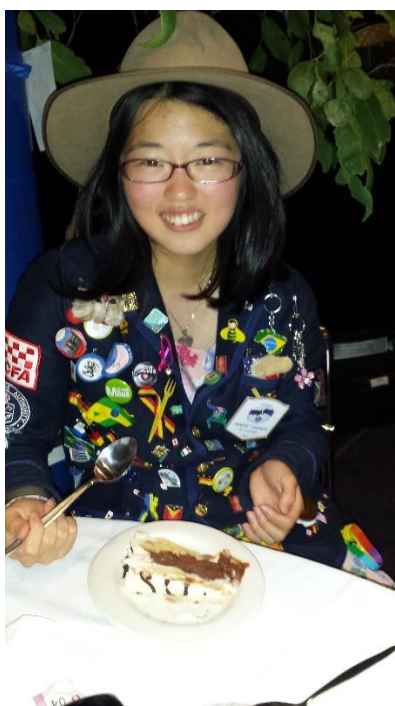


Rotary Club of Bright

Part Two

The Grapevine

‘Minori ... The Chick from Nagasaki’.



There was movement in the **Bright** town, for the word had passed around, that the chick from **Nagasaki** was going home. To rejoin her folks and siblings, she was home-ward bound, her suitcase packed with memories ... of where she did roam. All the members and their partners, from here, and near and far, have mustered at the ‘**Star**’, all spruced up and pucker, for Rotarians love a ‘**knees up**’, and to meet around the bar, for a ‘**yak**’ ... some fellowship ... and, hopefully, a bit of tucker.

When **Minori** arrived, that first time, to hear her fate that lurked amongst the strangers, who were packed into the room. Tentatively she joined us, and a ‘**foreign**’ meal she ate, quietly excited of the adventure ahead, with just a touch of gloom. She spoke to us so softly, her **English**, and her speech but, I’d have to say, of comparisons on the day, not one iota ... without a doubt ... she was far better ... by far, of each of our total grasp of **Japanese** ... **Nissan**, **Mitsubishi** and **Toyota**!!

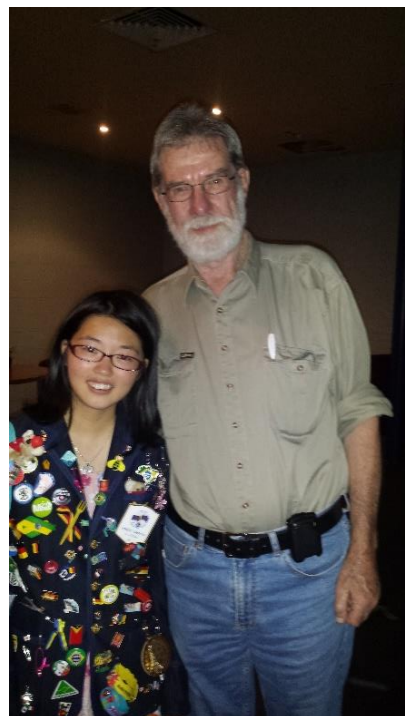
Eight days later, with her fellow **'Exchangees'**, off she went, on **Safari** to the Centre ... see all the sights and to **Uluru**. With some money in her **'kick'**, and her **'bluey'** and her tent, she brought home many memories, and a cute, stuffed kangaroo. When the Safari reached its end, she was asked ***'what did she think ... of all the native animals ... and were they nice ?*** Without a second thought, and her eyes, they didn't blink, she said, ***"They'd be much better, wrapped in seaweed ... rolled with rice!"***

On **Minori's** travails, through deserts, mountain tracks and trails ,she has absorbed our many traits, customs and strange **'lingo'**. She has learned to be quite wary, and, when outdoors, she never fails to not **'cozy up to'** any spider, snake or lonely dingo. After **'busing'** through the centre, it all settled down from then, a school excursion to the **'Big Smoke'**, and a weekend trip to **'Tat'**. Then, all packed up and heading back to Melbourne, once again, and finished off the weekend ... **stuck in the 'past' in Ballarat.**

A **'Japanese Festive'**; down in Melbourne, **once again**, **Minori** was in her element, content amongst her ilk; chatting in her language, to her well-dressed countrymen, their elegant womenfolk, clad in finest silk. Then ... a **'High Country Rite of Passage'**, at **Mittagundi** in the hills, where the **'niceties of life'** are somewhere else and never funny. Life is tough and compromising, where you cure your own ills; you learn to share with others, with no doors upon the **Dunny!!**

