

# WYGGESTONS NEWSLETTER

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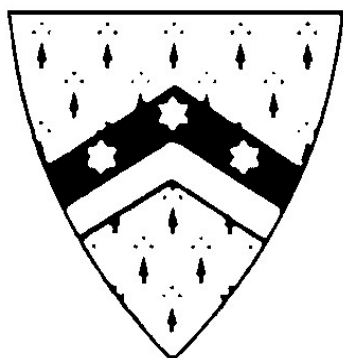
**Magic at Minack** – José Johnson shares some memories of her time at Cornwall's stunning cliff side theatre!

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**Caroline and Bernard** – Get engrossed in a lovely short story from our very own John Seymour!

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**Quiz Time!** Keep the grey matter active with our monthly quiz!



### SEPT 6<sup>TH</sup> IS 'NATIONAL READ A BOOK DAY'

Celebrated annually on the 6th September, National Read a Book Day is an annual awareness day that encourages all of us to take a break and get reading, either curled up on the sofa or aloud to family and friends.

Whether you're rediscovering old favourites or delving into new bestsellers, National Read a Book Day is the perfect excuse to sit back, relax, and get lost in a book!

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## INTRODUCTION

Welcome to September 2020 Edition of the Wyggeston's Newsletter.

Autumn will be shortly upon us – the weather has certainly been autumnal in recent days at times.

Despite this, our builders are progressing well with the new development and I am pleased to say we have already received lots of interest in the new apartments and cottages.

Times are very strange at present with the local lockdown, the effects of which frustrate us all, but there are signs of normality – and we have recommenced social events this month and hope to expand on this during September.

We have taken the opportunity to revamp the design of the newsletter – please let us know what you think? And if you have any stories or content ideas please let us know.

Thank you all – and as before please keep safe and alert.

Chris

**PLEASE NOTE THE FINANCE OFFICE WILL  
BE OPEN TO RECEIVE PAYMENTS  
ON  
TUESDAY 29<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER 2020**

## BIRTHDAYS

For those residents who have birthdays in September, we would like to wish you a very Happy Birthday!

### William House

Geoffrey Clarke	6 <sup>th</sup> September
George Butler	7 <sup>th</sup> September
John Tonkin	10 <sup>th</sup> September
Paul Johnstone	13 <sup>th</sup> September
John Seymour	22 <sup>nd</sup> September
Sue Hulatt	26 <sup>th</sup> September

HAPPY  
BIRTHDAY!

### Agnes House

Noreen Ford Foster	10 <sup>th</sup> September
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Just a bit of fun!

An airline pilot is speaking to his passengers: "Our cruising altitude today is 35,000 ft, the weather is set fair, with just the possibility of slight turbulence, so do keep an eye on the fasten your seat belt sign, and enjoy the flight. In accordance with government guidelines I'm working from home today."



# Cherryleas Development

Building works are progressing well



What a difference a few weeks makes!

José reflects on



# MAGIC AT MINACK IN THE MOONLIGHT

On seeing the pictures of Minack Theatre, Cornwall, in the Metro recently it brought back wonderful memories of performing there with the Leicester Drama Society in the 60's and 70's.



Peter Gray was a talented member of our lighting department, a Cornishman with a wonderful accent, and he told us about the theatre. Several of us asked if it was possible for us to perform there. Without Peter and several other stalwart members of the LDS I doubt it would have been possible.

It was decided to mount a week's performances of "Dark of the Moon". Barbara Allen and John – John The Wild Boy – a terrific 19<sup>th</sup> century American folk tale.



It was a big cast and we rehearsed at the theatre and elsewhere, when we weren't busy with other plays, musicals, etc. Cast, crew, and production team.

As it was to be performed in August, right in the middle of the school holidays we were able to 'camp' in the local school. Men in one classroom, women in another. It suited us all, except all the men tried to get to sleep before Geoff Sharp, who had the loudest snore in the western hemisphere. There was only one married couple, Polly and John Graham. We could hear them creeping out to be together to be alone for a few hours.

It was all so romantic it was not surprising that at least three couples married after getting together during this adventure, myself included to Hugh Cooke, a 6'5" Lincoln man, a housemate of Peter's (See photo). In 1965 that was tall! As I was only 5 feet tall you can imagine the fun that caused.



