

## Lorraine's May Blog

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The month of May started in Delungra on the farm called Glen Derra, and ended "high" in the mountains at Nimbin, and what a roundabout way we have had to get here. It has been a busy month, from festivals, friends and fossicking to tractors and planes, weddings and hikes, a bit of everything this month.

Early in the month we attended the Celtic Festival at Glen Innes, where we watched the parade in town, enjoyed pipe and drum music at the standing stones and wandered amongst a medieval village. It was a long day, it was not too cold, and thankfully the sun shone and the rain held off. It might have been a bit different had it rained, like it was on the coast a few days earlier.

Warialda, just up the road from Delungra gave us the opportunity to do a few hikes (along with some pretty clever caches) and a half-hearted attempt at fossicking.



were in town for a look around and saw them drive through – I recognised their van. We met down on the Gwydir River and had pies from the local pie shop. The next day, they called in to see us at Glen Derra before we left.



Just out of town is the Ceramic Break Sculpture park, where you can wander around the artists block of land looking at his sculptures, and if you are really keen, break a piece of pottery in an overgrowing natural sculpture. It was a very interesting place to visit; we even met the artist, Kerry Cannon.

Our previous house sit hosts, Geoff and Michelle were in the area, so we managed to catch up with them at Bingara. We



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Our plan when we left Glen Derra was to travel to Toowoomba, but we heard of a Vintage Tractor Pull at a small village called Coolatai, so detoured there for a weekend. We had a great weekend, camped on site, watched vintage tractor pull (type of race pulling weights) all for a gold coin donation. What a great weekend!



Moving on from there, we ended up at Kwiambal National Park, where we camped for a couple of nights, and took a 6 km hike, there was a cache at the lookout, but we think it may have been muggled, we could not find it. We pretty much had the site to ourselves, apart from a Bear Grilles lookalike and a bird photographer.



We said "HI!" to our Grey Nomad friends, Chopper (George, Linda and Fang) as we passed through Texas before finally arriving at Toowoomba for our friend Joe Burke's wedding.

The wedding went of beautifully, it was great to see Joe and Michelle, and of course Molly, Joe's mum, whom we had not seen for years.

Michelle, we loved your cake!



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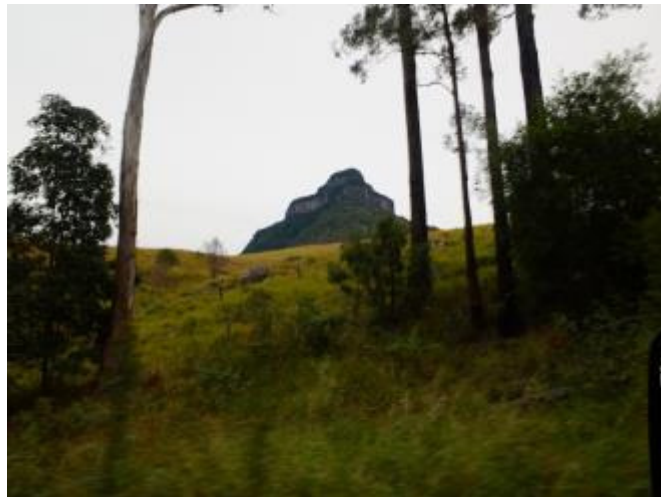
While we were in Toowoomba, we visited the Oakey Army Air Museum, and the day after the wedding, Joe (son) and Zephyr (grandie) came up to Toowoomba for the day, we went caching and had bbq chicken for lunch!



All too soon, Zephyr had to be delivered back to the Redlands, so saw them off, and we finished the day with a drive out to Prince Henry Drive for some stunning views over the Lockyer Valley, and on to Picnic Point for a late coffee.

Our commitments in Ipswich – a visit to our financial accountant and a mechanic – went well, and we were finally free to start our trek southward bound, starting with a stop off at our favourite fruit and vegie shop at Aratula, before heading on to Woodenbong via Boonah.

Strange to be so close to our old home base, welcoming to be in areas that we know so well!



After driving around the familiar Mt Lindsay, we arrived in Woodenbong to stay at the lovely little camp site at the end of town; we spent a night there and woke to a beautiful fog.



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Onwards we moved to Tooloom Falls, where we spent several days/nights beside the beautiful Tooloom Creek. We were able to have a camp fire, the only issue being finding dry firewood in the rainforest, take drives through the forest, cross the Clarence River in its early stages of being a river, and visit small villages along the way.



Our final destination for the month was Nimbin! For those who don't know, Nimbin is a village in the Northern Rivers Area of NSW; the dairy industry was in decline when in 1973 the Aquarius Festival was held in the town. After the event, hundreds of festival goers and participants stayed in the area and formed alternative communities in search of an alternative lifestyle. The new locals in the town were responsible for the "Battle for Terania Creek" a protest to stop logging the remaining rainforest – Protestor Falls are named in honour of this successful battle. We camped in the show grounds, had pizza in the village, and attended the markets on Sunday.



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Another month is over; I am missing my fresh milk, cream and butter...



but life goes on, we have more exciting things to see and do as we now travel southward for our next house sit in Wollongong, and a visit to good friends in Newcastle on the way.