Maleny Garden Club Inc.



The Maleny Garden Club extends a warm invitation to all members and visitors to attend the monthly general meetings held on the last Tuesday of each month, as per program for the year.

Note from the Editor.

Each time I put a Snippets together I aim to not only make it informative but to also provide some amusing anecdotes and sayings. Anything to cheer us up as we all try and cope with our current situation. Look forward to getting back together in August.

<u>Thoughts</u>

Life would be infinitely happier if we could only be born at the age of eighty and gradually approach eighteen.

Good times become good memories, Bad times become good lessons

Happiness is not having what you want, It's wanting what you have.

Enjoy life, This is not a rehearsal

Here is a recipe that I use for that special occasion. While it takes a little time to prepare it is well worth the effort and it looks most enticing when presented to guests.

Biscotten Torte.

24 nice biscuits (2 ×250pkts) 125g (4oz) ½ cup castor sugar 2 eggs, separated 125g (4oz) ground almonds A few drops almond essence ½ cup milk with 1½ tbsp rum added (or 1 tsp rum essence if preferred) 1½ cups cream, whipped Shaved chocolate or whole almonds (for garnish)

Cream butter and sugar then add beaten egg yolks.

Add ground almonds and almond essence and mix in well. Beat egg whites until firm Then fold gently into creamed mixture. Set aside. This forms the filling.

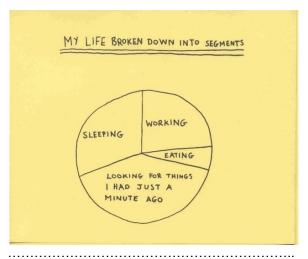
Select a rectangular serving platter. Pour ½ cup milk and rum or essence into a flattish bowl and gently dip each biscuit in and out the milk. Place 2 rows (side by side)with 3 biscuits each row down the centre of serving plate. Cover the 2 rows with 1/3 of filling and smooth over with a knife. Repeat biscuit and filling layers, finishing with remaining 6 biscuits. Cover biscuits with foil and refrigerate for 24hrs. Cover biscuits completely with whipped cream. Now garnish with whole almonds or shaved chocolate. **Serve in thin slices**.



Not a poem by Erin Hanson

You are not your age, Nor the size of clothes you wear, You are not your weight, Or the colour of your hair. You are not your name, Or the dimples in your cheeks, You are all the books you read, And all the words you speak, You are your croaky morning voice, and the smiles you try and hide, You're the sweetness in your laughter, And every tear you've cried, You're the songs you sing so loudly, When you know you're all alone, You're the places that you've been to, And the one that you call home, You're the things that you believe in, And the people that you love, You're the photos in your bedroom, And the future you dream of, You're made of so much beauty, But it seems that you forgot, When you decided that you were defined, By all the things you're not.

I thought you might like to read this lovely poem as much as did when I first read it.



Kate Wall (Consulting Gardener) says:

*Let your cobbler's pegs grow for the bees.

* Hello Yellow. Winter is all about wattle. These fluffy yellow balls have mesmerized me since I was tiny. Have you tried wattleseed as a spice? It's a bush food I hope we see a lot more of.

* Dianthas, or clove pinks aren't usually indoor plants but in my north/west facing bathroom there's plenty of light even for them. This \$5 pot has given much joy as it keeps on flowering, adding colour and perfume to my little bathroom. The name "clove pinks" refers to the perfume which is rich and spicy, like sweet cloves. My bathroom is a great place for indoor plants as it has lots of light and periodic high humidity.

