It seems like only yesterday that we celebrated the last Christmas and suddenly here we are again and what a year it has been.

By the time you are reading this we will have been through our Accreditation Survey and we will provide you with details of the outcome as soon as we know.

Thanks to a wonderful suggestion from one of our Resident’s family members (Thanks you Shane) we have arranged for these Bendall Banters to be made available via our Website so if you want to access this or past Banters at any time please feel free to log into www.edithbendall.com.au and click on the Bendall Banter tab at the top right hand side of the page and you will find them.

Christmas is the perfect time to sing the praises of all of our volunteers. Our bus drivers for their continued support of Resident outings, the wonderful Jan for her music sessions and to all the others who offer their support at the different events that we hold during the year.

This is also the perfect time to acknowledge the amazing work of Martha, Carol, Greig, Carmel, Natalie, Kate, Margaret, Alison and every other staff member here at Edith Bendall – what a remarkable crew! Thank you all for everything that you do!

2017 has been a very busy year at Edith Bendall and I’m sure we are all looking forward to spending time with our loved ones and friends at Christmas. It is a very special time for us all and I would like to take this opportunity to wish all of our lovely Residents and their families and our wonderful staff a very happy and healthy Christmas and a safe and prosperous New Year.

I know I speak for all our staff in saying that we look forward to caring for all of our Residents in 2018 and doing everything we can to make every day a memorable one for them.

Merry Christmas to you all!!!!

Ian Goldsmith

Hello everyone

I cannot believe its that time of year again. They say time flies and this year certainly has. This year saw the departures of residents who have left their marks on many of our residents, staff and visitors. During this time of year, we remember them and their loved ones. The influenza outbreak is now over as previously emailed to you all. We are very thankful for everyone’s understanding during this time. The result of accreditation is not yet known as it is being conducted as I type, however, I will ensure you all, you will be notified of the results.

I need to say a few messages of thanks: Firstly, to the board, I thank you for your support throughout the year and look forward to another year next year. Ian Goldsmith, to you also for being there to assist me to manage Edith Bendall Lodge. To my wonderful staff both nursing, administration, activity, cleaning, laundry, gardening, kitchen, hairdresser, podiatrist and volunteers. You are all a very unique bunch of people whose dedication to your work is commendable. You help make Edith Bendall Lodge what it is today and I cannot thank you enough. To my right-hand Carol – the face of EBL. There are not enough words I can say for your support this year. You truly are an amazing person and I’m glad you are right beside me. You deserve all the accolades you receive. We are all lucky to have you. Lastly to our wonderful resident and relatives. I wish you all a very merry Christmas and a safe and happy new year. Thank you for your amazing support. You are the reason we come to work and I know I speak on behalf of many when I say this definitely is a wonderful place to work. I look forward to what the year 2018 brings and I look forward to traveling the journey with you all. I hope the man in red is kind to you, please be safe and here is to many more memories you are making with your loved ones over the festive season.

Martha
A Quick History of Christmas Decorations

Would it surprise you to know that some of the ways that we decorate for Christmas today go back to before the birth of Jesus? Or that the earliest European settlers in North America hardly decorated for Christmas at all?

Long, Long Ago – People have been bringing evergreen branches inside during the longest nights of winter for at least 2999 years. Wreaths are even older.

Early Americans – The early Puritans and Pilgrims in North America thought Christmas decorations seemed too “Catholic”. “Early American Christmas Decorations” would have been the exception rather than the rule.

Other Immigrants Sneak Christmas in Anyway – French and German speaking people brought their feast days and Nativity sets and Christmas trees with them. Eventually the Americans celebrating Christmas outnumbered the Americans who didn’t.

Christmas Trees Became “Mainstream” - In the mid 1800s, Christmas became more of a “family holiday,” and decorating the Christmas tree became a central part of the family’s celebration. For several decades, most people, even in wealthy households, made most or all of their own Christmas tree decorations, often from paper or from recycled products such as pie pans or tin cans.

