Volunteer’s in the Ravenswood Willows

The rain trickling down the small our backs our body still warming from the tea, “25 to go” in an almost victorious tone harks the cry from within the group. Bending the thin strips of willow down, intertwining with last weeks, (and the week before that’s) work, its fair taking shape. As the hiss of the fire slowly becomes less frequent, the small droplets falling on the fire, the last few go in place, as the peeter patter of rain starts to become more frequent and slightly heavier, not an eyelid is batted…. No one seems to notice, or care.

That’s it, done. “doesn’t look like much just now” “will it even grow?”, it will, in fact its already started. Gently pulling on previous weeks strips of willow, its solid, it’s already started rooting and as we look closer we can see small buds appearing, small petit green buds fluttering up through the branches. It’s not just pretty to look at, some caterpillars have been enjoying the green delicacy of our work, which will then grow into beautiful butterflies and in turn feed on the flowers opposite us and finally (but not all of them) feed the birds ominously flying overhead! All this from a few guys planting willow, not bad eh!

We all think there’s nothing we can do, the jobs too big, what CAN I do??? We don’t need to much individually but as a group we can provide and give back so much to the place we and so many other things call home. To find out more visit our website

Grant Fleming

Volunteer Officer