



These hands helped my parents on their farm and in their vineyard; they played with my brother, sister and friends, and wrote stories at school.

These hands have caught footballs playing full back and coaching for the Rutherglen team, dressed in the team colours of red white and blue. These hands held racquets to play tennis; held my wife Kath of 65 years and helped to raise my three daughters and son. These hands greeted six grandsons, three granddaughters and a great grandson into the world.

These hands have waved hello and goodbye many times; they have clapped in appreciation of music and entertainment; shifted irrigation pipes; chopped wood for the fire; driven a tractor to plant wheat, barley and oats; raised sheep and cattle. These hands have raised and broken-in horses, driven them in harness racing (even winning a few). These hands helped in the community as Shire President. These hands have held many books and papers whilst reading over the years.

*Bill*



These hands did not inherit the dexterity of my father, whose hands looked like they had flames coming out of them when he worked. These hands were born 16 miles up into the mountains of New South Wales and have been drawn back to remoteness ever since. These hands worked in the wilds of Scotland's Isle of Mull, in a bank and as a paediatric nurse in the baby ward of the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children where they specialised in feeding babies failing to thrive.

These hands met and married a ship's officer from the North of England, they raised two children and always prioritised children first, housework second. These hands lifted rocks and mowed lawns to build our front garden while my husband was called back to sea.

These hands hold my morning cup of tea as I sit and watch the leaves on the tree outside my window, each day.

*Edith*





These hands came into the world in Essendon, the second of four children, two boys and two girls. After leaving school, these hands found work as a typist in the government department of Health, working in Melbourne's Bourke Street from the age of 16. After the war ended, these hands would take a pause from typing to sit with my friends and watch American soldiers entertaining guests through the restaurant windows of the Bourke Street Hotel, which was just across the road from our office.

These hands have always loved the races and, together with my father, would go along to watch the horses. These hands married a horse trainer and together we travelled to the United States, visiting New York, San Francisco and Chicago with our horse, 'Wiggle' whose name was inspired by my husband seeing Marilyn Monroe walking up some stairs in a film: "When she walks she wiggles."

These hands lift the phone and call my sister every day.



These hands picked pawpaws and pineapples on my parents' farm in Queensland, taking care not to damage the fruit. These hands stitched sportswear for a living turning any fabric they could find into dresses and skirts; they made dresses for my daughter and turned up hems on the jeans and pants of my granddaughters. These hands were taught by my mother's hands how to pluck and dress chooks; these hands held the handlebars of my bike as I cycled to and from school.

These hands made biscuits and boiled fruit cakes, writing down the recipe to be shared with friends; they cooked rissoles and schnitzel holding out tasters to my granddaughters who would appear in the kitchen as the self-designated chief tasters. These hands wore clear nail varnish for my wedding to my husband in Brisbane Cathedral at the age of 21. These hands loved looking after our two granddaughters when they flew north to visit us during school holidays.

*Gloria*





These hands have drawn and painted, from picking up a stick to draw in the dirt on the Tasmanian ground as a child, to teaching art to teenagers in Melbourne.

These hands have raised 3 sons; they have travelled to Paris and around Europe eating croissants; they have enjoyed visiting art galleries and playing the piano, learning all the scales.

These hands have done life drawings and learned to drive in a yellow car as I did not like asking for lifts. These hands used to ride a blue bicycle; they loved to play hockey and softball and took me dancing on Saturday nights.

These hands won me a scholarship to university which made my parents proud and held tight as I climbed up onto the bus to travel to Hobart from Margate and back, each day.

*Gloria*



These hands grew up in Crimea where my father made beautiful furniture and had a shop where he sold it. Everyone liked my father. When the communists came, life became very hard. My father was the only man from the village not sent to Syberia. He was sent to prison instead where he contracted Typhoid and died.

These hands studied hard at school until Grade 5 when I left and began working to help out my mother. These hands emulated the hands of my mother, a seamstress, and learned a lot about sewing from her, knowledge I still hold. These hands have sewn beautiful, intricate tapestries of flowers made from many tiny stitches, which hang in my room.

These hands speak German, Russian and English. When the war started, these hands were sent to work as a translator, a job I did not like. These hands have loved living in Australia. These hands are 100 years old..

*Olga*





These hands grew up alongside my sisters and brother in Ballarat where we would all chase each other, swinging and playing outside for hours together; they have held the hands of my children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

These hands have walked Mick, a little fox terrier and, later on, Trixie. These hands have washed and ironed clothes, hanging them out to dry on a big long line, pegging the small things in the middle and the big things towards the outer edges.

