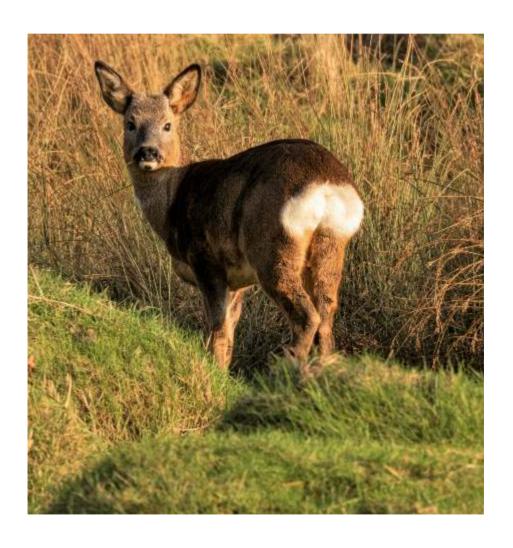


The magazine for Leadenham, Welbourn, Brant Broughton and Stragglethorpe



3 Villages and a Hamlet

The magazine for Leadenham, Welbourn, Brant Broughton & Stragglethorpe

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Cover Pic: A wild deer photographed in Belton Park in January by Fred Cooper

Views expressed in articles are not necessarily those of the publishers. Also, the publishers reserve the right to edit any material submitted for whatever reason

From the Editorial Office - - - -

So here we are half way through 2020!

As we complete this issue there are indications that there will be some easing of the lock down over the next few weeks. Hairdressers and Dentists seem to be the 'most wanted' but Coffee Shops and Bars may well be close behind. This beautiful hot weather we have been blessed with during lock down has been some compensation, as long as you have a garden but not everyone has of course.

This has been a very strange and frightening year so far and we still do not know where we will by by Christmas.

This is the second issue of Three Villages and a Hamlet to go on line. We will almost certainly be doing the same for the combined July/August issue. We will hope that by September we can be in print again - if all goes well.

We cannot thanks those who have donated items over the last two issues enough. You have kept the Magazine alive and provided much interest for readers.

So, please any more items anyone can send for the next issue will be most welcome - no matter how long or short.

Email to: threevillageseditorial@gmail.com

Post hand written items to: Three Villages, 80 Main Road, Leadenham, LN5 0PE

Keep well and stay safe everyone.

Hilary & Paul.

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We expect bookings to be busy – please bear with us.

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A Car Building Hobby

I've always had a fascination with all things mechanical so as I became older I needed to build things rather than just ride or drive them.



LOMAX 3 Wheeler

I started my first hot rod build in 1994 which was a 1932 Ford Roadster with a Rover V8 engine and auto box, I sold the 32 when we decided to sell up and move to Florida.

Unfortunately after a number of years living in the U.S we lost our business due to the banks credit crash in2008, so here we are back in Lincolnshire with another

I built my first car in 1991 which was based on Citroen 2 CV mechanicals I also converted it to 3 wheels.

I loved the American Hot Rods and always wanted to build one after watching films like the California Kid and American Graffiti.



hot rod project on the go, this time its a 1934 Ford Coupe' with a 2.9 V6 Granada engine, as you can imagine its impossible going out to find and buy parts at the moment the way things are.

So until this virus goes away its locked up in the garage.





Left-Under construction - the 1934 Ford Coupé, and right - and what it will look like when finished

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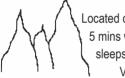
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Rector's Letter

This last Thursday, the 21st May, was Ascension Day when we, as Christians, celebrate Jesus returning to his Father. He had spent the forty days since his resurrection appearing to his disciples but now was the time to return to his Father. Our Diocese held an online service led by Bishop Nicholas to celebrate this event and in his homily the words 'let go' he used resounded very much with me. The disciples had to let go of the physical Jesus to allow him to leave them but then to send the holy spirit to them and into the world. The disciples had to let go of all they had known and move into a new uncertainty and wait as they had been told for the 'comforter' to come. During the ten days between Ascension Day and the day of Pentecost when the comforter; the Holy Spirit, did come they devoted themselves to prayer in the upper room.

