


GOOD SMOKING,  
BAD SMOKING





A Special Project Commissioned by  
Carbal Medical Services For You - A Special Person...  
From A Special Place.



Hi! My name is Daniel.

I'm 10-years-old and  
I'm Aboriginal Australian.

I want to talk to you about  
something I reckon is  
really important...

- smoking.

You might not know, but  
there are different kinds of smoking,  
and some kinds are really bad.



My Dad is an Elder and I've been lucky because he's taken me to a lot of important Sacred Aboriginal Ceremonies with family and our extended family, including to Sacred Smoking Ceremonies and they're awesome!

(That's a good kind of smoking by the way)

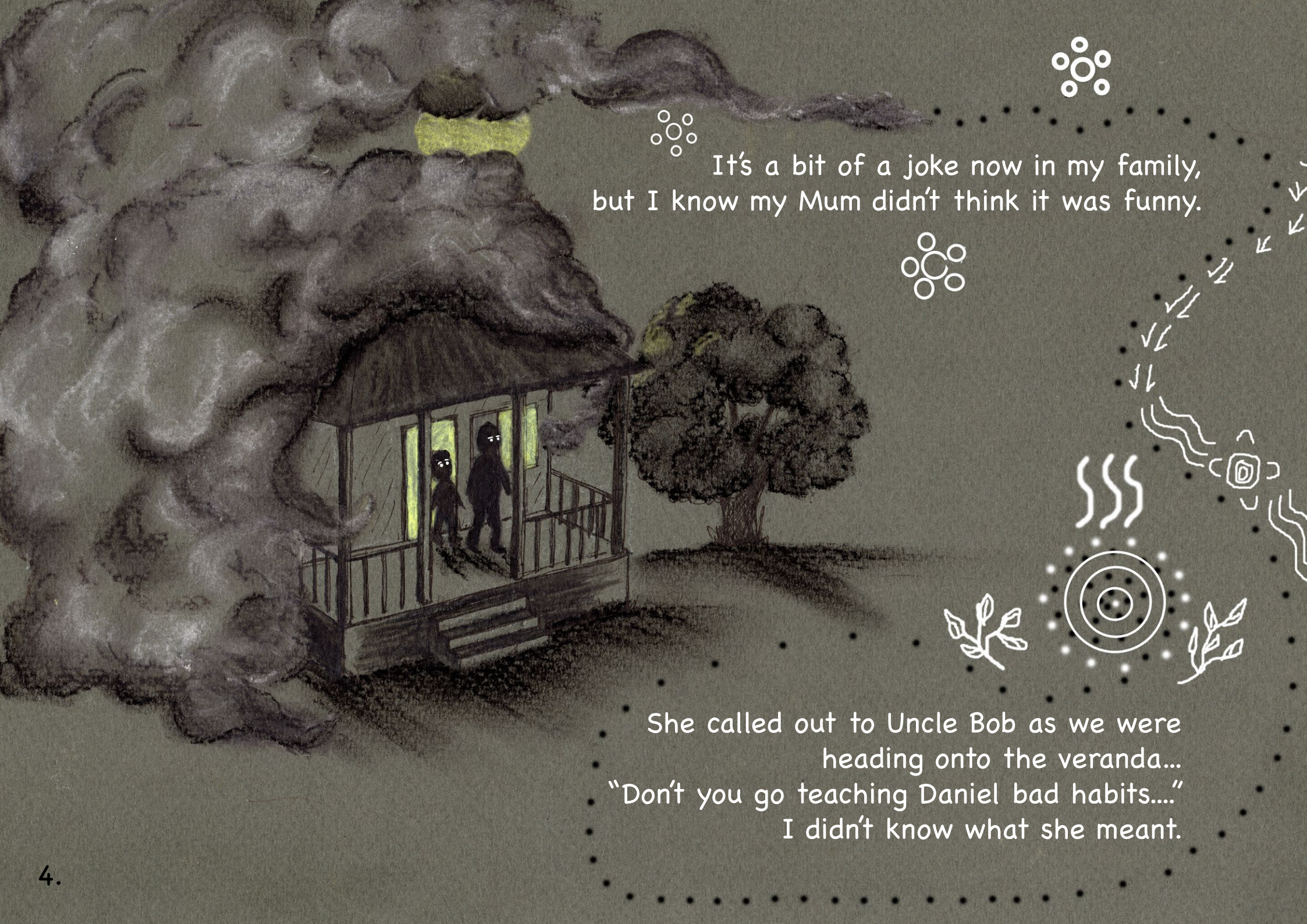


Because I went to a lot of Sacred Smoking Ceremonies, for a long time I thought that's what people meant when they talked about 'smoking'.