We worked long hours in all sorts of weather but we contributed a great deal to enhancing the pull of the theatre. We were first to take our own lighting system (2 large vans) which enabled us to perform at least two performances at night. To see the moon across the sea on a quiet night was magic!

We also, of course, had to learn to time lines with the crashing of the sea in “The Zorn” – a passage way between rocks below the theatre. If there was only 2 people in the audience you were obliged to perform, and also in the rain.



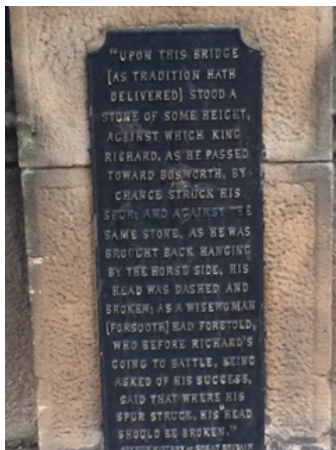
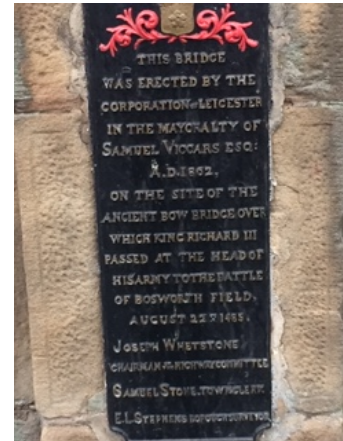
The LDS continued to go to the Minack several times every other year, performing a variety of plays, including a Music Hall.

It's wonderful to know that the theatre is getting bigger and better even to having performances during the pandemic, although I think we had the best of times when it was less sophisticated than it is now. How lucky we were!



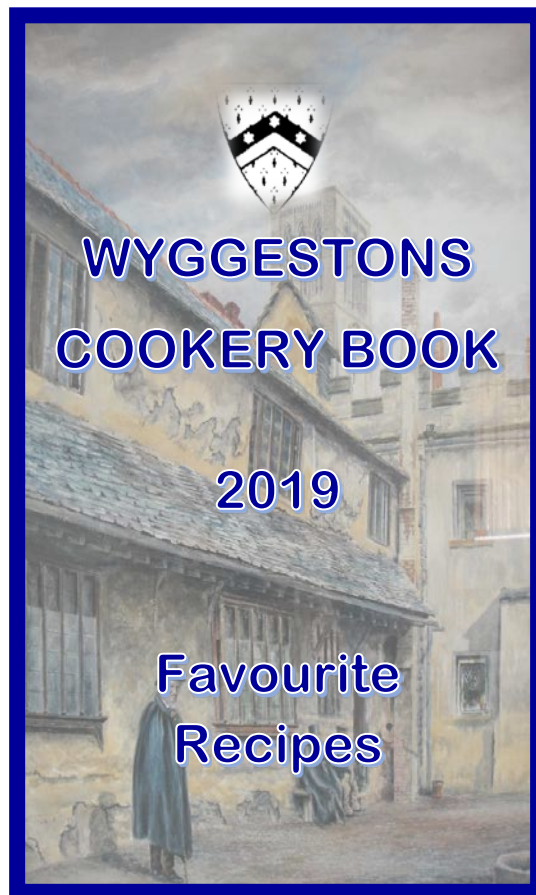
# The 'Rambling Resident'

Our Rambling Resident has been out and about again! This time they have been to the 'West End' where there's not only some fabulous historical features but also lovely riverside walks





**We still have a few of the 2019  
cookery books available at a  
knockdown price of £1.**



**Please ask the wardens if you would  
like one. All proceeds go to our  
nominated charities!**

*Some years ago, before Margaret and I moved into the city and became adopted townies, we saw ourselves more or less as country folk. Hence the rural setting of this story. It was originally written for a Creative Writers' Group to which I belonged at that time. It is now reproduced for the pleasure (hopefully) of all our good friends here at Wyggestons!*

**John Seymour**

## **CAROLINE AND BERNARD:**

### **A RURAL ROMANCE**

**B**ernard Whittington sat quietly over the remains of his supper. It was three years now since the accident. Outwardly he had coped well with the worst of his bereavement, but inwardly there was still a gnawing pain from which there seemed to be no relief.

