

## AROUND THE PARISH - What have people been doing during Lockdown?

Sunday 17<sup>th</sup> May 2020 – Article in the *SUNDAY MAIL*



Pauline Glover, left and Doone Winnall knitting woolen squares for their rugs (Pic Mark Brake)

In Easter 2005, Pauline Glover and her friend Diane Evans were knitting woollen squares, when they were inspired to start **"Rugs with Love"** a group of women aged 40 to 90 who create rugs for children in care - as well as women affected by domestic violence. So far this year, they have produced 130 rugs, (with a total of 2400 rugs being knitted over the past 15 years) Each rug is finished with a label saying "Handmade with love by Friends". Pauline says: "Our cause is to make a rug for a stranger and let them know that someone is thinking of them, and we hope it will keep them warm and help them know that they are loved." The rugs are especially meaningful for children in foster care, who can carry them with them, despite upheavals and changes in their lives.

### Saturday 23<sup>rd</sup> May 2020

This is Chambers gully about a two and half hour walk near Waterfall Gully, which I regularly love to do in winter. I started walking there a few years ago to do some hill training in preparation for a walking holiday. This morning was beautiful and I spotted this cockatoo and a koala. On a good day, there are also beautiful views of the city. The walk has many variations and some tracks take you right up near the top of Greenhill Road. **Anne Delon**



# Poetry



**This poem was written by Phyllis Roberts, during the recent lockdown period. Phyllis, who is aged 95, was a regular worshipper at The Church of the Good Shepherd for many years, before she became a resident at Parkrose Nursing Home in Everard Park in May 2018.**

### A RAY OF HOPE

We've cut down all the trees  
And lost their canopies of green  
We have dug beneath earth's thinning crust  
Taking much more than was just.

Now we have a powerful threat  
From something too small to see  
It is called the Corona Virus  
And it's running free.

No one can escape it  
It lands without a plan  
No matter where you tread  
Be you woman, or a man.

Our leaders, doctors, scientists  
Are striving very hard  
To find a cure to restore good health  
And vaccine to stop its growth.

If they are successful  
And they have made an early start  
Those findings will bring a ray of hope  
In youth's unsullied heart.

***One of the transitions for people during lockdown, especially older members in our community, has been to online shopping – a new experience for many of us. In days gone by, households were visited by the milkman, the baker, the ice man, the greengrocer, to name a few - and of course the icecream van. This charming tale from Phyllis Roberts reminds us of just how exciting an event that was for local kids(!)***

## **The Real Wilkie**

*by Phyllis Roberts*

In the late 1920s to the early 1930s when my family was living on the outskirts of the city of Manchester in the UK, the perimeter was constantly expanding. The reason for this was the need for land on which to build houses for the population moving from the countryside in search of work.

As these areas were without small shops, all essential commodities were delivered to people's homes by the transport of the times - which itself was changing, being made up of horse and cart, motorized vans, and trucks. However, the delivery that most interested the school aged children was the supply of icecream, which came by horse and cart. The driver was always the same person, and the children got to know him quite well. He usually wore a cap, and on the occasions when he took it off for a few minutes, we could see that he had brown hair that was rather straggly. He wore glasses and one of his eyes was referred to as 'turned'. We had great affection for this man. He never 'talked down' to us, and we could tell him about any happenings at school and in the local area. Also, he cared greatly for his horse, and on very hot days he would lift a clean, white enamel bucket from under the counter and request one of us to get it filled at home by one of our parents so his horse could have a drink. There was no shortage of volunteers because the one who performed this task would get a free icecream. We always knew which day he would come, and the approximate time of day.



One day, however, as we waited patiently for Wilkie's arrival, a motorized van appeared. It had a lot of decorative artwork on it, and the name of *Wilkinson* painted in large letters on the side. When it stopped in a convenient place, we gathered around. The van was driven by a man we had never seen before - and concerned at the non-arrival of "our Wilkie", we sought an explanation. The man told us he was the only Wilkie, and that he was Mr Wilkinson, the owner of the company. Our anxiety for the whereabouts of "our

*Wilkie*" grew. We told the man he was not the 'real Wilkie' and we would only buy icecream from the Wilkie with the horse and cart. Mr Wilkinson was taken aback at our attitude and told us he would see what could be done to send the horse and cart and driver the next week. To show our cooperation, (and we did want our icecream) we bought from him.

The next week 'our Wilkie' arrived with his horse and cart. He explained to us that the company was going to use all motorized vans in future, and as he did not drive, he would need to be given some other work.