Then one day, when I was just a little fella, I heard Uncle Bob say he was, 'going out for a smoke'.




Of course I thought he was going to a Sacred Smoking Ceremony, so I asked if I could go with him. Uncle Bob laughed and said, "Yes, of course you can".



It's a bit of a joke now in my family,  
but I know my Mum didn't think it was funny.

She called out to Uncle Bob as we were  
heading onto the veranda...  
"Don't you go teaching Daniel bad habits..."  
I didn't know what she meant.



We sat on the veranda steps that night and Uncle Bob pulled a packet of cigarettes and a lighter from his pocket.

I watched as he put one of the cigarettes into his mouth, lit the end of it with the lighter and as he sucked, the end of the cigarette glowed in the dark.

Then he puffed out clouds of smoke and coughed loudly.

He said to me, "Don't ever smoke Daniel, it's not a good thing."

That was the day I understood for the first time that there was 'smoking', and then there was a different kind of 'smoking'.

It got me thinking about smoking.  
What Uncle Bob had said, and  
what Mum had said about  
'bad habits'.

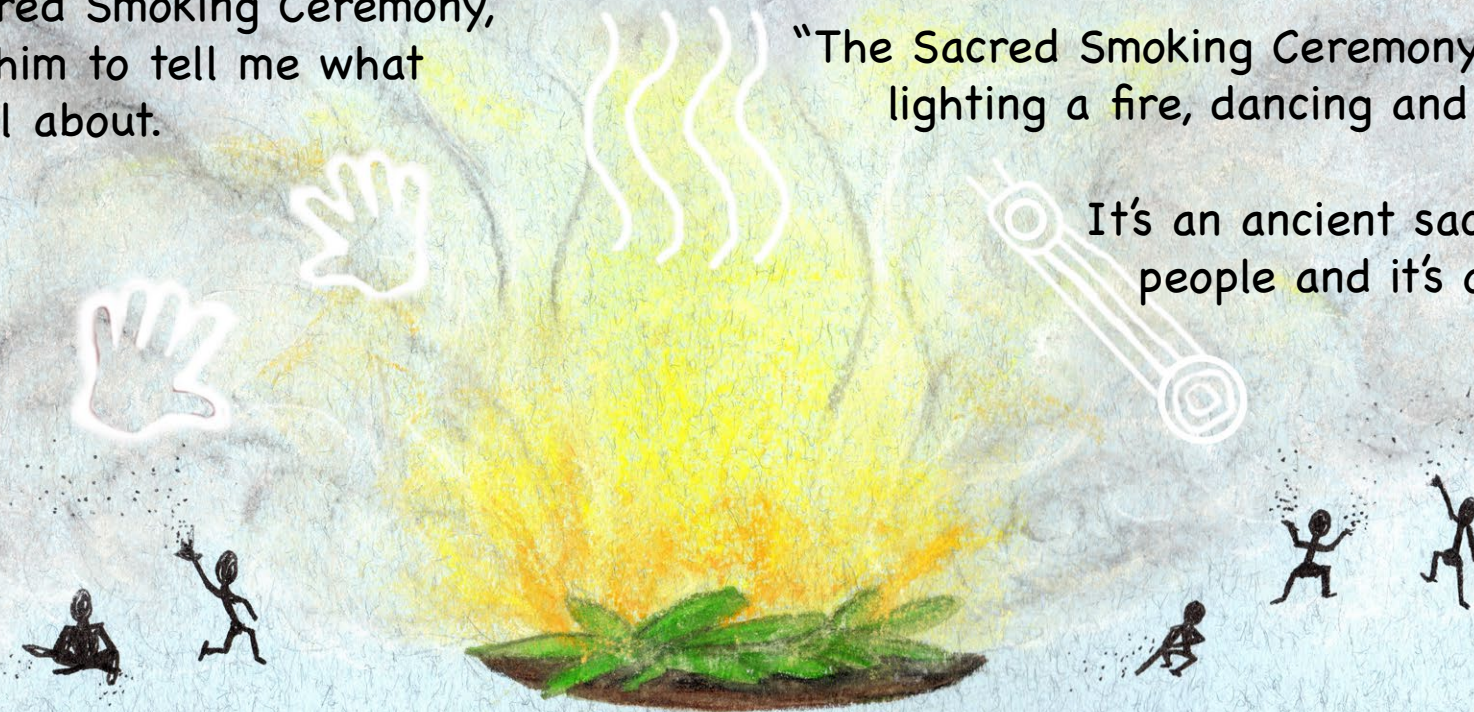
So, the next time Dad and I were driving  
to a Sacred Smoking Ceremony,  
I asked him to tell me what  
it was all about.