At first he had been bitter and unable to accept the tragedy that had hit him so devastatingly. But now he was beginning to be thankful for the nearly twenty years with Josephine – his Jo, as he called her. Yet he wondered, as he absent-mindedly turned the pages of the *Evening Echo* in front of him, if the huge gap left by Jo's death could ever be filled.

His two children, Robert, whose eighteenth birthday they were soon to celebrate, and Rachel – a lively sixteen-year-old – were often teasing him: 'Dad, when are you going to find yourself a new girlfriend? Mum would have wanted you to, wouldn't she?' They greatly missed their mother, but it was Bernard who still felt the loss most keenly.

Pouring another coffee - and grateful for the support the two young people gave him - his eyes focused on the *Echo's Meeting Point* columns on the page before him: '*Country girl, loves horses, animals, would like to share life in a farmhouse*'. Bernard questioned what must have gone wrong with the Young Farmers' Club: wasn't that the usual route to marriage for the young farming and country community? He fantasized for a moment or two about the next entry: '*Long-legged, very feminine brunette, seeking romance and more*'. He decided *he* wasn't for her, nor, more especially, she for him!

But after a while the thought came to him that he might put his own message in the paper. It can't do any harm, he reflected – and it's all anonymous anyhow. Much to his own surprise, and keeping it a secret from Robert and Rachel, he therefore posted the following notice to the *Echo*:

*Professional gentleman, a mellow, somewhat lonely, slim 50-year-old, interested in music, travel and the countryside, seeks companionship with lady of similar age and interests. Write Box No. 1571.*

Caroline Davies was in a state of turmoil as she struggled to get a foothold on the bus leaving the city during the Friday rush hour. But she was greeted by the regular and friendly driver: “Hello, how are you this evening?” “Fine, thanks,” she replied, untruthfully, as, while normally a placid and peaceable woman, she now had good reason for feelings of acute anger and distress.

The trouble had begun some weeks ago when her new boss Patrick arrived at the office. She was working as his personal assistant, but clearly he had a different understanding of what the job entailed.

The bus, jostling noisily for position in the congested Friday-night traffic, reflected her own inner confusion. Patrick had soon discovered a few things about her, including that she was clearly musical, and particularly enjoyed both playing and listening to the piano, especially Chopin.

This was harmless enough, but she was aware of making a mistake about the third week after his arrival. She had accepted from Patrick - against her better judgement - an invitation to a concert at the City Hall. Stupidly she had blurted out, after a post-concert drink, that she was currently unattached and lived on her own. This she now bitterly regretted.

She had no taste for his persistent unprofessional behaviour. ‘How much longer must I endure him?’ she questioned. Recently it had become more frequent. Whenever there was half an opportunity Patrick got too close to her, and put his arm round her waist or shoulders. Once or twice she was sure he was angling for a kiss.

She had spoken to Elizabeth the senior partner and this improved matters a little. But it was no longer for her a viable or happy place to be.

The bus was now proceeding more smoothly through the outer suburbs of the city. As the outlook became greener, and the bus emptier, so Caroline’s mood became lighter. She took the *Evening Echo* out of the corner of her shoulder bag, and looked, (as she had often done during the last week or so,) at the *situations vacant*. One brief advertisement immediately caught her attention:

*Vacancy for a secretary P/A in busy city centre office. Job description etc from Whittington, Jones and Rimmington, Chartered Accountants.*

Caroline decided to write for the details that same weekend.

Her eyes moved across to the opposite page, the regular *Meeting Point* feature. ‘*Eligible bachelor*’, she read, ‘*early twenties, WLTM Helena Bonham-Carter look-alike*’. “Who does he think he is”, Caroline wondered. “Colin Firth, maybe?” Warming to this way of passing the journey, she read on: ‘*East coast skipper seeks female crew member for extended summer cruise – send photo.*’ No way, she thought, beginning to regain her natural sense of humour: “I’d be sick the first night”.

The bus turned off the main road towards her home village, but Caroline’s thoughts were now elsewhere. She had just read the next entry:

*Professional gentleman, a mellow, somewhat lonely, slim 50-year-old, interested in music, travel and the countryside, seeks companionship with lady of similar age and interests. Please write Box No. 1571.*

**N**ext morning Caroline was awakened by a Chopin *Nocturne* on the radio. Intensely beautiful, she mused, even if it was the wrong end of the day. She had been awake most of the night wondering about Messrs Whittington Jones and Rimmington, and the mellow 50-year-old musical country-lover.