In 2016 Archbishop Justin Welby launched a new prayer initiative that built on this and a new global prayer movement was launched that invites Christians around the world to pray for more people to come to know Jesus. Since its start in May 2016, just four years ago, 'God has grown Thy Kingdom Come from a dream of possibility into a movement. In 2019 Christians from 172 countries took part in praying 'Come Holy Spirit', so that friends and family, neighbours and colleagues might come to faith in Jesus Christ'.

As part of this initiative, as you walk around our villages you will see beautiful crosses that have been placed at particular points. We have as a group of churches developed prayer walks where all are invited to visit each of them or as many as you wish on your daily walks. Whilst these have been particularly developed for the children, there is no reason that grown-ups can't take part too!!

But getting back to the 'letting go'. When I heard Bishop Nicholas use these words it got me thinking about all we have been through over the last few months due to this virus and what have we learnt during it; about ourselves, our families, the lives we lived before the lockdown and is there anything we need to change as we move forward and particularly let go of?

Many have been talking about the new normal and I, for one, truly hope we do find a new normal, that we do not go back to as it was before. I think we have witnessed so many positives, the community spirit, the gratitude for all those on the front line and all those key workers, many of whom we wouldn't have given a second thought to before. The chance to catch up with family and friends, albeit via the internet or phone instead of physically. Some I know have spoken to friends they haven't had time to in years.

To see the earth 'breathing' again with the lack of cars on the road being used for unnecessary journeys, the lack of pollution in our air, finding other ways to do what needs to be done without harming our planet, to see the beauty of nature all around us that we may have been too busy to see before.

My challenge to you all is; what will you let go of as we move forward? What are the things that hold you back or take you away from what's really important? What do we need to let go of but also what do we need to differently to make our world, God's world, a better place to live for us and those who come after us?

That same challenge goes for everything including us as a Church. Our online services at present are bringing in more and more people every week, not just from our local area. We are still, even though our buildings are closed, being Church, just as those who centuries ago met in their homes and worshipped; it's not just about the buildings, although I am looking forward to once again being able to enter our beautiful buildings, Christ's Church is the people!

So, let me invite you to join in our prayer walks or come and join our online services, even if it's sometime since you prayed or came to church. Let us all pray for our world and for each other as Christ taught us to.

May God protect you and give you all his peace and love at this time and always!

Rev Chris

(Should you wish to join in the Sunday or Wednesday 10.30am service please email me or phone for the link and service information).

At Sunday lunch in the vicarage, there was no cutlery laid for the visiting Bishop. The Vicar's wife asked her six year old daughter why she hadn't laid the place correctly. "Oh, he doesn't need a knife, fork or spoon," she said brightly, "Daddy says that the Bishop eats like a horse!"

(Submitted by Jennifer Harvey)

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Gannet's Diary

Yes! Finally, they've got the message. They are buying me proper posh food!

It's that one with the gorgeous, grey, lady cat with the wonderful blue eyes who lies on the packet looking straight at me. Have to confess that I don't even think about the food bit when I look at her. I will be her slave and follow her to the end of the earth. Well - to the bottom of the garden anyway. She is wonderful and so is the food she presents. No more boring sachet stuff where I can't tell salmon from chicken 'cos it all tastes the same - and there is never enough jelly – all supplied by a black and white cat who boasts about his whiskers and another Company who call themselves Whiskers. Confusing or what?

So you can see why mealtimes have turned into an absolute delight for me. Roll over Felix, you are toast. Sheba rules here now!

So this 'Demic thing hasn't gone away yet then. He 'n She are still lurking around here all day, every day. But I have managed to find a couple of shady quiet places to rest during the day. I'm not telling you where though 'cos if He 'n She find out, it won't be quiet any more.

What is all this fuss about the Doris man in Downey Street's friend, Cominic Dummins? He drove lots and lots of miles to this Durham place when he had the 'demic and lots of people are very fed up with him 'cos Doris man had said stay at home if you have 'demic. Then he went lots more miles to this Castle in a Barn place to make sure he could see straight. Could he not have just gone to 'pecsavers?

