

Nursling & Rownhams

Village News



St John's Church by David Smith

Week 3

17 April 2020

A Newsletter for all in the Parish of Nursling and Rownhams

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the third totally digital edition of the Village News!

We have been delighted by the number of photographs which we have received showing both the artwork of our young villagers who have drawn some beautiful rainbows and the activities of various bears. It would be lovely to see some more examples. Think how much pleasure they will give any people who are confined to their homes unable to find these treasures for themselves.

You will discover in this edition some examples of creative writing from some of our talented villagers, young and old which are amusing, thoughtful and moving in turn. Please keep writing!

These are testing times and it is clear that our village is rising to the challenge. There have been many examples of thoughtfulness: offers of help to neighbours; the couple who gave Easter Eggs to any children passing by; children's clothes passed on to strangers (no longer strangers) in need; walkers, cyclists and runners giving each other room and passing each other with a nod or a smile or a word of thanks; dog owners keeping dogs on a lead or recalling them immediately they see someone nearby. It is not so in all places.

People have discovered, or rediscovered, local walks. We are so fortunate to have at least five areas of woodland within 15 minutes or so. Lordswood is one of them, although its size has taken some ramblers by surprise! But walks along local roads can also provide surprises: a deer in the church car park; a harp recital; trees decorated with eggs; dustbins spelling out 'Thank you'; boxes of random 'stuff' from strawberry plants to DVDs to hardcore and rubble. It's like a giant car boot sale or the middle aisle of Lidl!

Please spread the word that the Village News exists in digital form, and above all:

Stay home. Stay safe. Stay well.

Horns Drove Wood

Mid-March 2020 – Mid-April 2020

Due to the Coronavirus lockdown we had to cancel our conservation day. The wood is still being visited to record the wildlife. Rubbish has been collected, including a large plant pot and a broom head! Most of the trees planted in 2018 and 2019 are showing green leaves or buds. Thanks to the Woodland Trust for their donation of trees.



The bluebells are just starting to bloom along with the dog violet. The primroses are still putting on a good display as are the lesser celandines, but just two flowers of herb robert were recorded. The cherry trees have bloomed well and most of the trees are in full leaf or have green buds. The dog violets bode well for the Silver-washed Fritillary butterflies later in the year. We saw the first lords and ladies in flower this month.

We saw, heard or noted flying over 21 species of birds. The chiffchaffs have been very vocal and a greenfinch and blackcap have been heard. A group of rooks have established a new rookery in the Rownhams House section of the wood, opposite Rownhams Way: at least 12 nests were seen before the trees came into leaf. Rooks have not been recorded near the Wood before; they can be quite noisy.

