Art tour Cairns, Cooktown and Port Douglas - July 2021.

Despite Covid complications Masks, sign-in and sanitising stations Into Cairns we all arrived-With relief we all sighed.

A drive around the town, A botanic garden walk -Getting to know each other and some talk.

At the Esplanade, set down. Geoff had to find lost trippers While some had beer sippers.

We enjoyed a lovely welcome dinner and drinks-

Amanda told us of failure, we should not think.

On our second day We painted by the bay. Little did we know there'd be an interrupter In the form of a noisy helicopter!

Don't be too fussy, Amanda said And plan it out in your head. Creativity is what it is about, And fudge it if you are in doubt.

We all found food for our tummy And Geoff wondered if someone spat the dummy!

Jan found a handbag without an owner

That could have been a real downer!

Helen gained a novel souvenir When a bird to her hat was too near. The bird left a splat On her now artistic hat!

Day three, we went up high On a rail in the sky. Over the tree tops we flew Enjoying a rain forest view.

At Kuranda, we had a chance to shop, And for lunch we had a stop. It was obvious covid has had an effect Closed shops showed trade is wrecked. Subject matter, dress sellers Set up under red umbrellas. First make your pen marks, Then add your darks, Balance your colours bright – Make sure you keep the light.

At the Gardens, an exhibition Had provided Melody with inspiration. She produced a rainforest pen and ink And showed us to see what we think.

Day four found us at Palm Cove On sand, under trees we did rove. With her painting, Amanda was not happy -

In fact, she called it crappy.

She discussed with us errors made,
And hints to make it make the grade.
It was encouraging to us though,
As when we fail, it won't be such a
blow.

It was very windy at Trinity Bay,
To paint the beach, there was NO way.
We set up under cover
And of a shop, we did another.
The café patrons did not know
They were the stars of our show.
Tanya found a table to do her art That was a move that was smart.
No need to be literal, Amanda said Paint what is in your head.

A large group ate Balinese Our taste buds so to tease. Liz almost left her purse behind But someone fount it and was kind.

On day five, we had no bus So walked to the Esplanade with no fuss.

Set up to paint the bay scene. Amanda did not like the colours seen So a challenge for us she set – Change the colours to sunset!

Get rid of the idea of rules, Restricting yourself is for fools. Set your art problems, use your head

-

Amanda said we'd draw in ink – She said it makes you think. No way to rub it out – You just have to think it out.

3.

After our lunch, later on
We watched a waterfall
demonstration.
It looked to be very tricky,
We all agreed it was risky!
We were told if you don't have a go
You'll never ever know.
Let the water run down the page –
If it goes wrong, no need to rage.

Rayma is a swimmer keen, To the pools she has been. In spare minutes, Evelyn would sketch, Her book will be a souvenir home to

fetch.

On the morning of day six, Janet was in quite a fix – Slammed shut went her door – Bare footed she went to the ground floor.

To Cooktown we all went on a massive bus,

Three or four seats for all of us. At Mareeba Heritage Centre we stopped,

Off the bus we all hopped.
A marvellous historical display
Of life of a long bygone day.
Stops at Palmer River and a lookout –
We were amazed with Black Mountain,
no doubt.

And who would have thought So many bananas grew on Cape York.

While travelling along
On a bus trip so long
Some viewed the landscape,
Some to a snooze did escape.
But one among us was excited With her news she was delighted!
Good luck to Rose,
Now she knows
Her house dream will come true She will be moving somewhere new.

Do what works, Amanda said.

4.

At Cooktown on the seventh day, Amanda showed us the way To depict a variety of boats And make them seem to float.

Then we painted Captain Cook – A lot of effort THAT took!

Some badly felt the heat Painting became quite a feat. The humidity was high-Some felt they would fry!

Again, walking to the RSL Alex paused something Amanda to tell

Didn't put on his brake lights – Joy ran into him in the night!

Our Cooktown motel, the Seaview, Our heavy luggage we did rue. Up the hill we had to haul – Coming down, careful not to fall! Help from the men, we did appreciate

Thanks fellas, that was great!

