

Moni Zonse,

Here in South Australia we officially started our summer on 1 December, yesterday (4<sup>th</sup> December 2025) it reached 35°!

I, like many, miss our days in Malawi, the people, the climate and life in general.

For me Christmas has never been the same. The start was a children's party at the Police Mess. Father Christmas would arrive in a Police Landrover - as the reindeers were resting on the parade ground. How many children's parties can boast having a Police band or for every child being able to dance the conga, thanks to Mrs Gwenda Long (the Commissioner's wife).

On Christmas morning, after opening our presents and breakfast out the way, my sister Heather and I were sent to various houses in the Police Camp to deliver cards & small gifts.

Dad (Danny Morrison) would go off to the Mess to have a drink with some of his colleagues, then the phone would ring and it would be Dad saying that he had invited some people to share Christmas Day lunch with us. Mum would go into the kitchen and tell Kenneth, our cook, *"Bwana ambiri akubwera"*, *"Chabwino Dona"* was his reply.

Dad hated the thought of someone spending Christmas day on their own or just at the Mess.

Mum's brother Jim Bishop & his family would also join us. There was lots of good food and great company followed by great party games initiated by Uncle Jim.

That's how I remember my Malawi Christmas.

Merry Christmas to one and all.

Mary Abela