

# HBC LADIES' NEWS

Welcome | Next Month | Thought for the Month | Poetry Supplement

## Welcome

Welcome to the second edition of the HBC Ladies News plus a poetry supplement.

As we will not be meeting in May when we were due to hear about the work at Jimmy's Cambridge, a donation of £50 has been sent.

## Next Month - Acts of Kindness

Over the last few weeks have you been surprised by an act of kindness shown to you? Or encouraged to reach out to some-one else? Or inspired by something you have read or learnt?

Let the Editor know for next month's Newsletter by 2nd May.

## Seen in my Garden

Pasqueflower from Barbara's garden.



## Poetry Please!



Many thanks to our readers for their selection of poems which can be read in the **Poetry Supplement** from page 3.

## Our Guest Baker - Barbara

### AFGHANS

- 6oz. butter or margarine
- 2oz. crushed cornflakes
- 4oz. castor sugar
- 5oz. plain flour
- 2 level tbsps. Cocoa
- 2oz. crushed cornflakes
- Vanilla essence to taste
- A little melted chocolate



Oven temperature: 180 degrees C. (350 degrees F., mark 4)

Cream the butter and sugar until soft and creamy. Gradually work in the flour and cocoa, sifted together, and the cornflakes. Add a few drops of vanilla essence. Place the mixture in small heaps and bake in the centre of the oven for 15-20 minutes. Cool on a rack, then top each with a little melted chocolate. Walnuts optional.

**Enjoy.**

### Last Month's Puzzle

Thank you to Carol, Sylvia, Rose, Mary and Rosemary for entering the competition but congratulations to Barbara for finding 117 words of three letters and more from the word **Fellowship**. A small prize is on its way to Barbara.

### Puzzle of the Month

Poets' Word Search

W	H	T	R	O	W	S	D	R	O	W
E	K	A	L	B	A	T	O	I	L	O
L	E	A	R	M	L	A	N	I	P	L
I	A	M	O	D	U	E	N	O	L	L
O	S	H	H	D	Y	K	E	A	A	E
T	T	K	E	E	I	S	N	P	T	F
H	E	N	A	P	R	F	E	E	H	G
S	S	O	L	A	R	K	I	N	W	N
A	N	I	H	O	M	E	R	N	E	O
N	N	O	S	Y	N	N	E	T	T	L
G	S	T	R	O	S	S	E	T	T	I

- Auden Blake Donne Eliot Frost Hardy Homer  
Keats Kipling Larkin Lear Longfellow Nash Owen  
Plath Poe Rossetti Tennyson Thomas Wordsworth

### Greetings

Pat Rigby, a friend of Beryl and Carol, sends her best wishes to the Ladies Group. She has recently celebrated her 82nd birthday.

### Editor's details

**Editor:** Sue Harris

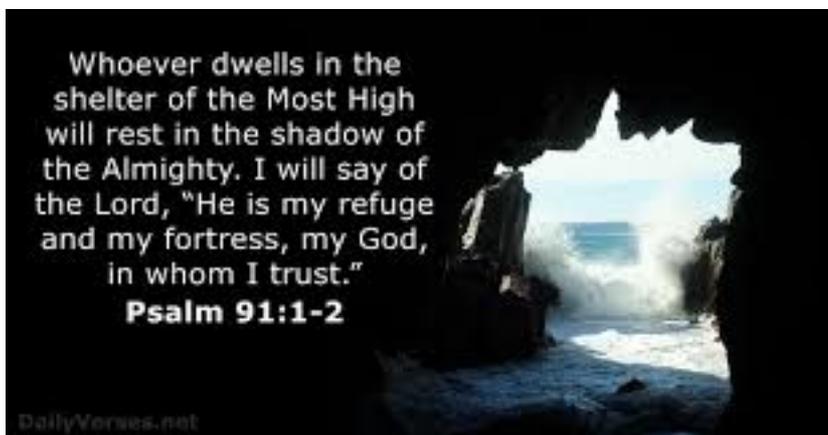
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### Thought for the month



