



Poynton News

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE THIRD AGE

poyntonu3a.org.uk

Issue 33-1

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Editorial

Welcome to the eleventh edition of the electronic newsletters. As mentioned in the last issue the newsletter will now be less frequent than the previous two-week schedule.

Member contributions are still being received as you can see below. Thank you everybody who has contributed so far. If you would like to contribute to the next edition, send your text and pictures to news@poyntonu3a.org.uk.

Poynton U3A Update

Following the completion of our AGM we had hoped that we might be able to have a committee meeting which most of the new committee could attend and try to identify possible timescales for a return to some degree of normality. We had even looked at a possible date. The lockdown which has been put on Greater Manchester has added new difficulties as our committee is spread over Poynton and Greater Manchester. This challenge may well be there for some time. So, it is clear that we must now look at the “virtual meeting” options.

Three members of our committee have resigned, two of whom were officers - our Secretary and Treasurer. We need to look at the roles and responsibilities of the committee members in what we might reasonably expect to be a significantly changed world. One of the most noticeable developments in the last five months has been the way we make financial transactions. I have not used coins and notes to buy anything from a shop in the last five months. Wherever I go I see transactions taking place even for very small amounts of money, through cards. But there are exceptions – our window cleaner doesn't have a machine for cards. Will cash return when freedom of movement returns?

But none of that helps in the planning of a programme for next year. In the most recent issue of *Third Age Matters* the chair of the U3A Trust comments “From the current perspective, widespread face to face interest groups and monthly meetings seem unlikely before the turn of the year or until a COVID-19 vaccine is widely available” There is, I believe, in the country as a whole, a view which is growing somewhat stronger and broader, namely that the present social distancing will continue until and unless widespread vaccination is available.

David Sewart

Members' Contributions

A Light in the Dark

"Home, home on the range," bellowed Craven to the darkening sky.

He staggered up the middle of the narrow lane, reasoning that because grass grew there, vehicles did not use this part. Therefore, it was safer than walking at the side, where tussocks of grass and overhanging hedges conspired to trip him.

Anyway, he told himself, he would be clearly visible in the headlights of any traffic on this unlit minor road.

"Home, home on the range," he bawled. Shame he could not recall the next words; something about deer and ...elephants, wasn't it?

Soon be home; past the Manor, past Petter's Wood, into the third gate, behind the high hedge, his van waiting to welcome him.....He'd turn on the gas and light the fire...Blast it. He remembered he'd run out of gas. And how the hell he was going to haul a gas bottle up here? No matter; that last whiskey had warmed him up. He'd worry about that in the morning.

Overhead the wind tore the clouds into scraps and hurled the rags across the sky. Leaves hung dripping from the battered trees. It had been a good evening; a gullible tourist hanging on his every word, avidly soaking up his stories and lies...especially the one about how he, Sam Craven, had seen the ghost of Morreton Manor.... and the chap had been generous with the drinks that inspired Sam's even more fantastical tales.

But closing time had come and there was the long mile to his caravan to negotiate.

Blast this jacket! He was cold. The lining had got torn and hung down, so he'd ripped it out earlier tonight before venturing to the Shady Oak. He knew they'd not let him in if he didn't look respectable. He'd had the price of one drink in his pocket, too. So the Landlady let him in. And this stranger with a notebook said he was researching local customs and legends. Providing the drinks kept coming, Sam invented more and wilder tales; the man lapped them up, scribbling furiously.

Now he weaved onwards, just able to make out the pale tracks leading past Morreton Manor, a dark shape against the sky.

Suddenly a light went on in an upper room of the building; Sam halted. The place had been abandoned these twenty years; ivy had crept up the walls and doors hung askew.

Floorboards had rotted and ceilings had fallen.

He knew, because, well, he'd gone in there himself in case there was anything of value left in the property. He hadn't forced the door or anything, because people had been in there before him.

Sam stopped, open-mouthed, as the silhouette of a figure appeared in the attic window. A figure that seemed to have one long arm raised and one short arm holding something....a

smaller figure, arms fending off.... The taller figure raised his arm; it was holding a knife, or a weapon of some sort .. and brought the arm down in a slashing stroke. The smaller figure fell away, below the windowsill. The assailant approached the window, opened and hurled the weapon from it before moving rapidly out of sight.

The light went out.

Now what? Sam told himself he could not go to the Manor; he had no torch; it was too dark and dangerous; anyway, the madman might still be there. He backed towards the hedge; suppose the person came out of the Manor and saw him? He wished he had one of these new phone things the kids had that they carried about with them in their pocket.

No. He couldn't go back to town and tell the police...They'd just put him in a cell for the night. "Yeah, right, Sam," they'd say, when he told his story.

If he was lucky, they'd give him breakfast and drive him back up the lane to his van tomorrow morning.

But they might call the Social people and *they'd* want to put him in a Care Home.

No. Best say nothing. Go home quietly. Close the door. And hope the young fool with his notebook was at the pub tomorrow; what a story Sam Craven would have to tell; and this story would be true.

