

Speech by Barbara Corst nee Tweedie at Tweedie Reunion.

When I started thinking about what I could say to night – a kaleidoscope of memories came flooding back. Here are some of those fragments.

: The Home Guard – some one riding around on a bicycle checking that no house lights were visible through the blinds at night.

: An air raid shelter – later used to bury a cow in.

: Sitting around the radio listening to Dad and Dave.

: Eeling in the Raupare drain – running across the paddock with the eel chasing me – because I was still hanging on to the line.

: The A. & P. spring and autumn shows –swinging on the willows while the adults picniced and new clothes and new shoes for the occasion. – My new clothes certainly didn't have 'I'm with the band' emblazoned across the front.

.: Medication –Main ingredients - Rawleigh's ointment (for cows and humans), Iodine and castor oil. We didn't get viruses – we got summer sickness.

: Polly and Nugget the draft horses - Nugget being hauled out of the artesian spring in the top paddock.

: Strange words imported from Ireland or Scotland –examples - oxters – (which you all have) and cuddylugs (which none of you have).

: Poetry and rhymes – Dad had one for every occasion –I remember one Dad used to say to me - and I'm sure it didn't come from Robbie Burns.

“ I have a little girl named Peaches,
She tickles my heart until it itches
If you think I'd swap her for a dog,
Your think tank's slipped a cog.”

: The importance of porridge.

The porridge of my youth – had cream, sugar, taste and a porridge pot.

The porridge of my more mature years has no sugar, instead of cream there's extra slim milk and the porridge is cooked in a microwave.

When Dad lived with us in his latter years a group of university students knocked on the door saying ' Beth said we could stay the night with you. ' They bedded down in their sleeping bags on the lounge floor. At 6 o'clock in the morning their peace was shattered by a small octogenarian, with piercing blue eyes, saying in a loud voice, "DO YOU WANT SOME PORRIDGE"? As if this hadn't unnerved them enough, he tried to sell them a pair of his shoes before they left.

Such was the fame of granddad's porridge that at Terry and Christine's wedding, Terry's new mother in law presented him with a plate of porridge for his wedding breakfast.

I'm glad the Tweedies came to N.Z. I am proud to have had Jim and Phyllis as my parents and you as my extended family. To be surrounded by faith, Christian values and unconditional love is wealth indeed.