**Neighbours from Heaven**

Take a drive to Rose Farm Walk,

Or rather, take a walk down Rose Farm Drive,

And if you’re looking for a talk,

Or if you’re simply glad to be alive -

At number eight, you’ll find a jolly couple

Who tick all the boxes on your list;

So, if you’re looking for a friendly chuckle

Step forward, *voila,* Kath and Chris.

Be it ships at sea, planes up in the air,

Steam trains or dream trains on the line;

For dates of rallies, when or where

And, how’s the weather – wet or fine;

Or when a new coin’s coming from the Mint

He is a source of information,

Of course, provided it is fit to print,

Our Christopher delights in obligation.

Now when our feathered friends are really low,

In weather hot or cold, wet or dry,

There is a certain place to which they go.

To watch it, almost, brings a tear-drop to the eye.

The Robin, the Partridge and the Cooing Dove

Sparrows Blackbirds Starlings take a bath;

They’re fed, repaired, protected by the love

Of a feisty mother hen that we call Kath.

When it comes to four legs, here the choice becomes more fussy

They really, really don’t like Mister Rat,

They’re not so keen on Misses Pussy

But walk the dog? Wow! They do it at a drop of hat.

So, farewell lovely neighbours, Chris and Kath

A decade has flown by, but what a laff!

*With fond affection, but not good-bye*

*Sylvia and Roger*

*September 2021.*