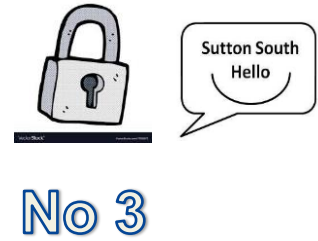


Lockdown Times



Hello Again Everyone,

I do hope you are managing this long period of lockdown. Even though the rules have been relaxed it is still difficult for us to see our loved ones and friends.

My dog Alfie, a cockerpoo, had a narrow escape. He was about to have his very long hair cut by my husband Peter, but fortunately his groomers' opened again. He is now looking his normal gorgeous self!

I have dyed my hair ginger again and this time cut an inch off all over and left it to curl naturally. I am not sure about the cut, and the colour seems not as bright a ginger as last time. When I asked Peter what he thought, he gave his usual response, "Yes dear, you look lovely!" He has learnt how to give the right answer over the years!

I seem to spend a deal of time watering the garden, but I am lucky to have a garden during lockdown. And as for housework, it has been far too hot to do much!

Once again we have articles written by our members and artwork from Hello Arts and

Advice

If you need help or advice:

1. The Council's number is 020 8770 5000, option 6.
2. Age UK Sutton
020 8915 2235; 020 8078 2916
3. Sutton Befrienders
020 8661 5900

Crafts as well.

We need more anecdotes, reflections, poems or whatever you fancy. So please do not hesitate. Give me a ring or email if you need help with this.

We are pleased to enclose the Wellbeing Pack prepared by Age UK Sutton with useful information and activities.

Heather Honour

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THE ADVENTURES OF A STUDENT NURSE AS RELATED BY JOY REED.

Eighteen year old Joy ventures from Peterborough to London to train in The Royal Free Hospital, Islington, as a student nurse.

First posting

Children's Ward; challenging but fun.

Second Posting

Ladies' Ward; this time in The Royal Free in Hampstead. Not at all a bad place what with its lovely gardens and tennis court!

Third posting

Again in the Royal Free but this time in Islington. Joy is now in a Men's Ward.....and this is where the trouble begins!

First day on the ward and a man calls out to her asking for a bottle. Joy hurries off, boils a kettle, fills a hot water bottle and scurries back

to the now rather desperate patient who is shouting,

“I don’t want that, you silly girl ! I need to pee.”

A few days later, Sister asks Joy to change a dressing on a gentleman who has just had a procedure done on his very private parts. She does her best bearing in mind that Joy has never before nursed men and, gosh, weren’t we so innocent in those days!!

“OK” she thinks. Job done. Shortly after he is shouting “ Nurse, nurse!” Joy scuttles over. The dressing has fallen off. “ You have made it too large,” he declares. Joy, thought, “Well I thought it fitted alright” Joy murmurs to herself. Redressing begins; she is wondering whether it will stay on this time, or whether it will be third time lucky!



And now for something completely different. Joy continues to nurse in the Men’s Ward. A man named Bill is suffering from T.B. Joy takes great care with his treatment and eventually he is well again and is discharged. (Bill obviously received better treatment than the first two gentlemen!) Bill goes home to his mother’s house in Grey’s Inn Road.

By now Joy and another nurse are living in a flat, also in Grey’s Inn Road! One day the doorbell goes.

Who could that be?

None other than Bill !

He asks Joy to accompany him to the cinema....and the rest is history. Joy and Bill got married in Peterborough, had two sons and Joy continued to nurse for many years.

She became a Senior Clinical Nurse Manager and earned the title of Queen’s Nurse. She even had to go to Buckingham Palace to receive her badge from the Queen. Now, that is a badge of honour.!

Joy, like all of us, has had a lot of time during lockdown to reflect and she ended this little narrative with the words.

“ You know, I have had a really, really wonderful life “

And long may it continue.

YOU WIN SOME, YOU LOSE SOME

Anne Lamb Hello Arts and Crafts

I can’t remember when we first went into lockdown - it all seems such a blur now.

What to do with your hair?

But the first reaction of some of my friends is still very clear in my mind - what are we going to do about our hair? How are we going to cut it and sort the roots? So it was with great amusement that I read Heather’s last article where she wrote about cutting her hair and turning it a nice ginger colour. When we come out of lockdown what are we going to look like? - I’m still letting my hair do its own thing - might have long straggly grey tresses by then - it’s certainly saving me a fortune! This is a good time to experiment with products - ever fancied a purple or green stripe? Forget it! The local chemist is out of stock!