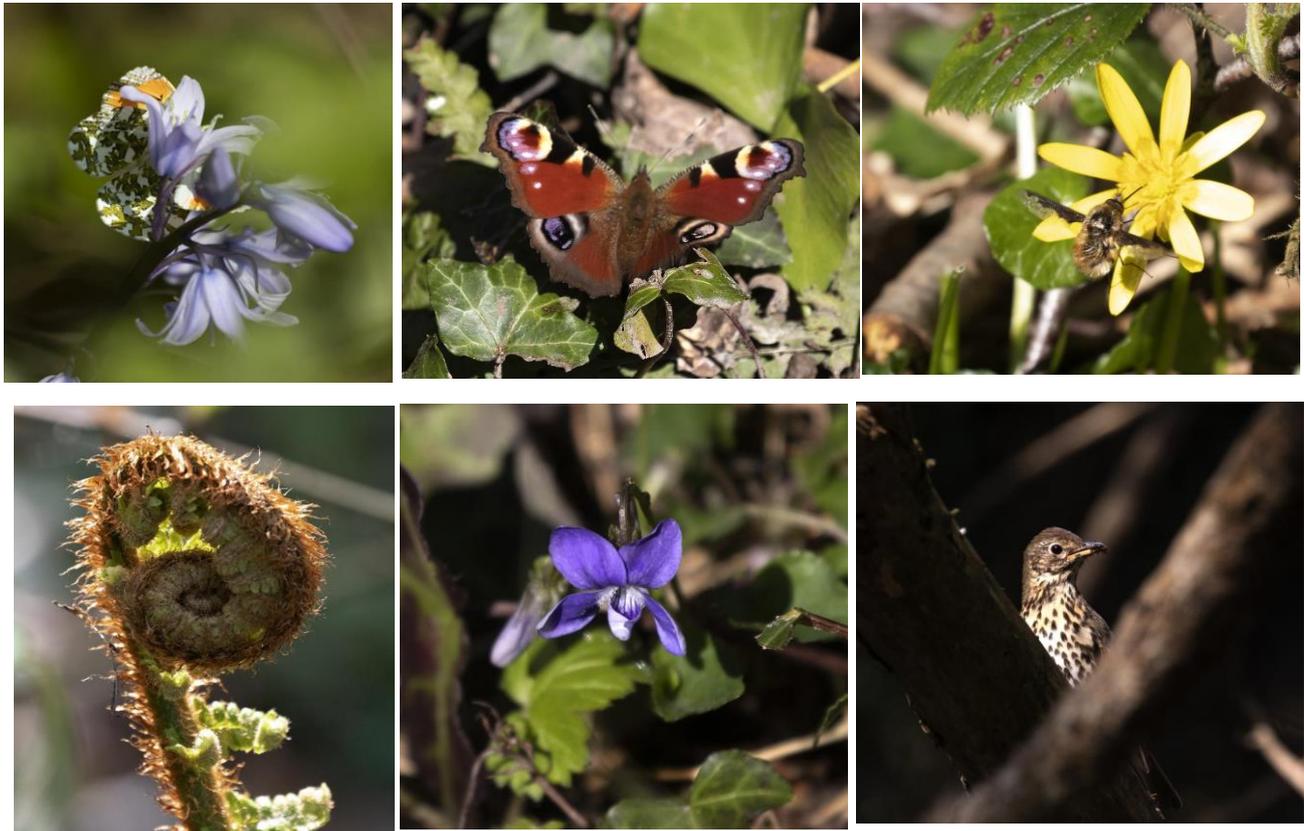
A squirrel was seen and although no deer were seen we know they are in the wood as their droppings and slots were noted and many of the bluebell leaves have been eaten! Also seen were woodlice, earth worms, centipedes, millipedes, hoverflies, midges and dark-edged bee-flies. The first butterflies have been seen in the wood: Brimstone, Peacock, Comma, Speckled Wood and two Orange-tips. Five Speckled Woods were seen in one visit. The food plant of the Orange-tip, garlic mustard, is growing well near the gate. Many queen bees were seen looking for nest sites. We have not seen grass snakes yet. They have probably moved having been disturbed by the intruders who, at least twice last

year, threw the corrugated tin sheet where they had been seen into the brambles. A bank vole has been seen under the reptile sheet.

We will welcome volunteers to help us look after the wood when the lockdown is over. Until then stay well and maintain social isolation. We will inform the volunteers when we next have a conservation day. For further information please contact the Parish Clerk on **023 80736766**.

Pam Ward, Sue Lambert, Selwyn and Jan Capstick and the volunteers.

A few photos from Horns Drove Wood and surroundings



Description of photos

Top Row: Male Orange-tip Butterflies, Peacock Butterfly, and Dark-edged Bee-fly
Bottom Row: Fern, Dog Violet, and Song Thrush with insects

Activity of the week

Further to our feature of Hopscotch in the last edition of VN, Jon Sims wrote to inform us of a little-known fact: hopscotch originated as an exercise regime for Roman soldiers during the occupation of Britannia! The soldiers had to hop and jump over a course 100 feet long wearing full armour. Try that for a workout!

Challenged to write a poem about Hopscotch, Jon came up trumps (apologies for the mixed metaphor – Ed)!

Hopscotch

My Scutum in my left hand
Pilum hefted in my right
My gladius banging at my side
All ready for a fight
But
Right foot
Both feet
Left foot
Right
Sweat running from my helmet
Stings my eyes and blurs my sight
I came to serve the empire
This doesn't seem quite right

The Centurion thought this nonsense up
He said it would make us men
I haven't seen him doing it
He should try it now and then

We're ordered about and shouted out
By that mouthy Optio
Blow this for a game of soldiers
He ought to have a go

The local urchins laugh and point
And mimic us all day
I wish that they would go away

This stuff ain't child's play

Jon Sims (Scutum: shield Pilum: javelin Gladius: short sword)

Inactivity of the week

Some of us might not feel up to much hopping this week and might just prefer to be like the bear below sunbathing in the spring sunshine.



