

GCS Gathering on 23 May 09

Green Culture Singapore Feature Article for May 2009

Published on 22 June 2009

• Text by Petunia Lee • Pictures by Choon Kee •



Above: The Green Culture Singapore family photograph.

Wilson wrote “Could you write an article about the May 2009 GCS gathering?” and since I love to write, I said “I’d love to”. So, here goes! Bear with me.

For many of us, our souls had already met in cyberspace, but not our bodies. Physically, you really don’t know what the people you joke with everyday and poke fun at, look like. Of course, you bond in threads discussing chicken shit, happy worms and tons of compost. But, finally meeting them held the excitement of opening a mystery present at X’mas. A present to look forward to, that talks and moves and says hello back. So, the GCS gathering was X’mas time in the wrong month. You give away freely and you get tons back in exchange. You stuff yourself on other people’s food, and other people stuff themselves on yours.

Every now and then you yell “Oh gosh! You mean you’re not a woman!? I would never have guessed that you’re a man!” Now of course, if you say that at any other occasion, it is terribly insulting because it implies that the guy looks like a gal. In this case, you can say that ALL you want and people just laugh because they know you aren’t commenting about how they look.

It was great!

So, for many weeks, many of us had been much looking forward to the GCS gathering. And as the date neared, things started to hot up real good. People wrote about congo lines, foam parties and latin music, and the food list was something I dreamt of at night... meringues that looked rather like Salvador Dali’s art pieces, panna cotta, home-grown vegetables, exotic popiahs, unknown pies, cute-cute chwee kueh, dong po pork, curry chicken... It made me wish I was a cow. Four stomachs, you see. And so, there was a last minute rush to sign up. I’m not sure if it was because of the promise of a foam party or the list of food... But of course, we know the foam party (neither did the congo line) didn’t happen but man, the food...! There was a lot of it and all very good too! The next time, I will skip breakfast and lunch and make sure I eat a bit of EVERYTHING!! The next time too, we will also put the plants in another room so that our green darlings will not witness us gardeners doing the congo line. We all need to maintain some dignity in front of our plants.

And do you know what? We owe this to one amazing lady whom I had imagined to be rather large and motherly... but turned out to be a sylph-like thing standing on a chair in an attractive mini-skirt. To be very truthful, as the day drew nearer I was ever more impressed by Ah Kee. She has the rare gift for enthusing people. What was more impressive was that she could do it online. Never mind about the inspiring speeches and the rousing oratories. None of that! She did all that she did silently and online. Sorted out the details. Got people excited. Got volunteers, tables, chairs, cutlery... The only thing we were short of, was money, and that, she generously contributed herself.

Now, in this story, there’s also a male main character who goes by the intriguing, mysterious and slightly dark name of the Green Baron... you know, like the Green Goblin? But Green Baron turned out to be this generous and friendly fellow who lives in this enviably beautiful condominium with an all glass function room set amid the soft sounds of swimming pool water splashes, and wooden decks. And I discovered that he wasn’t green. He was attractively tanned. He too generously contributed funds to make the GCS gathering the huge success it turned out to be.

And yes, I was privately grouching that Wilson had decided not to come. He had written it in his post some days before. One tries to be well-bred even in cyberspace, but to The Husband I privately commented, “Can you believe we’re having a GCS gathering minus the forum CEO?! That is so unseemly! It’s like the President of Singapore didn’t come for the National Day parade! Hmmmmmph!” Of course, The Husband doesn’t care, but many were glad to see Wilson there.

Wilson was tired after a loooooong day at work, but he came by, and I’ll bet you that he didn’t regret it. There he was, face beaming, replenishing the energy he had lost to a long workday, with the collective energy of all us soul mates. He looked brighter and more energetic as the evening wore on. I know, ‘cause I was watching Mr CEO out the corner of my eye - a skill all mothers possess, because we need to watch our kids.

Feedback for this Article

Please post your thoughts or feedback for this article via the following topic in the Green Culture Singapore discussion forum.

<http://www.greenculturesg.com/forum/index.php?showtopic=19025>

If you have any enquiries or wish to publish a part or entire of this article, do send the Administrator a note via this email address – admin@greenculturesg.com.