'Cos he had been naughty he met all the shouty people, the ones who tell us what is going on all day on the dancing screen thing, and everyone expected him to 'pologise. He sat in Doris man's garden wearing a shirt which was much too big for him. Maybe he'd borrowed it from Doris. He didn't 'pologise though and now everyone is even more angry. I wonder what Larry the Downey Street cat thinks? Bet he could give me the inside story.

Now I have won the battle over what food I need, my next challenge will be to sleep with He 'n She on their bed. I'm 'llowed to sleep beside them on the settee. In fact I let them share my settee. So why can't I sleep with them at night? I have to lie on the floor outside the door. How is that fair? I have tried the reasonable approach. You know, jump on the bed with lots of purr and fuss and paddle myself a place to show them where I will sleep. But no, I'm obliged to make a quick exit and so forced to endure a long boring night alone. Sometimes if they have to visit the wash place in the night, I sneak in and climb on her side. She grumbles but doesn't throw me out. But 'He' is not happy. I can see this is going to be a big challenge.

Oh! Think I've gone too far and am on a second page now. Will this be 'llowed? Well if not, maybe it's time we had meeting about my contract again. I could use the question of where I sleep at night as a bargaining tool. I think we're on the line again this month but I still don't know where this line is!

Oh, by the way, 'She' used to live near the Castle in the Barn place and says it is very nice and worth a visit but you will need to be able to see straight to enjoy the view from the Castle bit. I don't think I will go.

I will stay at home and watch Sheba instead.

© Hilary Proctor



From:

"What Is Your Cat Really Thinking?"

By kind permission of Summersdale Publishers Ltd

A Reminiscence from Folkingham re Welbourn Gardening Club

We are fairly regular readers of your excellent magazine, and I note, amusedly, that the Welbourn Gardening Club goes from strength to strength!

My dad, Doug Cooper moved to live on The Green, Welbourn, in 1971. Although a Londoner, he seemed to take to village life with gusto,[not my mum so much!]. He was always busy with the very successful Friendship Club, as secretary; also the Village Hall Committee; a school manager; church sidesman, and Parish Clerk, as well as the Gardening Club.

The family joke to us was that he was not really a gardener at all, and, except for hedge-cutting, knew little about the subject! Every success to the Club's future....

Alan Cooper....Folkingham

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WUHAN. In the April edition of 3 Villages and a Hamlet, we published a first hand account of life in Wuhan, then in the grip of the Covid 19.

This is the sequel:

WUDAR THE EPILOGUE

For me, this all started on a train heading into Wuhan for Spring Festival. A man approached me and showed me his phone. In English it read "there is a dangerous virus in Wuhan". "What can I do?" I shrugged, and thanked him for his concern. What *could* I do? I was already on the train and Wuhan was the next stop.

My first inkling that it might be serious was the sight of a man in a mask bolting off the train and running full tilt out of the station. The rest of us disembarked slightly more briskly than normal. I don't think I was the only one thinking "Does he know something we don't?"

Since then it feels like we've talked of nothing else. News-wise, it's as if nothing else has happened in the world. At first the rolling chatter was sympathetic, and then gradually, as people in the West were affected, it turned to fear. As the numbers soared it turned sharply into suspicion. Now we're slipping into a game of bigotry and blame.

The widespread belief that China has been concealing the numbers owes more to paranoia, or even xenophobia, than reasonable doubt. If there has been underestimation, it's more likely due to bureaucracy than intent. The state may be opaque, but it's not perverse. Everything I've seen points to an honest, intense and rigorous effort to kill the virus.

Many people haven't fully grasped the scale of the operation mounted here. An entire province, roughly the size of Florida with the population of 3 New Yorks, was sealed off. Medical staff from across this vast nation were bussed in, roughly one for every victim of the virus. Thousands of volunteers were recruited to supplement Wuhan's already hefty population of security guards. Every community was closed. Every case was traced, every contact was tested and sixteen hospitals were built to isolate real and potential carriers.