During breakfast she checked the meaning of *mellow*. ‘*Soft and rich in flavour, colour or sound. Softened by age and experience; genial, partly intoxicated*’. (Maybe he’s not often partly intoxicated, she hoped.) ‘*Softened by age and experience*’? He’s not that old, she thought, and wondered what sort of *experiences* he might have had.

It was a local custom to celebrate May Day (this year happily falling on a Saturday) with children’s maypole dancing, the crowning of the May Queen and a session from the Morris Dancers. So it was on her way into the village that morning that Caroline posted two letters to catch the mid-day post. Earlier she had typed a request to the accountants for information about their vacancy. She enclosed copies of her CV and testimonials, soon downloaded from her floppy disc. In the second letter, addressed to Meeting Point at the *Evening Echo*, she had written:

*Dear Box 1571, Warm-hearted 40+ lady pianist, reasonable cook, would like to meet the mellow gentleman, interested in music, countryside and possible companionship. Please reply to CD c/o Heart of England Bank.*

On Wednesday of the following week she received an encouraging reply from Whittington, Jones and Rimmington’s:

*Dear Miss Davies,  
Thank you for your note and CV received this morning. I enclose a detailed job description, together with arrangements for holidays, remuneration, contract etc.*



*We would be very pleased if you would telephone to arrange an interview. Yours faithfully, B. Whittington, of Whittington, Jones and Rimmington.*

She telephoned the Whittington office next morning, and an interview was arranged for the Monday of the following week. At lunchtime the same day she looked in at the bank. Immediately she went full-speed into the nearest sandwich bar, ordered her cheese and tomato and coffee and sat down to read:

*Dear Warm-hearted lady pianist,  
Thank you very much for your letter. Please may I explain in a bit more detail what I put very briefly in the paper? I'm lonely because my wife Josephine died after a road accident just over three years ago. I have two teenage children (Robert, nearly 18 and Rachel, 16) with whom I have a very loving and supportive relationship. But they have their lives and their friends... and I, well, I feel that I am now beginning to be ready to develop new friendships.*

*I'm a bit slimmer than I ought to be since Jo died, - (I'm not such a good cook as she was) and perhaps because we are exceedingly short-staffed and busy in the office. You volunteer that you are a cook – but I promise you that it is not just a cook that I would like to meet. With regard to me being “mellow”, well, I think I'm not too much like a bit of old cheese. Maybe, perhaps, more like a bottle of mature wine? At present we live near the city centre. But I'm truly a countryman in exile.*

*Please respond, if you will, by sharing a little more about yourself – or better still telephone so we could arrange a meal together somewhere?  
Yours, BERNARD.*

**A**ll that afternoon Caroline could barely concentrate on her work. Fortunately Patrick was out, so there was no trouble in that direction. The journey home on the bus seemed interminable. She was quite sure she would like to meet Bernard, and soon. The only question was how to go about it. At first she thought she would invite him (a countryman, she reflected) out to her cottage for supper, but then decided that was unwise and far too hasty. In mid-evening she plucked up courage and rang the number he had given her.

As the telephone rang Bernard was watching the TV political news. There was to be a local election the following day, and with some of his clients in mind he was anxious about the possible result. So it was Robert who answered the call: “Hello, this is Robert Whittington. Who's speaking?”

Caroline took a deep breath to steady her nerves. “It's Caroline Davies. Is Mr...” Suddenly she realized that she didn't even know his surname. “Is *Bernard* at home?”

Robert placed his hand over the 'phone and with a stage whisper announced: "Dad, it's a lady called Caroline, for you". Rachael raised her eyebrows and looked up from her homework with an inquisitive smile. "Is it really", Bernard whispered, "I think I'd better take the call on the other phone!"

After a rather nervous fifteen minutes or so he suggested a rendezvous where they might meet for a chat and a drink. Agreeing that a relaxed weekend date would be best, they settled for six o'clock on the following Sunday week. Rachael and Robert were delighted and wanted to know all the details. 'I hardly know any myself', responded their father, rather sheepishly.