These hands worked at Gowers in Ballarat, smocking clothes for children. These hands have climbed up Black Hill in Ballarat to look at the view and smell the gums, and once went rowing on Lake Wendouree.

These hands have been partial to a Four'N twenty pie, and enjoyed bags filled with toffee chocolate eclairs.

*Hazel*



These hands grew up in a house in Essendon with my older sister and my mother who was strict about me going out, even after I started working. These hands loved having fun at the church dances and being a member of the Girls Friendly Society, going to dressmaking classes and learning to sew my own clothes.

These hands went to work as a typist at General Electric before moving to Kodak on Collins Street and, later, to the National Bank where they worked as the Staff Inspector's secretary until retirement, taking the bus to the train and on to Flinders Street each day, walking up DeGraves Street into the arcade, out onto Collins and then left to the Bank. These hands typed so fast they once drew a crowd of 20 people all just stuck to the floor watching and aghast at the speed of these hands as they whipped the old sheets of paper out of the machine, and scrolled in the new.

These hands have always loved knitting and crocheting, and have crocheted many blankets for the Cancer Council over the years. These hands have never learned to drive as my legs weren't long enough for my feet to touch the floor. These hands found love later in life and were married at the age of 86.





These hands grew up in Glasgow, the youngest of three children. These hands left school and went to work on a farm earning the princely sum of 10 shillings a week, before fulfilling a childhood dream of joining the Navy and training to be an engineer, an ally to my brother and sister who both joined the Air Force.

These hands built and maintained the engines of ships carrying 400 passengers to far away places before coming ashore in Australia to settle in Melbourne after finding love on a voyage to New Zealand. These hands made a life with my wife and family, living around East Melbourne and raising three children, two daughters and a son. These hands wound up the gramophone to enjoy music: Scottish bagpipes, Doris Day and Perry Como. These hands love to spin a bowling ball and were president of Mount Martha Bowls Club. These hands have soared up into the skies from Moorrabin, loving the feeling of freedom, space and sharing good times with great friends. These hands discovered a talent for art, working on wood and on paper.

These hands are proud to have painted the image selected for the cover of the 2018 Mecwacare calendar.

*Hugh*



These hands held the hands of my sister, these hands have taught many children as a Primary School Teacher; these hands have negotiated waves as I surfed in the ocean and as I swam in the waters off Barwon Heads.

These hands help me to enjoy a coffee every morning; they have planted seeds and grown plants.

These hands hold my walker and keep me steady.

*Marie*





These hands helped me make a living all of my life, from stitching made to measure bras, to selling stamps and packing parcels at the Post Office I ran for 20 years.

These hands are very important to me; these hands are my main way of getting around; these hands have raised four children. These hands used to collect billys full of worms to feed to the platypus at Healesville Sanctuary, receiving 5 shillings for each billy; these hands pulled a little cart around to sell rabbits trapped by my father. These hands have held the hands of dance partners at balls and dances.

These hands have driven across Australia and stitched hand warmers in all sorts of shapes and sizes, from cats and dogs to trucks and cars, for the kids of Buxton.

*Margaret*





These hands began life in Prague in the Czech Republic. These hands patrolled the Czechoslovakian border as a young man doing National Service, holding the leash of my dog as I walked back and forth along the line dividing the Czech Republic from West Germany. These hands earned a living as a Zincographer bringing images to life from a zinc plate until the fumes overpowered my lungs. These hands reached out to my wife when I was 23, they welcomed our daughter and later, three grandchildren into the world.

These hands built a home studio where they turned wood for hours on end, creating lampshades, vases, bowls and furniture from fallen and found timber for my family and friends. These hands have written down my life story and bound it in three books for posterity. These hands migrated to Australia to escape the grip of communism and helped me to forge a new life for my family.

These hands are helping me to walk again.

*Michael*





These hands migrated from Germany to Australia at the age of 13 to escape the escalating instability and imminent threat of war, travelling together with my parents and younger sister.

These hands know elegance and poise, they have taught and examined ballet dancers in 33 countries of the world while working for the Royal Academy in London and been applauded by the hands of thousands of others during their time dancing on stage and delighting audiences at the Australia Ballet.

These hands have defied gravity, taking to the air and performing a glorious death leap while dancing the role of the Golden Slave in Scheherazade, bringing down the house.

