

Rock pool reflections

A group of fifteen of my family members waded, or swam, or climbed over rocks to get to rock pools at Second Valley.

Three generations were represented. But the highlight was not the swim or climb. It was stories that were shared in the rock pool.

Two of my grand-daughters who are now in their 30s were telling two of my great grand-daughters about the hopes they had once shared right there in that same rock pool as young cousins – dreams of marrying, finding great jobs, making a difference in the lives of others. Now here they were more than 25 years later recalling those stories that influenced their life's direction.

My great grand-daughters – transported back in time – hung on every word. They understood so much more about their mum and the wider family.

The men joined in too with stories of bringing romantic interests to the rock pools. They also told my great-grandsons of their brave deeds in earlier days at Second Valley.

As a great-grandfather of ten kiddies, I love to hear how these stories – passed down from generation to generation – continue to emphasise our strong sense of family and the values which bind us together.

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“Whatever things are of good report . . . meditate on these things.” Philippians 4.8.

Ken Packer