Dad thought for a few minutes  
and scratched his head.

"Well", he said,

"The Sacred Smoking Ceremony is not just about  
lighting a fire, dancing and singing you know.

It's an ancient sacred ritual for our  
people and it's only performed on  
special occasions"





"You see, it depends where the ceremony is being held and what it's for". Dad said.

"We use different native leaves and different woods that are local to the area, and they're used for different ceremonies".

"Today we're welcoming home a member of our community, Johnno. Johnno's been away for a long time and today's Sacred Smoking Ceremony is to celebrate his safe return to us."



The next day at school, I tried to tell my mates about the Sacred Smoking Ceremony, but some of them aren't Aboriginal Australian and they didn't understand.



My teacher, Mrs Gilroy, has invited Dad to our school Assembly, so that he can explain the Sacred Smoking Ceremony for everyone.



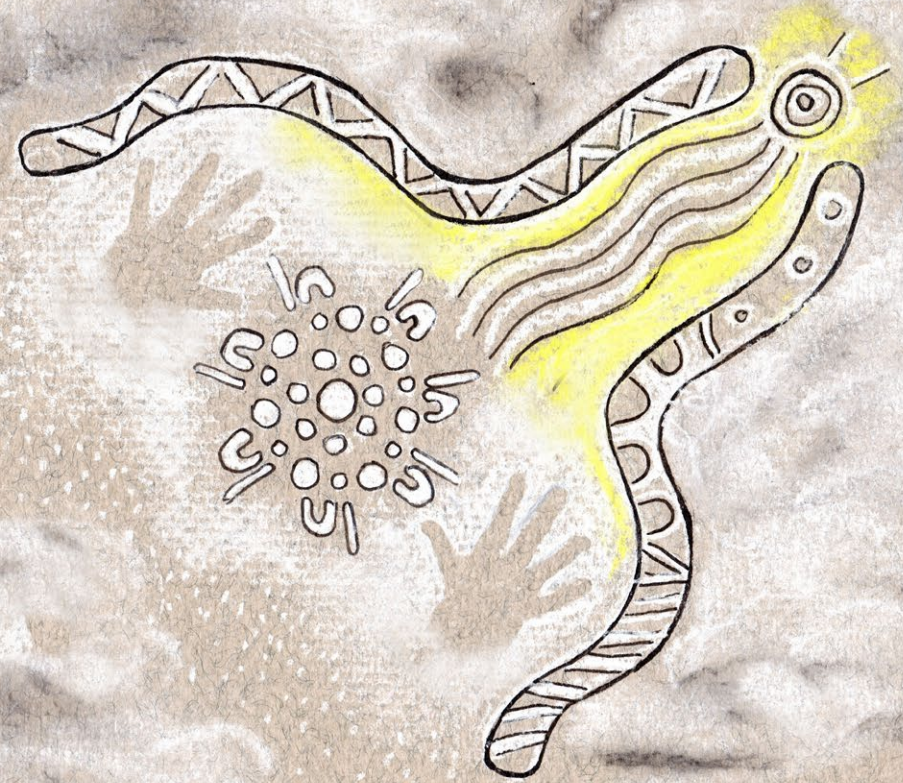
Today is Friday, our school Assembly, and I'm really excited and feel very proud that my Dad is going to be up on the stage yarning with everyone.

Dad and two of my uncles (they play the didgeridoo and sticks) performed a 'Welcome Ceremony', as a sign of respect, to acknowledge the traditional owners of the land past, present and future.



Then Dad explained that he was with us today to talk about the 'Sacred Smoking Ceremony', the good kind of smoking, but said he also wanted to talk to us about another, bad kind of smoking – cigarettes!

