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Avenue House Magazine



Welcome!



‘Summer is a cumin in’ loudly sing cuckoo – well it’s May and I haven’t heard a cuckoo yet, but our erratic weather gives us tasters of warmth and sun.

Welcome to our magazine and especially to a new influx of residents.

Another busy year, with lots going on and the staff being especially

productive in the baby line; Carol, Karen, Klaudia and Charlotte all having babies recently.

There is much going on from snooker to poetry, reading, quizzes and singing – we have been lucky enough to attract a new singer to visit us and join our group – June, who has a lovely soprano voice and the men are a rising force. Many people say how pleased they are to have the shop on a Thursday.

We are hoping the day of the sale will be fine, so that the steel band (courtesy of Sarah, Sheila East’s daughter) can play outside.

Thanks to those who have contributed and to Kayleigh for all her hard work in helping with this magazine.

Sincerely,

Alison



Howard and Maggie enjoying the sunshine on our trip to Horseworld.



Our Deputy Manager – Megan hard work!

The Origins of the Months of the Year

By Ron Parsons

January named after Janus God of the Romans, it was the wolf and yule of the Saxons.

February first introduced into the Roman calendar by Numa in 700BC.

March the first month of the old Roman calendar, named after the God of Mars.

April from the Roman word Aprilis “open”, when the buds begin to open.

May in England in former days ‘May Day’, the crowning of the May Queen, dancing around the maypole.

June deriving its name from Juno, it was the sear (dry) month of the Saxons.

July named after Julius Caesar, it was the mead month of the Saxons.

August named after the Emperor Augustus because it was his lucky month.

September the name from Septimus was several times changed by the Emperors.

October was held sacred to Mars,

November was the 9th month originally, but from 700BC Numa added January and February and November became the 11th month.

December the 10th month in the Roman calendar.

Goats in the Gully

By Alison

Yes, there are goats in the gully of Bristol Downs. If you walk towards the sea walls (where the ice cream van parks) before you get there turn left at the recess on your left, pass through the gate and you may be lucky to see them.



There are 6 billy goats – They don’t want them to breed and they are there to graze the scrub, so that special little plants and flowers can thrive. They came from the Great Orme in North Wales and I saw a film of them

being gently herded and separated from a large group. They appear to get on well together and are beautiful to see, with long silky hair and beards, nimbly leaping from rock to rock.

I think they are Abyssinian goats!

Have you ever taken the plunge?

By Sylvia Barnes

Have you ever taken the plunge? – Well I have!

It was when my husband was on the staff of Ripon Hall Theological College in 1972. The college had a scheme called the Urban Ministry Project (UMP) which was inspired by Donald Reeves; a radical Anglican Priest.

The purpose of UMP was to try to live on 75 pence for 24 hours in London.

I decided to go to Knightsbridge; I used the shops as shelters and took the opportunity to get food from the free samples in the Food Hall. I also went to the public baths – I was given a towel, a bar of catholic soap and a deep bath!

The rest of the money was used for the fare to a friend's in Watford, where I slept on her sofa and returned on the workman's bus in time to share my experiences with the rest of the team.

Recollection from a childhood in Street

By Maggie Bain

The Gypsies

It was very interesting – They used to come up the steps at the back, with a large pot, to the back door for something to eat and drink. The pot was taken to the kitchen for filling, hopefully, and this would carry them through on their journey to Wells, where they spent the night in a free refuge. They had another 10 hours to walk.



I was rather frightened of them when I was young, but they were very clean and very keen for their children to go to school.

The R101

One day when I was about five or six I was feeding the hens, the food had been simmering on top of the stove all day – It had a disgusting smell and had to be constantly stirred in a big pot.



The fellow who brought the milk from Ashcott (Tinky) used to help me collect the eggs twice a day. We were there in the chicken run one day when I heard this sound overhead, a very large lozenge shape appeared in the sky and it had a repetitive sound of a light engine.

It was the airship, the R101 on its way to America, carrying a group of people celebrating the journey. Unfortunately, it crash landed on its arrival in America and all perished.

