

The Martin Family

James David (Jim) Martin (1927-), a great grandson of Bridget Carrucan, married Helen Mary Dallimore and they have four grown up children, Catherine (1962), Richard (1964), Elizabeth (1965) and Ann (1968).

Jim has asked each of the children to submit a short storyline of their lives thus far and it makes for great reading – modern lives with all their complexities!

First to a photo of them in their younger days – in 1971!



1971 - Eileen and Jack Martin with grandchildren Catherine, Anne, Elizabeth and Richard Martin, all featured on the following pages.

And a necessary note about Jim. After a career in the sciences, he was accepted into the Theological Hall at Ormond College, University of Melbourne, commencing theological studies in 1957 and graduating in 1960. After a number of appointments around Victoria, he was appointed as Principal of 'The John Flynn College', a co-residential College within James Cook University of North Queensland, a position he held until his retirement in 1992. Their life in far north Queensland features in the stories below.

Catherine Julia Martin (1962 -)

The Carrucan history, like that of so many other families worldwide, is littered with stories of distance travel, moving to far places and engaging in new adventures. In reflecting upon journeys which my immediate family has undertaken, it is fair to say that the courage of my parents Jim and Helen to undertake some fantastic journeys with me and my three siblings – has led us to lives full of fascinating epics and evolving destinations, I now realize is totally consistent with that of the Carrucan spirit and which is reflected in this 'Tale of Two Cities'!

Catherine Martin writes: having being born in Melbourne, and spending the first 9 years of my life along the Great Ocean Road and in the city of Geelong, I remember the day when Mum and Dad told me and my brother Richard (aged 7) and sisters Elizabeth (aged 5) and Ann (aged 3); we were moving from Geelong up to Townsville in North Queensland where Dad would take up position as Principal of the John Flynn College at James Cook University. Initially all of this meant nothing, just names and places I had never heard of. This was soon to change, when a week after Cyclone Althea had near-destroyed the City of Townsville on Christmas Eve 1971, mum, my brother and sisters and I took our first ever air flight - all the way to Townsville. It was the

biggest adventure of our little lives. Dad had driven the 2695 kms north to Townsville to prepare for our arrival some weeks before, along with his father Jack Martin and our beautiful family Labrador, Cappy.

I remember vividly the feeling that we must have travelled to the other side of the world, as in the eyes of a child, I was perplexed as to why we would have been brought to a city which, post cyclonically, was devoid of anything which resembled normality as I knew it: bent palm trees stripped to their core, houses crushed to matchsticks and cars turned upside down.

But my parents' knack to turn the saga into a newfound adventure, soon saw us children settle into new schools, new landscapes, a new climate and new everything. The months in Townsville soon became years. Four years after arriving in Townsville, Richard and I, now aged 11 and 13 years, had opportunity to go to boarding school in Melbourne, heralding an era of many hellos and goodbyes as we, and several years later my sisters also, weaved our lives between the family home in Townsville, along with school and beloved grandparents and new friends, in Melbourne.

School in Melbourne with its crisp cold winters, midnight feasts and great camaraderie, was a great adventure I loved, but I always looked forward to school holidays back in the tropics during which we would often explore the wonders of Northern Australia – Cairns, Atherton Tablelands, Yepoon, Great Keppel Island, and of course, Townsville's own beautiful Magnetic Island.

Closer to home, especially during those early years, our university campus backyard provided the perfect backdrop for lots of local exploration, especially for members of the "Smiley" Club. This club of four under 12 year olds comprised my sisters, and our only neighbor – Nancy. Nancy and I, as the eldest of the four, ran the adventure club. The mission was to run excursions around the campus, to its pool, trampoline, creeks, buildings and shady trees. Ann was often placed in the wheel barrow, as it was too far for her to walk, being as young as she was and always in the background was Cappy. Concerts were choreographed and routinely imposed upon our patient families, and hand sewn Smiley Badges were de rigueur.