\*\*\*\*\*

Suddenly all Caroline's hopes were demolished. Robert (she thought he had called himself Robert) had announced himself on the 'phone with a cheery "*Hello, Robert Whittington speaking*". It couldn't be true - yet surely it was so - that his father, (who had written that he was *seriously understaffed at the office*) must be the Mr Whittington – the Mr B Whittington, who was offering her an interview for the job of his PA!

It was quite clear in her mind, bewildered as it was by this sudden realization, that she could never again combine her business and social life. She would have to cancel both the interview and the evening out. No way could she now be interviewed by a man with whom she had already exchanged such personal information. Nor was she willing to socialize with a man to whom she was applying for a job as his personal assistant. She was close to tears as she posted the following note the same evening:

*Dear Bernard, I'm so sorry, but something has cropped up that quite prevents me from keeping our appointment. I do regret this, as I was looking forward so much to our meeting. Please forgive me.*

*Yours truly, CAROLINE*

The following morning first thing she 'phoned the accountants office to cancel the interview. "Please may I speak to Mr Bernard Whittington? She asked bravely. "I'm sorry", replied the receptionist, "there is no Bernard Whittington here". Do you perhaps mean *Barry Whittington*?" Caroline thought with a speed which on later reflection she found unbelievable. "Yes, of course", she replied, "I was just calling to confirm I'll be with you for the interview on Monday".

She attended as arranged and in due course became personal assistant to Barry Whittington, Chartered Accountant. She was rid of Patrick's menacing hands and intentions once and for all.

**B**ut it was equally important that while waiting for the interview there was time for an informal chat with the receptionist. Bernard Whittington, it became clear, was a solicitor working in one of the less affluent parts of the city. The receptionist thought that he and Barry were cousins, or some such relationship.

And so that same evening she was able to phone Bernard, with rather embarrassed apologies, explaining that the problem preventing their meeting no longer existed. "I'm so sorry," she added, "It was all a sad most unfortunate misunderstanding!"

When he received Caroline's note Bernard was quite stoical, yet deeply disappointed. But when, following her second phone call, they agreed to meet on the coming Sunday – the same date as originally planned - explanations given and received served only to enrich the beginning of a warm relationship.

It was now just under three weeks to Robert's birthday party. Much to his and Rachael's delight an extra guest was invited. "Ladies and Gentlemen," Robert proposed: "*Please raise your glasses to a wonderful Dad - and to our new and talented friend – Caroline!*"

*(And that, dear Reader, is the end of this tale. Or is it? It would be a happy thing, would it not, if there was one last scene with everyone on stage at the same time – a sort of tableau? Except, of course, the dastardly Patrick, who long ago had been dispatched to oblivion...)*

On May Day the following year Barry was a guest at the marriage of his secretary Caroline to his cousin Bernard. The bride insisted Rachel should be her bridesmaid, and Robert (as no doubt the reader will expect) proved to be an excellent best man. A friend playing Chopin nocturnes brought the happiest of days to a perfect end.

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***PS: This tale (for those who like a challenge) is also a puzzle: What was the likely date of Robert's 18<sup>th</sup> birthday party? It is possible to answer with reasonable accuracy! JCS***

## RECIPE CORNER

### Sausage & Bean Casserole

#### Ingredients

- 150ml/5fl oz olive oil
- 8 Italian pork sausages
- 4 tbsp chopped fresh rosemary
- 2 cloves garlic, cut in quarters
- 1 tsp finely chopped dried chilli
- 4 carrots, peeled and finely chopped
- 4 celery sticks, finely chopped
- 2 x 400g/14oz tinned borlotti beans, drained and rinsed
- 2 x 400g/14oz tinned cannellini beans, drained and rinsed
- salt to taste
- 400ml/14fl oz boiling water
- 20 cherry tomatoes, halved

#### Method

For the casserole, in a large saucepan, heat the olive oil until hot. Shallow fry the sausages, rosemary, garlic and the chilli for one minute.

Add the carrots and celery and fry for a further three minutes.

Add the borlotti and cannellini beans and season with salt.

Add the boiling water, cover with a lid and leave to simmer on a low heat for 20 minutes.

Remove the lid, remove the sausages and cut into three pieces.

Place the sausages back in the casserole with the cherry tomatoes and carry on cooking without the lid on a low heat for another 10 minutes allowing the sauce to thicken.



