

MADYSS Matters

May 2020 No.168

Birthday Greetings

Sending birthday greetings to the following members:

- David Clayton
- Tracey Higgins
- John Higgins
- Lynne Hilgart
- Monica Meah
- John Swindell
- Cliff Thomas

May (sorry, excuse the pun!) your birthday bring some brightness to your day in these challenging times.

Social Events

In case any of you have been living in deepest, darkest Africa for the last few weeks, or indeed on another planet, we have no social events planned.

AGM Postponed

It is with great sadness that the Committee has had no alternative but to decide to postpone the AGM due to take place on Monday, 11 May 2020 until we get a clear indication from the Government that we are allowed to resume normal activities.

I am sure that, like me, you all miss our meetings and activities and meeting our friends. These are most unusual time and the most important action is to stay at home and stay safe. I hope that you are all as well as can be expected. We shall keep you informed as soon as we are able to start functioning again. Take care and God bless.

Ike

Bonus Ball Competition

There was no winner of the March competition as the bonus ball was number 12, which had not been chosen by anyone. It is therefore a roll-over

for whenever we are able to resume our normal monthly meetings.

News of Our Members

Pat Snelling who had been diagnosed with advanced dementia, passed away in early April. She had moved to Prestbury House Care Home in Macclesfield a couple of weeks earlier. Pat had been a long-term member of MADYSS and was a Committee member when her husband, Roger, acted as the Treasurer for our group. She exuded a warm character, often showing great interest in others' lives, and bore her increasing health troubles with dignity. Pat was always smartly dressed and her beautiful clothes were a reflection of a beautiful personality. We send our sincere condolences to Roger and all their family.

We are very sorry to announce that **Justi Harman** died on Easter Sunday after a 10-day battle against coronavirus. Justi and her daughter Adele joined us in November 2018. They were often attendees at the monthly meeting, came along to the Chatsworth Christmas market last November, and also to the Christmas meal. Our deepest sympathies go to Adele and to Justi's family.

Unfortunately, **Roger Snelling** suffered a stroke in late March and he was admitted to Stepping Hill Hospital. According to daughter Heather, he is able to speak but has mobility issues. He was transferred to Bramhall Manor Care Home for rehabilitation but is now back at home, and, thankfully, Roger was able to attend Pat's funeral. Heather is staying with him at home.

A Day in the Life of . . .

Kath Wilkinson. Having so little material to fill this month's newsletter, I am afraid that I must thrill you all with an account of a typical day since the dreaded 'c' word.

07.59 Clock radio alarm goes off. This gives my brain a minute to engage before the news at 8.00 a.m. Oh, I wonder what the main or only subject today will be? Surely not coronavirus.

10.00 Is today a Monday, Wednesday or Friday? Who knows, all the days seem the same. A quick glance at the calendar confirms that it's time to get motivated to do my pilates DVD. On the other two weekdays it's WiiFit time (Wii comprises a balance board that is linked to various games, yoga and fitness exercises that can be undertaken and viewed on the TV via a console). I give daily thanks that many years ago my physiotherapist suggested I get one to try and improve my balance. It can be quite entertaining. I also possess a Wii Big Brain Academy DVD to try to improve my brain power, but sadly have been stuck at C++ for years; only once did I manage the lofty heights of a B-!

11.00 Ruefully contemplate my messy hair and lengthening locks in the bedroom mirror, while regretting not booking my next hair appointment for a week earlier when it was last cut on 1 February. Boris, what a pity you didn't wait another five days before forcing all the barbers and hair salons into lockdown. Soon, everyone's hair will look like Boris's does all the time.

1.00 Now realise that waiting patiently in a supermarket queue of people two metres apart was worth it as can make a chicken, beef, or ham sandwich for lunch. Hurrah, hurrah. Small things amuse small minds.

3.00 Who would have thought that a short walk around a small housing estate would become the highlight of my day?

5.00 Decisions, decisions. It is worth watching the latest Government briefing? My initial interest has now waned, with the same old information (apart from the depressing rise in cases and death rates), and the same old journalists' questions – PPE, testing, what date will the restrictions end?

7.00 Time to consider evening activities. Which is worse, repeats of TV series I've already seen or another cookery, gardening or new take on coronavirus programme? Hmmm.

10.00 And so to bed. Feel as if 'Stay at Home. Protect the NHS. Save Lives.' is tattooed across my forehead, I muse whether this mantra will stay with me for the rest of my life, a bit like multiplication tables. Once learned, never forgotten.

Poem

[With thanks to Shelia Blamire for this]

They didn't have bullets, armed just with a mask.
We sent them to war, with one simple task.

To show us the way, to lead and inspire us.
To protect us from harm and fight off the virus.

It couldn't be stopped by our bullet proof vests.
An invisible enemy, invaded our chests.

So we called on our weapon, our soldiers in Blue.
"All Doctors, All Nurses, Your Country needs you".

We clapped on our streets, hearts bursting with pride.
As they went off to war, while we stayed inside.

They struggled at first, as they searched for supplies.
But they stared down the virus, in the whites of its eyes.

They leaped from the trenches and didn't think twice.
Some never came back, the ultimate price.

So tired, so weary, yet still they fought on.
As the virus was beaten and the battle was won.

The many of us, owe so much, to so few.
The brave and the bold, our heroes in Blue.

So let's line the streets and remember our debt.
We love you, our heroes,
Lest we forget.

Matt Kelly 2020

MADYSS Committee

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