



RURAL & RESIDENTIAL
PROPERTY

THE PIONEER

Christmas 2012

Before Butlers became residents at Stroud Community Lodge

After Bernie.B. had built their house at Clearburn II property and during a visit by daughter Jean in company of Brian who had been hanging around their daughter for a considerable time, B.B. told Brian it was time to stop messing about and get spliced. Being the nice bloke that Brian reckoned he was he took Jean to the Stroud pub that night and popped the question.

The owners of the adjacent property had built a mud house in which to spend their retirement, being Bishop Bob and Margaret Butterss, with their base at the time in Melbourne, made the journey to Stroud to tie the knot at the Stroud Saint John's Church.

At Clearburn II, came a beautiful day of sunshine, a wonderful caterer, out on the green lawn, relatives and friends from both families. Indeed a day to remember.

The orchard produced fruit as perfect as Nature could make it. The vegetable garden was the equal of the Biblical Garden of Eden.

The Wildlife Refuge of Clearburn II became heaven for every predator God ever created, all there to sample the benefits the proprietor had provided.

The stories in the magazine EARTH GARDEN were all bollocks, or B.B. was not doing something right.

The long pool on Mill Creek had cooled the bodies of B.B. and mate L.B. during the long summer days as they toiled with their house building. B.B. often said he would go there at evening after retirement, throw a line in and see if he could catch a perch. He might even see that platypus he had seen several times break the surface and the bubbles also indicated a presence down below. Because retirement came without much notice he did not find the time to realize that dream.

Where he did find peace was to go into the cool shadows of Clearburn's patch of remnant rain

forest. Sit on a rock and observe the way Nature worked with Stag-horns, Crows-nest ferns, Tree orchids. Some he had introduced himself to replace what had been taken by purloiners over the years. Watch the insects above the pools of water. One hot day he saw something on the surface of the rock pool; closer inspection revealed the body of a large diamond python below the surface, nose just up enough to breathe.

He had two beehives with the resident bees enjoying motel accommodation. The hives resting on a concrete slab, a roof above to keep hot sun and wet rain off the hives.

In winter the rising sun touched the front of the stacked hive boxes, get the lazy coots up and about to make the best honey one could wish to taste.

Sometimes at night, before going to bed he would go out to sense the pulses of bush life, gaze at the star splashed heaven, hear the hoot of an owl in the big ironbarks behind the house and a beautiful silence as only those with a deep love of the bush understand.

Perhaps that silence would at times be broken by the rumble of a train passing through Stroud Road village and he would remember when he passed there all those years ago on a troop train going north. Away to a war somewhere north of Australia.

And before going inside to bed he would offer his thanks to the Boss upstairs for the life he had been granted. For the good times and the bad times, the experiences that make a man what he is. Thanks for the mate he has had for sixty-years, a true Brit. Lila who had the role of a land army girl in World War II.

For had there been no help from upstairs then this story would not have been written.

~ B. Butler, Stroud Dec. 2013

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