer fruit.

Road Trippin'

Did you know that Jake can ski like a pro? Did you know that Elliot can sit 5 hours in the back of Albi without getting car sick? Did you know that Claude, the no.1 Wollangarra vehicle is still very much alive and running? Did you know that Cleve Cole's wooden skis sit in the corner of the Stapleton's living room, or that Bruthan has some sweet as opp shops but very few stores are open on a Monday? Did you know that there is an archeologically dig happening in Harrietville to uncover remnants of the Chinese settlement from the gold era? Did you know that the roofs of the Wollangarra buildings were intended to be green and the only reason they are red is because that was the cheapest paint? Did you know that corrugated iron, squished flat by a 4WD is an excellent building material? Did you know that all the Wollangarra staff now know how to use



podcasts?



This we learned, and so much more, on our roadtrip from Wollangarra to the Stapleton's in October. I'm pleased to report that Albi (the white rocket 2.0) was in fine form and delivered us safety and in comfort to all of our destinations. Evening one was spent roadside at a primo viewing area on the road up to Hotham. We lay out our sleeping bags under the stars and woke up to sunrise over Mt Kosciusko in the distance. Jay guarded the breakfast from Currawongs whilst Amanda and Jake strummed and sung. Later that day we dropped Jake off on the top of Hotham, for a micro ski down the hill to where we would wait and cheer. Mali and Dylan made the most of the remaining snow, gleefully slipping down the slopes on a makeshift groundsheet toboggan. After a lunch stop in Bright, we scooted over to Ian and Liv Stapleton's beautiful home, where we were warmly welcomed. A delightful evening ensued, consisting of Claude ride and tour, veranda sunshine time, archaeological dig wander, plenty of stories, photo album musings, chatter and delicious food. Ian and

Liv we thank you from the bottom of our hearts for having us stay.

Thursday brought us back to Wollangarra to put the chooks and ducks to bed before resting our own weary heads, nourished tummies and souls. - Sarah

Wish List

Envelopes that you no longer need for our weekly letters to self.

A masseuse to visit for a weekend.

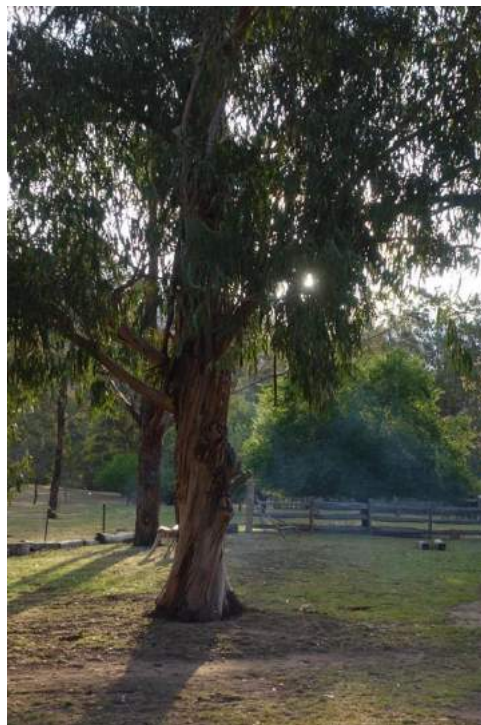
Treats for the staff treat bin.

Square bales of hay

Seeds

Helpers for next years' programs

Head torches



Upcoming calendar dates...

DATES	EVENT	FURTHER DETAILS
Dec. 12 th – 16 th	Skills Week	An incredible week with demonstrators sharing their pioneer skills.
Dec. 17 th – 22 nd	December Stage II	Heading up to the high country to give back to the mountains.
Jan. 7 th – 12 th	Stage III Harrierville to Mittagundi Hike	Stage III hike finishing at Mittagundi for their 40 th anniversary.
Jan. 15 th – 19 th	Holiday Stage I	Know anyone who hasn't been to Wollangarra yet who would love it? Get them to call the flat to book a spot.
Jan. 22 nd – 26 th	January Stage II	Head up into the high country and then help us get ready for Fruit Bottling. Call the homestead to book a spot.
Jan. 26 th – 29 th	Fruit Bottling Weekend	Come along to help us out bottling, preserving, canning and jamming to fill our larder. Call the homestead to RSVP.

For more information, visit wollangarra.org.au/news-events/calendar

Thank you's

Sue Wall for the bunting you made for Open Day & washing & tagging our food bags!

Frank Wall for your help over at Tussocky

The Simpson Family for your donation

James Black for helping out on our holiday Stage I and your wonderful Open Day preparation

Grace Hornsby for coming along on the holiday Stage I

Bill and Anthi from

50DaysLightweight for their donation for the Open Day Auction

Monica Nitz for coming up for the week before Open Day & helping out with anything we threw at you & your amazing help over Open Day

Ross Nitz for all of your help on Open Day and devoting so much time to getting our phone line working again
Hazel Brady for all your help cooking over Open Day weekend

John Brady for your killer Open Day brekkie

Annie, the auction wouldn't have happened without you!

Gabe for helping out on the Stage II

Tom Keeble for helping out on the Stage II

Brian Beasley

Jack Gilbert for all of your incredible donations for the Auction and your Open Day demonstrating

Peter Frost for spending your Open Day in the forge
Dani for your beautiful dying and felting

Lou Tucker for your help in the kids tent

Neil Barraclough for sharing your infinite grafting knowledge with all at Open Day

Marion Wheatland for being oh-so patient with our spinning wheels and sharing your incredible skills at Open Day

Ross Richards for giving our sheep and Bollinger a hair cut at Open Day

Paul Whiley & Chryp Hill for your cheese making demonstration at Open Day
Frazer for being everywhere we needed you to be during Open Day preparation

Serena for your blue icing cake and so much more!

Huon for all of your amazing help during Open Day prep & your incredible hand made donations!

Alex Keeble for so much help during Open Day preparation

Bernadette Nitz for the tentology!

Grace for coming along and helping out on our holiday Stage I

Katherine Snell for your cake contribution at Open Day and all your sheepy help

Mr Alford Country for giving us some amazing tunes to boogie to at our bush dance
Glenmaggie Wines for providing us with an excellent local drop for Open Day

Grand Ridge Brewery for delicious beer

Gippsland Free-Range Eggs for so many eggs!

Heyfield Bakery for all the bread

Heyfield Butcher for meat to feed the masses

Jan O'Sullivan for such wonderful help

Lisa for so much help in Open Day prep

Hannah Wall for baking so many cakes!

Nathan

Don Dwyer for calling the auction like a pro and raking in the big bucks! And help with out tractor and pumps.

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