He told us about his Grandma.

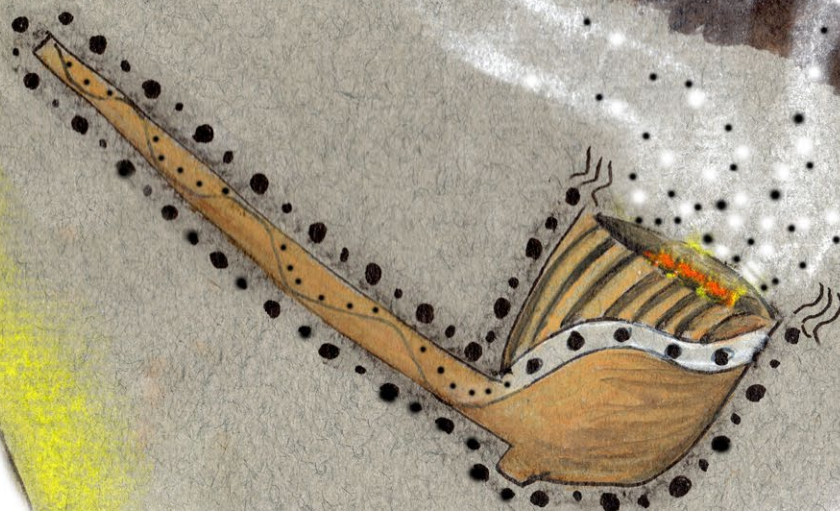


"Grandma used to smoke", he said. "She would sit smoking her clay pipe filled with tobacco and yarn with us kids for hours, telling stories about The Dreaming and painting and drawing beautiful pictures. This kind of 'smoking' seemed very normal to us kids then."

"But later on, Grandma got real sick and had to go into hospital. She never came home again."

Dad looked really sad when he told us about his Grandma.

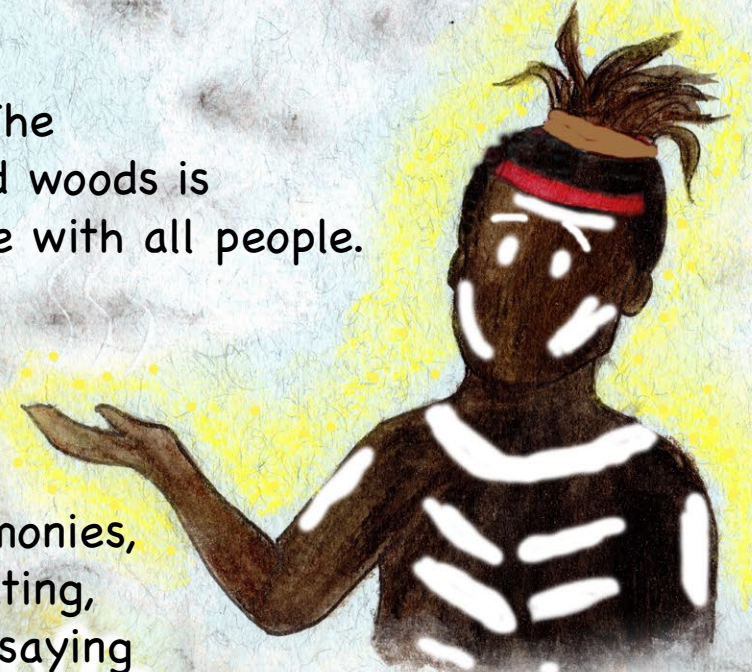
"They explained to us that Grandma got sick 'cos she smoked the pipe", he said. "It was smoking tobacco that caused all her problems."



I remember Mum telling us that we must never smoke, ever. And I never did. I saw what it did to Grandma."

One of the kids at Assembly asked Dad, "Why is smoke used at ceremonies, if it's so bad for us?"

"It's a sacred part of our culture", Dad said. "The smoke from burning special native leaves and woods is a spiritual gift that is given to us to share with all people."



At special Sacred Smoking Ceremonies, it's used for healing, or celebrating, sending away evil spirits, or for saying goodbye to people.

