

## COUNTRY ROAD

The road ran straight through the centre of the village passing the smithy where old Jed's two plough-horses waited to be shod. Then it bore left past the church built in the twelfth century to the Glory of God - and the Lord of the Manor. Cutting through an avenue of oak trees whose canopy formed an arch over the road, it made its way up to High Fell, then down past Oak Tree Farm, where if you were unlucky to catch Mr. Brown's herd of cows coming in for the afternoon milking, you would have to wait a wee while.

The road was old in Roman times, having known the tramping feet of Ancient Britons before the Legions, Norsemen and Normans, all marching into history to be joined later by the village lads, whose war memorial in the churchyard bore their names. It was nearing its end in no hurry to join the Great North Road that led into London. It would reach it in its own good time.

I remember on Sunday afternoons in the summertime sitting at the junction of the road watching the traffic rushing by going God knows where and thanking my road for taking me back into the peace and tranquillity of my village.

Bob Mather.