Whoever dwells in the shelter of the Most High will rest in the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, "He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in whom I trust."  
**Psalm 91:1-2**

*These times are difficult ones for us. Our lives seem to have been turned upside down, we are being asked to do things (or not do things) that we are not particularly happy with. This can make us feel anxious and upset, especially if someone we know and love is working in the front line, or is suffering from Covid19.*

A few verses from Psalm 91 can give us reassurance:

Psalm 91:1-6

- 1 Whoever dwells in the shelter of the Most High will rest in the shadow of the Almighty.
- 2 I will say of the LORD, 'He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in whom I trust.'
- 3 Surely he will save you from the fowler's snare and from the deadly pestilence.
- 4 He will cover you with his feathers, and under his wings you will find refuge; his faithfulness will be your shield and rampart.
- 5 You will not fear the terror of night, nor the arrow that flies by day,
- 6 nor the pestilence that stalks in the darkness, nor the plague that destroys at midday.

*It can be hard to trust in the Lord when all around us seems out of control, but God is good, He loves his children and He will watch over us. We can have assurance that we do know the future. For those who love God and believe in His saving grace through our Lord Jesus Christ, we know that we will be with Him, not just in this turbulent world of ours, but our future is in His presence for eternity.*

**Do read the complete Psalm. Enjoy and be comforted**

**Sue Gibson**

# Poetry Supplement

Compiled by Sue Gibson

**Barbara selected this poem by Pam Ayres. Barbara rightly says it is funny (we could do with some funny just now!) and that it is very true to life.**

## *Oh, I wish I'd looked after my teeth*

by  
Pam Ayres

Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth,  
And spotted the perils beneath,  
All the toffees I chewed,  
And the sweet sticky food,  
Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth.

I wish I'd been that much more willin'  
When I had more tooth there than fillin'  
To pass up gobstoppers,  
From respect to me choppers  
And to buy something else with me shillin'.

When I think of the lollies I licked,  
And the liquorice allsorts I picked,  
Sherbet dabs, big and little,  
All that hard peanut brittle,  
My conscience gets horribly pricked.

My Mother, she told me no end,  
"If you got a tooth, you got a friend"  
I was young then, and careless,  
My toothbrush was hairless,  
I never had much time to spend.

Oh I showed them the toothpaste all right,  
I flashed it about late at night,  
But up-and-down brushin'  
And pokin' and fussin'  
Didn't seem worth the time... I could bite!

If I'd known I was paving the way,  
To cavities, caps and decay,  
The murder of fillin's  
Injections and drillin's  
I'd have thrown all me sherbet away.

So I lay in the old dentist's chair,  
And I gaze up his nose in despair,  
And his drill it do whine,  
In these molars of mine,  
"Two amalgam," he'll say, "for in there."

How I laughed at my Mother's false teeth,  
As they foamed in the waters beneath,  
But now comes the reckonin'  
It's me they are beckonin'  
Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth.



***Suzanne asked for this prayer to be included. She feels it is something that helps us to try harder. (Along with its gentle humour, there are many home truths!)***

### **17th century Nun's prayer**

**L**ORD, thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will someday be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody; helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all but thou knowest Lord that I want a few friends at the end.

**K**eep my mind free from the recital of endless details; give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others pains but help me to endure them with patience.

**I** dare not ask for improved memory but for a growing humility and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken.

**K**eep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a saint - some of them are so hard to live with - but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil. Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people. And give me, O Lord, the grace to tell them so.

