

Keeping in Touch 24th May 2020

A personal reflection from the Carr Road Bunker.

Pre, Covid 19, the thought of being banished to my home , not able to meet with friends, ladies that brunch, a friendly cuppa during retail therapy, might have been anticipated with dread. Instead, I have rather enjoyed it. No rushing from one call to another, a free diary and no pressure other than that from myself to tackle long awaited jobs, has been a calm and much unexpected escape. My garden has become a soothing, comforting and tranquil oasis and I perhaps know its spaces, plants and beauty better than any time in the 34 years I have lived here.

It's of no consequence that the markets may be fully open, when I can harvest my potatoes, carrots, beans , courgettes, lettuce, tomato and cucumber, because nothing could surpass the sheer pleasure of growing them from old seed that might otherwise have been discarded, and nurturing each little seedling.

Those '*must find the time to do jobs*' queue on my list awaiting rainy days, but thanks to Hazel's motivation in week one of lockdown, I painted my fences until the paint ran out. New stocks hopefully arrive on Friday and I can set to again on garden furniture and the shed. It might not be the ideal colour but 'Lockdowners' can't be choosers.

Personal contact has certainly been limited because I live alone with my wonderful dog Lilly, and have spent all but two weeks sheltering, but I've heard from friends I haven't spoken to for years, gleaned new skills on of Zoom and Face time (I wish they would give me warning to put some lipstick on) and had time to listen. Indeed, isolated I might be, but social contact has increased to the point I have to recharge my phone twice daily. The post man now delivers letters, an art long lost, and unsolicited mail has stopped until this week.

Being six months short of 70 and also 'moderately at risk' as opposed to 'highly at risk', I can't get a supermarket delivery, but the kindness of those who deliver warms my heart to bursting.

I have always loved St Margaret's but only now appreciate how important it is to me. The people, the place, the music, the fellowship, the worship. A place of sanctuary and haven in a busy week. I've become a devotee of St Mark's too, through our on line services. What a joy to be able to share in all our benefice does.

I have received kindnesses I could not have anticipated and built bonds I could not have imagined. Who would have thought a virus which has caused so much havoc and loss has made us realise and appreciate so much.

In Friendship

Jackie