The Lonely Leader

(*The Leader's lot can be a lonely one, so here's a tribute to some who've led us along.)*

Linda led us from Leasowes – Shenstone's dream
Along life-filled lakes and a lovely stream.
Then out to the Lea with Lambs aplenty,
Lunching by abbey - so old century.

In the Middle of England,
Mr. Marlow and Pete
Through the Meriden Mud
Tested our feet.

From Baddesley Clinton
Our leader Tony
Challenged us with puddles
Nearly up to our knee.

At Huddlesford, Staffs
Our Lincolns J2
Were joined by their Juniors,
And Duncan came too.

Teresa took us round Orton,
Where no sun did we lack,
Through fields, along river
And over rail track.

'Tho Jeannie lives quite far away,
To Brinklow she took us out for the day.
Crossing the bailey and old castle motte
She let us climb over the lot.

On Marion's fine walk
Monument we met
And a marvellous garden,
On a hillside well set.

Alton's old railway
With David we took,
Then down into Dimmingsdale
Where flowed dappled brook.

On Easter Day,
When our clocks had to change
Carol supplied us with eggs,
Sweet, not free range.

Bard of Babbs Mill,
March 2016