We were most disappointed to hear this news, and to know that there would never be another "real Wilkie".

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## AROUND THE PARISH During Lockdown (cont'd)



*Knitting has obviously enjoyed a comeback (or never went away) as the following story shows:*

### VANESSA'S RUGS

Wendy Loneragan

Vanessa says *"If I hadn't gone to craft, and people teaching me skills I never would have had things to do here at home. As a result I haven't been bored at all, and have really enjoyed myself."*

This is how the rugs came about. Over the years, parishioners have been generously donating things to the craft group, and materials have been spread around filling up different cupboards. When these cupboards were needed for other purposes, the group had a clean out - and we ended up with ever so much knitting wool.

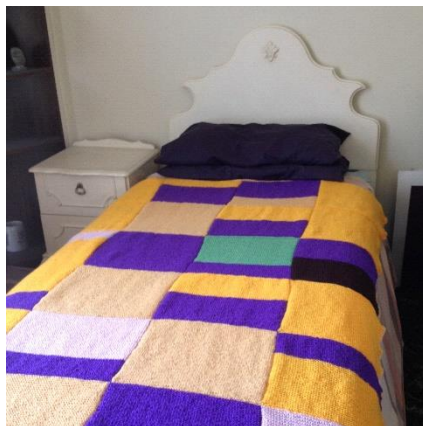
Apparently it's not unusual in some churches for people to knit during the sermon. Very restful it seems, and makes the divine message go in quite well. Somehow this idea didn't get off the ground at *Good Shepherd*.....so what to do with all the wool?

Then COVID -19 erupted, and we all went home.(!)

Even before the craft group went on hold and lockdown started, some of us had been knitting **squares** which we planned to stitch together to make throw-over rugs. Except Joan. Joan knitted long **strips** so there would be less stitching. This appealed to our time and efficiency expert who has been mass producing strips and (some) squares at great speed ever since. The other things that happened were the adventurous colours and shapes which resulted.



Second rug finished Easter 2020



Rugs are finished with crocheted edges

Then a friend thought she might like a change, so now we have diagonal squares and stripes.

Eventually, we cleaned up all the excess wool from the craft group - and wait for it - we went out and bought some more (!)



This one is likely to become a rug with attitude(!)



## Lockdown challenges

Claire Fok

We have been fairly lucky that the lockdown in South Australia has not been as severe as in other countries, as we were still able to enjoy some freedoms like leaving the house as a family unit to get some exercise when the cabin fever hit.

We kept the boys at school until the end of Term 1 based on the guidance provided by the PM, Chief Medical Officer and Premier Steven Marshall that deemed it safe to do so, although a number of parents had made the decision to keep their kids home. The teachers were incredible in adjusting their learning delivery to serve both the kids on-site and at home so aside from ensuring that the boys completed their assignments before the Easter holidays which started a week early, not much home schooling was needed here.



*Claire made origami cranes to hang in the window as a sign of hope*

We were meant to travel to South Africa in April for a family wedding and with all the uncertainty around travel restrictions, the wedding was postponed and so were our holiday plans. Although, had we travelled when scheduled, we would have spent two of our three weeks in quarantine, missed the wedding, spent a week on holiday and then returned to Australia needing to spend two weeks in quarantine, or just been stuck over there!

To break the boredom of not being able to go anywhere during the Easter holidays, we built a couple of 500-piece puzzles, connected online with family and friends online (via *FaceTime*, *Zoom* and *WhatsApp*), played numerous card and board games and tried to be as quiet as mice as Gary was still working from home. That has been perhaps the most challenging: trying to co-exist under the same roof 24/7 with lots of irritation, frustration and tempers flaring even through the precious family time.

We would have days of Gary dealing with colleagues on the phone, or needing quiet time to knock out a report or meet a tight deadline and us, the parents being "shushed" by the boys when they were talking to their cousins or friends or playing online.

The thing we missed most? For me, being able to sing at church and not being able to go for a sit-down meal cooked by someone else(!)

The Coronavirus pandemic affected the whole world including me, Dylan Fok but I think that it was not as severe here as other countries like USA, Italy and China. At our school we got an extra week of holidays. At the end of the term there were only 5 children left in the class because the rest had chosen to stay home.

In the holidays it got a bit boring so we facetimed our cousins in NSW and South Africa. Together we played drawasaurus (an online drawing and guessing game) and we left teddies in the window so that when people were walking they could have something to look at.

