

Reflections I arrive at Lyndon Station..

But just before I do
the flowers by the roadside
captivated me!
The most beautiful display
along the side of the road
with purples,
pinks and yellows
contrasting with the
greens and greys



of the foliage
and the deep red earth.
I returned to Bullara
to meet Marg
from the Bushwackers
and her friend, Nancy,
before another overnigher
at Barradale Rest Area,
which, I read,
had been a Roadhouse.
I woke

to a magnificent
round red sun
peeping over
the horizon.

Tyres deflated,
tanks emptied,
I set off.... Lyndon bound.
The first 70 kms
were great....
did it in an hour,
smooth and graded,
with few corrugations



"Hello to all the Bushies"
from outside the Bullara
bathroom....



then came the rough stuff!!!
And the last 30 kms
also took an hour...
and I became anxious
as I'd calculated
only 70 odd kms
and was already
up to 90!!!
Middle of nowhere
and I began to set limits...
hit 100 kms from bitumen
and turn around.
Then I saw another
vehicle
coming the opposite way
so flagged him down
and asked how far
to Lyndon Station...
"Just up the road,
Not far!"
At least I KNEW now
that I was on the right road
but it was 10 -15 kms
just up the road
and then 3 kms from the
'main' road!
'Zizzie' bounded out
to meet me
and Mollie Beetle shyly
stuck her head out
before Cath made
a 'real' coffee
and we sat and chatted.
A tour of the schoolroom



Old and the new technologies - The hot water heater and
solar cells which supply most of the power needed - the
diesel generator kicks in during peak demand times.



followed ~
 a big, old, stone cottage
 with walls a foot thick!
 The main bathroom
 and 'staff' bathroom
 are outside
 (I took Mollie Beetle
 while Cath fed the baby)
 but are beautifully
 set up
 and the main house
 has ceilings
 you almost need
 binoculars to see
 complete with
 decorative plasterwork..
 or is it pressed metal????
 Matilda sited,
 in afternoon shade,
 I returned to the schoolroom
 to orientate myself
 with what I'll be doing
 tomorrow.
 Looks easy enough.....
 on paper!
 Zizzie came in
 wanting some
 white paper
 to make a crown
 and we ended up
 making a 'golden' one
 and doing some 'bonding'
 at the same time....
 then Mollie Beetle wanted



The schoolroom is in here so it stays cool for most of the day..



The path I walk to 'work' each day.... Bathroom
 Main house Some of the staff quarters

one the same,
 so she and I
 spent some time
 together too.
 ~~~~~

A school week  
 has now passed  
 and no writing done...  
 absolutely pie-eyed at night  
 ('My brain hurts' stuff!)  
 and dinner is later  
 than I usually eat...  
 but it's cooked for me  
 and the rest of the family  
 and staff  
 and lodgers...  
 There are station workers  
 and geologists,  
 'WOOFFERS'  
 and others  
 that I haven't  
 got my head around yet!  
 There are up to 16 for dinner  
 the least was 8 last night  
 as the geologists  
 have returned to Perth,  
 the WWOOFers go today  
 and more arrive tomorrow.  
 Lunch and breakfast  
 are 'do it yourself'  
 with food from the cool room  
 made in the 'outside' kitchen  
 but not so outside  
 as Udialla!



The dinner table



The outdoor area with Cool room, Office  
 Main house kitchen and 'outdoor' kitchen which is  
 actually indoors, though in another building..



And now to the schoolroom...  
 Zizzie is about 15 months  
 older than Mollie Beetle  
 and is a foster child  
 of aboriginal descent,  
 (so info/photos will be limited)  
 Mollie B is the eldest  
 of 3 natural children.  
 Griff (nearly 3) and Saphie (3 months)  
 make up the handful!  
 Zizzie finds a lot  
 of the schoolwork EASY  
 and when she gets bored  
 or frustrated,  
 she gets ANGRY  
 so we've been working  
 on using words  
 to tell me what she's feeling.  
 Sometimes it works,  
 other times not  
 but the 'tanties'  
 were shorter toward  
 the end of the week.  
 AND  
 Cath (mum), Emma (au pair)  
 Sean (dad) and I TALK  
 about it...  
 there is mutual respect,  
 we listen to each other  
 and decide on strategies  
 TOGETHER,  
 so that we're ALL  
 on the same page  
 with Zizzie's outbursts.  
 ☺ And Zizzie knows it!



Zizzie, Griff and Mollie-Beetle dancing on the lawn...  
 the music comes from speakers under the veranda  
 and they had a ball!



Mollie Beetle was 4 in March  
 so is young for the year

she's doing  
 and the curriculum says  
 they must learn their letters  
 and their numbers  
 formally!  
 As you can imagine,  
 I have trouble with that  
 and have sowed the seed  
 of more time for her  
 before she goes much further.  
 She covers in the face of  
 some of the 'work'  
 sent out from School of the Air,  
 and I have done LOTS of activities  
 to encourage her to relax  
 and PLAY,  
 talking while she uses  
 the materials I've set out.  
 Every now and then  
 I slip a page or two  
 of schoolwork  
 under her nose,  
 work together,  
 and quickly move on!  
 They wanted to see Matilda  
 and so I invited them  
 to come for afternoon tea  
 on Saturday.  
 They enjoyed the strawberry straws  
 in their milk..  
 and made fairy bread  
 which was part of school this week  
 (I didn't tell them that though!)  
 They stayed to play and draw  
 until Zizzie got angry  
 because she  
 found drawing a dragon difficult..  
 End of Afternoon Tea!



My body was crying out for a walk... all I've done is walk to the house (to eat!) and to the schoolroom, so in the cool of Sunday morning I set out for the airstrip. Walking through the coarse, deep sand of the nearby Lyndon River is tricky but feels good with the sound of flocks of budgies enjoying the early morning too! Once out of the river bed the going is easier across flat plains and it takes me a while to realise what's different here.... the dominant vegetation all the way down from Lake Argyle has been spinifex, here there is none. There are grasses which the unseen, but noisy finches are feeding on. There are low growing tenacious shrubs,



flowering yellow and purple and small, spindly plants but not a skerrick of spinifex anywhere. The land is flat though low ranges can be seen in the distance and when I reach the airstrip, the runway looks as though a jumbo could land easily!



View of the homestead from the 'front'....  
Main house... swimming pool... some staff quarters  
the Taj Mahal of chicken yards... front' lawn