Christmas Decorations Became an Industry - Back in Europe, German-speaking craftsmen began supplying North Americans with a steady stream of Old World products, including nutcrackers, nativity figurines and blown-glass Christmas tree ornaments. Craftsmen in other European countries, such as France, Italy and Poland, also began making decorations to sell abroad. In 1880, when Woolworth stores began importing these decorations, demand for them exploded. Although most of today’s “store-bought” decorations are made in China, the majority are still inspired by those traditional hand-made European offerings.

Christmas Decorating Grows in All Directions - In my youth, most families (and even most stores) started decorating for Christmas about December tenth. If nothing else, live trees are cut but greenery only lasted a couple of weeks or so before they started becoming unsightly fire hazards. Today, of course, artificial trees and greenery can last indefinitely. Families have more time to put up more decorations and more kinds of decorations, inside and out.

Happy Father’s Day....

With the arrival of Father’s Day, I together with my daughter Pauline, spent the day having lunch with my sister Beatrice at Edith Bendall Lodge, and the many lovely people there that I have the pleasure to say hello to most days. I wish to tell you a little of my father, my DAD.

Yes, at this time of the year we celebrate Father’s Day. I just wonder how many Dads take time out to be with their children or for that matter how many young people make the effort or encourage their Dad to take time out for them to talk to them, tell some secrets, play some sport, confide in them or just have a good time together.

To know your Dad, I mean really know your Dad, you have to spend time and it must be mutual time with your Dad and yourself. Some of the greatest experiences and memories of my life came from being with my Dad. We would go picking mushrooms, hunting rabbits and watch Essendon’s football games, Dad even took me to the West Melbourne boxing stadium to see Don Johnson, a great coloured American boxer fight. We went to many chicken shows. Dad also taught me how to pluck my first chook, Dad was with me when I won my first little silver cup at the Essendon Poultry Club show, held at the Melbourne Show Grounds. I remember after collecting my first silver engraved cup for best novice Ancona won by Alf Woods, dated 1940 how proud I was as I took it over to show to my Dad. I remember the smile on his face. Yes, almost 80 years ago,

When we were young, the time seemed to go so slow, as we move along, life seems to run too quickly.

“Togetherness” means doing things together and we will retain those memories all our life. Those memories with our Dad are our treasures that will never fade. It made me be a better Dad because I also have those memories and I’m sure those times of togetherness, those memories with your Dad, will last with us forever.

Alf Woods.
**T’was the night before Christmas...**

T’was the night before Christmas,  
He lived all alone, in a one bedroom house,  
Made of plaster and stone.

I had come down the chimney, with presents to give,  
And to see just who, in this home, did live.  
I looked all about, a strange sight I did see,  
No tinsel, no presents, not even a tree.

No stocking by mantle, Just boots filled with sand,  
On the wall hung pictures, of far distant lands.  
With medals and badges, awards of all kinds,  
A sober thought, came through my mind.

For this house was different, it was dark and dreary,  
I found the home of a soldier, once I could see clearly.  
The soldier lay sleeping, silent, alone,  
Curl up on the floor, in this one bedroom home.

The face was so gentle, the room in disorder,  
Not how I pictured, a true Aussie soldier,  
Was this the hero, of whom I’d just read?  
Curl up on a poncho, the floor for a bed?

I realised the families, that I saw that night,  
Owed their lives to these soldiers, who were willing to fight.  
Soon round the world, the children would play,  
And grownups would celebrate, a bright Christmas day.

They all enjoyed freedom, each month of the year,  
Because of the soldiers, like the one lying here.  
I couldn’t help wonder, how many lay alone,  
On a warm Christmas Eve, in a land far from home.

The very thought brought a tear to my eye,  
I dropped to my knees, and started to cry.  
The soldier sawakened, and I heard a rough voice,  
“Santa don’t cry, This life is my choice;

I fight for freedom, I don’t ask more,  
My life is my God,  
My country, my corps. ..”  
The soldier rolled over, and drifted to sleep,  
I couldn’t control it, I continued to weep.

