

to **Cate Kyne** at the scattering of her ashes 20 June 2009

Hey Cate, hey Catey, hey Catherine, good friend, mad friend,
frustrating friend indispensable friend
You were not supposed to leave us.
You didn't ask to leave us
You didn't sign out or log out,
or take the final bow.
We have to lower the curtain without the final bow?
The final bow, smiles, applause, acknowledgement, reciprocity.
You understand what I mean, was it meant to end like this?
Yes yes Cate, I know, its not really a performance
it just looks like one.

Who could converse with me for 3 hours
without ever repeating a subject?
Who kept biting off more than she could chew
and expecting **US** to do the same.
Who had 35 subjects on her ACTION agenda
Who kept roping me into your actions,
Whose projects became "bigger than Ben Hur",
Who was brilliant delegating jobs the moment
I showed an interest in the Project.
You always expected too much of yourself, and of me.

Community action
Community development
Community choir
Community theatre
Community history
Community democracy
Culture of Peace
Hogs Hair and Leaches

SO NOW who will niggle us, who will nag us.
Who will remind us of the sea level in Melbourne in 2220
Who will say . . . action research, community democracy, action.
Who will remind local Councils of who we are,
what they are really there for, & WHO they are there for???

How can we take up the baton?
How can we carry the torch?
How can we keep community activism, change, inspiration alive???
How ELSE can we show that we loved you?

Allie Dawe