

The Homestead

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Troy, my little dog Benji and I (Kathy), in 2003, standing on the verandah of our new home. You can see there were no ant caps over the stumps because instead of having stumps that were separate from the posts that held up the house, the people that built the cottage simply chiselled the stumps up into posts. As a result, the termites chewed straight up the stumps, into the posts and then through the house. The cottage was so termite ridden and fragile that Troy was able to attach the winch on his 4WD Troopie to the front of the cottage and easily pull it down.



My Dad and I when we first decided to buy the property (I was very excited). You can just make out my mum standing in the gully. If she was there now, she would be at the bottom of our dam. The big mango trees to the left of the old cottage are still there now, they are next to the Kensington Suite in the yard to the left of the Homestead.

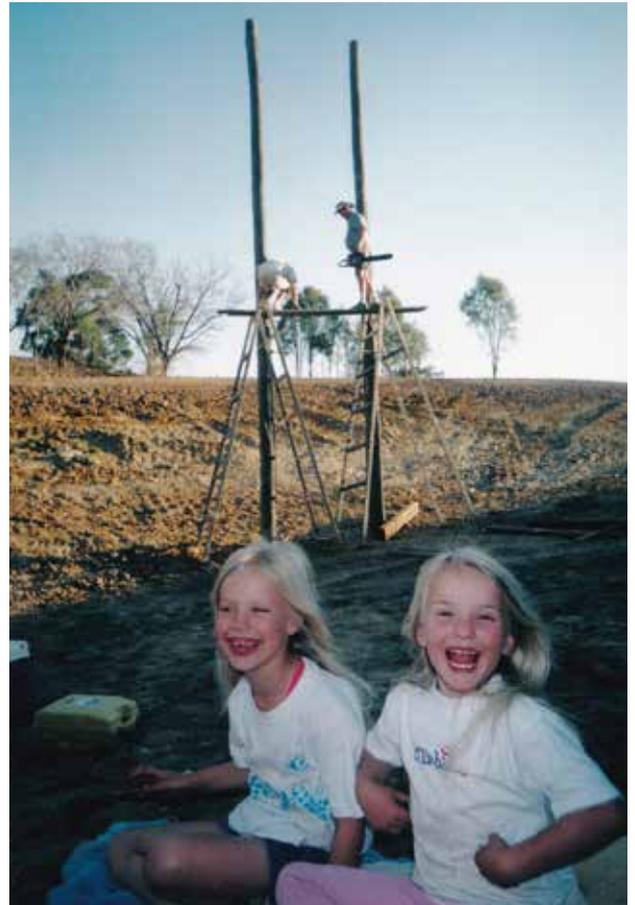


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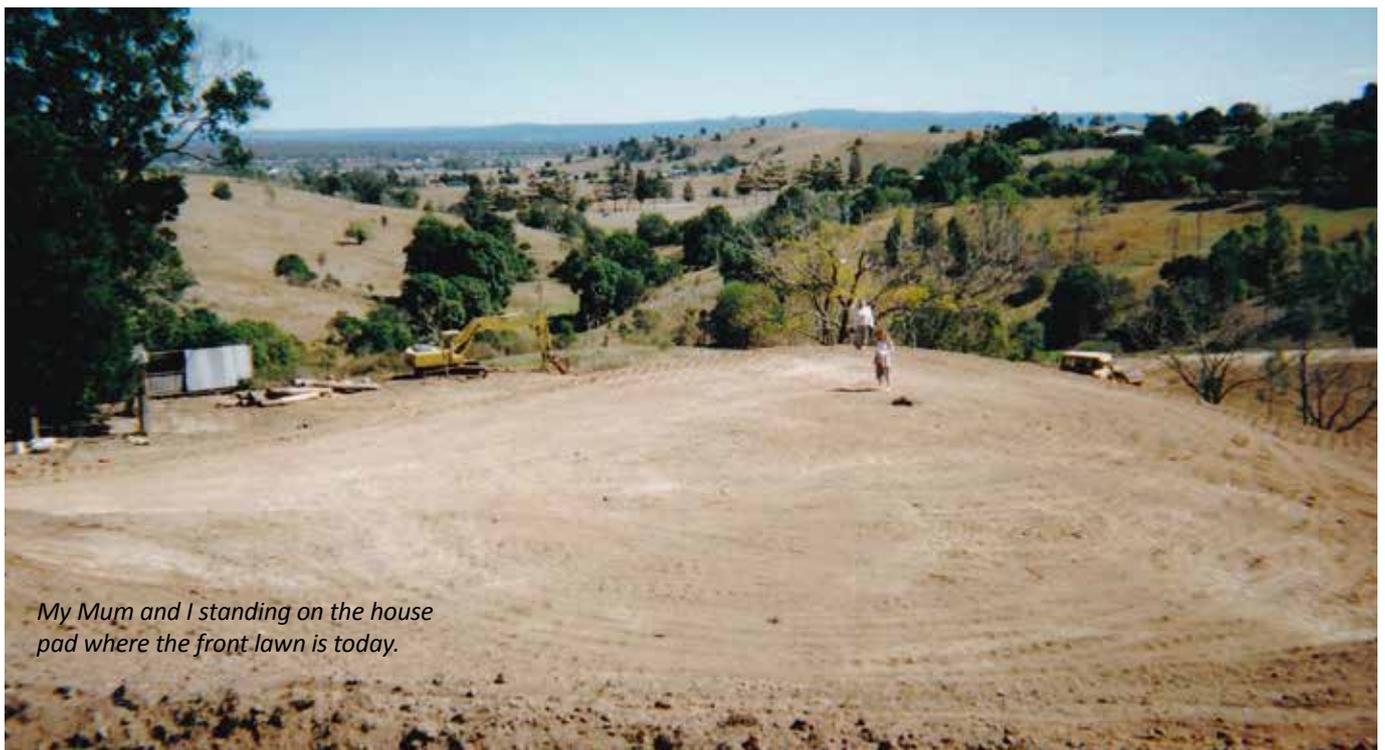
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Constructing the dam. The main reason we built the dam was to improve the driveway to the homestead which was too steep for a conventional car to drive up when there was wet weather.



Troy and Dad on 12 foot tressles cutting off the tops of the telephone poles at the end of the Jetty. Our nieces Brae and Riley having fun in the mud at the bottom our newly constructed 6m deep dam before it filled with water.



My Mum and I standing on the house pad where the front lawn is today.

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We asked a few friends if they wanted to come over for breakfast to look at our new property. Once everyone arrived, we asked if they would help us with a small job that would probably only take an hour or two. We needed to thread some lengths of orange conduit over our 400m long underground electrical cable to our house pad (you can see the house pad to the right of the mango trees at the end of the trench in the top right hand section of the first picture). Twelve hours later, a dozen men collapsed exhausted, completing the mammoth task.



