

CQ NEWS

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Let me share this with you . . . I know a place



DISCOVER YOUR BACKYARD
PETER GRIGG
CHDC tourism development officer

I THOUGHT I'd write something a little different for this week.

I wrote this in response to the recent Tourism Events Queensland campaign, I know just the place, that should promote Queensland as the experience.

We have so much more to offer than just beaches, high-rise coastal strips and island resorts.

I know a Place

I know a place where the



STUNNER: The view from Boolimber lookout.

PHOTO: CONTRIBUTED

wet season waterfalls explode over ancient escarpments of rugged sandstone ranges, where the ridges run on and on and melt away into the distant landscape.

I know a place where you will meet and sometimes

greet the most famous of our unique flora and fauna, where Skippy the kangaroo still skips and Edwina the Emu is happy to stroll down a long gravel road beside you, where your chance to see a platypus at play is almost guaranteed, well

maybe and if your luck is really in, koalas live here, they are just so shy.

I know a place where the blue of the sapphire is bluer than our bluest skies and sparkle more vividly than the stars on the darkest night.

Where the colours of the rainbow are surpassed by the brilliance of the gold, yellow, green and purple of our celebrated sapphires, Queensland's Stately gem.

I know a place where the locals are friendly, always ready to lend a hand and extend a hand to help, where characters are embraced for their uniqueness, where the many cultures of this place join together, happy to celebrate what it means to live in this place, and share a resilience knowing that no

matter what, the sun will rise tomorrow.

I know a place of fertile soils, row upon row of sun ripening produce, sustained by the watering can of mother nature and often nourished through a network of life-giving waterways.

Where men and women of the soil shed blood, sweat and many tears forging a life for family in often, an unforgiving land, a land that offers so much for the willing and brave.

Where cattlemen are king and cattle grow fat from the grass of these fertile soils I know a place where the sunsets fire across our western horizon, an inferno as if the very sky itself is alight where the last of the days dying rays are

stretching their glowing ember fingers trying to grasp the very end of every day.

Sunsets that are chased from the sky by the most massive of full moons, so close you can almost reach out and touch the footprints that man left in the lunar dust.

I know a place where you can be adrift in the landscape that surrounds you where you can be solitary and separate from all the calamity of man, no glow of a town or city, no traffic noise from above or along a busy road, no bark of a dog or shrill of a siren.

Where you could be the very last person alive on this vast earth, lost because you need to be and only found if you want to be.