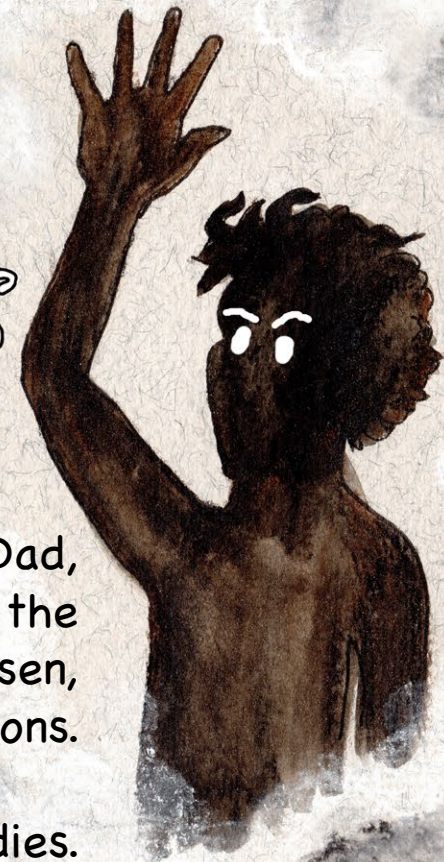
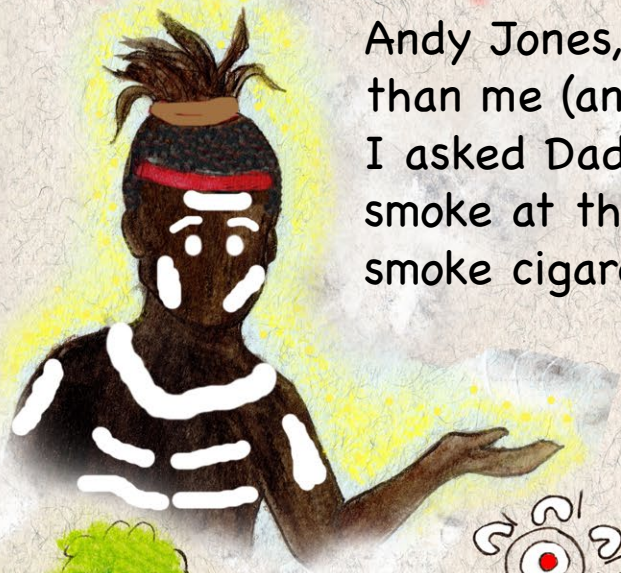
Making a fire and making smoke, symbolises ('symbolises' means it 'stands for') cleansing - making pure.



It's a very important part of our wonderful, ancient Aboriginal heritage and we must try to always keep the tradition safe."



Andy Jones, he's one of our mob - he's a bit older than me (and I know he smokes cigarettes)  
I asked Dad, "So how come it's ok to breathe in smoke at the Sacred Ceremony, but it's not ok to smoke cigarettes?"