### Classic Bread & Butter Pudding

#### Ingredients

- 8 slices wholemeal bread
- 25g Butter (Unsalted)
- 50g Sultanas
- 2 tsp Ground Cinnamon
- 350ml Whole milk
- 50ml Double Cream
- 2 Eggs
- 25g Golden Caster Sugar
- 1 tsp Grated Nutmeg
- 1 tsp Vanilla Extract

#### Method

Butter a pie dish. Cut the crusts off the bread, spread one side of each slice with butter, then cut into triangles.

Arrange a layer of bread in the dish, add some of the sultanas and sprinkle with cinnamon, repeat until all the bread is used.

Warm the milk, vanilla extract and cream in a pan until hot but not boiling.

Whisk the eggs and sugar until pale, then add the warm milk and cream and stir.

Pour the custard over the bread and sprinkle with sugar and a little nutmeg. Leave to stand for 30 minutes.

Preheat the oven to 180°C (160°C fan, gas mark 4), then place the bread pudding on a baking sheet then into the oven.

Bake for approximately 45 minutes, until the top is golden brown. Serve with cream or vanilla ice cream.





# QUIZ TIME

1. Which mega hit song from 1968, the title of which is also a biblical figure, had a very young Elton John as a voice in the chorus?
2. What is the well-known French term for 'fat Tuesday'?
3. How many Apollo missions landed on the moon?
4. In film, which actor has played all of the following: an Egyptian pharaoh, an SS officer, an Hungarian aristocrat, a serial killer, a Greek god and "He who must not be named"?
5. Which Greek deity, usually depicted driving a flying chariot, was immortalized with the Colossus of Rhodes?
6. In which country was James Bond's mother born?
7. Dol is a unit of measurement for what?
8. The name of which country and controversial Formula One host translated means 'The Two Seas'?
9. One of the shortest wars in history took place in 1967. What name has been given to this war?
10. Shelf, Lenticulas, Mother of Pearl, Mushroom, Contrail, Mammatus and Noctilucent are all examples of what?
11. The name of the only moon in our solar system with a planet like atmosphere stems from a race of gods. What is the name of this unusual moon?
12. In which two films would one find the astronauts David Bowman and Heywood Floyd?
13. In the Beatles song Back In The USSR, what kind of girls "really knock me out"?
14. What is the well known Latin term for 'good faith'?
15. With 583 fatalities, the worst accident in aviation history occurred on March 27, 1977 at Tenerife airport as two Boeing 747s collided on the runway. Which two airlines were involved?
16. What was broken for the first time May 6, 1954 in Oxford England?
17. Which cult film from 1964 ends with the Vera Lynn song 'We'll Meet Again'?
18. In the various lists of the world's best-selling albums of all time, what are the two best-selling albums with a number as album title? One point for each correct answer.
19. Tragus, from the Greek word 'tragos' meaning goat, is a piece of cartilage on the human body which resembles a goat's beard. Where is it found?
20. Who was the last prisoner in Berlin's Spandau Prison?

Answers in the next Wyggy's Tales!

Answers 1. Answer b. The Netherlands; 2. Sail solo around the world; 3. The St Lawrence River (29 May, 1914); 4. Blood, Sweat and Tears; 5. Four answers. Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Jimmy Carter, Barack Obama; 6. Winchester rifle; 7. Deep Blue; 8. The Archduke Franz Ferdinand; 9. The Bay of Pigs; 10. The shortest war in history. (38 min); 11. The Netherlands Places 1. Robben Island; 2. Scotland; North and South Carolina (Latin 'Carolus'); 4. The Pepper Coast; 5. Answer a. Spain (Punta de Tarifa); 6. Red, white and green; 7. Budokan; 8. Lipizzan; 9. Vatican City, San Marino and Lesotho; 10. Antarctica; 11. Hindi and Bengali;

# Congratulations!

Congratulations to Katie Sewell, Catering Assistant at Agnes House for passing her Senior Production Chef Level 3 Apprenticeship!



Institute for Apprenticeships  
& Technical Education



*This is to certify that*

*Katie Sewell*

*has passed their apprenticeship*  
**SENIOR PRODUCTION CHEF  
LEVEL 3**

*Achieved grade*  
**PASS**

*Awarded on*  
**29 JULY 2020**

*Antony Jenkins*

Antony Jenkins  
CHAIR, THE INSTITUTE  
FOR APPRENTICESHIPS  
AND TECHNICAL  
EDUCATION



00091557

What a great achievement!

