**Runfold Community Liaison Group (CLG)**

**Terms of Reference**

**CLG vision for the site**

A rolling pastoral landscape of well hedgerowed fields and wooded belts.

In Spring, the trees and hedgerows are flushed with the first spring green , the white blossom of Blackthorn and Wild Cherry giving way to Hawthorn with Song Thrush & Yellowhammer announcing the lengthening of day from their song perches, echoed by the Skylark high overhead rising in crescendo. Frog & Toad make their way to the pond to breed.

By Summer, the buzz of insects in the shimmering heat fills the air as a gentle breeze wafts the flower & grass heads of the fields, in places a riot of colour - white & yellow of the Ox-eyed Daisy, Yarrow and Trefoil, the purple & violet of Knapweed and Self Heal. A Swallow hawks lower over the flower heads feeding, whilst a Yellow Wagtail stands momentarily on the rear of a grazing cow, it’s bill stuffed full of insects to fed it’s young. The Kestrel hovers overhead looking for that Vole hiding in the field.

As dusk sets in, the first bats begin their patrols along the hedgerows, the old Brock trolls down the path his clan have used for generations and a white shadow drifts over the field looking for the same vole the Kestrel was.

By Autumn, the leaves are turning a myriad range of subtle browns, yellows and oranges before dropping to the ground, where the Wood Mouse is rapidly stocking her larder for the winter to come. The Vole having eluded Kestrel & Barn Owl, feeds on the banks of Blackberry in the hedgerow & field margins, whilst the Jay busy buries acorns off the Oak, some of which he will forget and will become tomorrow’s mighty hedgerow standards next spring.

It is Winter, and the frost sits hard across the land. Spider’s webs decorate the dead seed heads of the grasses, disturbed by a charm of Goldfinches, whilst a tawny Owl huddles hard up to the Oak tree trunk, sheltering it from the breeze fluffing up its feather and seeking what warmth it can from the milky sun. Groups of Scandinavian thrushes – Redwing & Fieldfare pillage the berries off the bare hedgerow stems, a distant blur of red from Hawthorn and Rosehip - it was a good Spring. A Buzzard mews overhead, circling, and disturbs a rabbit scurrying for cover. Or was it the human and their dog walking the footpath, as they turn their collar up and head for home, feeling better for having stretched their legs after a difficult day and a sense of all’s well with the world as they both contemplate a warm fire and supper.

Spring will soon be here again.

**Simon Elson 2012**