I am approaching 60 years of age and have lived in the borough of Enfield virtually my entire life. My fondest memories of my hometown are its beautiful green spaces. Despite living on the outskirts of London, I have never felt the need to travel further away from the City of London because the green belt of countryside has always provided me and my family with a wonderful feeling of always being close to nature, of having relatively unpolluted air to breathe and the freedom to exercise.

The green belt is serving its purpose. It is there to protect us from the danger of creeping building developments such as the one now proposed for Enfield on Vicarage Farm and Crews Hill. Such development will forever spoil the beautiful countryside so cherished by Enfield's residents, young and old. The greenery, habitats and wonderful views that are the treasure of Enfield can never be replaced once lost and this would be a tragedy for those who live here currently and for its future generations.

Throughout my life I have watched as Enfield has developed. I have seen shops disappear, beautiful old houses crumble till they are past possible restoration and a much valued A&E hospital facility lost. I have lamented all of these changes, but I have never been so upset and horrified by such losses as I am now, faced with the terrible prospect of the green belt being stripped away from my beloved Enfield. It fills me with an overwhelming sadness and I will hold accountable all those who do not actively oppose this proposal. It must not happen. At a time when there is so much concern with people's well-being and mental health, surely such an erosion of the source of such a spiritually restorative resource cannot be permitted.

Of course I understand that people need shelter and houses must be built. I appreciate that the council must address this problem. But there are surely more creative, less damaging solutions than the rape of the countryside. All current residents and their needs must be respected and accommodated,

unless Enfield is to become a soulless, grey sprawling mass of concrete, devoid of any charm or worth.

As a resident of Enfield I implore your planning committee not to pass this proposal.