*Martin*



These hands loved building sandcastles on holidays in Queenscliff. They drove a Fiat 500 that was white with a blue interior and cream piping given to me by my grandfather to give me independence.

These hands have ridden a two wheel bike - black with a red stripe, all over Vermont to explore and look out towards the Dandenongs.

These hands have danced the Pride of Erin and been swirled and twirled around. These hands have had sex.

These hands have pruned gardens, held crayons and paintbrushes and Rembrandt pastels which my thumb used to smudge for artistic effect. These hands have raised three daughters and welcomed two grandchildren. Each day, these hands wave to my little grandson who lives in New York and who loves to play with lego, on my google machine.

*Sally*





These hands were born in Sussex in July 1933. Later, these hands waved my father off to war from the promenade in Portsmouth, and held tightly to the hands of my mother as we sought shelter in the London underground each night, tucked away from the bombs raining down on the city above but aware of the vibrations. These hands became the hands of an evacuee, sent from London to stay in Devon at the age of 8.

These hands broke with family tradition by going to sea at 16 years old having been told they were lousy at maths and would never make the hands of a banker. Clinging to a rope ladder these hands hauled me up the outside of a huge ship as it rose and fell on the swell of the grey British sea off the coast of Brixham, pulling me upwards to embark on my first career and a life which would eventually bring me to Australia.

These hands married twice and raised two children; they spent hours compiling and writing down the family history for future generations to read and enjoy, and wear a gold ring that bears the family crest.

*Michael (no longer with us and much missed)*





These hands were big in television at a time when TV was a highly male-dominated industry, working in Channel 7 for over 30 years. These hands held the hands of my little sister, Barb, as we were growing up together in St Kilda where everyone would go to the beach all the time.

These hands have always had a spirit of adventure and loved to travel overseas, spending time in London and New York and a myriad of other places.

These hands have always liked to have something on the go.





These hands would brush my mother's hair for hours on end as a way to stay up for longer in the evening. These hands trained in hairdressing and went to work nine floors up in the Manchester Unity building to tame manes and transform people each day. These hands worked in one of Melbourne's first open-plan hairdressing salons in South Yarra, where the ladies would sit outside in a row under the free standing driers and take afternoon tea while their hair dried.

These hands first met my husband at a school ballroom dancing class when I was 16. These hands have welcomed three children, four grandchildren and four great grandchildren. These hands drove a little car with 'urgent blood' written on the front all over Melbourne picking up pathology specimens and dropping them off to the lab.

These hands knitted and sewed for my kids, they built bonfires and a new home from the ground up in Bulleen. These hands always enjoyed gardening which they learned from the hands of my father.

*Pam*



These hands have tuned the dial to 3KZ Melbourne radio to listen to rock and roll, selected records from the racks in Myer and chosen clothes styled in the fashions of the Beatles and the Stones from a shop called Opal which had branches in Frankston, Chadstone and Camberwell. These hands tried learning to play the guitar but quickly lost interest for reasons long since forgotten.

These hands have travelled from Australia to Hong Kong, Macau, and China and experienced a world away from Australia.

These hands have planted hundreds and thousands of seedlings and plants to maintain the public gardens of Camberwell Council, working out in the open and watching the seasons change for more than 26 years; these hands have planted and tended the grounds of Xavier College, and cooked food to feed everyone at a rehabilitation centre.

*Richard*





These hands began life in the Western District and were raised in dairy country, they've known trepidation, holding on in the shallows of Lake Keilambete as my mother swam in its deep, salty water. These hands went to boarding school in Melbourne from the age of 10. Later, after leaving, they worked for a year, producing industrial transfers. These hands have raised three children, forged strong family connections, known great joy and deep loss.

These hands have known hard, physical work and when I look at them now I see gardeners hands, and an appreciation for horticulture absorbed from working alongside my Aunt and my mother. These hands have a gap where my engagement ring was stolen and my wedding ring was removed somewhere along the way.

These hands have travelled to America to visit our daughter who lived there for 30 years; they have travelled to Europe and the United Kingdom and back. These hands enjoy holding a good book.

*Margaret*





These Hands have held my husband. They have loved and raised five children whom I'm very proud of. They have swaddled and played with nine grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

These hands have played hockey and tennis. They have danced.

These hands served in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force in WWII. They have studied and worked.

These hands have travelled the world. They have prayed, they have comforted, and they have celebrated with my family.

*Moirra, where it all began*