I kept watch for hours, so silent and still,  
And we both shivered from the nights chill.  
I did not want to leave, on that cold, dark, night,  
This guardian of honor, so willing to fight.

Then the soldier rolled over, with a voice soft and pure,  
Whispered, “Carry on Santa, it’s Christmas Day, all is secure.”  
One look at my watch, and I knew he was right.  
“Merry Christmas my friend, and to all a good Night.”

This poem was written by a Peacekeeping soldier stationed overseas.

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**Activities**

Hello everyone,

31 more sleeps ‘til Christmas – WOW where has the year gone!!!

A reminder that the Residents/Relatives Christmas Party is on the 3rd December 12 – 3pm. The residents have been very busy in our craft group preparing for our 2-day stall on Friday 8 December (11-3), Saturday 9 December twilight stall and BBQ (2-7pm), we are very proud of our residents on what they have achieved, a very big thank you to those who donated items for our craft stall.

Over the past four months we have been very fortunate to have students from St. Thomas Moore’s Primary school, the residents have been enjoying their company, with interesting questions asked by the students and a song sung by the students at the end of their visits.

The residents were invited to attend a Mass at St. Thomas Moore’s parish on the 3 November and were presented with a box of biscuits and a prayer all hand made by the students.

We look forward to next community program and have them visit again.

Spring racing carnival celebrations were once again enjoyed by all with a Hat/Fashion Parade on Cup Day and Millionaire Auction for Oaks Day.

The residents received a gift each from a box they could bid on.

We are in the process of planning events for 2018. It’s going to be an interesting and exciting one.

**Natalie**

**Activity co-ordinator**
May you all have a Beautiful Christmas and may 2018 be kind to you

'We have a list of folks we know
All written in a book,
And every year at Christmas time
We go and have a look,
And that is when we realize
These names are just a part,
Not of the book they’re written in
But of our very hearts.
Each name stands for someone
Whose path touched ours and then,
Left such a print of friendship, love and more,
That we want to touch again.
And while it sounds fantastic
For us to make this claim,
I really feel we are composed
Of each remembered name.
So never think of Christmas cards
As just a mere routine,
Of names upon a Christmas list
Forgotten in-between
And when we send this Christmas card
That is addressed to you,
It is because you’re on that list
Of folk we’re indebted to.
And every year when Christmas comes
We realise anew,
The biggest gift that life can give
“is knowing folks like you”

Overhearing two women talking about how difficult it was to get anyone to work in an honorary capacity, brought to mind this old saying which is so true.

It has been said than any organization is made up of four bones.

There are the wishbones who wish that someone else would do all the work.

The jawbones who talk and do little else.

The knucklebones who know everything and, finally,

The backbones who get under the load and do the work.

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Shirley Lawless

Pineapple Boiled Fruit Cake

Ingredients: 500 grams Mixed Fruit
1 tin crushed pineapple
4oz butter
2 tbs mixed spice
2 eggs
1 tbs bi-carb soda
1 cup S/R flour
1 cup Plain flour

Method: Pre-heat oven to 160°. Line a 20cm round tin. Combine fruit, pineapple, spice, butter, sugar in a saucepan. Bring to boil. Reduce heat and simmer for 5 minutes, add bi-carb soda, simmer for a further 5 minutes. Remove from heat, allow to cool then add eggs (beaten). Mix until well combined, add both flours and mixed spices - ½ at a time until all ingredients are mixed together.

Pour into tin, bake for 1 hour or until skewer comes out clean.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

New Residents

With Christmas, just around the corner if you are giving your relative any clothing please make sure they are not put straight into rooms, they should be handed to either laundry staff or left at reception in a bag with their name, so they can be labelled.

I would like to take this opportunity to wish all staff, residents and families a very Merry Christmas and a Safe and Happy New Year. And a big thank you to all who contributed to the Banter this year.

Carmel