



Home Away from Home

Livanna Leahy

(Foreword by Royelene Hill – Katherine Branch Life Member)

"Just recently, my daughter Tamlyn sent me a poem written by her daughter Livanna. Livi is in her first year of boarding school: her poem expresses her emotions connected to leaving home and the new connection to boarding school life. Livi's mother Tamlyn and her younger sister Claire are ex-Katherine School of The Air and St Margaret's Anglican Girls School students.

I still have our girl's letters from boarding school days: I have to say, at first, these weekly letters filled me with concern as they described boarding school life compared to home; sometimes humorous with their somewhat serious descriptions of the food to the not so nice dormitory mistresses! Of course, the letters improved as they became more settled and accepting as to their 'Getting of Education' away from home, which eventually placed them in universities to study Law and Agricultural Science.

We are very proud of our daughters and their achievements over the years. Now, as grandparents we are enjoying our grandchildren and celebrate their achievements.

Bush kids had a good kick start to their education in applying themselves to the task at hand in their home school rooms. I believe old school day routines, discipline and challenges prepared them well for travelling their education journey." - Royelene Hill

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*Running, screaming, late night giggles
Busy beds buzzing before breaking
Tech-free time and the Chapel glows
Like a lighthouse in our week.*

*House mums that keep you safe and cared for-
Almost like another mother.*

*Pain plays its part when you say goodbye.
To your old country home,
Or to the busy shell side city
With its busy parents
My heart – a suitcase, packed with love and longing.*

*But when you reach home away from home
It's peace.*

*Finding out you are a roommate with your friend
Finding out your dining table spot-
It's all a major surprise.*

*Meeting your sisters once again
The dorm walls whisper secrets of our days
Stretching out your arms like that old gumtree at home
Barked and wide,
Sheltering us in shared roots
Holding the love that combines us.*

*We are thread all connected.
The happiness stays but the sadness sways.
Dots of your parents coming into your mind
Behind all the stress
You will miss them
But together we can thrive.
Even if you are crying.*

*Love and friendship are
what makes the boarding
house peace.
I know that this is my
special place.*

*I know that this is my
special place.*