From our wondrous North Queensland home verandah, we would enjoy the spectacular colors, sights, sounds and seasons, of the sprawling James Cook University bush land at the base of the magnificent and evocative Mt Stuart. From there, we embraced hot, humid summers and their fierce rainstorms, mild and beautiful winters, the eerie, chilling but always majestic call of the curlew, green Kermit-like frogs, roaming dingoes, python snakes and sweet, friendly wallabies. The area enfolded and watched us 4 little children grow to adulthood during the 21 years for which it was our home, and home of our pets - wallaby Matilda, red kangaroo Matthew, sheep Emily, daschund Cleo, donkeys Bali and Benjamin, cockatoos Cabinet and Caucus, numerous guinea pigs including Hansel and Gretel, and a string of cats and birds - all named Pooh and Oiseau respectively. These eclectic, somewhat eccentric, but always delightful creatures enhanced our tropical Australian childhood lives no-end, but it was protector Cappy – that ever dignified and beautiful Labrador, who retains top place in our family heart. Cappy quietly and patiently tolerated the menagerie, always hoping these "silly animals" would move on, as they just got in his way. He was so devoted and loved so unconditionally, all he craved was him and us. He needed no others.

In addition to all the "local" journeys already becoming a part of our lives, it was the incredible 7 month family adventure overseas in 1980, which became the journey of all time, inculcating a life long love in all of us of the distant, the different and the yet to be discovered. This study sabbatical for our father, took us to the sights of London, country cottages throughout the UK, a canal boat, a travelling van and youth hostels through so much of Europe, the magnificent coast of Yugoslavia and its cheese-sellers – then east to west of North America. Oh America! It was just fantastic - and even though we have all travelled since, and our journeys go on and on in so many directions – this remains the one which was the trip and opportunity of a lifetime!

Trips, travels, journeys and occasions continued, but it was the amazing retirement marquee dinner send-off for

mum and dad from the Townsville community in July 1992, which I will never forget. As true testimony to their values, capacity, beliefs, kindness, thoughtfulness and embrace of others, which had neither gone unnoticed nor was unfelt, hundreds of people from all walks of life - civic and the churches - joined to thank them for their wonderful contribution to this North Queensland community, so very far removed from their Victorian homeland. They came to honour them as they now moved toward the next stage of the family and life journey. Twenty one years prior, they had arrived to a forlorn and cyclone ravaged community and a new and developing university, where along with four small children. They knew nobody, yet now they had connected with what felt like all of North Queensland, and North Queensland was now there for them.

This true tale of two cities - Townsville and Melbourne - such very different cities, climes, states and cultures, along with the journeying further afield over the years, blessed and shaped my brother and sister's and my formative years, and our travels and our directions in ways which probably none of could have imagined when we were met by dad and Cappy at the airport on that wet and dismal day, on January 3rd, 1972. The Carrucan spirit of the journey is alive and well!

By the time of mum and dad's retirement I had undertaken social work training at both James Cook University and University of Melbourne, and was at the early stage of what would become a career in medical social work spanning two cities, two states and two decades, specializing in nephrology and transplantation. Several years later I completed a Master Degree in Bioethics at Monash University. In late 1995, I married Greg Miller whom I met during the Townsville years, but in a blend again of the Townsville/Melbourne link, our wedding was at the Melbourne Boarding School Chapel with a reception at the National Art Gallery on St. Kilda Rd.

Since then, Greg and I have mainly lived in Brisbane – a true half way point between Melbourne and Townsville. My current work at the Princess Alexandra Hospital in Brisbane brings me in daily contact with people from outback, northern and south-east Queensland, all of whom seem so familiar. To this day I remain on the journey between Queensland and Victoria, where my parents, Richard and Elizabeth live, (Ann is in Sydney these days), and to other parts of the world whenever able. As a marker of time, and to rekindle so many fond memories of two cities, last year I went to the 30 year school reunion of classmates from both the Townsville and the Melbourne school days.

Richard James Martin (1964 -)

Richard has a background in community radio, festival administration and music.

