

## *In Mother Natures Arms*

*The first burial took place in the  
Walpole cemetery in 1935*

*Little Phyllis Stewart, not yet two years old had died  
but the exact site of the cemetery  
had not been marked out.*

*Maps were searched and pegs were hunted for.  
A space was hastily cleared and her grave was readied.*

*Shortly afterwards the cortege arrived carrying  
the little coffin.*

*This had been made beautiful from a beer box, in just a few  
hours, by settler and skilled carpenter Bert Thorn.*

*A silver haired priest in his long white robes officiated.  
With kind and tender words little Phyllis was laid to rest and  
the mourners departed.*

*The last duties were performed and wreaths of remembrance  
were put in place.*

*Little Phyllis was now at rest by the forest, hills and  
water of Walpole.*

*Her Father, Bert Stewart wrote:*

*“Where there is love and beauty  
There is peace and joy.”*

Adapted from an article:  
“Isolated but not lonely”.

And information from:  
“Battling the Karri”. Dave Stewart, 2007.



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