Photo credit: Carly Woodward

Somewhere you'll Find a Rainbow 🎵



Photo credit: Carly Woodward.

Easter Eggs for Children

Last week we asked if the rumour was true that a local couple were handing out free Easter eggs to children in Rownhams. To the delight of many youngsters it was: Scott Leach and his wife were generous enough to provide all these chocolate treats for passers-by as this photo proves. Teddy certainly put a smile on many faces!



Doctor Dog

Doctor Dog in Fen Meadow gives shout outs to children if they spot him and comment on his post on the N&R Village FB page. Bex Fouch took the photo below and writes, 'My boys, Alex and Zach, were so excited when they saw he'd written them a message!'



CORONA VIRUS

HELP NEEDED?

HELP OFFERED

CALL/TEXT SARAH ON 07887 420656

Retired Teddy

Self-isolating, retired teddy (Teddy Robinson) keeping active.



*Top row: building a tower, putting the bin out, painting a rainbow
Bottom row: hanging the washing, flying a kite.*

Photo credit: Chris Brown

Defibrillators can be found outside

The Village Hall in Nursling Street and the Community Centre in Horns Drove

Someone not breathing or breathing erratically? Call 999. Do CPR Ask someone else to go and get the defibrillator. 999 will give them the code to access the equipment. Follow the spoken instructions given by the defibrillator.

Making Memories in the Lockdown

It's Day 26 of isolation for us and school-led home-schooling has gone out the window. I read a post about what if schools were closed until September and children missed two months of classroom education, but came out AHEAD because they'd learned skills for life that they don't usually get time for? So, in a quest to make good times out of bad, I set about getting my children into cooking, ironing and sewing. As anxiety is queen at the moment, I started to worry that I may not have any sheets left soon, but the boys' solution was to sleep in their sleeping bags. True make-do philosophy taking root here!



The seed was planted for camping at home. The next day, I sat by and watched as the two brothers worked together unpacking the tent and setting it all out. I struggled not to intervene; instead, I bit my tongue and smothered my giggles. One child thought it would save time if they worked on different poles, the other wanted to work together on one pole at a time. It all came together the moment they worked on that last pole, that final 10 cm stretch to that pin, teeth gritted and muscles flexing in unison, it pinged into place and my silence was broken with a triumphant "That's what happens when you work together!" I'm sure they looked at each other and rolled their eyes.

They set up their indoor "furnishings"; including a laptop (garden camping has many perks). I'd signed them up to join the JOTI, an online jamboree where they played games and chatted to children all over the world. This is something that normally happens in October, but because of the current crisis, an extra one had been whipped up out of nowhere. A big thank you to all those people doing amazing free things for the children. My boys enjoyed finding their way around the virtual campsite, did some quizzes and chatted to people like Ngel in Namibia and Su5an in Sweden. It's cool to be a Scout these days.

I eventually interrupted their fun for our permitted daily exercise: a short wander around the block in the sunshine. I talked about the good old days when everything was closed on Sundays and mobile phones didn't exist. Dads washed cars and Mums cooked Sunday roast. Kids cycled to parks on their own and somehow made it back just in time for dinner despite never knowing the actual time. After

dinner, people went for warm Sunday walks (because of course it never rains in memories) and everyone said hello to everyone. I realised I miss those old Sundays.

Later that evening, we watched Race Across The World and I told the kids in wonder “Just look at all the places you can go when you are older”. I don’t think they fully understood my excitement for their futures. Then I decided I had FOMO and needed to sleep in the tent too. So, wearing my fluffy socks and flip-flops, cos that’s what us Brits do when we’re camping, I tiptoed across the grassy terrain – not for quiet, more for the dread of stepping on a wet slug. I snuggled down between my two favourite people in my world. I lay there as they fell asleep. I listened to the noises of Rownhams in the dark. The dog that yaps every night. The traffic that never stops. The bells that chime in Rownhams House. The wind in the trees. The sound of the deer that visits us frequently. And I didn’t go to sleep. Somewhere around 3am, just as I had finally drifted off, the child to my right shouted “How am I supposed to sleep with all this?” and threw his hands up to suggest the rain was keeping him awake. Then he rolled over and fell straight back asleep again.

