

Poem by Zoe sent with greetings and love from son, Miles too.

## Mill Grove

The sound of joy,  
That spreads out with children's voices,  
In the orchard, across the sky,

Children now and children no more,  
Handed me down, patched and darned with care,  
Mill Grove is handed to the children.

Who watch the fireworks,  
With a woosh and ahh...  
Of something glittering in the sky,  
That's like an angel.  
With an ahh and a wish,  
That things will be better now...

We look down in prayer...  
But we should look up,  
At the bricks and the mortar  
And the stories that hold a place together,  
That gives....

And does not ask in return.  
A place where absent hearts  
Have grown again like new  
Seedlings in the garden.  
And the stories that join us  
When dark falls on this place  
I'm sure even the wildlife knows.

Broken things keep getting repaired: I noticed that.  
They are mending kettles and gates,  
And people all the time.  
And friendships form, which is part of the mending and borrowing,  
And chopping of wood and quieter moments,  
When there is a deep knowing between friends that times are hard  
Or times are good.  
The knowing you find with  
Brothers and sisters.  
With a family.

Tonight the sky looks full over Mill Grove.  
And if the sky should empty...be wanting?  
We all know we will have shelter.

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Mill Grove is handed to the children.

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With a woosh and ahh...  
Of something glittering in the sky  
That's like an angel.  
With an ahh and a wish,  
That things will be better now...