

AEMSC 2015 REVIEW

The day before our last get together, an email came around,
Telling us the pool contractor had just gone under and drowned.
It seems this firm, specialized marine services, known as SMS,
Had, had to work so hard they were all under stress.
Was this because they lost too much time and had to wait,
For all the early morning swimmers, the pool to vacate?
Well, we arrived at the club for our Christmas get together,
It was overcast and humid, it was typical party weather.

What was noticed first, were all the workers in the pool,
Tractors and skips and men with shovels, we thought it cruel.
That after six P.M. they were working so hard till it was dim,
Council trying to ready the pool, so tomorrow we could swim?
Then someone was quick to mention as they did recall,
The contractor had gone, council is now liable to the bathers all.
It transpired they were working so hard to make the pool safe,
All that was now needed, was a blessing from Father Ken Café.

It was three days before Christmas when the text message arrived,
In the morning Austinmer pool will be open, has this been contrived?
The morning came, with the sun just breaching the horizon,
People were back in the pool, ridding themselves of toxins and poison.
An extra special camaraderie, was there, to be taken in,
The swimmers were laughing and all faces, wore a big grin.
It was easy to see how much this pool had been missed,
The sand and the steps, edges and walls, were blessed with a kiss.

Photographs were taken, this moment to be shared,
But only with AEMSC persons, the members who cared.
They were emailed around with comments attached,
Passed on to others, they were quickly dispatched.
It seemed the starters had increased, that's for shore,
There wasn't enough room to accommodate the fabulous four.
Those that came, enjoyed the swim, laughter and chatted,
Being back at Austinmer with friends was all that mattered.

About this time Affective concrete were working hard,
Putting in steel and then concrete, all done by the yard.
The northern pool was closed enabling this work to be done,
The Southern pool left open so we could still have some fun.
Then the surf surged, waves crashed through the pool,
But it wasn't enough to deter those people from Thirroul.
Both pools were now closed due to the raging tide,
The fab four had their swim and salvaged some pride.

It was early in June THE submission was made,
Some members were determined, there was no charade,
Wollongong council could be seen to be resisting,
While the AEMSC members sought heritage listing
Not only on our pools but the dressing sheds as well,
Will we get that listing? maybe, only time will tell!
It seems this effort fills the members with delight,
If it's not given, there will be one hell of a fight.

In June I was approached by a lass, who was not being funny
She spoke with me, and said I must owe you some money,
I couldn't recall that she owed me money, what could be worse,
Turned out she wanted me to delete her mention in an earlier verse.
There you are folks; people think I could be tempted by a bribe,
My honesty and sincerity is something only I can describe.
To delete or mention the name of any AEMSC swimmer,
For a paid consideration really makes me simmer.

Half way through our swim and at the eastern wall
When Gary Minch proclaimed "he had seen it all,"
A rainbow arch and plume of white created by a crashing wave,
We all looked at Gary and said that statement makes him brave,
It was agreed this was not a group participation,
But simply Gary having a hypothermic hallucination!
Despite our protestations Gary persisted he was right,
Muttering you see some strange things in the night.

Several other members in holiday mood, overseas they went,
They had too much money, some of which had to be spent.
Damien was off in the plane's pointy end, headed to Dubai
Garry Minch went to the Cook Islands, he said with a sigh.
While Leo who had nowhere to go and really felt of place,
A quick trip to Wellington over the ditch saw him save face.
Its true Ross and John to take a trip had no yearning,
They stayed behind to ensure the home fires kept burning.

We all know our local paper has been undergoing change,
The one that serves the Illawarra set below the range.
Printing is now done elsewhere, staff they did reduce,
It caused some upheaval, but settled in a truce,
Until we learned our famed photographer, named Kirk,
Was kicked out of his job, fired! He now had no work.
The Illawarra Mercury what do you reckon Eh?
Not thinking, they finished him up on his birthday.

Now John McNamara has already had a mention in verse,
It seems he may have been suffering from a curse.
While cutting concrete, the saw, it did rebound,
Early rumours said "his wrist was lying on the ground".
He and the wrist were rushed to hospital to have it reattached,
It was not that bad, and soon to home he had been dispatched.
The truth of his true injury, a learned discovery,
Macca we trust you have a satisfactory recovery.

Well that about sums up our year, let's finish as we started,
The pool contractor and Wollongong council, their company parted.
Take a look at the pool today, a question you may well ask.
What progress has been made? Is it really, that big a task?
We keep being reminded, the tide and swell has to be just right,
This happens almost daily, well very nearly every night.
Please enjoy your Christmas and then have a happy New Year,
It might just happen that our pool gets finished and we all begin to cheer.