



Welcome....

People working for people

...to the third issue of the Bendlowes Trust newsletter of 2020. We've had some really positive feedback regarding the newsletter and have been delighted to receive contributions from our lovely Bendlowe's gang. Please continue to send your items to the Editor (that's me—Sally Welsh) at smwelsh1@btinternet.com (07785 235000) or call Marianna on 07450251525.

The Yellow Rose of Bendlowes



The Bendlowes team before setting off



Jenny receives her rose



Heather's rose

Earlier this month, Alice had the lovely idea of sending a yellow rose to Meet and Greet regulars just to let them know we hadn't forgotten them. A yellow rose was chosen to represent friendship, joy and caring. Mel and Marianna were recruited to help with the organisation and distribution of the roses plus an accompanying card to more than 37 addresses. We received some very kind comments including these:

'I would like to thank you all from Meet and Greet for the wonderful gift you all gave me. How kind and thoughtful you all are. I will be glad when this terrible time is over and I'll see you all again' Maggie

'Thank you all for the amazing surprise of a beautiful yellow rose. Here is a photo of mine days later and still looking beautiful. Thank you for such a thoughtful gesture which is much appreciated.' Heather

'I just have to say - the Bendlowe's Team are absolute diamonds. So much personal time, work and effort goes into keeping our community upbeat, whether it be organising Meet & Greet, entertaining evenings, days out, helping in the coronavirus crisis, and now a monthly newsletter to keep in contact with us all. Still thinking of us all in these strange lockdown times – we all received a lovely gift of a friendship rose and card. May I say a very big thank you - and I am sure everyone agrees that everything you do is very welcome and very much appreciated and long may it continue.' Linda

A pat on the back for the Bendlowes team and a huge thank you to all of you that attend Meet and Greet and make it such a welcoming and friendly place that people miss it.

Twelve Commandments for Seniors

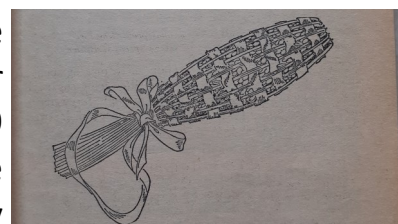
1. It's ok to talk to yourself. There are times you need expert advice.
2. 'In Style' are the clothes that still fit.
3. You don't need anger management. You need people to stop annoying you.
4. Your people skills are just fine. It's your tolerance for idiots that needs work.
5. The biggest lie you tell yourself is, 'I don't need to write that down. I'll remember it'.
6. 'On time' is when you get there.
7. Even duct tape can't fix stupid—but it sure does muffle the sound.
8. It would be wonderful if we could put ourselves in the drier for a few minutes, then come out wrinkle free and 3 sizes smaller
9. Lately you've noticed that people your age are so much older than you.
10. Growing old should have taken longer
11. Ageing has slowed you down but it hasn't shut you up.
12. You still haven't learned to act your age and you hope you never will.

Lavender bottles



Heather kindly sent in instructions on how to make these pretty lavender bottles which can be hung in the wardrobe to ward off moths or on a bed post to aid sleep. Pick about 15 heads of English lavender in full flower but before it begins to drop. An odd number is desirable with stalks as long as possible.

With mauve ribbon, $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide tie the heads tightly together just below the flower spike leaving one end of the ribbon about 9 inches long and the other end as long as possible. Bend the stems carefully over just below the ribbon knot, spacing evenly over the flower spikes. Interweave the long end of the ribbon through alternate stalks going round and round the stems until the flowers are enclosed. At this point twist the ribbon several times around the stalks to secure them and tie in a bow, with the short end (which must be brought down with the flower heads) underneath the weaving.



If the stems of the lavender are short bend the stems so that the ends meet the start of the flowers and weave the ribbon to enclose the stems. The photo shows this arrangement as most stems are short.

Susan Brunskill sent us this article about why she began fundraising for children in Nepal. Look out for Sue's next garage sale in Barryfields. The last one raised £267!

