



Newsletter, April 2020

Dear Residents

I began writing the newsletter in February and, having looked at it today, discarded ninety percent of it. What is left is about your new committee, elected at the AGM in November, which now seems like a different world and a different time. Jennifer Holland and I are sharing the Chairmanship, Chris Molony remains as secretary and Alan Cunningsworth as the treasurer. Maria Thomas is the Neighbourhood Watch coordinator and we are fortunate to have Tony Whiting, Chris McDonnell, Sue Langdown, Ron Waters, Simon Pettman, Felicity Tasker, Sue Pratt and Alison Coles as committee members.

Because of the current Covid 19 emergency, the committee has decided that we will not print and distribute the newsletter but will send it to members in this format. We will not be collecting subscriptions as we can manage for a year without them but we won't be refusing a little extra next year!

Clearly, all our plans for the spring and summer: the tabletop sales, the summer garden party and so on are now postponed indefinitely. Perhaps we can hope to meet together next summer or, if we are very lucky, this autumn. We live in hope.

I'm not going to write too much about the current crisis except to say that we have some wonderful people in this area who have volunteered to help out with shopping, delivering jigsaw puzzles!, collecting medication, cutting grass, lending various items and making other offers of help. We are indeed fortunate to live here and it makes me happy to know that we are working together in these unprecedented times.

With best wishes, Pauline

Neighbourhood Watch

We have been told by the police that, if you see anti-social behaviour that includes graffiti, property damage, people misbehaving, causing a nuisance or causing criminal damage, you should report it using 101 or, if it is happening at that moment, 999. Police resources are allocated according to these reports and a number of members have complained about the situation in Beverley Meadows but, if they are not reported, the police can do very little.

Below are some contributions from members, not like our usual newsletter but these are different times!

Pumpkin (or butternut squash) and peppers

I thought that I would contribute a versatile recipe, with additional local interest to this 'e'-newsletter. It is still quite easy to buy butternut squash in supermarkets, which is one of the main ingredients in this excellent recipe by Joe Trivelli who writes occasionally in *The Observer*' magazine and is co-head chef at the River Café in London. Joe attended St Stephen's Primary School in the 1980s and was a member of St Stephen's cub scout group (so my son tells me!) His recipes are always very usable and follow an Italian style. Peel and deseed a 1kg piece of pumpkin or squash (this weight is a guide only) and cut into not too large chunks. Cut one or two potatoes, washed and dried, into pieces, then sauté both vegetables over a high heat for a few minutes in olive oil with a crushed clove of garlic (according to taste) before adding two red peppers, de-seeded and chopped quite finely and one deseeded dried chilli, or chilli flakes to taste. I use a non-stick sauté pan to cook this, which works very well. Continue cooking over a medium heat before adding two quartered plum tomatoes (tinned tomatoes would be OK) and half of a bunch/package of basil with large stalks removed, (dried basil would not work). Add a little black pepper, turn the heat to low and cover with a lid (important) and leave to simmer for about thirty minutes. Test whether the potatoes are cooked before adding the other half of the bunch of basil, then serve. This keeps very well in the fridge until the next day if you have some left over and makes a good vegetarian meal with eggs cracked into it, the lid replaced and left to simmer for approximately 5 minutes before adding the final addition of basil.

Jennifer Holland

The Roger Manwood Celebration

As became inevitable, we have had to postpone the Sir Roger Manwood pageant and service in the church that The Trustees of the Alms Houses were planning for May 9th /10th weekend. It is the 450th year since Manwood, Queen Elizabeth's Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, built our original row of six almshouses, along with a house for the Parish Clerk, now The Old Beverlie public house.

Vicky Field, our local poet and playwright, wrote a most idiosyncratic play of his life to be performed by a cast from Canterbury Players, accompanied by the early 'Rough Musicke' group. Dr Sheila Sweetinburgh, mediaeval historian, was giving a talk and answering any questions on Manwood's life. After a walk to The Old Beverlie, we were to be entertained by The Wantsum Morris Men dancing on Manwood Green. Invited guests were to be served simple 'rustic' food in the pub. The special Church Service with Tudor Music was to be on the following day, May 10th and is also postponed.

The Trustees of the Alms Houses would like to thank all the people involved in the planning, rehearsing, and practising for these events and we hope that later we will be able to carry on with our plans.

Sue Pratt.

Are there any budding writers or artists in your family?

The Canterbury Historical and Archaeological Society is celebrating its centenary this year and is running writing and art competitions for adults and children. [This may be a good use of isolation time?] Now that the schools have closed, there will be fewer entries than envisaged so the chances of winning a prize will be greater. Do have a look at the CHAS website for details of classes, prizes and entry forms. Click on *100 Years*.

My grandchildren's favourite chocolate crunch.

[No cooking and not healthy; sorry.]