My garden has a rose tree

By Olive Dickinson

My garden has a rose tree
 Last autumn planted there
 It's sprung up – but the gardener
 (I hardly think it fair)
 Said that it must be cut right down
 Severely pruned, said he
 So when the summer months come on
 Its beauty you may see.
 Thinking of this, there came to mind
 'I am the vine' our master said
 'My father is the gardener'
 And as we all must know
 That when the branches bear no fruit
 We must be trimmed – yet stay
 Rooted and grounded firm in him
 And fed along the way
 Then, as his love surrounds us
 We know this friendship true
 Seeking to love our fellow men
 In everything we do.
 Remaining in our Saviour's love
 How can we help but grow
 And like the vine bear lovely fruit?
 Because he told us so.



Servas

By Joan Kearney



I lived in Kirwin House (next door) from 1992 – 2009. I joined an organisation called SERVAS, which is Esperanto and means ‘to serve’. It is a peace organisation started after the last war, enabling people from all over the world to interact with each other. You could be either a host or traveller – I was both.

We had a guest room and during the next 15 years or so I had visitors from all over the world including Australia, Japan, China, USA, South America and East and West Germany (it was the time the wall was coming down).



My visitors stayed for two nights only and I either took them around to see the area or left them to wander. There was no money involved. I made meals in the evening and sometimes they made a meal from their country and we got to know quite a lot about each other’s countries.

They all had a form giving their details and interests – sometimes similar to my own – and sometimes not!

Here are a few examples:



A man from Japan who had cycled around the world in 1967 and was currently starting a holistic centre in Japan. He was interested in the Bristol Cancer Centre – at the time visited and praised by Prince Charles.

A Young lady from Durban, South Africa, who has an administrator controlling all assets and insurance for the Greater Durban Metropolitan Council. She said, “By visiting some people and places I have read about I would like to be an ‘Ambassador’ for South Africa and come back home and be a host for SERVAS”.



A married couple – she was from the East and he was from West Germany. At the time of the Wall they organised groups from both sides and afterwards founded an educational organisation for agreement between nations and international understanding.

Another interesting couple – he was from Germany and she from the USA – and One of her interests was ‘ear-candling’. I had never heard of this but I found a piece in a magazine. It’s from the Hopi Indians (USA) and you stick a candle in your ear and light the other end! It eases stress. I didn’t try this!



This couple were also looking for ‘Utopia’! I hope they found it.



And last but not least was a young man (23), who was a pilot in the Norwegian Air Force. After his first visit he called in two or three times over the years and took me out to lunch.

I thoroughly enjoyed meeting all these people and learned a lot about their countries and I hope they learned something of mine. I have more travellers’ forms if anyone is interested.

To Sidney Bechet

By Beryl Prestwich

The memory – soaked spire of St. Mary’s,
Paul Robeson singing ‘let my people go’,
Or a baby crying in the night

He was all this,
And only to hear him was impossible,
He was betrayed always, of course,
By the wild, contrapuntal capture of the nerves

Stormed by swerving tension,
And the hereditary ache of spirituals,
With swift intimate changes from lead to second;

Merging coaxingly now,
And the sax talking softly in a stencil of sound,
Against the savage trumpet

Blues;
Blues my naughty sweetie gave to me



Only four hours, or why Sidney Bechet retired to France

By Beryl Prestwich



The London Underground 1946 or there about, young black man, young white girl, hand in hand. Nudge, nudge, wink, wink. People avoided seats near them. Loud whispers, meant to be heard “Their kids inherit the worst characteristics of both sides”.

Four hours away? No, light years away and another planet. We are in France, with its intensive “colour blind” education system. The Paris Metro, young black man, young white girl, hand in hand. Just that, two young lovers enjoying Paris, What? No cruel whispers? No colour bar? But – a colour bar in Paris? You are joking of course!



The Deeper Depths of Caring

By Reverend Howard Booth

Here in Avenue House we are surrounded and supported by a number of individuals who are described as “Carers”. They perform a variety of domestic tasks for us relating to our personal comfort. They prepare and serve our meals. They arrange a variety of activities both to entertain us and stimulate our minds. There is always someone available at all hours. We who are residents appreciate this and let our carers know this in different ways from time to time.