Ruth Howard

Marie Curie North West

I have been a member of the Poynton Marie Curie fund raising group for 7 years. Standing outside Morrisons on a cold December morning, I consoled myself that every £20 raised would pay for an hour of home nursing time. At a virtual meeting last month, I discovered that Marie Curie services are much more far-reaching.

Marie Curie nurses have been visiting terminally ill patients with COVID-19. As with others in the caring professions, this has been difficult due to having to wear PPE and to keep social distancing. Also, relatives have not been allowed in the room when nurses were present. Nurses have been supporting care homes for their end of life care during the pandemic and this will continue.

There is a small team of people in the North West information and support department who have had to react very quickly to the pandemic. COVID-19 pages have been added to the website and existing publications have been updated. The support line has been extended from 5 to 7 day opening and the befriending service, 'Check in and chat', on the phone has been upscaled with 35 new volunteers trained to help. A spiritual care coordinator and bereavement counsellor have been added to the information and support line. 45 new volunteers have also been trained for the newly launched telephone bereavement service.

Marie Curie also supports research. Much of the research has concerned the impact when people are not able to grieve in the 'normal' way, such as attending funerals, giving people

hugs etc. The other main piece of research has been into the impact on health care professionals in the long term. A repository has been set up for health care professionals to post their thoughts and reflections on COVID-19. This is called COVID confidential.

There is a Marie Curie hospice in Liverpool. Some services such as day therapy had to be closed and were replaced by weekly support calls to patients. More clinical visits were made to patients in their own home. Restrictions on visiting have been very challenging for staff, patients and their families but staff have really enjoyed facilitating virtual visiting via tablet. Some virtual groups such as an exercise group have been set up. COVID patients have been treated in a separate area of the hospice and safe working has enabled containment.

Our March Morrisons collections in the North West raised £89,710 and the Great Daffodil Appeal had raised £120,000 when it was ended half way through on 16th March. However, as for many charities, there will be a massive shortfall in fund raising this year as many of our normal activities such as marathons, trekking adventures, charity fairs, coffee mornings, tea parties etc are not possible. So, Poynton support group have been undertaking the 2.6 challenge (set up for individuals to undertake individual challenges in place of marathons), including walking 26 miles in a week, cycling and not eating chocolate. If you feel able to support Marie Curie with a donation, please contact me. If you are good at crafts, maybe you could knit a teddy bear or a rainbow or make face masks to sell – patterns can be provided. Any support you may be able to give would be much appreciated.

Liz Markham

A poem and some thoughts from **Ian Beverley**

Sounds for all Seasons

Sly whispering of stealthy snow,
Soft murmuring of river-flow.
Complaining boughs as searching breeze
Presses the gaps in ageing trees.

Startled birds with wings a whir
Grasshoppers click and hedgerows stir
As cautious creatures seek the sun
To bask in warmth 'till summer's done.

Gentle splash of lazy oars,
Shingle-swish on tide-raked shores,
Mournful drone of steady rains
Played on roofs and window-panes.
Thunder notes from darkling hills
Where brash, resurgent torrent spills.

Grumbly hum of bumble-bee,
Scrape and shift of mountain scree,
Sharp footfalls on frost-bitten path-
Pine logs hiss in cottage hearth.

Summers, autumns, winters, springs -
And all year round, the kettle sings.

Times of Doubt

Before the Pandemic struck, my memory was pretty reliable, now, anticipating the most exciting event of the week, bin day, I have begun to feel unsure as to whether it's now Black or Silver/Green. Surreptitiously, I peer down the road to check the neighbours' selection-trusting that their brain cells are in better fettle than mine. Obviously, I go with the flow!

Additionally, I use the calendar much more than I did, concerned that I might miss one of the very few existing appointments (lacking are doctor's, dentist's, podiatry etc; all currently unavailable). Unfortunately, I find that lethargy sets in, the deferment of jobs normally completed timely, now confined to the back burner.

Contrary to my original feeling, I find myself less eager to venture out. I suppose the wearing of masks has something to do with it. I cannot, for instance, imagine sitting for two hours in a cinema thus constricted. Mind you, equipped with two large packets of popcorn and a giant cola, you could, I suppose, manipulate this situation. Very public spirited!

Now, with the gift of half-price August meals, Monday to Wednesday, donated by Boris, Rishi or maybe Dominic, I expect lots of us will de-hibernate and cash in, just to help out our caterers of course! So heigh-ho, there we go, stumbling between the rocks and the hard places of political and scientific advice as it veers, almost weekly, confusing many and feeding distrust and cynicism.

We are all together, however, in hoping for some light at the end of the tunnel - some time soon.

Unexpected Pleasure

With a little fear and a great deal of trepidation, now that lockdown has eased slightly, in the country and in our family, we agreed to have the grandchildren for a whole day. It was going to be the first time they had not spent with their mother for the best part of four months. They were both very aware of social distancing, even though one is six and the other is three. The day was great for all of us, mainly because my wife had been collecting cardboard shapes, moulded plastic and salvaged junk for a year or more.