Back to **Melbourne**, once again, probably should go down by train, to spend an **'Oz' Christmas**, with **Lindsay's** brother, and Japanese wife. Later ... off to **Albury**, for an **exchangee's** birthday refrain, attended by old Rotarians, so they couldn't get into strife!! To **Dookie** ... a **'life's** experience ... surrounded by crops and sheep, three weekends ... which could have squeezed into half a day. Such excitement, without medication, could have put them all to sleep, I'm not sure if they were Shanghaied ... or if they even had a say.

Throughout **Minori's** year with us, her needs have well been met by all the welcoming families ... with whom she stayed. Her 'host **Mums and Dads'** ... who **'taught and learned'**, as well, I bet, but not as much, I'm sure, than all the kids ... with whom she played. Nine families, took **Minori** in, to assist the Club's commitment, and, all would say they were the better for their chance, to share, the **'pool of life'**, for **Minori's** own fulfillment, and she eagerly took the plunge, without a second glance.



The **Martins, Moores** and **Mannings**, were keen to fill the breach,
supported by the **Chalwells, Tuallys** and the **Harts**.

The list was then continued by **Lindsay**, the **Raymonds** and **McDonalds**,
and it was to be the **Borschmanns**, from which she would depart.

Minori was a treat to have, in everybody's place,
she filled her spot, and fitted in, to be treated just the same.

But her **'will to win'** was wicked, lacking any sort of grace,
as she battled her adversaries, in any sort of **'Game'**.



When **Minori** packs her bags to leave, she'd better make some room,
to sneak in some **'ockerisms'** that could stand her in good stead.
Just in case things all get hairy; she's surrounded by doom and gloom,
it'd be **grouse**, to use her **nouse**, with a built in **'ockerism'** from her head.
For any dopey **drongo**, who dares to risk her **dandy**,
if she's **lost her marbles**, **done her block**, or really does her **narna**.
Some genuine Aussie sayings, that just might come in handy,
Minori, get a grip, and **let 'er rip ... vent your spleen** and get some **Karma**.

If you find that you are **knackered**, there's a saying that you could use,
to let the nosey sticky beaks know, exactly what you're thinking.
If they interrupt your rest, and before you blow your fuse,
you could say, with great conviction, **"I'm flat out like a lizard drinking!!"**
If the turkeys really get you down, and really get your goat,
if they really do your head in ... **'just because'** ...
Then use a handy **'ockerism'** ... whatever **floats your boat**,
let a little ripper rip ... and think of us in **'Oz'**.

Minori would be the first to say, that she's learnt a lot from us,
her many adventures and experiences ... what's not to **'like?'**
Sausage sizzles on the weekends and, other commitments without fuss,
but she wouldn't **'give a Mittagundi'**, for another chance to **'hike'!!**
Now, some memories are best left, in deep recesses of the brain,
with our instinctive reactions, of **fright, flight or fight.**
More frightening than approaching, a run-away **'loco'** train,
Minori hurtling down the **'Rail Trail'**, on **Kenny Hart's old bike!!!**

Just like a ticking time-bomb, just one more thing to do,
a **'barby'** at the **Borschmanns** ... on **Satidee** night.
A last chance to say **'Hooroo'** ...
a chance to set things right.
A chance to share a snag or two ...
a beer and hot meat pies.
To give an **Aussie** salute, you silly old galute ...
as we wave away the flies.

Now the time has come, for us all to say goodbye,
one door closes, another slams shut in your face.
But, let's hold it all together, like a ship in stormy weather,
and try to pull this off with style, and a modicum of grace.
Minori, you're a **honourary 'Aussie'** ... **'ridgy didge'** and up to date,
and with love and fondest wishes, you, to your family we do send ...
You're a **true-blue, dinki di, beaudie, bonza, Ocka mate**
So ... **see ya later ... sayonara, an' 'avagoodweekend!!!'**

Written and narrated by Bruce "Killa" Kilpatrick and Ray Borschmann



Thanks to Ann Borschmann and Sue Manning for the Photo's used in the
above presentation of **Minori's** final night with us.