Now I was a professional carer myself for round about 60 years. Pastoral care was a large part of what I did as a Christian Minister, the other part being to explore and expound the Christian Faith and to take a leading part in conducting Christian worship. In 1989 I wrote a small book entitled “Healing through Caring”. Now the process we describe as healing is much more than helping people recover from illness, it’s helping people to grow and develop through all of life’s experiences. This includes the carers themselves.

I myself needed to know that there were people who cared for me when in the midst of caring for others. So, I sought help from within Christian communities like the Franciscans and The Grail. Here I found friends who I could open up to and share my disappointments and frustrations. I discovered that carers also need to be cared for, and have people who they trust and can turn to in times of special need.

We here are a community of residents and carers. At times the residents must be part of the care team for other residents and also for the staff. It is entirely appropriate that our founders and sponsors are known as “The Society of Friends” or Quakers, our caring for one another is a vital expression of our friendship.

There is another important factor as we explore the deeper depths of caring and that is that we must care for ourselves. The Bible teaches us that “we must love our neighbours as ourselves”.

In the early years of my ministry I experienced a mini breakdown, I was trying to please everyone and do everything people asked of me. I was not paying sufficient attention to my wife and growing family. Fortunately, I found the right people to give me help and greater self-understanding, this included wise medical care but also skilled pastoral care. I discovered the need to plan my days and recognise the value of the “quiet time”, this does not mean doing nothing; it is preparing to do things wisely and well including the importance of leisure activities.

The carer who really cares is not one who takes on too much; it is one who lives a guided life and so approaches his or her caring in a relaxed and open way.

In the end the quality of our caring depends upon the nature of our being. This applies to us all because we are all in this together. To explore the “deeper depths of caring” is our mutual responsibility.



Reverend Howard Booth on our recent trip to Horseworld.

My Working Life

By Gwynneth Batten

In my early twenties I worked for a dentist as a dental nurse. The dentist worked at the Dental Hospital and a private practice. I enjoyed the contact with people and caring for them. It was different people from day to day – both children and adults. The job was looking after the patients, seeing they were well enough to go home, and generally taking care of them. It was good because I felt I was helping them.

I then volunteered for the Women's Royal Air Force during the war. I remained there for a few years before being retired due to TB. I worked in the Met Office. Certain observations had to be recorded at certain times of the day – including; cloud formations and types, area of cloud coverage, wind speed and a record of rain fall in a 24 hour period.

When I married, I was involved with helping people with their difficulties, as the wife of a Baptist Minister. This could include family problems and so on. I also had to head various groups and activities that took place at the church – mostly for women, but I didn't enjoy that very much. We had many visitors who came to stay at the house, so I was always making up beds, washing and cooking! Sometimes people would come and talk to me rather than the Minister, some of the time all that was needed was someone to listen. People didn't always realise I had a family to look after, as well as listen to their problems.



Gwynneth enjoying some quality time with her family.

In the 1960's, when my children were older, I worked at a Maternity Hospital. I loved it because of the babies – you could cuddle them and talk to them. I was better at it than some of the nurses who hadn't got their own families. I used to wash and change the babies, prepare bottles and feed them. I was very lucky to find the job – it helped that I was a bit more mature. There is something about seeing a newborn baby I can remember seeing the faces of some of the mothers after going through labour when their babies were brought in. They might be dumbfounded or tearful – you never knew how they would react!

My last job was in public relations at Proctor and Gamble in Newcastle-on-



Gwynneth hard at work.

Tyne. I was involved in direct contact with the public by letter and telephone. There was a small team of us in the department, some of the questions people had were about the products they were using. I suppose I became a bit of a washing expert! I think my domestic experience and common sense came in very handy.

The last two jobs were certainly my favourites, and gave much more satisfaction.

Where do you come from?

By Hebe Welbourn

If you turn up in Avenue House, this is often the first question you will be asked. Followed closely by “are you Bristolian?”