To catch the bus, Carol had to run, Being left behind would not be fun. Hope the markets she enjoyed Her spirits then would be buoyed. And on the bus she played solitaire – That she was noticed, she was not aware!

A number of people lost their hats – They really didn't like that!

Evelyn did her best To help those who found walking a test.

She went and got take-away So in their rooms they could stay.

Palmer River scones recommended by Nick,

Geoff shouted one for all -They arrived and were gigantic! Thanks Geoff from us all.

Denise lost her glasses-Somewhat of a disaster! To the RSL for tea
It was as crowded as could be.
Through a slight misunderstanding,
Marcia, a citizen upstanding
Almost got away
Without having to pay!

But it was her lucky day, Tanya found them along the way.

5.

Along a very windy road we drove To Mosman Gorge, a lovely grove. We walked through rainforest to a stream-

Saw tumbling water clear and clean.

Into Port Douglas to stay at the Oaks. Some problems for some of our folks. In her fridge, wet towels, Denise found.

Carol in cigar smoke was drowned. No luggage storage, so TV remote – Many other small things the resort did not promote.

Amanda and Alex were upset with their room-

Two very small beds! Requested a change soon.

But there were lovely water-lilies all around.

And quite a bit of bird sound. A redeeming feature was the meals – We agreed the chef was the real deal!

Visited the markets at the "Port" As Nick refers to this resort. Caught up in huge crowds Taking in the sights and sounds.

A complicated scene Amanda picked – Buildings, tents and crowds had us tricked.

Then we had to leave in a hurry-An upcoming wedding had us in a flurry!

Next day -

We painted at the sugar wharf-Made the old shed quite dwarf! An oil painter set up near-by. Passers-by stopped to view and admire.

Alex, a character made -

6.

Evelyn sat on the sand Her dress developed a wet band. Much teasing she did get – Looked like she had wet!

Went on the river Daintree, Lots of forest we did see. Of crocs, birds and snakes Pictures we could take.

Amanda put us to the test-Told us to do our best-What we learned we had to show, And put into action what we know!

A great trip it has been Covering many a different scene. Some people have a new appreciation Of the distances in our nation!

All the interstaters
Have followed covid data
Regarding permits to get them home
After their artistic roam.

Thanks to our bus driver, Nick, With a helping hand, he was quick. He stowed the luggage away On the bus each day.

Geoff and Jan are always there
To let us know when and where.
When we have to move away
They watch our things when they stay.

Alex is helper to Amanda, He calms her with patient candour. He helps her get set up And guides her on when to let up.

To Amanda go congratulations – She helped us with our trials and tribulations. When things went well, she shared in our The Cooktown fly, his pictures raid! Amanda is his tutor To make his pictures cuter. He adds his little fly – His series then are all tied!

Down on the beach Another painting to teach – Umbrellas, flags and mist And people are on the list. Little dots to represent – Amazing they look like what is meant! elation, Begged us not to submit to give up temptation!

Congrats to all the art trippers, The time we had was really ripper. It sure was lots of fun, And lots of art was done.

7.

Farewell and adieu Best wishes of all of you.

So there is a short postscript Of events that were end tripped. Rayma's key left her pocket – Perhaps she needs to lock it! To the Office, new key, problem solved, Her quandary was resolved!

As usual Evelyn, a place to sketch she found-Sat by the pool, <u>not</u> on the ground-

On the scene in front, focussed her eyes

So the wet seat she did not realize. Unfortunately that means A very wet seat of her jeans!

One of our travelling crew
Felt for home she was not due.
Liz decided to stay on She did not want her holiday gone.
The rest of us were concerned
That she might get burnedThat covid might see her trapped,
That her holiday might not go as
mapped.
So Liz, we wish you well
And hope a good story you'll have to
tell.

You may all have to add another chapter
Of how getting home you adapted.
Home going experiences for allA verse about that is <u>your</u> call!