He worked for 9 years, from 1982 to 1991, in all aspects of radio broadcasting and management in the community radio sector. He worked with 4TTT-FM in Townsville from 1981 to 1987 and then 3PBS-FM in Melbourne from 1987 to 1991, where he finished up as the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Progressive Broadcasting Co-operative Limited. He also served, for a brief period, as the treasurer of the Victorian Public Broadcasting Association from 1990 to 1991.

For the past 18 years, Richard has had a passionate interest in outdoor 'Arts and Lifestyle' festivals. He has been involved in the operation of *Confest*, *Earthcore*, *Rainbow Serpent Festival*, *Outback Eclipse Festival* and others.

He held a directorship, in the late 90s, with the co-operative that puts on *Confest*, and was responsible for running front gate operations at *Earthcore*, in the mid to late 90s, and more recently, with the *Rainbow Serpent Festival*, for the last 8 years.

Richard's enthusiasm for these festivals has led to him to attend 6 *Burning Man Festival* events in Nevada, USA, in 1999, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004 & 2009, and he has become actively involved in the Australian Regional Network for the *Burning Man* Project.

He is also keen to get a large scale installation artwork over to *Burning Man* through the newly formed Oz

Birthing Woman Assoc Inc where he has taking a steering role in forming the association's rules and chairing its 'Committee of Management'.

Apart from his arts interests, Richard has worked as a computer specialist in the computer hosting industry for the last 9 years, with www.melbourne.net and for the last 18 months with www.smartyhost.com.au.

Along with his current work in the hosting field, he also applies his business in helping out community groups, businesses and individuals with multimedia productions and open source software. He uses the Linux mainframe operating system himself.

Elizabeth Helen Martin (1965 -)

A few words on Liz from Liz ~ Dawning: Adolescence

At age 14 in 1980, after the family's amazing seven-month overseas trip, I felt the onset of a yearning for experiences beyond Townsville, the place of my happy and spacious childhood. When my parents extended the offer to further my education as a boarder in Melbourne, I remember feeling delighted. The prospect of being close to our beloved Grandma Dal was icing on the cake!

The MCEGGS chapter was memorable mostly for the warm friendships formed, the boarding school rituals and, for us unforgiving girls, the decidedly 'odd' behaviour of long suffering, boarding house mistresses.

Compared with the boarding experience my schooling proper assumed a definitely paler hue. For me the exception to this was the stand out subject, Classical Civilisation. Visiting the works of Homer, Euripides, Sophocles and others of their era, opened my mind from the familiar northern and southern enclaves of late 20th century Australia to the worldview of ancient god-fearing civilisations and the inevitable, eternal and ubiquitous joys and tragedies that accompany all

Somewhat painfully, I do recall that German was the subject in which I least excelled, not in small part due to our Year 12 teacher's bizarre suggestopedic practice of reciting vocabulary whilst we wended in hand-holding circles to the accompaniment of Vivaldi's Four Seasons. Yet as with all coins, two sides: my C-grade despondency at the time gave birth to an unquenchable motivation to prove my own ability in acquiring fluency in a foreign language.

And so it was that in 1984, after completion of my formal schooling, I spent 12 wonderful and formative months in provincial Simmern, Germany where I became known as the only Rotary exchange student to refuse point blank, to utter a single word in English during her stay. This precious time of personal growth straddled my 18th birthday. It exposed me not only to my beloved German language, but – with privileged proximity – to the lives, travels, household rituals, and dynamics of seven phenomenally generous host families. It is fair to say, the yearlong combination of rich life experience and the German cuisine of seven fearfully capable Hausfraus – each, it seemed, determined to out-perform the other! – lent itself in me to certain 'well-roundedness'!

I was greatly influenced by that magical year of 1984, made possible by the wonderful, international Rotary organisation. A worldly and solid family back home, and strong new connections with a second country and its people, whose quirks and language I came to love, provided a solid foundation for my ensuing adult years.

Discovery: Young adulthood (20s)

After returning to Australia and completing honours degrees in Germanic Studies (what else!) and Journalism, it was perhaps inevitable that much of my twenties would be defined by travel and various work stints back in Germany. My years working at Frankfurt airport for Lufthansa – where I enjoyed an infamous airport lounge encounter the inimitable *J-aaaames Brown* – and my stints at Radio Deutsche Welle and other media outfits as a

trainee and freelance journalist are warm and wonderful memories.