People readily grasped that the danger to the old and sick warranted sacrifices. Chinese culture is cautious but not timid, there has been intense debate. People

wondered if quite such a smothering comfort blanket was needed. By my gauge, opinion lent toward the affirmative: "we'll never know" they seemed to be saying "but it's better to be safe than sorry".

Then news came from America. Perhaps we will know, after all. The experiment is unfolding before our eyes. Within a matter of weeks, hotspots like New York had four times as many cases as Wuhan. The response was quite different.

Just as China experienced an ideological frenzy in the late 60's, with intimidating, impetuous youths, waving little red books and banging on about "New Democracy", so the United States is having one today. This time it's a cult of "Freedom": freedom to go anywhere, to do anything, to burn oil, shoot things and consume like there's no tomorrow. When ideologues don't get what they want, foreign devils are usually to blame.

Speaking of blame, here in China, the Wuhanese are feeling it. On April 24th, China's Supreme Court issued a statement making it clear that anti-discrimination laws, made with race, gender and ethnicity in mind, also applied to hometown. The law must be forcefully upheld, it said. It was responding to a trend.

A few weeks earlier, my partner's brother-in-law told us about a Wuhan company bidding for a lucrative contract outside the province. The company was front-runner before the lockdown, and although the restrictions wouldn't have affected the job, their bid was summarily rejected. Several such stories have circulated, suggesting that being associated with the city is no badge of honour.

Meanwhile, all of China's recent cases have been traced to people coming in from abroad. Now looking foreign is cause for suspicion. A British friend just told me he was refused entry to a gym, another, told how he was stopped and interrogated twice by the police. If they find out I've just come from Wuhan, I'm twice damned. We may spend a few weeks in voluntarily lockdown.

After nearly four months away, I'm finally home. I spent most of that time indoors without even the pleasure of China Super League football for entertainment. The season usually starts in February, right after Spring festival. It's now May, and they've just announced it will start in June.

Maybe a compressed season is just what the Wuhan team needs for an adrenaline-fueled race to the top. It would be a fitting response to our new status as untouchables. It would also keep the city in the headlines for just a little bit longer.

GLW.

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REDEMPTION.

by Katy Holderness

alliative care nurse Rosy McCormack drew back the blinds of Room 5b and with tears in her eyes, stared at the new day dawning, 16th May 2018, insignificant to many but to her and her patient, 85 year old Tommy Hutchinson, one of immense importance.

Sighing, she turned, and smiled at him brightly, "Come along now, can't have you lounging about all day, I've brought you the best drink of the day, a nice cup of Rosy Lea, sweet and strong just like me".

Tommy gave a grunt and covered his gaunt face with the sheet.

"Sorry love, sun's really bright today, I'll just tweak the blinds a bit, there that's better" she said blanking out the beaming rays with a quick twist of the cord.

Rosy helped Tommy sit up, putting her arms around him as he took a sip of the hot liquid.

"You've not forgotten what day it is today have you, Rosy?" whispered Tommy.

"No, love cause I haven't, and you never know miracles do happen"

She closed her eyes, crossed her fingers and prayed to herself and to whoever was listening.

Tommy had been in St. George's hospice only a short time, a matter of weeks, but Rosy had got quite attached to him, she knew the rules, don't get involved, be kind, be supportive, always one step away, but on this occasion her heart had ruled her head, it was the sad story that he unburdened on her that had sealed the bond.

It was 75 years to the day that 10 year old Tommy had tried to persuade his father to let him take the Wing Commanders black Labrador dog out for a walk around the camp as he had done on previous occasions, but his father had forbidden him, he said there was too much activity on base that day.

Tommy had been incensed at the refusal and half heartedly played ball with the dog in the confines of the office block, but he threw the ball once too hard and it flew out of the open doorway, where upon the dog bounded out of the door with Tommy chasing after him along with other members of the office staff, but too late, there was a squeal of brakes and a whimpering from the dog, he had been hit by a speeding car that didn't stop and he died in Tommy's arms.

The Wing Commander had been distraught, as was Tommy's father, but no one blamed young Tommy, they all agreed it had been an unfortunate accident.

But after all these years, guilt still consumed Tommy, he just wanted a sign of some kind that the Wing Commander and his faithful companion had been re-united, was that too much to ask for?.

