

## AEMSC 2024

The last Thursday in November our members came together,  
In mateship, camaraderie and some lovely fine weather.  
Our president Joy Lynch, welcomed all those who attended,  
Gave a summary of the year past and things which were mended.

The first item of business was the awarding of Life Membership,  
To our secretary Brian Cummins, for all the years he's made the trip.  
Forty years is the milestone for getting this prestigious award,  
It's not a gift but something earned for devotion, a just reward.

Now is the time to iterate what has occurred through the year,  
If I recall correctly, John and Maureen Mercer were not here.  
Failing to attend our last dinner, it was just not the same,  
There would have been a valid reason, so there is no blame.

Early swimmers had noticed silence, not even a sound,  
Usually caused by Leroy, the dog, from the pound.  
Someone asked if he died, Leisle said he's not dead,  
He's now tied up and confined in the ladies dressing shed.

She had tried many things to stop his barking,  
Clapping her flippers, she heard a person remarking  
What are you doing that for? Trying to quieten your dog?  
Well, yes, but I would have been better with a pet hedgehog.

Our members like tidy surrounds beside our change room  
They gather to clean up, using their bucket and broom.  
This is part of how our shed is passionately attended  
It is well maintained and stops it from having to be mended.

Despite that, there is one matter of concern, for sure,  
It is the opening of the disabled toilet's singing door.  
When done, it starts talking, we can clearly hear what is said,  
In some foreign language we can't understand much to our dread.

Well, our council was notified and workmen attended,  
They carefully checked it out and the voice was more blended.  
Using their tuning fork, the voice became more clear  
Then for unknown reasons the singing and talking did disappear.

Our early morning lady swimmers, the ones who arrive around six,  
Have created a new trend, causing our members to Mix.  
Now catering for birthday parties on a properly set table,  
With crockery, glasses, wine, birthday card, all very stable.

While generally afforded to our ladies an exception was made,  
For a retirement breakfast, a young man who made the grade.  
Our dog walking signwriter, known as Johnny Macca,  
He felt very honoured, but disappointed they didn't fire a cracker.

Can you remember in April, that dreadful downpour of rain?  
When it couldn't be handled with the existing drain.  
Surplus water managed to find its original path, now within reach,  
Cutting a swathe through and across the road and the beach.

The Grove and vicinity were most effected from this storm,  
Where our members got more rain than the norm.  
With friends and neighbours Clean-up was quickly under way  
Claims were lodged, but there are still outstanding matters today.

Several signs had to be placed around our cenotaph,  
Reminding visitors don't be inconsiderate, picnic on the grass.  
It seems, out of towners took advantage of the large crowd,  
To use this spot where space prevailed, they must be proud.

Early June a sign appeared "car park closed June 24<sup>th</sup> all day,"  
No one seemed to know, what was coming our way.  
Turned out it was for re-surfacing of the asphalt, that's fine,  
Once this was finished, workers painted on new lines.

With the onset of winter, our more temperate swimmer,  
Headed to warmer clime, missing our water shimmer.  
Now the pool temperature has started to climb  
And with that last word I can make something rhyme.

People return to our pool from their overseas jaunt,  
If we talk about temperature, us, those persons will taunt.  
Then proceed to tell us how much they enjoyed warm sun,  
Relaxing, holidaying and having so much fun.

Rob the marathon man, has plans to set a record,  
Trying to get the AEMSC swimmers of one accord,  
To do hand stands in the pool, so the legs are showing,  
About 400 hundred soles in total, he'll get them going.

When arriving early, one can see legs pointing in the air,  
Torso underwater, showing only legs from the derry air.  
Rob has got this task to do and to show he's no fool,  
He intends to use both northern and southern pool.

Corrimal lad James Simpson cometh, to immortalise the AEMSC  
Using his photography skills on our members, for all to see.  
It's hoped the book will be released early next year,  
You can sit back in the sun and look at it over a beer.

A 30 second video, to be included, just made it in time,  
Of an octopus, in our northern pool, coated in slime.  
It was trying to climb the entry steps, maybe to escape,  
He stayed, obviously enjoying the perfect landscape.

Another year is now quickly passing bye,  
Christmas is sneaking up, there's no need to cry.  
Nor is there any need for concern, dread or fear,  
Just raise that glass, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