My mother was South African, my father a Yorkshire man, but his parents retired to East Anglia before I was born. My mother came to England when she was 18, to return only for a short holiday visit some 20 years later. Her mother died before I was born and her father, an awesomely distinguished old gentleman, paid us a short visit when I was about four, leaving me with a picture map of Africa and its great explorers and rulers which remained on my bedroom wall. I never got to South Africa, but did spend the first 18 years of my married life in Uganda, Africa.

I paid occasional visits to my father’s ancestral roots in Yorkshire, but spent a great deal of time with his parents in East Anglia – first on the Norfolk Coast (where the house disappeared in to the sea), then near Sudbury, on the Norfolk/Sudbury Border. My father was a teacher, so we were able to spend all our school holidays in our holiday home near the grandparents. For a few years we owned a water mill on the River Waverney, I have deep roots among East Anglian farms and waterways. For the rest I grew up in the Midlands, at Oundle, then Rugby Schools; then at Birmingham University. I married and moved to Uganda immediately after the war, returned to live in London.

We moved to Bristol in 1966 (I still feel like a newcomer!). For the first 20 years, we lived in South Gloucestershire. I moved in to Bristol to Westbury on Trym in 1991 after my husband died. For a short while, around 1990, I lived in a terraced cottage in Winterbourne (S.Glos), my next door neighbour had been born in her cottage and lived there all her life, in to her eighties. What would that feel like? Sometimes I envied her!

To answer the question “where am I from?” geographically, so to speak, is comparatively simple. To answer the question “historically” can be more personal. Some people have made a historical move to come to this country – having been up rooted by migration, asylum-seeking or adoption. In this case, the question is not one for light-hearted introductory conversation. For all of us, there will be aspects of sensitivity: class, race, religion etc. which we can never fully overcome. I used to have a friend who was always turning on me “Hebe, you are so hopelessly middle class”! I’d never thought of it before. In Uganda, I thought we had become happily “colour blind”, it was not until I met American and Afro-Caribbean people that I appreciated the depths of historical trauma. I was happy to be Anglican Christian, thought we’d all soon be one united church, but closer friendships with people of other faiths led me to appreciate the historical depths of our divisions.

Where do I come from? Where do I belong? Each species, plant or animal has evolved by adapting to its environment and has its home, its eco-space in the great ecology. Some would call it Gaia, or God’s creation. Am I ‘poly-ecomous’ having lots of homes? Or will I, one day, home-in to the unique place that has been prepared for me?

Life in a Quarry

By Denise Luff



When I was married, we lived for two years in a quarry, in a caravan – my husband was the manager there. It was livened up by various explosions, when they put too much dynamite in. My husband sometimes forgot to tell me of them and I was taken by surprise when the crockery fell off the shelves. My husband would come up and say “did you hear that dear?”

It was in a wood, my husband's office was right down a lane. It was Tor Hill, near Wells – and at weekends it was lovely and peaceful.

This was a time that I was nursing at the local hospital – we stayed there for two years until I became pregnant, of course all the men in the quarry looked after me.

We had a lot of cats which came from all around. Sometimes we had a row of them sitting on top of the caravan. The local vet was very kind and if I needed him he often wouldn't charge. The cats just arrived, but when we left the local RSPCA took them.



It was funny when we moved to Castle Bromwich, where we lived a more normal life in a house.

An Evacuee looks back

By Elizabeth Boss

At the age of 11, just before the war I was evacuated from London to Shenfield near Brentwood, Essex. I went with my school. I had been attending for one year after passing the 11+ exam. I really loved my school and was sorry when we were evacuated. However, there was a war on and I had no choice but to go.

I was billeted with a family of three boys, aged about 11, 9 and 7. They lived with their parents in a large house with a large garden close to Shenfield Railway Station. Another girl from my school called Sylvia was also with us.



We had to share Brentwood High School for Girls building and at first we went to school on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday and Brentwood High School for Girls used it on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday. At the beginning of the war there was very little activity and lots of girls went home, as Brentwood was very close to the London suburb where we lived. We used to travel in to school on Greenline coach on the three days we attended school.

