

Grand Final Night at Conway Station



A Mickey Bull had broken down the house yard fence and was snorting and bellowing around the penned heifers. You could hear him a kilometre away.

Magpie Geese was the meal for the night and everyone was gathered for the NRL Grand Final.

It was just on dark when an old hj60 limped into the house paddock, one back tyre flat as a pancake..

Out of the vehicle emerged a fella with red dust in his hair, wide eyes and dirty clothes.

“What’s you story you look like you’ve seen a ghost?”

“I’ve done six tyres since Nhulunbuy and I blew another after Mainorou”.

“All right come in, sit yourself down have a drink and eat some stew. We will fix you up in the morning”.

The stranger was overwhelmed. Shelter from the storm, hospitality and generosity and the spirit of helping someone in need on the road. It was just done, nothing needed to be said.

He hardly remembered the game. It was the Western Sydney derby between Penrith and Parramatta. Not very exciting, Penrith prevailed easily, it was the second of four consecutive Premierships for them.

As the stranger walked out to his roof top tent he remembered the words “don’t go near the yards that bull could kill you”.

Images of the Pacific Island players praying before and after the game came to him.

In the morning three good tyres were found and fitted. “Just leave them at Katharine tyre power and we’ll pick them up in a week. Good luck!”.

It was October 3 2022