Children keeping an eye on you?

Well I wonder how you’re all coping in these strange times - if you have children are they making sure you toe the line - the tables have been turned on us now - no sneaking out for a gooey bun eh! I’ve heard of some families who are tracking their errant mums on Google. One was totally shocked when she popped out to post a letter and her son turned up in his car.

What a drip!

My latest troubles started with a dripping tap in the kitchen - our water is metered, so I'm programmed to preserve every drop. Also in the current crisis it seems trivial to mention the constant drip but it is very irritating and our green credentials are being seriously challenged. I tried to get a plumber, they're all out of work but nothing would lure them out of lockdown. I do have a side entrance and promised them unimpeded entry and isolation in my kitchen to no avail.



-vector- #207488407

I sent out an SOS to our lovely local What's App group and sure enough within minutes I was bombarded with help such as turning off the stopcock in between usage and DIY links to You Tube, bad sport but I didn't really fancy getting down with the creaky knees to play around with the plumbing - I might never get up again!

Then shocked to get a message from a lady whose husband had abandoned her to join his former lover of 48 years ago up North. As she commented, "challenging times for us all". That put it all into perspective but I'm pleased to say my problem was solved by Charlotte a lovely lady plumber who kept her distance and did the job!



PS Then she emailed me the bill. I thought of all the money I had saved on hairdos. Well, I

had just had to spend it on a washer for the tap!

PRAYER FOR PROTECTION AND WELL BEING FOR ALL PEOPLE

From Comfort Gyami Wednesday Club

Heavenly Father,

We thank You for your Son, Jesus Christ, who travelled through towns and villages" curing every disease and illness". At his command the sick were made well.

Come to our aid now, in the midst of the global spread of coronavirus, that we may experience your healing love through the power of the Holy Spirit.

Heal those who are sick. May they regain their strength and health through our good medical care.

Heal us from our fear and help nations to work together and neighbours to help one another.

Heal us from our pride, as we are all vulnerable to a disease that knows no boundaries.

We ask this through Christ Our Lord

Amen

MATISSE AT HELLO

During the Lockdown, Adrienne Roberts, a local ceramics artist, and frequent collaborator with Hello Arts and Crafts, has been providing us with projects to keep our creativity alive.

One exercise was Matisse Cutouts.

Matisse called it "**painting with scissors**"

From his 60s - 80s he mostly used this method of art. Whilst ill he worked from his wheelchair with an assistant cutting up his painted paper.

Matisse used a variety of **motifs** such as **flowers, leaves, the sea** and the **human figure** as well as **abstract shapes**. He covered whole **rooms** and walls with the shapes!

Here are some examples from our members.

We hope to have an exhibition of all our Lockdown Art when we can meet up again.

And if anyone reading this would like to have a go, just let me know!



By Jill Cromwell



By Maggie Wood



By Marlene Kemp



By Marie Baker



By Heather Honour

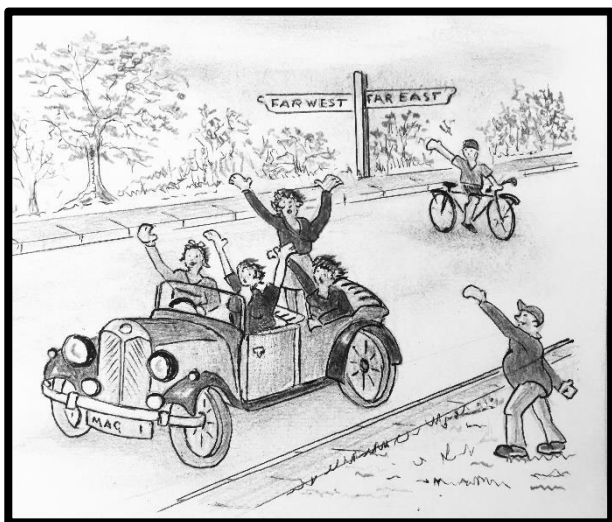
MAGGIE'S TRAVELS

Lock down Day 21 - just thinking about some of the traveling done in the past particularly when I was a teenager.....

My parents had little money but my father always had a car. When I was 13 he decided he would like to see Europe. So a plan was hatched.