Sylvia turned out not to be a friend. My relations visited me every Sunday afternoon but hers did not visit at all, I think perhaps she was envious. One Sunday evening, Sylvia and the three boys shut me in a cupboard but since I did not cry or make a fuss they found it very dull and let me out. My dear father sensed that I was not happy and brought me home.

Very soon after that the school returned home and then, the night time bombing started. Every night we went to bed in the Anderson shelter at the bottom of the garden. Five of us, it was a squash but we did it for a good many months, and then came peace.

I have not been back to Brentwood or been inside my old school since the war but my memories of both are still very vivid.

A Tale of Eileen's Trees

By Eileen Dobson



In my first spring here, I was thrilled to see a little oak sapling growing in the middle of the corner plot. The following spring it grew five leaves and I was delighted. Sadly however, I found it uprooted, I assume the squirrels thought they could find the nut or perhaps they had planted it there in the autumn.

Walking along the path next spring I saw an obviously self-sown oak in the fissure of a big stone, I felt I could not leave it there soon to wither and die, so with great care I was able to extract it with a little root. This too died soon – I guess there was enough root for it to survive. Some while later I saw a very small horse chestnut growing in the holly hedge, unfortunately this too died after a little TLC.

Enjoying my time in the garden, Alison kindly suggested I go with her for a short run to Henleaze Garden Centre to have a look round, it was a nice day and I had a good look but I didn't see anything I wanted to buy. But to my surprise turning round to walk along another staging with no plants on it except for one little fir tree – I felt that it looked so sad and lonely that I brought it. It soon perked up and its needles became green and lush. I was overjoyed but when winter came it dropped all its needles and looked very sad. Glad to say come the spring, new needles grew and it became a lovely light green colour, looking happy and full of life.

Two springs later, one of the gardeners kindly re-potted it for me – growth went from good to fantastic then we had a surprise ... growing up alongside the fir was a little oak tree. I believe that an acorn had been in the soil used to plant the fir.

I now have an oak and a fir growing happily together. Long may they continue to do so!



PUZZLES! PUZZLES! PUZZLES!

For answers to our puzzle pages please see pages 21 and 22.

Sudoku

Easy

1	4	2		9				5
7			4				8	9
8		5					2	4
2					4	8		
	3				1	2	6	
	8			7	2	9	4	1
	5		2		6			
	2	8			9	4	1	
	7	9	1		8	5	3	

Hard

2		8			7	3		
	4		8					
	7					9	6	
	6	5						
	3	1				6		5
	2	9	6				7	
6	9							
				5	1			

Crossword Puzzle

1		2			3	4		5
6	7		8		9		10	
			11					
12					13			
			14					
15		16			17	18		19
20					21			

Across

1. Puts into words
3. Had a ____; a good time
6. Large barrel
9. A shellfish
11. Sharer's pronoun
12. Pipsqueak
13. Cast out
14. "____ do you do?"
15. Interjects
17. Zilch
20. Koppel and Kennedy
21. High schooler

Down

1. Depressed
2. Not me
4. Tire filler
5. Popular dog
7. Golf session
8. Similar to butterflies
9. Royal hat
10. Intentional fire
15. Flight stat.
16. Father
18. Small bill
19. Ages and ages

Brain Teasers!

A man in an elevator

A man who lives on the tenth floor takes the elevator down to the first floor every morning and goes to work. In the evening, when he comes back; on a rainy day, or if there are other people in the elevator, he goes to his floor directly. Otherwise, he goes to the seventh floor and walks up three flights of stairs to his apartment.

Can you explain why?

Philosopher's Clock

One absentminded ancient philosopher forgot to wind up his only clock in the house. He had no radio, TV, telephone, internet, or any other means for telling time. So he travelled on foot to his friend's place few miles down the straight desert road. He stayed at his friend's house for the night and when he came back home, he knew how to set his clock.

How did he know?

Short Jokes!

A Horse goes into a bar and the bartender says
"Hey buddy, Why the Long Face?"

What do you call a fish with no eyes?
A fsh

Teacher: Did your father help you with your homework?
Student: No, he did it all by himself!

What did one ocean say to the other ocean? Nothing, they just waved.