Rosy had thought of a crazy idea, if only she could pull it off, maybe it would help Tommy and ease his troubled mind, letting him die in peace.

Knowing, that her friend Mollie-Ann and her boyfriend Gregg were reenactors of the 1940's scene, and Mollie-Ann's parents owned a black Labrador, she had engineered a plan, that at precisely 7.00am, before either of them went to work, they would parade on the lawns in costume with the dog in tow and wave towards Tommy's bedroom window.

Looking at her watch Rosy saw it was almost time. "Come along love, lets get you a bit nearer to the window and I'll show you what a beautiful morning it is".

Taking the brakes off the bed she pushed it slowly towards the window, opening the blinds fully, she looked out in awe at the sight before her.

Not two people and a dog, but at least 50 or more, in various uniforms and costumes, all waving and calling Tommy's name.

Rosy glanced at her patient who had somehow managed to sit up, "Well, I never, this is wonderful, amazing, thank you" smiled Tommy as he gasped his last breath and collapsed into her arms at the same time as her phone rang.

Sadly, taking it from her trouser pocket she heard the agitated voice of her friend Mollie-Ann.

"Oh, Rosy I'm so sorry, so very sorry, we're never going to make it today, the car's blown a gasket on the A1 and we're waiting for the AA to pick us up"

© K Holderness

VE Day celebrations

Leadenham (Pictures by Steve Williams)



Angie & Howard Welsley in Waterloo Paddock



"Reach For the Sky!".

<u>Kirsty & Phil Mead of Rhubarb Theatre, Queensway, getting almost airbourne in North Road.</u>

Waterloo Paddock



Nan Overton, celebrating, not only VE Day but a 90th birthday



Roger & Wendy Marshall



Janet Arnold keeping the requisite distance from the group including Steve and Liz Higgins



Picnicking on the grass are Neal and Anna Lyon with children Edgar and Esme





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VE Day continued....



Brian Maxted arrives with "How we brought the good news" (with apologies to Robert Browning!)

Mothering Maureen the Goose

by Laura Pache

have always been obsessed with animals. My parents had a cat and 2 boxer dogs when I was born and I was an only child, they were my siblings as far as I saw it. From about 2 years old I became obsessed with horses, riding the dogs had to suffice until I was around 4 years old, when I finally got my own pony. A palomino Welsh Mountain, who was prone to Laminitis and temper tantrums. From that day on a string of ponies and horses filled my life and emptied my parent's pockets and my need for having animals grew and grew, it's a strange thing to say, but animals just seem to "get me" and I "get them".

I have never been without a pet, although horses are now out of my price range (I blame having 2 children for that). I do though currently own 1 dog, 3 cats, 8 chickens, 4 ducks, 1 goose, 2 budgies and a tropical fish. A fish who unlike his fellow tank buddies refuses to die, no matter how often we forget to feed him. We named him Odin, as he has waged war on my sanity. Sat in his irritating aquarium, lording it over the corpses of previous fish, shrimps and snails which we thought at the time was a good idea; I might add, it was my partner's idea to purchase this aguarium. Visions of an agua blue tank, bubbling away in the corner of a room, reminding you of that one time you donned flippers in a tropical sea sounded like such a good idea... The novelty soon wears off though with tropical fish and their tanks, the agua blue water and pretty stones at the bottom last about a week before the sludge takes over and you find yourself de-clogging the filter of God only knows what. Trying to keep tropical fish alive is another story altogether, they are like the pheasants of the fish world, suicidal. All bar this one bloody fish! We've promised ourselves when Odin has died, no more fish tank, I can't wait... Odin has other ideas though. I swear he's going to outlive me.

My dog is a Romanian rescue, who I have had for 6 amazing years. She is my pride and joy, my shadow, friend and confidant. She hates people; she is petrified of them, to earn her trust is the hardest thing you could ever do, Mount Everest would be easier, but luckily for myself, my partner and our children she is just your average fussy, loving dog.

