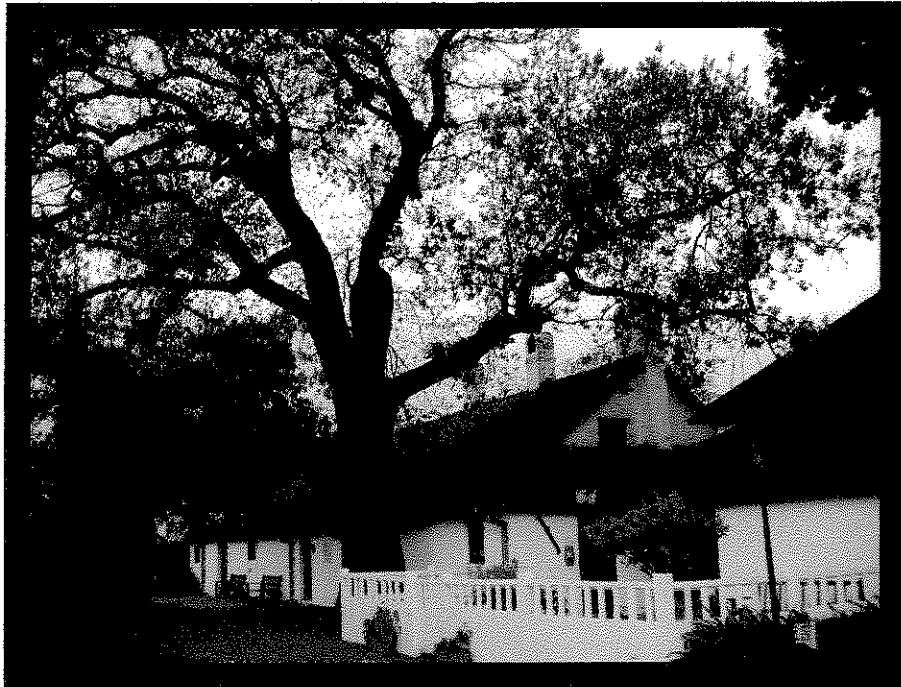


## Many Years to Come

By Chloe Giffard



DEPOSIT  
26 SEP 2008  
RESERVE

I walked towards the old cottage, staring in wonder at it - with its thatched roof, plain white walls and luscious gardens; it was astonishing to see such history and beauty still alive. What great stories must have been inspired by it! Whose lives or destinies have unfolded here? What romantic love stories or tragic heartaches have occurred in and around this house? It made my imagination go wild at all the possibilities.

The hardworking people who built it - brick by brick and the family who first owned this house journeyed from cold and dreary England all the way to a strange and foreign place named Australia, on a boat called the *Tranby*. Perhaps they thought that their new beginning was to be a journey in itself, thus they called their new home after that boat - *Tranby House*. All those people became a part of our local history. What happened each morning, afternoon and night for the past hundred years, is now preserved for us to see and imagine so that we can catch a glimpse of lives passed by.

Towards Christmas time each year, Carols by Candlelight attract hundreds of people to gather at *Tranby House*. They sit on the grass, listen to the music and join with the other hundreds of voices in song. It is an evocative evening - the atmosphere at *Tranby* encourages the connection of families who join together in the moment. It sometimes brings tears to their eyes as they perhaps recall events of the year almost gone, of family and friends from times passed. The history attached to *Tranby* always brings family to mind.

Many times I have gone to this event, to hold the candles and sing along to the tunes. Sometimes it seems the trees rustle along with us to old favourites such as 'We Wish You a Merry Christmas' or sway their branches, jiving to 'Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer'! The sweet and true voices of the young blend with the wavering tones of the elderly as the songs rise through the grounds at *Tranby*. Perhaps when the children grow up, they will return to *Tranby* to carry on this tradition. The trees will still be there, rustling and swaying to the voices of a new generation

If you look at it closely, *Tranby* is more than just a building; it was a place which was really a home. It reminds me of my own home, in that it nothing particularly special, but the moments spent around it were exceptional - every minute of them. The time we spend with our families, creating memories also creates history.

Tours are run at *Tranby*, often explaining its history. The guides will explain all about the families who have lived there, and point out interesting artifacts that were part of their everyday life. Will anyone ever look at *my* iron, or *my* washing machine and think how hard life was? I look at the old cobblestone pavement and imagine all the people, old and young, who have walked up that path, taking in the view. Will anyone ever walk up *my* front path, wondering about the family that lived inside *my* house? As I stand gazing at the *Tranby House*, at the site it stands on, I see a breath-taking beauty. The river with its native vegetation draws the eye towards the picturesque, yet aging building as the sun sinks through the rustling leaves and swaying branches of the ancient oak trees planted by someone who sought to plant their own roots in this new country.

Knowing that people acknowledge the value of *Tranby House* and consequently take good care of it is reassuring. The memories of walks along the paths, of sitting on the grass singing Christmas Carols by candlelight with my family is part of my history and the history of my family. It is our tradition and hopefully one I will continue with my children. It is comforting to know that *Tranby House* has withstood time to become a landmark - part of my local heritage - and that it will continue to stand in order for new memories to be created by new generations. Including my future family.