My friend said I was daft when I told her I was building a Spaghetti Car. She said it was impossible. You should have seen her face when I drove it Pasta.



St George's Day Celebrations

St. George is the patron saint of England. His emblem, a red cross on a white background, is the flag of England, and part of the British flag. St George's emblem was adopted by Richard the Lion Heart and brought to England in the 12th century. The king's soldiers wore it on their tunics to avoid confusion in battle.



Like England, every country in the UK has its own patron saint, who in times of great peril is called upon to help save the country from its enemies.

How does England celebrate St George's Day?



By tradition, 23 April is the day for a red rose in the button hole, the national flower. However, unlike other countries, England does not celebrate it like the Americans celebrate the 4th of July with fireworks. In fact, you are more likely to see big St Patrick parades in England celebrating Ireland's National Day, more than you would see any sign of St Georges Day being celebrated.

For most people in England, St George's Day is just another ordinary working day, but not here in Avenue House.

This year we celebrated with pride!



Avenue House Art Group



Denise

We meet on a Tuesday afternoon, numbers fluctuate depending on other commitments – visitors, the hairdresser, etc. but what is pleasant is the air of concentration in the craft room, punctuated by the odd discussion – and others joining us for just that. There is often much laughter from different incidents, besides some considerable talents displayed.

*A sketch
by*



A sketch by Ron Parsons



A sketch by Diana McClure

An afternoon with the Canagarajah's



Cynthia's Grandchildren playing their musical instruments for the residents

A couple of Saturday's ago we had a return concert from Cynthia's grandchildren.

Everyone had been looking forward to it as they had enjoyed them playing last year. This year Dheera could actually see over his trombone! They played a really good selection of music on the piano, oboe, trumpet and trombone and gave us all a nicely presented programme!

T'was a lovely afternoon!

The Knitting Group



... Or as one person calls it, the 'ker-nitting' group. We have made three rugs so far, all given to various charities – and another is in progress, this time with three or four ladies knitting long strips, so that the sewing together is not such a chore. Scarves, bags and cushion covers have all been accomplished and sold at our sales. As one resident commented (Sheila) "it's good for the arthritis in your hands" ...



PUZZLES! PUZZLES! PUZZLES!

Answers Page

Sudoku

Easy

1	4	2	8	9	3	6	7	5
7	6	3	4	2	5	1	8	9
8	9	5	6	1	7	3	2	4
2	1	7	9	6	4	8	5	3
9	3	4	5	8	1	2	6	7
5	8	6	3	7	2	9	4	1
4	5	1	2	3	6	7	9	8
3	2	8	7	5	9	4	1	6
6	7	9	1	4	8	5	3	2

Hard

2	5	8	9	6	7	3	1	4
9	4	6	8	4	3	7	5	2
1	7	3	5	4	2	9	6	8
7	6	5	1	3	4	2	8	9
8	3	1	7	2	9	6	4	5
4	2	9	6	8	5	1	7	3
6	9	4	3	7	8	5	2	1
5	1	2	4	9	6	8	3	7
3	8	7	2	5	1	4	9	6

Crossword Puzzle

1	S	A	2	Y	S		3	B	4	A	L	5	L
	A			O						I			A
6	D	7	R	U	8	M		9	C	R	10	A	B
			O			11	O	U	R		R		
12	R	U	N	T			13	O	U	S			T
		N			14	H	O	W			O		
15	A	D	16	D	S			17	N	O	N	19	E
	L			A					N				O
20	T	E	D	S				21	T	E	E		N

Brain Teasers!

A man in an elevator

The man is of short stature. He can't reach the upper elevator buttons, but he can ask people to push them for him. He can also push them with his umbrella.

Philosopher's Clock

Clocks can measure time even when they do not show the right time. You just have to wind the clock up and ... We have to suppose that the journey to the friend and back lasts exactly the same time and the friend has a clock (showing the correct time) - it would be too easy if mentioned in the riddle. Now there is no problem to figure out the solution, is there?



This year's front cover was designed by Hebe Welbourn, inspired by the Art Group's session spent in the garden.