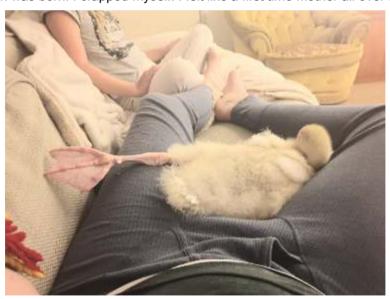
Our 3 cats were all "preloved", such a heart-breaking term for a webpage that sells animals, they don't even try to hide the fact that these animals are simply being thrown away. All 3 of our cats join us for dog walks and Claude, one of our boys, walks the children to school in the village every morning.

Our 8 hens are from Manor Farm at Leasingham. We have 2 who refuse to be kept in, there is a 1x1 foot gap in the bird wire ceiling my partner made for their coop... they still bloody escape! I'm sure most of you who have driven down BB High Street may have spotted them from time to time, they like to visit the locals and lay their eggs in random places, a bit like an attempt to entertain their daft humans with a treasure hunt.

3 of our ducks are from a friend and 1 of them is a Mallard I rescued from outside

my work when he was just a tiny duckling. Now I, like the majority had no idea that male and female ducklings look very, very similar. So you can imagine my surprise when "Doris" hopped out of her paddling pool one day having moulted all of her baby feather and was very much no longer a female duck! We still call him Doris. This is a long standing thing in our household, all names are unisex. We have Dave the hen, Donald the duck, Howard the duck, Doris the Drake, Vincent the queen (cat) and not forgetting my number 1 prise bird- Maureen the gander.

Now Maureen was a moment of madness on my part. After a lovely day with the kids at Tattershall farm park, as I stood near the gift shop check out- waiting for the children to end my pain, as they spent what seemed like years to decide how to spend their £5s- I heard the server mention they had fertile goose eggs for sale... I bought 2! Cradling them in my sons coat we zoomed home. I have never incubated anything in my life. I don't even own an incubator. However I have a friend who has and she came to the rescue with some advice and an incubator for us to use. It soon became clear only 1 egg was actually fertile. So with just the 1 egg we decided to just go for it. Google became our friend in our research on how to hatch the egg for about 2 days, but true to how we are (very much non-conformists), we soon ditched the Google guidance having decided a mother goose wouldn't own a thermometer, let alone have the ability to turn each egg 180 degrees twice a day. So rather than think human, we thought goose: Drop a bit of water on the egg, as if we had just been for a mosey down the river and give it a gentle rattle around from time to time. It worked, it actually worked, to our amazement at around 30 days Maureen was born. I crapped myself! I felt like a first time mother all over again.



Maureen lived in a guinea pig cage in the house, and ventured around the lounge after we had covered all surfaces in newspaper (my God geese can poo!) he also imprinted on me. He spent all his time in the house and even went out and about

with us in the car on occasion. Of course Maureen would eventually have to join the other birds in the garden and when the time finally came, he settled in well and seemed to become all "goose", happily leaving behind his human life. He is absolutely brilliant! Loud, obnoxious, bossy and not picky at all about which animal or human he picks a fight with. He terrorises the children, chasing them around the garden, desperate for just one ounce of flesh; he has to stay in the coop now when the kids are playing, because by God if he gets hold of you he hurts! The bruises he has given me when I have been standing between him and an un-expecting victim are truly astonishing... He's great! Haha! He really is! Now although he is very much your typical territorial, demonic goose, he is also very much my "baby".





Now if you want to know what true love sounds like, you need to listen to an imprinted goose cry and honk when he sees his "mum" first thing in the morning. Maureen loves me, it's that simple. He runs to see me, crying like a lost child, snuggles in and tries as hard as he can to fit his adult-sized goose body on to my knee, this fails every time, so he just settles for sitting on my shoulders!! He will spend a good 15 minutes preening my clothes and hair (the hair preening is not enjoyable, however he swears I need it), he will then wander around after me, never more than 5ft away. He is a big bird, and his character and heart matches his size! There does though come a time though when our "sons" must find a wife and we have the decision that Maureen has a spouse. Once all this Covid-19 lockdown is over, he will be entering the world of online goose dating (me trawling poultry and fowl pages for the perfect wife). For now though his harem of chickens and ducks will have to do.

