**The Wood of the Shady Oak**

In the wood of the shady oak.

History marches over well-trodden paths.

Our ancestors worked fields, much smaller then.

Crafts and skills passed down to meet local needs.

Our woodland, fields and wildlife in elegant balance.

In the wood of the shady oak, respected then.

In Shadoxhurst, at peace, naturally then.

Today. In the wood of the shady oak.

Tomorrow’s history will tell a different story.

Not of fields, instead houses, schools and roads.

High technology, not local skills, meeting global needs.

Our beautiful, bountiful, countryside, a mere asset.

The wood of the shady oak, fragile now.

Shadoxhurst, at risk now.

But, in the wood of the shady oak.

We still stop to watch the Robin, watching us.

We still crave dark skies, and shooting stars.

We are still a unique, rural community of people.

And we defend our precious green spaces.

We, in the wood of the shady oak.

We in Shadoxhurst.

Ian Procter 26/10/2016