**Amen.**

**Author unknown**

***This is Julie's choice. Julie remembers and loves this poem from her school days. (And what an appropriate poem for this time of year. The daffodils are now fading in the unusual warmth we have had lately, but what a joy to see them 'dancing in the breeze.)***

## THE DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed- and gazed- but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

## **William Wordsworth**



***This poem was chosen by Sue Gibson. I first saw it as a poster in a National Trust shop and now have it framed and hanging in our conservatory. It reminds me of the visits John and I have had to various National Trust gardens which is a lovely memory whilst we are 'locked in'.***

## THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN

Rudyard Kipling

Our England is a garden that is full of stately views,  
Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and avenues,  
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting by;  
But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than meets the eye.

For where the thick laurels grow, along the thin red wall,  
You will find the tool- and potting-sheds which are the heart of all;  
The cold-frames and the hot-houses, the dungpits and the tanks,  
The rollers, carts and drain-pipes, with the barrows and the planks.

And there you'll see the gardeners, the men and 'prentice boys  
Told off to do as they are bid and to it without noise;  
For, except when seeds are planted and we shout to scare the birds,  
The Glory of the Garden it abideth not in words.

And some can pot begonias and some can bud a rose,  
And some are hardly fit to trust with anything that grows;  
But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the sand and loam,  
For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who come.

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made  
By singing:--"Oh, how beautiful!" and sitting in the shade,  
While better men than we go out and start their working lives  
At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken dinner-knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head so thick,  
There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a heart so sick,  
But it can find some needful job that's crying to be done,  
For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till further orders,  
It it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on borders;  
And when your back stops aching and your hands begin to harden,  
You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the Garden.

Oh Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees  
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees,  
So when your work is finished, you can wash your hands and pray  
For the Glory of the Garden, that it may not pass away!  
*And the Glory of the Garden, it shall never pass away!*



*This poem by Rupert Brooke was submitted by Carol. Carol remembers studying the poem and how delighted she was when she could actually visit Grantchester. (Many special memories are created when we study poems at school, college or university which remain with us throughout our lives.)*

### **The Old Vicarage, Grantchester**

**Rupert Brooke** (Cafe des Westens, Berlin, May 1912)

Just now the lilac is in bloom,  
All before my little room;  
And in my flower-beds, I think,  
Smile the carnation and the pink;  
And down the borders, well I know,  
The poppy and the pansy blow . . .  
Oh! there the chestnuts, summer through,  
Beside the river make for you  
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep  
Deeply above; and green and deep  
The stream mysterious glides beneath,  
Green as a dream and deep as death.  
-- Oh, damn! I know it! and I know  
How the May fields all golden show,  
And when the day is young and sweet,  
Gild gloriously the bare feet  
That run to bathe . . .

*Du lieber Gott!*

Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,  
And there the shadowed waters fresh  
Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.  
Temperamentvoll German Jews  
Drink beer around; — and THERE the dew  
Are soft beneath a morn of gold.  
Here tulips bloom as they are told;  
Unkempt about those hedges blows  
An English unofficial rose;  
And there the unregulated sun  
Slopes down to rest when day is done,  
And wakes a vague unpunctual star,  
A slippered Hesper; and there are  
Meads towards Haslingfield and Coton  
Where das Betreten's not verboten.

εἴθε γένοιμην ... would I were  
In Grantchester, in Grantchester! —  
Some, it may be, can get in touch  
With Nature there, or Earth, or such.  
And clever modern men have seen  
A Faun a-peeping through the green,  
And felt the Classics were not dead,  
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,  
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low: ...  
But these are things I do not know.  
I only know that you may lie  
Day long and watch the Cambridge sky,  
And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,  
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,  
Until the centuries blend and blur  
In Grantchester, in Grantchester. ...

Still in the dawnlit waters cool  
His ghostly Lordship swims his pool,  
And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,  
Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx.  
Dan Chaucer hears his river still  
Chatter beneath a phantom mill.  
Tennyson notes, with studious eye,  
How Cambridge waters hurry by ...  
And in that garden, black and white,  
Creep whispers through the grass all night;  
And spectral dance, before the dawn,  
A hundred Vicars down the lawn;  
Curates, long dust, will come and go  
On lissom, clerical, printless toe;  
And oft between the boughs is seen  
The sly shade of a Rural Dean ...  
Till, at a shiver in the skies,  
Vanishing with Satanic cries,  
The prim ecclesiastic rout  
Leaves but a startled sleeper-out,  
Grey heavens, the first bird's drowsy calls,  
The falling house that never falls.

