

For fifty thousand years or more this land remained a foreign shore to Europeans living in the northern hemisphere.

A place where Rainbow Serpents dreamed beneath the Southern Cross that seemed to sparkle like an incandescent crystal chandelier.

Meandering through vast terrains and sliding down the slopes and plains, entwined and procreating in the dull volcanic haze.

From gorge to ridge and mountain peak and down to billabong and creek, the serpents shaped the valleys and the winding waterways.

A primitive and ancient place of granite rock and vacant space where Dreamtime legends merged with prehistoric fantasies.

When early settlers first arrived, they'd found a country still deprived of civilised society and all amenities.

This was the native black's domain unlike the white-man who'd remain along the coastal fringes where supplies were close at hand.

With eucalyptus nuts and seeds and sustenance from common weeds, the natives had subsisted in this barren ancient land.

With Eden's garden sanctified, forbidden fruit had been denied to pioneers who ravaged virgin wilderness and soil.

The Eucalyptus in full bloom from Mother Nature's fertile womb had fed her native progeny who had no need of toil.

Australian Aborigine had shown some animosity towards the white invaders who would take but never share.

Consuming everything in sight, voracious with an appetite that seemed to be insatiable, surpassing daily fare.

With gums of grey and blue and red, whose seeds had kept the natives fed, adjacent to the Kauri, Cypress, Hoop and Bunya pine.

Exquisite berries growing too in shades of purple, red and blue as well as fruit from Tuckeroo and fibrous Turpentine.

Antartic Beech and Bleeding Heart, like abstract images of art between the rows of Prickly Ash and Yellow Carrabeen.

Some Silky Oaks, serene and dark, beside a hunchbacked Paperbark and native Frangipani oil from leaves of olive green.

The nuts from brown Australian Teak were edible and quite unique amongst the Casuarina and the scanty Rusty Plum.

With pockets of Umbrella tree that formed a lasting canopy above the Lilly Pilly and the handsome Bolly Gum.

When Europeans brought disease on sailing ships from overseas, it spread throughout the country wreaking viral genocide.

A plague that decimated those with no resistance to oppose insidious invaders who remained and multiplied.

Eingana's chosen few survived but shamefully they were deprived of fundamental freedom as the keepers of this land.

Their consecrated sites defiled with every woman, man and child afflicted by a culture they would never understand.

And hence our colony was born, amidst an atmosphere of scorn,
as black and white had coalesced to live in harmony.
When English, Irish, Welsh and Scot united in the melting pot
they forged this nation from a furnace of adversity.