It was summer in the year 1999 and I decided if I didn't go trekking in Nepal NOW it would be too late and I would be too old. At the time I was 62. I found a small company who advertised in the Big Issue as I thought they would be decent to the porters, which sure enough they were.

It was a fabulous experience, trekking high in the Annarpurna with like- minded people and at the end of the trip we visited the terrai, the lower National park in Chitwan. That too was an amazing experience, riding on an elephant into the jungle with white rhinos munching grass around the feet of the elephant on which three of us were riding. On the last day, before my flight home, the trek leader introduced me to Keshab Khanal a young man who was trying to make a living taking tourists for walks into the jungle to see things up close! A dangerous tour, as there are tigers about, but one that many enjoyed.



*One of the girls supported
by Susan's charity*

He, since the age of sixteen had been educating street children with every rupee he did not need to feed himself and his new wife. Unusually he had insisted on meeting and explaining to his bride to be, that she had to understand that his mission was educating children to have better opportunities. She had agreed to marry him, knowing their life would be very low key. They lived in one room at the back of his little shop which was the size of a garage in the village of Sauraha.

I volunteered to educate a girl, telling him I would send the money out each year. He was happy, but told me that if he picked a girl and then I stopped sending the money, she would have to come out of school, which would be dreadful for her future. He told me that frequently happened.

Well, after the first few months, I decided I should do more, so I started doing boot sales and fetes and fairs, with friends donating their unwanted goods to me, knowing all the money got there.



*Susan with some of the
children*

I soon was educating 10 children, 9 girls and one boy, whose parents had died when the local bus went over a cliff. That sort of thing happens a lot, and there are no back up services to help, the way there are here. I was allowed to select my girls from several whose parents wanted to educate their daughters, but could not afford to. I insisted that I kept them in school until they were sixteen, as the normal thing is to marry the girls as soon as they menstruate. They are then slaves to their mothers in law until she dies, when the whole circle begins again.

Well, here I am twenty years later, educating the daughters of my first girls. They all made better marriages and realise the value of education. One of my girls is training at college to be a dentist. Unheard of for a girl.

I have so many stories I could tell, but for now I thought this would be enough to bore you with!

This year, the children have stopped school because of Covid19, so the money I have been sending out has been helping to buy food for a month for 1000 families, as it is more important to keep them alive, as with no work, the families starve.

Susan Brunskill

The Essex Way



Some time last year, myself (Sally) and Mel thought we might like to try and walk The Essex Way. This is a long distance footpath stretching for 82 miles right across Essex starting from Epping and ending in Harwich, although it can be done the other way round. Anyway, life and work got in the way and so we never got round to it. However, having spent so much time in lockdown we thought we would resurrect the idea and would like to make another attempt next year. We wondered if anyone else would like to join us for all or part of the walk. We don't intend to do it all at once! The website www.essexwalks.com has very conveniently broken it down in to chunks. We'll be looking at it in more detail nearer the time and will certainly have to have some planning meetings but if you're interested then just let myself or Mel know.

This little table was made by Vic & Janet's son, James.



A poem from Alice about the gorgeous Roxy...

The Profound Hound



They call me Lady Muck – they say I have all the luck
I sit here for my dinner date, for which I am never late
Whilst I patiently await my full plate
Perhaps this place I should star rate

There is no menu at this venue
There is no etiquette or serviette
I am not able to see my face in the table
I'll lick it clean and make it gleam

I've cleaned my paws, polished my claws, and flexed
my jaws
I've done all my chores, I've dirtied all the floors
I've done my bit, I've taken her ladyship
For "walkies" to keep her fit, and now here I sit
Dreaming of what there is to eat – is it fish or is it
meat?

All I want to do is dine, as for food – Oh! I do so pine!
Yet in the distance, I hear my mistress whine
Get down, get down, down
I'd better obey, before in my own drool I do drown
After all, with my looks, my place is in the good books
As for my star rating
I'll give you a clue, it is less than two

Alice Cox