

I grew up on a farm in Central Western New South Wales, Australia. Our father was a grazier, which means we bred grazing animals, sheep and cattle. The sheep were Merinos. And for many years, the Australian export industry was based on wool production from Merinos. There was a saying that Australia rode on the sheep's back.

We also bred Paul Hereford cattle and Australian stock horses. My earliest memories are associated with riding horses, working in the cattle yards, and being in the wool shed at shearing time. Our days included an early start where we milked cows. My mum homeschooled us until lunchtime, and then we would go and work with dad in the paddock, or mum in the garden of an afternoon.

Mum made and cooked just about everything. She separated cream and skim milk from the cow's milk. She made her own butter. She made preserves. And of course, we ate our own meat produced on the farm.

The post only came once a week, so we really looked forward to being able to get things like fresh white bread. It was pretty amazing. It was a lot of work growing up on a farm, but probably the best childhood a kid could ever ask for, and we had a lot of fun