

COUNTESTHORPE U3A

UPDATE AND CURFEW CHRONICLE No 3

Dear Member

Just a few more pieces of information for you this month before our next "Curfew Chronicle" which follows on immediately.

A big 'thank you' to all the contributors! Keep them coming ready for Issue 4 in May. Well, we know how you will miss the excitement of the AGM, so that will be a substitute! Email to me at: jhawkins45@talktalk.net or call me on 0116 277 6330 or text on 07985 013015. Your Chronicle needs you!

Don't forget to renew your membership – see how on the next page!

Good wishes, stay safe and keep smiling. Our U3A WILL meet again!

June Hawkins
Information and Publicity Officer

GENERAL REMINDERS

- **ALL U3A outings, general meetings and group activities** are currently suspended until further notice.
- A few groups – notably Science and Technology, Creative Writing and Ukulele - are beginning to operate using technology!
- A decision on **the Kynren holiday** will be made in June. For now, please do **NOT** send balances. Jill Clayton will be in touch when appropriate.
- **Full refunds** have been posted to anybody who had paid for a cancelled **Theatre outing**
- Any member who has paid for **Outings visits to the Holocaust Centre and Wedgwood** will be refunded or their unbanked cheques will be shredded. David Hebblewhite has been in contact with all those concerned.

KEUKENHOF GARDENS

Keukenhof gardens are all planted up, sun, flowers and no visitors! So they have put videos of it on YouTube. Either go to YouTube and search for Keukenhof, or in a web browser (eg: Google/Safari, etc) and search for Keukenhof 2020.

Not quite the same as being there but delightful and gentle. Enjoy!

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NB: A PRINTED VERSION IS SENT TO ALL THOSE WITHOUT EMAIL

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscriptions for 2020/21 fall due during our shut down period, but we urge you to renew anyway. The 2020/21 subscriptions are **£15** for full individual membership and **£8** for associate members. Thanks to those who have already renewed their subscriptions!

You may be tempted to delay renewing your membership as not a lot is happening for now. Therefore we should explain that our financial year is still 12 months long, regardless of any delay to the AGM. Whenever a subscription is renewed during any year, it is only valid until 31 March following, and so needs renewing from 1 April.

Obviously, we will not have the expense of the Hall, nor printed “What’s On” but we will still be mailing out to you and stamps, paper, envelopes, etc are not cheap! Also, we still have to pay capitation fees to the Third Age Trust on time, even though most U3A activities are currently suspended.

How to Renew Your Membership

Subscriptions for 2020/21 are £15 or £8 for associate membership (with proof of full membership of another U3A).

To RENEW your membership (due from 1 April 2020) please just send a cheque **PAYABLE TO “COUNTSTHORPE U3A”**, with a stamped addressed envelope to our Membership Secretary, Mr B Hillyard, 35 Station Rd, Countesthorpe, Leicester LE8 5TA. There is no need to complete a new membership application form. **PLEASE RENEW BY 12 MAY IF AT ALL POSSIBLE!**

If you have changed your phone number, address or email, please advise Barry to enable us to update our records and keep in touch with you. This is especially important at this time!

If you enclose an SAE, your new membership and programme cards will be posted. If you do not enclose an SAE you will have to wait to collect them when our monthly meetings resume.

Please **do not use** the Parish Office/library posting box for now, as the library is currently closed and so your renewal will not reach us.

*(Please note that Barry Hillyard is the Membership Secretary - **NOT** David Wild)*

THE COUNTSTHORPE U3A CURFEW CHRONICLE

No 3

April 2020

I'd like to thank all of you who have been in touch, and to those who have contributed items which make up this Issue 3. I hope you will enjoy it and that it makes you feel that you're still in touch with our U3A. Let's begin with a quiz! This appeared in the Daily Mail, so you may have already seen it.



Emoji quiz creator releases a literature edition that promises to get you thinking - so, how many book titles can YOU name?



A DELIVERY!

They might be clapping the NHS, but they sure ain't clapping me,
I'm the anti-hero, 'cos I've had a delivery.
I can see the neighbours smiling, through their gritted teeth,
Their jealousy bubbling up inside, meanwhile I'm having a treat!
They say that Wimbledon is shelved; we'll not hear sigh or scream,
But sitting here I'm not deprived, with strawberries topped with cream.
Last week it was my turn to see the vans drive by.
If I said I wasn't enjoying this, it would be a big fat lie!
Life's all feast or famine, you have the most or least,
But that's enough philosophy, right now it's time to feast!

Another little gem from Adrian Dobey!

AND NOW . . . ONE FOR THE GIRLS!

I'm normally a social girl
I love to meet my mates
But lately with the virus here
We can't go out the gates.

You see, we are the 'oldies' now
We need to stay inside
If they haven't seen us for a while
They'll think we've upped and died.