6oz plain cooking chocolate

4oz butter

10oz crushed rich tea biscuits

Raisins if you like them

1 large tin of condensed milk

4oz cooking chocolate for the icing

Melt the 6oz of chocolate in a saucepan with the butter and condensed milk. Stir in the biscuits and raisins if used. Pack into a foil lined tin or baking tray and chill in fridge. Turn out so the base is on top and spread with remaining 4oz of melted chocolate.

Daffodils

The daffodils in our local area have been beautiful this year, and hope that when taking you daily exercise you have noticed those on The Terrace, Market Way and at the entrance to St Stephen's Court planted in the autumn of last year by a band of volunteers:





How are the members of our Residents' Association feeling about social distancing and isolation?

My highlights at the end of the first three-week lockdown:

Bluebells at the uni

Zooming here at home

Calling to the neighbours

Getting nothing done

Mastering online orders

Having help from friends

Sunny days too tempting

For tidying odds and ends

Seeing what's on telly

Exercise with Joe

Catching up with letters

Where did the time all go!

When walking my dog everyone answers my good morning with a smile and a good morning even when I haven't a clue who they are. I hope this carries on when all this is over.

We are loving the neighbourhood and all the friendly people who pass. Now I feel living at the bottom of the road and on the corner is the best place of all. Thank you everyone who stops to chat and offers help.

I am in the fortunate position of being retired so am under no pressure to work and my pension still comes in. I live in a lovely apartment block with beautiful gardens. I have set myself 4 targets to achieve every day but I haven't finished them all as I have been in touch with so many friends that I haven't spoken to for ages, just kept in touch at Christmas.

I am kind of relieved that the Lockdown has been extended to give me time to finish them but more importantly, for us to get The Virus under control. I reflect daily on how fortunate I am and I worry for the youngsters whose future will be affected by the financial drain being made on the economy.

Mostly coping OK but lonely.

Obviously, it is deeply sad how many people this has adversely affected and it is a worrying time for all, but the plus sides for us of the lockdown are:

- 1. Being able to enjoy spending time as a family**
- 2. Listening to the birds and seeing more of a variety of nature**
- 3. Less traffic and pollution**
- 4. Having the time to exercise every day**
- 5. No commuting to work**
- 6. Doing things we wouldn't normally do - zoom jazz classes**

Daunting but inspiring.

I love the way the whole Close comes out to clap for the NHS every Thursday. We are very lucky to have lovely neighbours

Empty nest full again, endless washing, family great company, anxious colleagues at work - intensive care, daily risk, collaboration and support, social media helpful, hilarious videos.

We feel humbled at the kindness of folk in Moorfield, a big thank you to you all.

Hellish lying in bed but at least not Corona Virus. Hugs

A light-hearted look at the lock-down:

As all the barbers are on lock-down, I asked my wife if she could cut my hair. She set about it with some enthusiasm, similar to the way she tackles the autumn clean up in the garden. When she finished it looked a bit like Boris Johnson's, but I decided to name it 'The Chunky'.

If the lock-down lasts for a long time, maybe a lot of men will end up with a similar style. Remember you saw it here first!

The first week of isolation I wrote a list of things to do:

Rowing (I have a rowing machine that was not getting much use, now it is).

Jigsaws, crosswords and Sudoku.

Book-keeping for a friend.

Hour long walks around the university, or along the river (bit too busy).

Spring cleaning

Lots of gardening including digging a compost bin

Practice on the keyboard

Cooking

Video calls, phone calls and texting, discovered Zoom

And the usual washing and ironing.

Knitting for new additions to the family, one now and one in October.

Shopping for myself, and others who cannot go out.

All these have been used to keep me occupied, the additional activities have been to take photos of things I have not seen before or perhaps had time to notice, and keeping a diary, which when edited and the photos added might make for interesting reading in a few years' time when all this is history.

Sorry you've had to remind us but I can't think of anything much to say about the current situation - I get up, have breakfast, check emails, have lunch, go for a walk, have dinner, get bored in front of the TV and go to bed - getting fatter and greyer by the day!

Well, how to respond to isolation? We have each other, so are not really isolated and one of our 'children' lives near us in Canterbury and they come and chat to us from afar and bring shopping. David is being treated to helpful texts and letters advising him of his mortal danger and need to self-isolate for 12 weeks. They clearly believe in reinforcement, as he is reminded of this several times a day with 'helpful' advice! He

has had several hospital appointments recently and when he went for an infusion the other day, he set off into the danger zone with some gloves I retrieved from my gardening box and a face mask from B&Q from the time when we were clearing asbestos! I advised him that when he arrived home, he was to strip off in the airlock (outer hall), drop his clothes on the floor and I would open the shower door. He said it would be ok as long as there were no horses around - on asking why, I was told he didn't want to frighten them!

Our older daughter in France has had Corona Virus - she said she had never felt so ill for a week, but is absolutely fine now. Her two younger children were ill just before her, but mildly.

I feel curiously relaxed about all the diary entries now crossed out. I had, as ever, over booked myself - you know the syndrome - and the postponement of the pageant for Sir Roger Manwood and the tea parties to celebrate 200 years since Florence Nightingale was born in - surprise - Florence. All of which I had a hand in organising, all put on ice! The big get together of "Old Nightingale Nurses" at St. Thomas' in London was cancelled - I imagine they were busy with Boris! When I started my training in 1962, there were oxygen tents and the iron lungs still lined the corridor.