God! I will pack, and take a train,  
And get me to England once again!  
For England's the one land, I know,  
Where men with Splendid Hearts may go;  
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,  
The shire for Men who Understand;  
And of THAT district I prefer  
The lovely hamlet Grantchester.  
For Cambridge people rarely smile,  
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile;  
And Royston men in the far South  
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth;  
At Over they fling oaths at one,  
And worse than oaths at Trumpington,  
And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,  
And there's none in Harston under thirty,  
And folks in Shelford and those parts  
Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,  
And Barton men make Cockney rhymes,  
And Coton's full of nameless crimes,  
And things are done you'd not believe  
At Madingley on Christmas Eve.

Strong men have run for miles and miles,  
 When one from Cherry Hinton smiles;  
 Strong men have blanched, and shot their wives,  
 Rather than send them to St. Ives;  
 Strong men have cried like babes, bydam,  
 To hear what happened at Babraham.  
 But Grantchester! ah, Grantchester!  
 There's peace and holy quiet there,  
 Great clouds along pacific skies,  
 And men and women with straight eyes,  
 Lithe children lovelier than a dream,  
 A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,  
 And little kindly winds that creep  
 Round twilight corners, half asleep.  
 In Grantchester their skins are white;  
 They bathe by day, they bathe by night;  
 The women there do all they ought;  
 The men observe the Rules of Thought.  
 They love the Good; they worship Truth;  
 They laugh uproariously in youth;  
 (And when they get to feeling old,  
 They up and shoot themselves, I'm told) ...

Ah God! to see the branches stir  
 Across the moon at Grantchester!  
 To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten  
 Unforgettable, unforgotten  
 River-smell, and hear the breeze  
 Sobbing in the little trees.  
 Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand  
 Still guardians of that holy land?  
 The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,  
 The yet unacademic stream?  
 Is dawn a secret shy and cold  
 Anadyomene, silver-gold?  
 And sunset still a golden sea  
 From Haslingfield to Madingley?  
 And after, ere the night is born,  
 Do hares come out about the corn?  
 Oh, is the water sweet and cool,  
 Gentle and brown, above the pool?  
 And laughs the immortal river still  
 Under the mill, under the mill?  
 Say, is there Beauty yet to find?  
 And Certainty? and Quiet kind?  
 Deep meadows yet, for to forget  
 The lies, and truths, and pain? ... oh! yet  
 Stands the Church clock at ten to three?  
 And is there honey still for tea?



The Old Vicarage, Grantchester



The Church of St Andrew & St Mary, Grantchester

*And to end our poetry supplement we include the following limericks, all the way from Lancashire, donated by our brother in Christ, David.*

*(The last two limericks in particular are typically David – sorry David if you are reading this. I had to Google a Möbius strip to understand the penultimate one. If you imagine the strips of paper we used to make paper chains with as Christmas decorations, twisted once before being glued, you begin to get the idea! I think. Perhaps David could send us a picture of the bottle?)*

*A cute little dog from Pirbright  
used to play the church organ all night:  
in his own special way  
he kept burglars at bay,  
'cos his Bach was worse than his bite.*

*There once was a fellow named Bright  
who could travel much faster than light:  
he went out one day  
in a relative way,  
and came back the previous night.*

*A mathematician named Klein  
thought the Möbius strip was divine:  
He said "If you glue  
the edges of two,  
you get a weird bottle like mine."*

*A dozen, a gross, and a score,  
plus three times the square root of four,  
divided by seven,  
plus five times eleven,  
is nine squared and not a bit more.*