A tent, like no other tent

He made a tent which looked remarkably like a Wendy House. My mother packed up tins of beans, jars of marmalade, lots of tea and much more and off we went, that is mum, dad, Liz (16 years old) and me (13 years old). I forgot to say we lived in Glasgow. Took 2 days to drive to Dover with an overnight stop in Grantham. Over the channel we went and 3 days later we were somewhere near Barcelona. Found a campsite and out comes the 'Wendy House'. Excruciatingly embarrassing! People came from all over the campsite just to look at this little square tent. Too much for two teenage girls!! An experience even my mum did not want to repeat.



Cartoon By Ken Card Hello Arts and Crafts

So, the following year my dad bought a tent and he made a trailer. This of course meant my mum could pack even more of the Co-op's produce. Off we go again, via Grantham, planning to drive to Rome and then on to Naples.

What ever happened to that trailer?

Alas, somewhere on the A1 just north of Grantham, the trailer parted company with the car, tumbled over the central grass reservation, landing on the northbound carriageway having spewed its total contents over the road! Fortunately, and amazingly, no damage or injury was done to any other vehicle or person.

Half the contents of the Co-op, bedding for 4, new tent, clothes etc etc are now scattered on the A1. Cars, of course, had to stop. All hands to the deck ensured the road was quickly cleared. Trailer plus all debris is now piled on the central reservation. My mum rescues two chairs. Liz and I are planted in the middle of the debris and may I remind you this is the central reservation of the A1! Mum and dad go off in car to nearest town, returning some hours later with a roof rack. Liz and I certainly got a lot of attention from bemused passing motorists but we did have plenty of food. I remember munching a lot Jacob's crackers and marmalade. Somehow my dad managed to get much of the useful stuff packed in boot of car and the rest found its way back to Glasgow on a train.

Exchange Controls

Undaunted, off we go again.....but, money is tight and it was the time when only £50/adult and £25/child was allowed for travellers out of the UK. We stayed overnight in people's houses who gave us beds for the night and food for a very small charge. We did get to Rome and Venice but ran out of money and didn't reach Naples. I used to joke with my dad that I was traumatised by him as a teenager but I do thank him hugely. I think he gave me a spirit of adventure. (there were certainly many of them along the way)

By the time I was 16 I had been to France, Spain, Belgium, Austria Switzerland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Germany, Luxembourg and even Andorra.

Not bad for a girl from Glasgow!

Maggie Wood
Board Member and Hello Arts and Crafts

CHURCHILL'S FAVOURITE CAKE

On VE Day I made this cake, which went down very well. I have made it twice since.

It was often made by Churchill's cook, Georgina Landemare, who catered for Winston during the war at Downing Street, and then at his family home, Chartwell, in Kent.

This is a modern version created by the National Trust

Ingredients

- 225g butter
- 170g dark brown sugar
- 285g self-raising flour
- 280g dried mixed fruit
- 2 cups strong black tea
- 5 eggs
- 110g halved glacé cherries
- 1tsp mixed spice
- 1tbsp black treacle (optional)

Equipment

- 9" springform cake tin

Method

1. Soak the dried fruit in the tea, preferably overnight or for a few hours, to allow most of the tea to be absorbed and the fruit to become plump and juicy.
2. Preheat oven to 150 degrees (I used 130 degrees for a fan assisted oven)
3. Line and grease a 9 inch springform cake tin.
4. Cream together the butter and sugar in a mixing bowl, until almost white. Make sure you scrape the sides of the bowl and continue to cream together.
5. Gradually beat the eggs into the mixture, remember to add a little flour to stop the mixture from splitting or curdling.
6. Fold in the flour and add the mixed spice to the mixture.
7. Add the mixed fruit and glace cherries and continue to fold together. If there is a little left over tea in your mixed fruit add it to the cake mixture. However, if

there is a lot of tea remaining, drain the fruit before adding it.

8. Continue to fold and stir, whilst adding the black treacle (I found black treacle in the Marks and Spencer Food Hall in Sutton)
9. Once completely mixed together, gently scrape the mixture into a cake tin and leave to bake for 2 hours.
10. To check the cake is cooked, insert a skewer into the center. If it comes out clean the cake is cooked through.
11. Remove from the oven and cool on a wire rack.
12. Finish with a light dusting of caster sugar. (I don't think that necessary as it is a very sweet cake)

I thought that those willing could make this cake to celebrate when we are finally able to get together again.

Heather



By Ken Card

**STAY ALERT
STAY SAFE
WE'LL MEET AGAIN!**