



MISERABLE SPARTAN DAY

9 April 2019

Preparing for ANZAC Day has been just one day after another of preparations. Now I know that when I serving in the ADF we worked and trained in all types of weather, but you would think that at my age I would have more sense. I don't how the Spartans of old withstood the changes in the weather patterns, but I am sure their Oracles and Soothsayers did not jump up and down about climate change. They just blamed it of one of their Twelve Gods and sacrificed a beast to bring back good weather. If it worked for them then it should work for me.

But, I am just not prepared to go out into that bloody miserable weather, collect firewood, fire up the BBQ, prepare the meat, the wine, bread, olives, cheese, potatoes and other goodies. On second thoughts, wine will be worth the trouble. Here in the cottage, surrounded by thick walls, safe from the external environment with heaters on, I am reluctant to move.

Coffees, teas, Southern Comfort, more coffees and of course more Southern Comfort for medicinal purposes only are the order of the day. Earlier in the day cousin Chris Glekas and I went to the neighbouring village of Kastori for supplies and flowers. It was raining then as the video will demonstrate.

The flowers I purchased from an old lady who I had not met before but soon found out that was her son her unfortunately decided that life was not for him. He had travelled to the Corinth Canal where life was no more. The flowers were buried within the Hellenic ANZAC Gardens memorial. On reflection, a fitting tribute to one so young.

It was still raining on our return and foolish me disregarding the elements kept working in the rain. My mind thinks it has a body of a 25- to 30-year-old, my body on the other hand is reeling from the pressures of the day believes it is about 95 years old.

As far as I am concerned it is mind over matter and nothing but a good long glass of hot Southern Comfort and rest will do the trick. Trouble is, you can only trick your body some many times before it becomes conscious of the bullshit the mind tells it and just collapses in despair.



Oh well, you can win them all. Life is full of challenges that we must face and find solutions to overcome them. (Southern Comfort has its perks). Later in the day, I uprooted some poppies that I had planted in May of 2018 from a garden patch out the back and replanted them into the Hellenic ANZAC Gardens Memorial. I guess that with some luck the poppies will grow.

So far I have planted about 90% of wild flowers handpicked for the Memorial. Not knowing their names, I have categorized them as follows:

- 1000 Poppies
- 2000 Daisies
- 1000 Pink Flowers
- 1000 White flowers tiny
- 500 Jonkills
- 100 Rose bushes
- 40 Petunias
- 16 Geraniums
- 26 White bulb flowers
- 16 White and Yellow Flowers
- 10 Wild white flowers
- 12 Fern trees
- 22 Wild yellow flowers
- 50 Wild purple flowers
- 12 Carnations
- 4 Wild tulips
- 20 20 Daphne bushes.

Of all of the above maybe 25% may survive the replanting and be ready for ANZAC Day. The remainder of the 5% were purchased through local markets. It is now 7.40 pm and only seven hours behind Aussie which is good for communicating with family and friends. The rain may have stopped but it is still miserable outside. The weather forecast for the next seven days appears the same and one hopes that it still clears up for ANZAC Day.

That's all for now. Stay strong, be well and enjoy what life we have.

Peter