A few days ago I got the whiff of summer, hot air with humid nights and beach barbeques. Watermelon and cantaloupe dripping through your fingers, dipping and diving on the sun lit Point Lonsdale back beach. Snorkelling in the maze of rock pools. Diving for shells you’re not supposed to take for your “sea collection.” Playing beach sports with cousins and friends and surfing in the sparkling ocean, yelling for joy when you catch the perfect wave. Climbing dunes on back beach and getting scratched by the rugged landscape that Point Lonsdale yields.

In winter, long walks along dog beach your bare feet sinking into the cooling sand an excitable dog running in the icy water tongue lolling chasing after a water logged stick under the dark grey storm clouds. Finding treasures that are completely worthless washed up on the beach, along with the mounds of smelly sea weed that the huge, roaring winter tides wash up. Sprinting into front beach surf, blessing its cold waters that are a shield against the scores of tourists who rule the beach in summer their artificial sun protectors and plastic beach chairs littering the beach, unwanted plastic chucked carelessly on our beautiful foreshore.

The question on everyone’s tongues is why we are even thinking of adding a luxury hotel and thermal spa. Point Lonsdale is a wild and woolly landscape that reflects the fishermen and surfers who dwell there. Point Lonsdale is perfect with its small shops and useless newsagent merchandise. Beautiful necklaces and wool from wild purl and the occasional grow juice are all we need.

Harriet Vuillermin