So, activities had been arranged for the garden; these involved craft work on the old picnic table, using cardboard and plastic, tape and adhesives. The first thought from my six-year old granddaughter was a guitar, using a rectangular piece of card and a cardboard tube, with 6 tops off perfume bottles for the pegs. Then it soon developed into "we could make

all different instruments and have a band, Poppa” tapping round the end of cereal boxes to make drums; another short tube with a wodge of tape on the end and they had a microphone. She was then asking to make a trumpet and a clarinet. Finally, she made a squat, staring robot with prominent eyes and ears. Fortunately, it was then nearly lunchtime and we were all more than ready for our picnic. After lunch it had been decided Isla would paint everything she had made while Arlo painted on lengths of lining paper with large brushes.

Without doubt the highlight of the day just happened as they started singing whilst banging on the cardboard drums with cardboard tubes. Isla chose the microphone leaving her brother on the drum kit, while he then sang at the top of his voice “with mud on your face, you big disgrace, saying my name all over the place, we will, we will, ROCK YOU! ROCK YOU!”

Clive B Hill

Armageddon

Living as we do a quarter of a mile from Armageddon,
Or Greater Manchester, with an emergency health warning
It is with feelings of trepidation we wait, hoping that
Whatever does cross the border into our Cheshire idyll
Will not infect us, or contaminate our environs.

During lockdown the house and garden have been our haven,
A space of safety and solitude, a personal place of solace,
Threatened by a second wave of this insidious virus,
Like having your very being violated by an unknown predator,
Do we need to know its source or just fear its presence?

Now with a pandemic just outside our bailiwick,
But inside the numerous nursing homes within this area
We are in fear of attack from inside and out.
Vegetation creeping over the area we laughingly call a lawn,
House falling apart around us; have things always gone wrong?
In the past all we did was cure the problem or ring someone.

A number of options have been reduced for fear of invasion
Not wanting anyone to cross the threshold, even goods,
Deliveries are handled carefully, sprayed and wiped
Masks and gloves to answer the door, or for going out.
Sixth month; can we maintain this level of apprehension?

Clive B Hill

Pictures from Our Perambulations – Wood Carvings



These wood carvings are round and about Poynton. Where are they?

Answers on Page 11

Things to Do

“Connect” Puzzle

Did you do any better with the second one? Here is a third (and last) one to have a go at with the answer to the second one below. As previously, re-arrange the words below into 4 categories and state the categories. This one is a bit more difficult!

Aintree	Network	Feminine	Cheltenham
Biscuit	HTTP	Brioche	Epsom
E-Mail	Crumble	Newmarket	Instant Message
Scone	Ascot	Torrent	Gingerbread

Home...	Work, Maker, School, Sick
Fictional TV places	Sodor, Royston Vasey, Brookside, Ottery St Catchpole
Terms for feeling unwell	Unwell, Poorly, Under the Weather, Peaky
First word of 2 in names of TV programmes	Peep, Downton, Doctor, Midsomer

[The “Connect” puzzles were created by **Mat McClaren** (not a U3A member) and supplied with permission by **Wendy Bailey**.]

Sudoku No 11

1					6			
5					3	7	2	
2						5	8	
		6			2		4	
		7	1	5		2		
		2				1		
8			4				1	
			7		5			
	4			3				

Fill the grid so that each row, column and 3x3 box contains the numbers 1-9

Below is the solution to No 10

2	7	3	5	9	4	8	1	6
9	5	4	6	1	8	2	7	3
8	6	1	7	3	2	9	5	4
7	4	5	2	6	3	1	9	8
1	9	2	8	4	5	3	6	7
6	3	8	1	7	9	4	2	5
5	8	6	3	2	1	7	4	9
3	1	9	4	5	7	6	8	2
4	2	7	9	8	6	5	3	1

More quiz questions from Hooha.

1. In which country did the last VW Beetle ever made come off the assembly line?
2. What is the nationality of Erno Rubik who invented the Rubik's Cube?
3. Where was the first football World Cup match held in 1930?
4. Where was the original destination of the Eiffel Tower, before its siting in Paris?
5. Where in Wales was the seat of the Princes of Wales from the 10th century?

Answers to the quiz in the previous edition

1. Whose postal address was 1 London?
The Duke of Wellington, at Apsley House his London home
2. Who had a house with the sign "Trespassers W" outside?
Piglet, in A. A. Milne's "Winnie the Pooh"
3. Who was the owner of "Manderlay"?
Max de Winter, husband of Rebecca in the Daphne du Maurier novel of the same name
4. Which house in Poynton was used as an auxiliary hospital during WW1?
Barlow Fold, London Road North
5. Who lived in Bateman's in Burwash?
Rudyard Kipling

Pictures from Our Perambulations

<i>Top Left</i>	Jacksons' Brickworks Nature Reserve
<i>Middle Left</i>	The statue stands on the west platform of Higher Poynton Station. The only reference I have found suggests it is titled "Lady Waits for Train" and is by Frank Thompson.
<i>Bottom left</i>	On the west side of the Middlewood Way between Bridges 12 and 13
<i>Right</i>	Adjacent to a gate post on South Park Drive

Town Council Information

The Town Council website has up-to-date information about Poynton on its website - www.poyntontowncouncil.gov.uk and on Facebook at <https://www.facebook.com/poyntontowncouncil/>