Consolidation: Middle adulthood (30s – 40s)

With a ‘pseudo mid life crisis - at the time so profound!’ - and my 30th birthday recently behind me, I found myself back in Melbourne once more.

At the advent of my fourth decade of life it was important to me to consolidate experiences acquired in those carefree young adult years and carve a semblance of a career and stability for myself. It was 1996. The recent recession and perhaps extensive absence from Australia and the local workforce made futile my attempts to secure work as a journalist. And so it was that I targeted the ANZ Banking Group with eyes firmly set on a rung on the corporate communications ladder. If this meant starting in the call centre, singsong selling home loans and sundry other banking products in order to access to the internal job board, then so be it! Sure enough I soon secured an internal communications role, and for me, the rest is professional history.

Since then almost 15 years have ‘miraculously’ disappeared, and I have built on my love of language and discovered a profound new interest in organisational change management – a relatively new field that harnesses psychology, training, leadership business analysis, strategic management and that trusty universal stalwart, communications. My career has traversed airlines (Ansett, Lufthansa), higher education (Monash Uni) and banking (ANZ).

At 36 and well settled in myself, stars aligned and I met Steven, my artistic life partner. Our beloved and beautiful boys, Jeremy (Jem) and Anders have enriched our lives beyond all imagining. Our home, at the foothills of the beautiful Mount Dandenong in outer Melbourne is, with its majestic views and pool, a joy for us. It has also provided a warm and wonderful venue for many vibrant, neighbourhood gatherings.

Reflection: Midway

My life so far has provided many character forming and joyful experiences. I am grateful for all of them and look forward to embellishment in the years ahead! I am indebted to our dear parents, Jim and Helen Martin, who by quietly solid and consistent example guided my siblings and me to open our eyes to the world, its characters, its quiriness and its opportunities. I am confident my two sisters Catherine and Ann and my brother Richard would agree.

Ann Louise Martin (1968 -)

My name is Ann Martin, youngest daughter of James David Martin. So far my life has taken many different directions in study, work and travel. I have been living in Sydney since 2005. Prior to then I had been living in Melbourne for around 20 years after a childhood spent in Townsville, North Queensland.

After completing my HSC at Melbourne Girls Grammar in 1985, I commenced a Bachelor of Arts at James Cook University in Townsville. This was an easy decision considering my father was the principal of the on-campus residential college, John Flynn College, and the convenience was supreme.

After a year, I decided to defer my studies and return to Melbourne. I worked as a clerical officer for a year at the State Library of Victoria before resuming my studies, this time at Monash University. I graduated from my Arts degree with majors in sociology and international politics from Swinburne University, Victoria.

My part time whilst studying soon became my full time employment. This saw me working in the burgeoning direct marketing industry in Melbourne for the next ten years. During this time, I completed a post-graduate diploma in Information Management (Librarianship) and travelled for nine months overseas, a true backpacker adventure to the United States, Europe, India and Thailand.

After a satisfying and challenging time in a vibrant industry, I sought a career change, which saw me returning

to Monash University to study law full-time. A highlight was a semester taken at the university's campus in Prato, Italy, where not only were the broadening subjects focusing on international law available, but so too the gastronomic and aesthetic delights of that beautiful country.

After three very rewarding years reaping the benefits of an academic and social environ as a mature-age student, I undertook my articles with a sole practitioner in Box Hill, Victoria. This provided me with solid mentorship and practical experience in varied general practice. After admission to the Supreme Court and attainment of a practising certificate, I continued in general legal practice for the next couple of years.

I have now worked in the government sector for five years, applying my various experiences to project and staff management. I have been living in Sydney for the last four years, and with the city's beautiful setting and clime, I am sure to remain here for some time. In 2009, I married Simon Chmielewski and we have a daughter, Claudia Brygid Chmielewski, born 15 May 2010.