

## OLD ARLEY POEM

Old Arley is a village, I'm guessing you know.  
Not very big, definitely not slow.

With community in mind, a welcoming space,  
The Wesleyan chapel in pride of place  
Offers warm hubs when times are not fair.  
Give out hot drinks and biscuits to share.  
Fish and chip suppers with quizzes galore.  
Meet up with friends. Who could ask for more?

A special school for children with needs  
rests at the entrance of the village it leads.  
It's safe and secure teaching with those who care.  
Ensuring life for them is happy and fair.

A spacious playing field (sometimes a bog!)  
Provides good exercise for walking a dog.  
Youngsters arrive, all dressed in kit.  
To dribble their footballs and exercise wit.

St Wilfred's church, a magnificent build.  
Has stood many years and wondrously filled.  
Graves of lives gone by and there at the side  
The war memorial we remember with pride.

Celebrations range throughout the whole year.  
A scarecrow festival and Halloween ...don't fear!  
And Christmas windows opened with array.  
To bring us to the Saviour's Day.

A new and exciting event we say.  
Brings lots of visitors to stroll down our way.  
To look at the flowers, the shrubs and trees.  
Join Open Gardens and help charities.

Each year rides by a cavalcade, spectacular.  
To the lights and sounds, we cheer 'Hurrah'!  
There is joy and whoops of sheer delight.  
as decorated tractors drive through the night.

And all around fields of yellow and grey  
With wildlife, animals and horses that play.

A nicer place to live, there cannot be  
Than the green, pleasant land of Old Arley.

Written by Jacey Cunningham