Me and my mum made lasagne sheets from scratch and lasagne. I sometimes made scrambled egg for breakfast and lunch. One day we even made a cake.

Overall staying in lockdown was okay except that we had to be quiet because my dad was working at home.

*Dylan's thoughts on lockdown*



*The boys tackling a 500-piece puzzle which they finished in an afternoon*



## Greetings from Orkney

*The following message is from Chris Burton, whose home is in Orkney in the Shetland Islands. For those of you who may not know her, Chris has become a familiar face at The Church of the Good Shepherd over recent years during her visits to family members living in Adelaide. She was planning a visit to Australia this year before COVID-19 intervened.*

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Unlike South Australia and the rest of the United Kingdom, we are still in a state of 'lockdown' here in Scotland. Actually, that isn't entirely true, the metaphorical door has been opened just a little, and at the time of writing this piece, we have been given permission to meet with one other person outdoors, but within a five mile radius of our own home, providing we have our own crockery and cutlery and sit two metres apart. The casualties of this dreadful virus are declining in number and the sun is now out for summer, so we have much to be grateful for.



At the outset of this surreal experience, I did wonder how on earth I was going to fill my time and avoid becoming lethargic, introspective and even depressed. That is not to say that I am without the interests, hobbies and skills to occupy myself creatively and productively, it is just that I doubted if the impetus would be there to make it happen. However, I am delighted to be able to say that this time of being in virtual 'house arrest' has, for most of the time, been rewarding.

I have sewn quilts, knitted blankets, started work on the garden and shared baking with my neighbours but nothing quite beats the time I have had to let God take the lead in deepening and widening my understanding of faith

Spiritually, I have been involved in two online reflection and meditation groups, one based in my own church and the other, in St Magnus Cathedral. I have also 'attended' two Sunday services, one led by each of the Scottish Episcopal Bishops in turn, and the other by the Church of Scotland minister at St Magnus Cathedral. Because these are online, it has been possible to worship with a much larger congregation and truly feel part of the body of Christ, stretching from the islands of Shetland in the far north down to the Scottish Borders where Scotland meets England, to Northern Ireland and beyond. This has been such a special experience, and one I would not have had in 'normal' times.

Another stimulus for reflection and meditation, has been my regular walk. I have to admit that previously I have not spent nearly enough time exercising, but at the beginning of 'lockdown' we were given permission to leave the house for essential shopping and one hour of exercise. The daily walk has become an important part of our lockdown routine.

I have two regular routes I follow, but whichever one I choose, I must walk almost all the way round our new hospital here in Orkney. It has struggled to find its place in our island environment, so large, and white and stark, so different from our former, familiar, but outdated building. But it is gradually bedding in and instead of jarring my senses as I pass by, it smiles and acknowledges me, and when I visit folk, it welcomes and embraces me.

As I walk past, I am following a meandering footpath that winds its way through a swathe of green open space, gently framing, reflecting and softening the austere white curves of the new structure.

It is a place in which families and visitors, emotional, thankful, shocked or grieving can walk, sit and reflect, a 'break-out area', to use today's parlance, where those who work in the hospital can get a little respite. The small seating area reminiscent of the curved yin and yang of a loving seat, embraces you with the security of natural stone, reassuring you that all will be well.



On a large smooth pebble resting on the dyke a young person has painted the rainbow of gratitude for the efforts of Britain's NHS. But as this green space faces *Scapa Flow* in the North Sea, it is very exposed to the elements. Nevertheless, despite the struggle and lack of human nurturing of late, the daffodil bulbs have



taken hold, and wave colourfully in whichever direction the wind takes them. The saplings have grown in height, the buds have unfurled into a variety of leaves and they too, with the help of supports and strapping, toss their heads in the wind. The undaunted effort of these trees and plants to survive is almost palpable. Yet as the daffodils have passed, new flowers have taken their place, wildflowers, and some not so wild thanks to the birds – purple, yellow and bright pink ones.

The juxtaposition of the hospital and green amenity space bordering the sea bring home to me just what resilience God built into his creation. The human and natural world has an amazing capacity to survive, to adapt and respond to changing conditions, however severe. I am reminded of that rousing hymn, so popular here in Orkney, "*Will your anchor hold in the storms of life?*" so familiar to those of us who live by the sea, and whose climate and economy are so affected by its ebb and flow - and in particular the reassuring words of the chorus:



***We have an anchor that keeps the soul  
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll  
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move  
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love***

**Chris Burton**