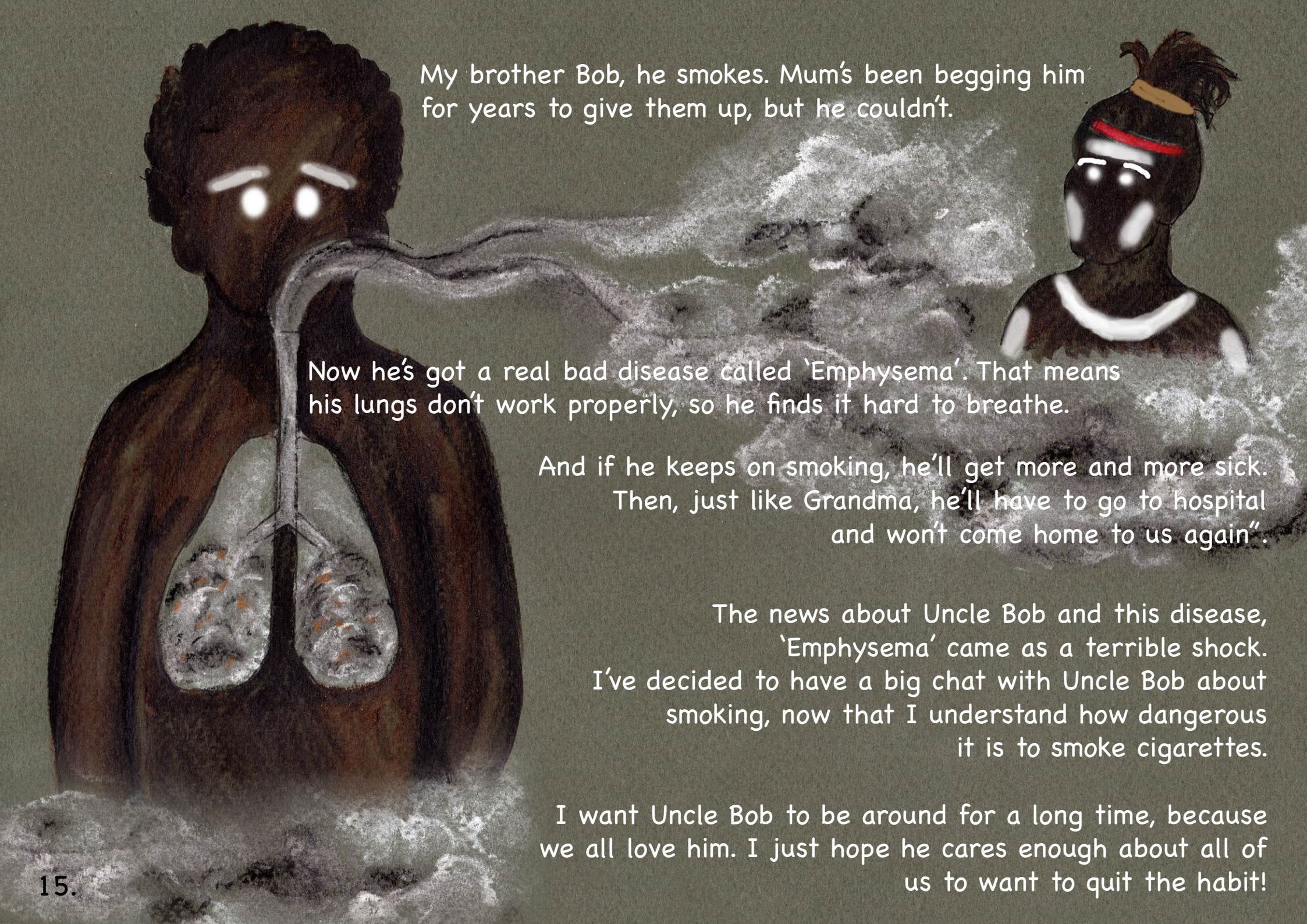
"That's a very good question", said Dad,  
"The native leaves and woods that are used for the Sacred Smoking Ceremony are very carefully chosen, according to the long traditions.

This smoke is never harmful to peoples' bodies. It is healing in a spiritual way, that brings peace and purity to all people".

"The smoke from cigarettes is the opposite. It is not good for the body, mind or spirit. You see, cigarettes are made not only from the leaves of the tobacco plant, they also contain many dangerous chemicals and other substances that help to make them 'addictive'- meaning that once people start smoking cigarettes, they find it real hard to give up the habit.





An illustration on a dark green background. On the left, a person with dark skin and curly hair is shown from the chest up. Their torso is transparent, revealing their lungs, which are heavily damaged and filled with grey and orange spots. A long, thin, grey tube extends from their mouth towards the right. On the right, a person with dark skin and a ponytail is shown from the chest up, surrounded by a large, billowing cloud of grey smoke. The person has white markings on their face and chest. The overall scene suggests the impact of smoking on health.

My brother Bob, he smokes. Mum's been begging him for years to give them up, but he couldn't.

Now he's got a real bad disease called 'Emphysema'. That means his lungs don't work properly, so he finds it hard to breathe.

And if he keeps on smoking, he'll get more and more sick. Then, just like Grandma, he'll have to go to hospital and won't come home to us again".

The news about Uncle Bob and this disease, 'Emphysema' came as a terrible shock. I've decided to have a big chat with Uncle Bob about smoking, now that I understand how dangerous it is to smoke cigarettes.

I want Uncle Bob to be around for a long time, because we all love him. I just hope he cares enough about all of us to want to quit the habit!

I promised Dad last night that I will carry on the traditions, including the amazing Sacred Smoking Ceremony, when I grow up.



I also promised Mum and Dad that I would never ever smoke cigarettes (they're real happy about that!).

I will always try to teach people about the difference, and the dangers of smoking cigarettes - starting with this yarn!





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