



A Precious Way of Life

As a young boy I remember well the years of WW2 while living safe and secure from war. I still recall the ration cards, parcels for Britain, rumours of victories and defeats. Blackouts and the wail of air raid sirens being tested.

I remember a Guy Fawkes Night (without the bonfire) as all of us, young and old sang "it's a lovely day tomorrow"

There were the constant reminders of the war on the screen at the local picture theatre and often were images of Australian soldiers grinning with homemade cigarettes hanging from on their lips.

No matter rich or poor and in between, Australians had freedom of speech and individual rights which as we youngsters knew, were being fiercely defended by those who had stepped forward.

Today, it seems that such a way of life as ours is once more under attack, only this time the threat has already crossed the moat and within our castle. It is fed by apathy, eroding social discipline and a growing number of religious fanatics keen to destroy our way of life.

There is a new powerful God wearing a crown boldly stamped ***Political Correctness***. It embraces all, smothers all, demands all and yet gives nothing back in return other than confusion, doubt, hypocrisy and that it must be obeyed.

Then of course is the destruction of rich agricultural land for the sake of short term gain by mining moguls. The red warning light becomes even brighter when you add increasing foreign ownership and now that warning light is blinking rapidly with the news that the Darwin Port has been leased to foreign interests for the next 99 years.

Picture again those soldiers from yesterday, hungry, cold, weary and ready to die (and so many did) to preserve a most fortunate way of life for us and future generations. I wonder what they would say.