

## Time to Share - So Much is Happening

Lilly Gundacker  
April 22, 2025



Do you know the feeling when so much is happening you can't keep up with it all?

One reason I decided to maintain this blog was for my own peace of mind, for my own records. Sometimes I feel like I'm forgetting things and just want a quick reference. When was that? Who was that? Where was that?

### Autobiography

Of course, another point is that I do intend to write my autobiography. So, what better place to start than right here. On the one hand I guess the blog is supposed to be current, sharing what I'm doing now. So sometimes it gets a bit nostalgic if I'm writing too much about the past.

### Easter News

Today is Easter Monday. The Pope has just died. We have become grandparents.

That's the news. Our granddaughter was born on a historical day in April in 2025. No, not today, but it

was historical.

Our other daughter-in-law was supporting an interreligious peace blessing ceremony in person in Korea.

### What should I say?

I still feel all choked up wondering what I should say and write, yet knowing only by doing will my answers come to me. The thoughts of "what will others think..." if I post such and such are already quenched in the conviction that I can only live my own life and share my own story.

Yet that is exactly now the point. What is my story? What do I want to tell you?

### Gratitude

Actually, I want to scream in gratitude that finally a little girl has come to us. Me, who had four brothers, five sons. And also, I totally understand and respect the parents' wishes to refrain from sharing photos without their explicit consent.

How much have times changed since my kids and since I was born.

### Time

That's the story I'm longing to share. I can't help remembering how as kids we hated being told "When I was young...." We didn't have... ; we couldn't do....

Yes, we baby boomers grew up privileged to a generation of World War II survivors who were just grateful and happy to be alive.

### Survivors to Thrivers

My parents who came to Australia to escape communism and heartbreak, hoping to build a new life and a new world. My father who spent Sundays travelling to the various national parks and holidays camping, eventually driving all the way around Australia a number of times in fascination of his newfound homeland.

### Gratitude

How spoilt I was to have a Dad who could do anything, build everything, from our whole house including built-in furniture, to a billy cart for my brothers to play with.

The big news today is that we are moving out of the city. It has been a great seven years located so conveniently by the bus and tram stop, just a short walk from the doctor, easily accessible to everyone and everything we need. We've had more room for just the two of us in our luxury apartment than we ever had for the seven of us with our five children.



## House and Garden

Now, after over thirty years in Austria, it's finally happening, and we are getting a place with a garden. Sure we rented a house in Zwettl and in Kirchberg. And, yes, I realised, eventually that here in Austria it's often more convenient to rent than buy. Perhaps we thought we didn't have the means? Yet when I consider all the rent we paid over the years. I am still an Aussie at heart harbouring the great Aussie dream to own your own home.



## Time and Thoughts and Everything Else

No, it is no longer Easter Monday. Time doesn't stop. And I'm still not in the habit of posting daily, even weekly! Yet still. This is my therapy. This is where I work it out. Sure, I share with you and if you respond I get feedback. I get food for thought. Yet I already think so much and meditate and contemplate and analyse. You get the picture?

My aloe vera is blooming. A tomato plant is fighting all odds. I'm really looking forward to our sunroom, Wintergarten in German. I already see my avocado trees and tomatoes growing there.

And here are my four leaf clovers, some of which were dormant over wint