They'll never know the things we did
Before we got this old
There wasn't any Facebook
So not everything was told.

We may seem sweet old ladies,
Who would never be uncouth
But we grew up in the 60s -
If you only knew the truth!

There was sex and drugs and rock 'n roll
The pill and miniskirts;
We smoked, we drank, we partied
And were quite outrageous flirts.

Then we settled down, got married
And turned into someone's mum,
Somebody's wife, then nana,
Who on earth did we become?

We didn't mind the change of pace
Because our lives were full
But to bury us before we're dead
Is like red rag to a bull!

So here you find me stuck inside
For 4 weeks, maybe more
I finally found myself again
Then I had to close the door!

It didn't really bother me
I'd while away the hour
I'd bake for all the family
But I've got no bloody flour!

Now Netflix is just wonderful
I like a gutsy thriller
I'm swooning over Idris
Or some random sexy killer.

At least I've got a stash of booze
For when I'm being idle
There's wine and whiskey, even gin
If I'm feeling suicidal!

So let's all drink to lockdown
To recovery and health
And hope this bloody virus
Doesn't decimate our wealth.

We'll all get through the crisis
And be back to join our mates
Just hoping I'm not far too wide
To fit through the flaming gates!

Sent in by Jenny Sutcliffe and also Madeleine Hurst



CANAL SIDE THOUGHTS

Oh, to be in England now that spring is here! The bright sun shining and sparkling on the water, ducks squabbling, swans very superior and squirrels invading my garden and stealing the food left for the birds. The fisherman (does he ever catch any fish?), canal boats wending their way to where? People with their children and dogs, and what about those athletic runners - but do they have time to see the scenery? Boats which glide past - may be the best way to see the canal.

Written by Pat McMahon

Why so sorrowful
With signs of spring all around?
Yet green willows weep

Perfect mirrored arc
On still, olive green surface
Peaceful symmetry

Towpath winds ahead;
Past echoes of iron clad hooves,
Ghosts of former times

Three haiku written by June Hawkins

NO BOMBS

It's a war with no bombs or bullets
But for sure it's a war, just the same
And we'll win it with soap and with water
And we'll wash it straight down the drain.

And we'll beat it by keeping our distance
If not then we all are to blame,
If the old 'uns did it with Hitler,
We can do it this time, just the same.

We're all in the home guard together,
With Mannering and Wilson and co.
Watch out for the spiv with loo rolls,
Just tell him where he can go.

Come back, Dame Vera, we need you
To cheer us all up with a song,
Cometh the hour cometh our sweetheart,
A hundred and four, going strong.

And the NHS are our heroes!
This truth we must never forget,
For every last one strike a medal,
Forever we'll be in their debt.

Written by Adrian Dobey



AND HOW MANY OF YOU HAVE THE “MUNCHIES”?

- Half of us are going to come out of this quarantine as amazing cooks. The other half will come out with a drinking problem.
- My goal for 2019/20 was to lose 10 pounds. I only have 14 to go.
- I need to practice social-distancing from the refrigerator.
- Every few days, try your jeans on just to make sure they fit. Pyjamas will have you believe all is well in the kingdom.
- I don't mean to brag, but I finished my 14-day diet food supply in 3 hours and 20 minutes.
- A recent study has found women who carry a little extra weight live longer than men who mention it.

IN THE TIME OF QUIET

No one's told the daffodils about the pause to Spring
And no one's told the birds to roost and asked them not to sing
No one's asked the lazy bee to cease his bumbling round
And no one's stopped the bright green shoots emerging through the ground
No one's told the sap to rest, deep within the wood
And stop the sleepy trees from waking, wreathed about in bud
No one's told the sky to douse its brightest shades of blue
And stop the scudding clouds from puffing headlong into view
No one's asked the lambs to still the springs beneath their feet,
To stop their rapid rush and quell each joyful bleat
No one's told the stream to halt its gurgle or its flow
And warned the playful breezes, not to gust and blow
No one's asked the raindrops not to fall upon the earth
And fail to quench the soil in the season of rebirth

No one's locked the sun down, or dimmed the shimmer of the moon
And even in the darkest night, the stars are still immune

Remember what you value, remember who is dear
Close the doors to danger and keep your family near
In the quiet all around us take the time to sit and stare
And wonder at the glory unfurling everywhere.
Look towards the future, after the ordeal
And keep faith in Mother Nature's power and the will to heal

Sent in by Liz Lockwood-Jones

That funny old girl in Glen Parva
Has given up thinking of the hereafter
Instead she is sowing
And hopefully growing
Using loads of that stuff made from lava.

Another little limerick written by Elaine Jackson

And to finish, a couple of church signs, sent in by David Hebblewhite.
One is, oh, so corny, and the other has a bit of sound advice. Bye for
now – yes, there'll be another Chronicle along later in the lockdown!



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