



## PIONER

## My Home Town

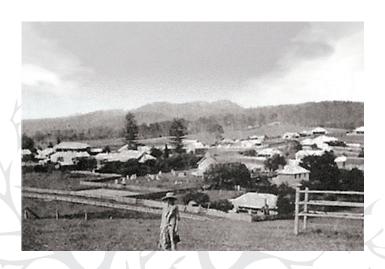
DENISE HAYNES - 'R & R' RURAL AND RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

I stood alone on Silo Hill
As the sun was going down
And watched the shadows creep across
What I call My Home Town,
And looking down upon the places
That once were home to me,
I had memories of my family
And how things used to be.

I thought about my school days
And the things we use to do,
The people that I worked for
And old mates that I once knew,
For this is where I spent
My first 30 years of life,
And in St Johns old Church of England
I was married to my wife.

It's just a quiet little country town
Full of history from the past,
With relics of those by-gone days
When things were made to last,
Like those old brick and mortar homes
That are still lived in today,
And churches scattered around the place
Where people come to pray.

Then there's Quambi and the Court House With old photographs to view, Where perhaps you'll learn of kin folk That you never even knew, Look through the books and records That go back many years, And learn about the lifestyle Of those old time pioneers



Now there are people around the district Who have lived here all their life, Like their parents did before them Through the good times and the strife, I could have reminisced for hours But I didn't have the time, For darkness had descended On that Old Home Town of mine.

So I thanked the Lord above me
For the life that I have had,
And for his help and guidance
Through the good times and the bad,
I put aside my thoughts and memories
And I walked off feeling proud,
As the street lights gave a flicker
And lit up the Town of Stroud.

"Thommo" Len Thompson December 1992