# **September 6<sup>th</sup> is National Read A Book Day**



**Read a Book Day is the perfect day to get lost in a good book. You are encouraged to get your head down and get lost in a story, whether fact or fictional and take advantage of our own little Library!**

**Better still, why not think about forming  
Wyggestons Book Club?**



## MUSIC FOR THE LOCK-DOWN

On Sunday 22<sup>nd</sup> March (now early six months ago!) a programme of music was presented in St Ursula's Chapel with the title *A quiet Hour for Troubled Times*.

Then, on a sunny Easter Sunday morning, 12<sup>th</sup> April, with residents sitting both inside and outside chapel it was *Jesus Christ is risen today* – and other Easter music, with all the stops out!

Since then Geoffrey and I have played 20 recitals between us... 41 hymns and about 160 other pieces of music! Attendance has been consistent, averaging about 25 residents each week, quite sufficient to maintain a degree of social distancing!

Geoffrey has mostly played *real* organ music - music written for the organ from composers from Tudor times to the present day. I can't do that. I am grateful for a sufficient knowledge of musical theory and a computer programme that allows me to re-write music to the standard that I *can* play.



Simplifying music can take time. When I presented a time-lapsed 'hymn-scape' of the whole Christian Year (*Twelve Months in Twelve Minutes*) there were approx 4,500 notes in the piece, each entered into the computer separately: about 12 hours work. A bit like knitting a jumper: thousands of stitches! Working on the *inside* of great music in this way you become aware of how brilliant it is: composers such as Beethoven (whose 250<sup>th</sup> birthday we celebrated) got *millions* of notes in exactly the right place without the aid of a computer! Sometimes I had to pause and marvel at the sheer ingenuity of the phrase I was working on! Truly awesome.

So then, the whole project has been a real happiness and privilege for both of us. Many have said how much they have enjoyed the concerts. Some have





gone further, and expressed deep gratitude for the emotional and spiritual help the music has been.

We are grateful for the support from both Tony and Chris. (In fact it was their suggestion that the programme should continue). So if we have been able to make a small contribution towards easing life under lockdown then we are thankful.

We've used a few different mantras: *Music to enjoy, to stimulate, to inspire; Music to relax the body, refresh the mind and restore the spirit; Music to cheer and heal.*

I think we achieved some of these aims, and maybe added a little to the history of Wyggestons during Covid-19. Geoffrey joins me in saying thank you to those who attended, and for your appreciations, support and encouragement. Now we look forward to providing the music for such services in chapel as circumstances allow Tony to provide. See you there!

**JOHN SEYMOUR**

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## **ST URSULA'S CHAPEL**

**Chair based exercises will take place every  
Tuesday at 2.30pm in the Chapel**



# Wygggy's Time Capsule

Our time capsule has arrived!!!



If you have any (sensible) suggestions of what we could place in it then please let Chris or Melissa know!



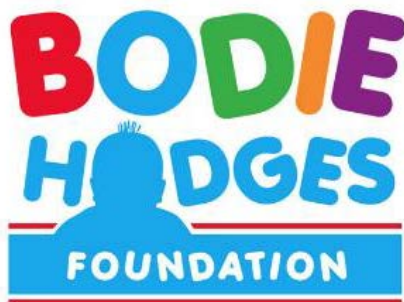
## Coffee Morning

We will soon be holding a socially distanced coffee morning which will include selling of cakes, and other produce to raise money. If you have anything you could make to sell, whether it be cakes, savoury items, preserves, bags, face masks etc then all proceeds will be going towards our two nominated charities

It is also an excellent opportunity to meet our newest residents and resume a bit of much needed normality!

We will announce the date as soon as we have a good weather window so we can hold the coffee morning outside, giving everyone the opportunity to attend!

We would also like to hold a Bake Off and are hoping that representatives from **Bodie Hodges Foundation** and **Leicestershire and Rutland Blood Bikes** will be sampling and judging the goodies on offer!



Chapel Services will resume  
on Sundays from 6<sup>th</sup> September  
at 10am for William House  
and  
Tuesdays from 8<sup>th</sup> September at  
10.30am for  
Agnes House  
and will continue on a weekly basis,  
until further notice

