

Memories

Memories... They're funny things, aren't they? There are good ones, bad ones and those ones you wish didn't exist. They teach us lessons and give us experiences that we aren't going to forget. Most of all they're helpful. In this story I'm going to share my memories of this wonderful place named Wyong. A place of enjoyment and connection.

One of my first memories of Wyong I like to describe as any kids' paradise. Picture seeing a pizza parlor that sells their pizza by the meter. I know, it's really anyone's paradise. I would take everyone I knew to this spectacular place. Sometimes I even got friends from Sydney to come all that way just for a bite of wonder. The best part is no matter how big anyone's appetite was or how many people came we would always have more to take home. This place was one of those really good memories which is really hard to find in this modern world sometimes.

Let's skip 2 years later. This is when me and my family went to the Love Lanes festival with my Nan. We had not been to this festival before and we thought this would be a great event because it was placed right where the wonderful pizza place that we use to go to was. Now my sister being a younger sister, was a bit annoyed at the gigantic lines for all the nearby food places. I mean who doesn't get annoyed at long lines especially when you're hangry. We were just waiting when an idea popped into my head, which is normally not a good thing. "What if we wait in 2 lines at once. So I went with my sister, who was still hangry, to the other line for the wolfs. Hungry Wolves. Now this was one of those bad ideas. We walked all the way up the street only to find that they had advertised it but then decided not to open. By the time we got back down the street my mother was already at the front of the line. My hangry sister was annoyed to find that the free food was a loaf of garlic bread not a whole pizza with all the delectable meats on it.

Later my mum on the way home past this wonderful church named Wyong Anglican. We marked the location in our minds and went on our way home. The next Sunday we stopped to visit this church to find a church filled with all these nice middle aged or elderly people. This church didn't have any kids! We found out later that they had a family with some kids that only came sometimes. They were a bit late, but they did arrive and as it was holidays there wasn't a kid's church prepared so they made a makeshift one for me, my sister/the new kids, and the littler kids. It was a nice story about how Jesus was a good Shepard and what he had done for us. Later in the term time we started attending regularly to find there was a new kid's church coordinator. Their daughter's name was Shara. Already this kid problem was starting to be solved.

We heard that this new coordinator, named Diana, was organizing a kid's club on the Wednesday afternoons after school. Me and my sister obviously being the right age group were ecstatic for this new opportunity to meet new kids and to invite them along to our church services the Sunday later in the week. There was of course Diana leading the club with another

leader. The other leaders name was Roz. She was excited to see more kids in the church building let alone in the services. We did our first week of this kid's club/film group the theme being shadow where we would stand behind a cover and do our acting as shadows in the background to be filmed. We knew with our new church and new group this was going to be a good year.

It was a good year and now it is 2024. I'm starting High School with a twist and the event that got me to where I am now, I am entering this story to. It's funny how life has a way of looping back to great memories. With that I conclude my story and wish you all the best with making your own memories.