

The Diaries.

The house was out on the dusty plains.
Where the whirly winds whip up the dust,
And distance is measured in hours or days,
And your neighbours are all you can trust.

Kate's grandmothers' diaries tell of those days,
When she n'ere saw the smile of a friend,
Each day -a challenge to raise her four kids,
To be fed and all safe at day's end.

The diaries tell, of the wonderful times
When prices for wool were so high,
When servants could help cook and clean
And the property wells were never dry.

The diaries tell of the times of great joy
In this house as each little child was born,
Then christened by the visiting Father,
Under gumtrees on the lawn.

But the diaries go on, to other times,
When the rain failed to come through the year,
When the sheep died out in the paddock,
And the banker's threats were so clear.

Of the time when a young child went missing,
To be found in the dam, cold and dead,
Such anguish and pain for those parents,
At the grave, their hearts felt like lead.

The diaries tell of survival and courage,
As they fought through drought -then the rains.
They worked so hard every day on that land,
Way out there on the far western plains.

Kate is proud of her grandmother's diaries
For they tell of times long ago,
The great -grand children surely will read them,
And their heritage they will truly know.

Kate now sits there at the computer,
Bringing those precious diaries to life
For her, the family history forever will be,
The stories as told by that mother and wife.