

Saint of Barcaldine

On the road from Saint George to Barcaldine there's a champion! a patron saint for travellers! ever alert for a broken down grey nomad or an over heated radiator.

No matter the problem he's hopeful, no problem too big or small. If you're pulled over on the road he will pull up alongside with a cool drink and a kind word.

A diesel fitter by trade he once patrolled these roads fixing road trains as a young man, so he's seen it all.

Radiator hose burst? let's see what we can clamp together..

"I have a mate on the other side of that hill who'll help, I'll just give him a call".

It's Sunday he's not answering let's go to plan b.. there must be an old troopy or LandCruiser nearby..

or a pipe.." just clamp two hoses around this"

.. "you have to stay hopeful"

"...i smell victory" were the words he used.

So he raised the crestfallen travellers and showed him it was all right.

"Its not the destination it's the journey"

By the way along these stock routes there's a bore every 20k so look out for the signs.

"Come on I saw one just down the road, fill up your containers.." and off we'd go.

I said 'out here the people are good to my fellow travellers' but the Saint of Barcaldine went three stops beyond all that.

He said a stranger from the city asked him "why do you live here?" and his reply was "because everyone has a code of helping everyone out- people are good, we work hard and we help each other out". The stranger shook his head and the Saint from Barcaldine laughed to himself and thought yep people like you don't live here".

When the Saint heard we were working for the greater good with no govt support ..he slipped a wad of 100 dollar notes to help the ones less fortunate trusting we'd know just what to do.

"Leave the world a better place" he said and those were his parting words.

For Matt, Amy, Harry & Floss, Barcaldine