So now, in idleness, too old to help, we are loving the dawn chorus, the birds on the table, the blossom and young buds opening. I have vegetable seeds beginning to grow and have covered the dining room table with pots, as no one can come to dinner anymore! I shall miss our planned trip to France to see our two families who live there, but e-mails, WhatsApp, and Face Time keep us all in touch frequently. We are so lucky.

Here are my thoughts... Initially I was really scared about lockdown and at risk of catching the virus and was upset when everything was being cancelled, shops closing and the really worst thing of all is not being able to visit my mum. She is 93 and lives in a care home in Whitstable with mild dementia and severe hearing loss. I was enjoying visiting twice a week when she played the piano with me, played scrabble, singing or going for walks in the garden. These skills now won't be kept up and of course although she is very tough, I worry whether she will survive. Also I can't just pop down to visit my daughter in Bristol.

The positive side is I am free to spend loads of time in my garden, playing the recorder and trying out veggie dishes. Peter is enjoying his allotment and my eldest son is living with us and working from home.

We do Zoom with our book and film group and video calls with my dear friends and family. Pollution is going down worldwide, which is a massive positive side to it all. The photo below is my garden with a statue that come's from my mum's garden.

The Roads are Quieter

At least the roads are quieter where I walk
And that's a boon for those who've now grown old,
Each step I take mid this corona talk
Makes me feel so ridiculously bold

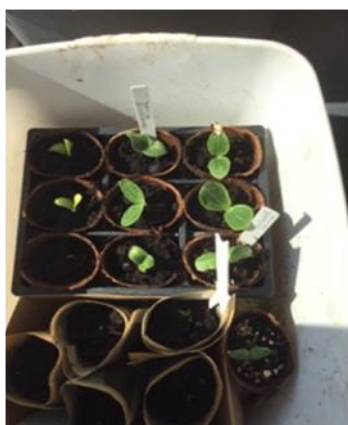
Enjoying the fresh green of new mown grass
I stride across the meadow with delight,



As through the supermarket's doors I pass,
I only hope its shelves will see me right
The river's high again with vibrant life
Rushing with passion to its love, the sea,
The air is chill, the hedge with buds is rife
And all proclaims what joy it is to be.

Despite the rumours of disease and death
I struck out for the town at eighty- seven,
And as I walked proclaimed with every breath:
'Surely this earth is all we need of heaven.'

Time to plant seeds from my collection. 😊



Our lives at present are something like Groundhog Days, one day seeming to repeat the one before. The main variety, apart from what to have for tea, being whether we turn left or right out of the house for our daily exercise walk around the Crescent. We've learned to Zoom to keep in touch with the rest of the family, so there's progress.

Been joining in clapping on Thursdays for all the people keeping essential services going. It's good to see our neighbours then, at a distance. There's been a lot of support offered by friends and neighbours and strong community spirit. Thanks go to the refuse collectors, local shop workers and all the many others, NHS staff of course, who are keeping things going. Our thoughts are with the care homes at this time, too.

Due to my ongoing cancer treatment, Sheila and I have had to isolate ourselves every other week for the last year and now completely so. It is far too easy for a comparatively trivial remark which under normal circumstances would be brushed aside can develop into a full blown row. Equally, it helps if any contribution can be made however apparently trivial.

Leisure - William Henry Davies

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.
No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.
No time to see, when woods we pass,

Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.
No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.
No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.
No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.
A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

Enjoying and appreciating Kingsmead Field and reading books during the day without feeling guilty!

Isolation is a sentence that is imposed as a punishment on criminals and political prisoners or something voluntarily sought by hermits or, as in the current situation, a necessary evil, endured to limit the effects of disease. I think Terry Waite recently made some comments about isolation, contrasting the relatively benign conditions most of us currently endure with the extreme conditions and privation he suffered as a captive in Lebanon. Just as now humour came to his aid. Eventually his captors allowed him books and, not reading English, they did not appreciate the irony of providing him with a



copy of 'The Great Escape'. Certainly, the lock down that applies to this household can be frustrating but, luckily there are 3 of us, we have a garden and our daily exercise yard is this wonderful pocket sized city of Canterbury. We can climb St Stephen's Hill and look down over 'Time Team' field towards the cathedral. Seeing how it has endured, despite the centuries, wars and revolution, somehow helps to put things in perspective. Our thanks

go to the NHS staff and all the key workers for their efforts at tackling the virus and keeping society going. Our hearts especially go out to those who are in more constrained conditions of isolation imposed by this virus and especially those who are unable to be attended by or attend their nearest and dearest. I never thought to say it but thank goodness for social media and the other electronic means by which we can stay connected. And thank you to Pauline for keeping this neighbourhood connected and facilitating neighbourly interaction and help.



Every Experience is an opportunity.....