I do worry sometimes that my partner will wonder what on earth is he doing with this crazy, animal obsessed woman and run for the hills, but for now he seems to be enjoying the crazy ride. Although he did have a complete "duck fit" when I once mentioned how much I'd love a pet turkey...

© L Pache



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May 2020 - The Welbourn Reading Group, that was.

Obviously the Reading Group is 'on hold' for the time being, but I have no doubt we shall all be reading books of our choice. Therefore, I shall write about the books I have been reading this past month.

Perhaps I should explain that my house is surrounded by books. Excluding the kitchen and the bathroom, every room has either a bookcase or bookshelves. In 1951, I read my first book by Howard Spring. During the following years, I always requested a Howard Spring book for birthdays and Christmas. I have thirteen of his books which I haven't read for years. There are seventeen Anita Shreve books awaiting reread. Susa Howatch I discovered about thirty years ago. Her books have given me hours of pleasure. She will write about the same people in about three books. Then there are two about an American wealthy family. But the ones I must try to read again are six (long stories) about the Church of England in the 20th century. Although I have read them in the past, I am not sure I can face three thousand pages at the moment. Yet this is probably the best time to read them. What else have I to do?

After telling you what I haven't read, I shall tell you what I have read. Roy Hattersley, the politician, became my number one choice. There are three books which are classed as fiction but they are the story of his ancestors. 'The Maker's Mark' is the story of his paternal great-grandfather who owned a steel industry in Sheffield. 'In that Quiet Earth' is the story of the Skinner family, his maternal great-grandfather, who was master of the workhouse in Wisbech. The third book contains the love story of his parents. 'Skylarks' Song'. He has made a very good story about his parents' meeting and the trials of forbidden love.

It is when reading his fiction/autobiography that you find out a bit more about the life his parents had. Roy Hattersley always assumed his parents were married. Nothing strange about that. It was only when his father dies (and Roy was forty at the time) did he discover his father was a Roman Catholic priest and his mother had been married to someone else.

During lockdown, my daughter has been in contact with some book supplier and I receive, from time to time, another Roy Hattersley autobiography. 'A Yorkshire Boyhood' contained photographs of him with his parents on holiday in Bridlington. I am now reading 'Who goes home'. This is about his time as a Member of Parliament. But I have now received 'Goodbye to Yorkshire'. Had these books arrived together then they would have been read in the correct sequence, whereas I shall be in a bit of a muddle.

I still haven't introduced my books to a duster, and this morning I saw a cobweb. Oh dear, I am going to stop wearing my glasses.

Ruth Burton

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Signs of the (Corona) Times.....



Overheard.....

"The lockdown is getting to me - I'm even missing people I don't like!......"

*

Apparently we can't visit our relatives homes but estate agents can buy and sell houses. So I've put my house on the market and Mum and Dad are coming for a viewing at 4:30 pm.

*

With so many shops being shut, a lot more shopping is happening on line. I've just ordered a chicken and an egg from Amazon. Yes - OK - I'll let you know...

Nigel & Jools Go West: Around the World in 365 Days

Part 32: Europe Beckons

Train travel had dominated our lives for the last month and it seemed strange to be



making our way to the port rather than a railway station. We were going on the overnight St. Peter Line ferry to Helsinki, Finland, and were looking forward to the seeming luxury of a 2-bed inside cabin to ourselves.

The sea terminal building at Morskoy Vokzal, with a concrete façade designed to resemble billowing sails around a mast

People often have a romantic notion of leaving a port behind, probably garnered from black and white movies where you see the ship departing a quayside festooned with people waving off their loved ones. The reality is usually not so picturesque and is more likely to feature views of a highly mechanised working port, full of large ships, as was the case here. The sea terminal building was something of a gem, however, and so evocative, to me at least, of the soviet era. As I watched the port sign disappearing from view, it dawned on me that I could actually read the Cyrillic letters and knew it said Leningrad.



Our final view of St. Petersburg with the sign, showing its former, Soviet name, Leningrad.

