

The Path

What a beautiful night for a walk we said
Going down the road, some behind, some ahead
Turning at the woodland sign
We started walking THE PATH towards the mine

At the top of the bing it was a lovely sight
But where was THE PATH, this can't be right
After Helen took some snaps
We all decided it was 'back down chaps'

We retrieved our steps back down THE PATH
And into a field, now that was a laugh
Two barking dogs charged down from the farm
And that did cause us some alarm

The farmer gave directions on how to proceed
So back up THE Path we did all speed
Into the mud, the mire and the muck
Maybe this time we will have some good luck

Up the hill, through long and short grass
Over a gate and a stile we did pass
After some time we had a surprise
THE PATH was there before our eyes

We stepped it out but nearly at the end
THE PATH disappeared, what's happening friend
The main road is over the hedge, so near
But the barbed wire is keeping us in we fear

What a dilemma, but there's a big tree
So could we climb through it, now let's see
Some twisting and slithering and shouting is done
We manage the great feat and oh what fun!

By now it is dark and getting late
Brian (a husband) was worried about our fate
So he sent Stuart (his son) to look for his mammy
And her pals, now isn't that jammy

We all got back safe and sound
It certainly was an interesting round
We were all in need of a nice hot bath
And we ask the question, where's THE PATH?

Caroline Shields, NWR Beith, after a summer walk.

The Quiz (Telephone Treasure Trail)

What a night we had, we were all in a tizz
Meeting at Catriona's house to do the quiz
Full of excitement, what lies ahead
Can we make the deadline, enough said!

Dialling the numbers, trying to get through
A very frustrating thing to have to do
But we're going down the list and trying our best
Fighting the time, oh! what a test!

Tension is mounting, our heads are in a whirl
We have a few right answers, isn't that a thrill
Team work is working, we're all doing our bit
Suddenly it's ten o'clock, sorry we have to quit

Catriona's in the kitchen pouring us some tea (and other refreshments which can't be named)
Everyone is chatting and we're full of glee
The quiz night is over and what a time we've had
Talking, laughing, having fun, now that can't be bad

Regarding the questions, I suppose you can detect
They were quite a strain on our intellect
To set the questions next year, we wouldn't mind a go
So if this is possible, please just let us know

Caroline Shields, NWR Beith, 17th November 2004

The Spire Topped Hill

In the distance I see the spire topped hill
I imagine what he's doing, thinking, missing me
The sunlit visor only makes me homesick
And I know he's there, in the garden beneath the hill

Homeward I motor towards the rising hill
Past abundant fields, and flowery banks
Vaguely I see the coathanger bridge, appearing
And the road winds, but nearer looms the hill

Fuel OK. I drive swiftly on, until
The radio drums a beat, for slow lane traffic
How tedious, I long for journey's end
But signs and blazing lights, tail lights, keep me still

Trapped in the car, alone, against my will
Cones, ramps and chicanes, the stop-go dance begins
It's the Mersey crossing I'm headed for
And I know he's there, in our home below the hill

The Traveller

He kissed the ground as he stepped from the plane
The earth was covered with the sweet smell of rain

He remembered vividly that dust-ridden track
Stumbling along with a kit-weighed back

Visions of his homeland had kept him sane
Longing to see his family once again

He'd used all his water and was dying of thirst
Vultures soared over him, he saw them and cursed.

He searched his kit and took out a gun
Then saw the plane coming out of the sun

He heard the engines roar overhead
The pilot has seen him, thank god he said

He travels no longer, home at last
His visits overseas are in the past.

Helen Mullin, Runcorn NWR, died 2005.

Sapphire Year

Seldom does our group feel blue
Always stimulated to
Plan new topics to discuss
Popular with most of us.
Hearing others points of view
Impressing ours upon them too,
Recognising that we are
Enjoying NWR.

Yes we are a cheerful crew
Ever lively and we do
Appreciate our memberships
Reaping all the benefits

Rosemary Crawford, Plympton NWR, 25/4/05