Above Left: My sister-in-law Angela, Oscar our boxer, Troy and my Mum standing at the end of our nearly completed Jetty.

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The crane putting the ridge beam on the Western Wing of the Homestead. We lived in a shed with no hot running water at the top of our property for 18 months while we constructed the Western Wing. When we first moved into the shed Troy told me "Don't worry Kathy, we will only be in the shed for a couple of months". The big wooden chopping board in the kitchen is an off cut from the ridge beam.



After the frame was completed, we put a roof and some walls on, connected the hot water (hooray!) and moved into the shell that was the Western Wing.

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Construction of the Eastern Wing, looking into the Kensington Suite.



Almost finished! I was teaching and Troy was painting full time so it took us five years to build the homestead in our spare time and on weekends. When the Eastern Wing was completed, we began the Bed and Breakfast, opening up the Jacaranda Suite and the Kensington Suite. After a few short months, the B&B became so busy that we moved out into our separate managers residence so that the whole house could be used by the guests.



The Pavilion



Above: The earthworks for the pavilion. We were originally going to have the pavilion down lower directly in front of the jetty, however, we decided in the end that it might be nicer to elevate the pavilion a bit and have it here so that it overlooks the grassy area and the jetty below. Below Right: Troy, Dad and Lance at the Pavilion construction site.



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