The crossing was uneventful, and we arrived on schedule in Helsinki at 8am. It was a lovely day and we made use of the very efficient tram system to take us into the city. We were only here for one night and had been instructed to collect keys from a central location before getting the address of our accommodation. We found the collection point, which was a closed shop, this being a Sunday morning. We waited, hoping in vain that someone would arrive, but sadly, noone did. I managed to find a phone number on the booking details and got through to someone who said that they didn't realise we would be arriving on a Sunday. Eventually, after quite a lot of heated debate, he reluctantly agreed to get the cleaner to meet us near where we were staying, but she couldn't get there until noon. I was quite agitated by this time and we now had to get ourselves, luggage and all, across the city using directions I wasn't even sure I had heard correctly.

Miraculously, we found the correct place and met a lady who showed us to our apartment. We thanked her for coming out on a Sunday to help us and breathed a sigh of relief. We reflected that this was the first real accommodation problem we had encountered in almost a year of travelling and decided to put it down to experience, treating ourselves to lunch at Pizza Hut to take our minds off it. By the time we had finished eating and calmed down most of the day had gone, so we resigned ourselves to not seeing as much of the city as we had hoped.

The next day we just rested as we were both tired. As we made our way back to the ferry terminal that afternoon, I realised we would be home in less than a week, arriving in Leadenham a year to the day since we left. At that moment, it felt like we had been away for such a long time and we began to wonder what would have changed whilst we had been on our adventures.

Our ferry was to Germany with Finnlines. We had debated whether or not to book a cabin but had decided it was too expensive and that we would cope for 27 hours with the reclining armchair option. Not our best choice as it turned out since the 'armchair' was one of the most uncomfortable things I had ever sat in, let alone tried to sleep in.

We arrived in Travemünde at 21:00 and, after our experience in Helsinki, I was a little anxious about whether we would be able to get into our accommodation in the nearby town of Lübeck. My fears were unfounded, however, as the owner welcomed us with open arms despite the late hour. He even let us leave our big bags downstairs, so we didn't have to carry them up or down the narrow, steep staircase. Our room was a haven of tranquillity at the top of the house and we both slept soundly in the comfy bed. We made our way to breakfast feeling refreshed and a little sad that we would not to be staying longer.

It was back to the railways once more for a relatively short 6 hour journey to Amsterdam, our last destination before the ferry home. We had become so

accustomed to overnight trains with bunks that sitting in an ordinary seat with a table was a bit of a novelty. We arrived at the Central Station at peak commuter time and I was mesmerised by the sight of so many bicycles. The cycleways are clearly marked but woe betide the pedestrian who steps out in front of a cyclist as I don't think they would stop. Luckily, our accommodation was only a short walk away and we arrived unscathed.

We were staying on a Houseboat converted into a Hostel moored in the Oosterdok (Eastern Dock). It was a lovely setting but getting our bags down into the cabin was definitely interesting and I wasn't sure how we would get them out again. For now, though, I was just pleased to be there and looked forward to the luxury of two nights in the same place as well as the opportunity to acquaint myself with a city that I had heard so much about but never visited.



The Houseboat Christina, our accommodation in Amsterdam

Next time: Amsterdam and a final ferry journey

© Julie Stevenson

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	Jennifer Harvey	Church Warden	01400 273211
Wesleyan Reform Chapel			
The Religious Society of F	riends		
	Wendy Gwatkin		01400 273541
Heritage Room	Wendy Gwatkin		и и
Royal British Legion	Colin Jackson		01400 272950
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u u	Lesley Frances	Clerk	
	William Booth	Tree Warden	01522 788784
"Three Villages and a Han	nlet" magazine	Editors	01400 272835
			01400 275145
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Village Hall	Dan Shaw	Chairman	07730 760506
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Playing Field	Laura Meredith	Chairman	07921 054974
u	Clare Fisher	Treasurer	07912 648164
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janetguest1@gmail.com			
Brant Broughton House	Michael Semilore	Head	01400 272929
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BRANT BROUGHTON VILLAGE WEBSITE: parishes.lincolnshire.gov.uk/BrantBroughtonStragglethorpe

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