

**LOCKDOWN TIMES (1)**

This is a very simple newsletter at the moment, but we hope as time goes by it will look better, if clever folk can help us sort out a format.

**Fighting Boredom…….memories**

This is going to be a major issue for us all. A famous writer and journalist, Max Hastings has suggested that we should write our life history during these lockdown times. So why don’t we do something like that? We had a lot of fun with our reminiscence project and future generations will value the insight into times gone by.

But lets make it simple. Let us write down and share some important memories. If you can get the information to Heather, address on the covering letter, then we can publish some of them in our newsletter. Fran Wilson has started us off with a memory. As you will see, it was a memory that was later corrected.

**And what about arts and crafts?**

Our arty-crafty team want to have a different topic each week for us to paint, or colour. The first topic is “a door with a letter box” and the second is “ a beautiful object you can see out of your window, or would like to see.” Please let the person whose telephone number is in the covering letter know if you want to be involved in this.

At the end of this period of isolation we will have an exhibition to show both the writing and the art and, of course, a great big party.

Heather

**MEMORIES! By Fran Wilson Secretary to Hello, and Wednesday Club**

When I was 3 years and 9 months old a lorry hit me. My mother later told me that I was standing outside the front door of our house with my brother who is 6 years older than me. One of his friends called him and he told me to not to move from outside the house, the front door of which led straight on to the street. While he was gone a woman living in an upper flat across the road, who was disabled, called me to come over and speak to her. She had apparently checked the road was clear and I went across. When we had finished talking I ran across the road back to my house, but there was a lorry coming and it hit me, threw me into air and I landed about 40 feet down the road. I have no memory of being hit, but I do have a memory of lying on the ground, and a man asking me if I could move my legs, and I said I couldn’t. I was taken to the hospital where they diagnosed a broken leg and a fractured pelvis. I was in traction for weeks and had to learn how to walk again.

Interestingly, when my brother (who is six years older than me) and I were reminiscing 4 years ago he told me that what she had said was not true; she didn’t see the accident. What had happened was that he and I had gone across the road to speak to a neighbour and her children. Her daughter asked me to go and play at her house and before anyone could stop me I had run across the road to ask permission. That’s when the lorry hit me. I don’t know why my mother told me that story; according to my brother the house across the street was a simple 3 up 2 down the same as ours and no-one lived upstairs.

When I got hit my brother had to go across and tell my mother. He would have been about 9 years old – a terrible trauma for a young boy. Is that why he still tries to boss m e around today?

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**Life in the Time of Covid 19 by Anne Lamb Hello Arts and Crafts**

Well the message is clear WE MUST STAY AT HOME -

What strange, scary times we’re living through now - a kind of science fiction, horror story. Who could have imagined ever going to the supermarket to find all the shelves stripped of everything. The mind boggles at what people are doing with all that stuff. I even heard there’s been a run on freezers - I guess they need somewhere to store all that food.

Self isolating - we’ll I’m sure we’ve all been doing that. I had a lecture when I dared to pop out a week or so ago. I had an MOT booked - should I or not? Well I did and there was an eerie quiet in the village but kept my distance if I saw anyone. Car passed test and I celebrated by disinfecting the steering wheel and door handles and washing my hands as soon as I got home. All this hand washing - I think I’m developing OCD and my hands are horribly dry!

But what has been a revelation to me was discovering what a wonderful community spirit exists locally. It started with notes in doors from Carshalton Beeches Residents association with a number to ring and then wham I was suddenly part of an amazing Good Neighbours’ What’s App group with people offering all kinds of help with shopping etc. My mobile pings all day with messages coming through with all sorts of useful information like how to get a box of fruit and veg delivered. It didn’t feel like self isolation anymore. There’s also help for elderly without smartphones who don’t use What’s App.

Mother’s Day was also a bit strange with plans changing by the day. I opened the door to my daughter and son-in-law and was amused to see a bunch of tulips sitting inside toilet rolls in the porch. I was so excited to receive 2 bags of groceries with my presents but they wouldn’t come in so I passed tea and cake through the window. We vowed to have a big hug when this was all over.

Well I did think that now I’m self isolating I’d have time at last to finish all those Hello club projects which others probably completed ages ago. So far I’m sad to report that there has been no progress. In fact my brain appears to have also gone into lockdown and not a lot is achieved.

**However it is great to see the return of the Green Goddess still looking as glamorous as ever. She’s on BBC breakfast doing simple exercise routines 3 times a week. They will be broadcast at 6.55am and 8.55am on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, so don’t forget ‘Keep Exercising’ and stay safe.**

