

Veronica's Musings

Hello everyone

I cannot believe that we have been in 'lockdown' for five months. It still seems very unreal to me in my cosy bubble. I am not sure that I have spent my time all that wisely. I have several tasks started but still waiting to be completed. In some ways I am in a worse muddle now than I was when all this started.

One of the tasks I set myself was to sort through my legacy of mom's poetry, ranging from printed booklets to hundreds of scraps of paper. The topics range from Biblical themes, historical events (1970/1980) and everyday life and observations. What to do with this store of wisdom and insight? Answer – share it with anyone and everyone who might be interested. If you are interested, I would be happy to send you a monthly 'musings' containing Mom's poems, some light-hearted, some thought provoking and some reflective. If you would like 'some more of me mom's poems' (apologies to Pam Ayres) please let me know. Telephone no: 01902 763468 or e-mail veronica.milward@outlook.com.

In an endeavour to keep the old brain box working, I have become addicted to puzzles. However, despite my best efforts, I am finding that the time taken to complete them is getting longer, not shorter. If anyone is the same, perhaps they will empathise with the following poem by my Mother, Lilian Lamb.

Dear Lord, I pray you
Grant me always a young mind
I'm very good remembering
Happiness long left behind;
But what I'd really like
More than I can say
Is a mind that's always alert,
And stays that way.

Of course, I have lived
Three score years or more
And there are other gifts
I'm more than grateful for;
Like a happy tranquil spirit
But even these I find
Can't stop me longing
For a keen, exploring mind.

For reflection

Loving hands
Will first be raised in prayer
For the Lord's love, guidance and care.
Our constant companion
Through Mass or Communion
Day or night He will help us
Face what life holds,
His strength and comfort ours
Through the sad or joyful hours.
I believe when the Lord Jesus says
Lo! I am with you till the end of the days,
Hands in prayer
Are giving thanks and praise. Amen

Keep well, keep safe. With all good wishes from
Veronica

Do things really change?

Tu-wit, tu-woo, tu-wit, tu-woo!
What is a scared old owl to do?
Plant life poisonous,
Atmosphere nauseous,
Wildlife in trouble -
A toxic bubble!
What are we going to do?

Condemned for ever to a human zoo?