At 9am I was woken up by one of those double-sided bear hugs you don’t get much when the kids get older - part of the magic of camping I suppose. We lay there and chatted about things they like: Agario, PS4 and TicTock. We watched YouTube clips including Mrs Cole from Nursling School spurting out water – a game I’ve banked for a hot day, thank you. I learned lots: who knew Minecraft had a height limit of 256 blocks? I wondered why 256 until I realised it doesn’t matter, it’s just a game. At 10am a child declared, “I feel like I’m in a frying pan, let’s unzip the door!”

We adults will remember this lockdown as an anxious time, full of worry about our fellow beings, full of daily struggles to juggle work, kids and Zoom calls to keep us sane. But I want my children to remember the lockdown as a special time when they spent their days living differently, unstructured. A time when they clapped at the door in appreciation, when they connected with their family more than ever, when they when they learned to value small things. I want them to emerge from this crisis AHEAD with skills for life, empowered to build a more considerate world.

Sarah Harley

Storytelling and Music Sessions for 0-4 year olds

The Royal Albert Hall is offering musical sessions and storytelling aimed at parents and children. You can now join in Storytelling and Music Sessions for 0-4 year olds and sing along, dance and play music with your little ones from wherever you are!

The 15-minute videos are jam-packed with singing, movement and stories to help develop a range of early learning skill-sets.

Episode 1 - Sam and her friend Tina the Tiger show us how to sing to the animals, count our fingers and sing a lullaby:

<https://youtu.be/pKAXiD9WgQ8>

Episode 2 - We join Sam for a whole load of adventures as we go from the mountains to a teddy bear's picnic:

<https://youtu.be/z64u2okmkkA>

Meet the orchestra with Albert's Band

What's a xylophone? How does a violin work? This instrument is weird, what is it? What's the secret to a perfect drumroll?

The **Albert's Band** introduces families to the orchestra from their homes, which will answer some of these questions. In a series of videos, members of Albert's Band will present their instruments, show you how they make their sound, and play you some short pieces. Lots more videos will be added over the following weeks, so check out the RAH website to learn about the next section of the orchestra!

My Great Orchestral Adventure booklet is an activity book that also offers a brief introduction to the instruments. It is well worth taking a look at this before you watch the videos.

The activity booklet

<https://thirdlight.royalalberthall.com/pf.tlx/VzGVlQEVw15mZ>

The videos

Percussion:

<https://www.royalalberthall.com/about-the-hall/news/2020/april/meet-the-orchestra-with-alberts-band#percussion>

Violin

<https://www.royalalberthall.com/about-the-hall/news/2020/april/meet-the-orchestra-with-alberts-band#violin>

Trumpet:

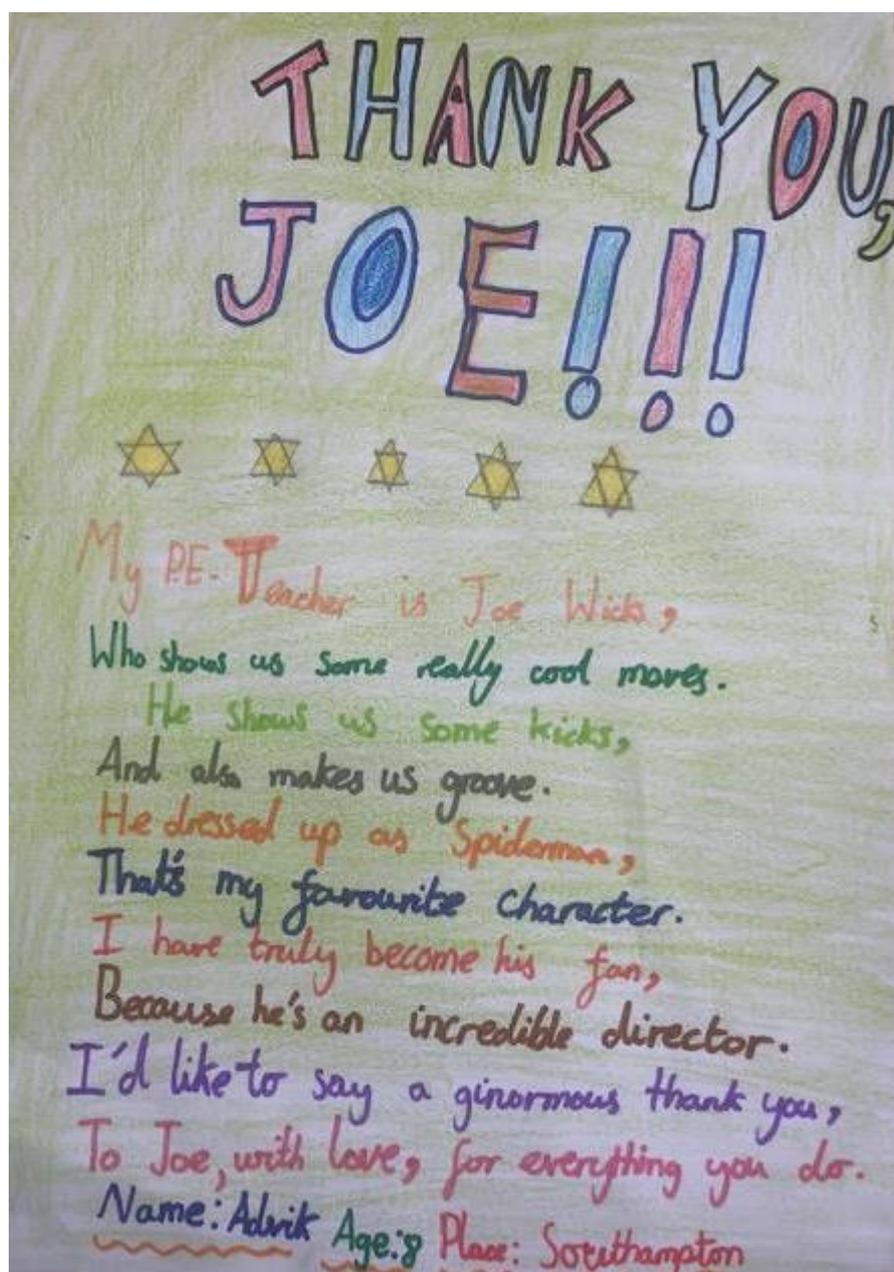
<https://www.royalalberthall.com/about-the-hall/news/2020/april/meet-the-orchestra-with-alberts-band#percussion>

A Thank You to Joe Wicks Sessions - Episode 2

Since the inception of the lockdown, prominent PE teacher Joe Wicks has been doing a 30-minute work-out for students and their families alike at 9am every weekday morning. This gets most families started in the day and gets them active. Here's a link to his youtube channel where these PE sessions go on.

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCAxW1XT0iEJo0TYIRfn6rYQ>

Here is a beautiful poem penned by *Ardvik Bisht* for PE Joe



A Month of Sundays

It's all gone quiet now. Just over two weeks into social isolation and we are, for the first time, starting to feel socially isolated. Because it has all gone quiet.

At first there was the excitement of the different, the novelty value that humans thirst after, an unexplored way of living for our ever active minds to touch and taste and feel, to examine from all angles. We chattered to each other in ways unknown to previous generations: the airwaves and wires abuzz with messages of support, hilarious videos with a ready audience, the occasional piece of philosophical musing. Now it has all gone quiet.

We have retreated into our voluntary house arrest in singles, pairs and families. Possibly the singles are most at peace with this; they have the option of glorious solitude or a phone call, a Skype, a Zoom. Some couples will be rediscovering each other, drawing closer together; others will be reminded of why they spent so much time apart. As for the parents, with no escape from those they love dearest, I cannot speak for them. They may long for it all to go quiet.

The elderly have been shut away, for their own good, in broom cupboards. Those retired but still normally active have been told to avoid life. The majority, those who are not considered key workers and cannot do whatever they normally do from home, are held in a nationwide creche, at home with their toys, absolved of all responsibility other than to avoid each other. For some it is frustrating; others find it curiously relaxing. It's like being on holiday but without the pressure to do stuff and to have a great time.

Friendships have gone virtual. In real life, it is only when you invade someone's space and they are relaxed about that invasion that you can treasure the feeling of acceptance. Swapping gossip from a safe distance somehow seems to have little more value than exchanging pleasantries with a passing stranger. Small talk, the inconsequential trivia which is so important to our understanding of each other, has diminished to a vanishing point. Swapping emails may be a reminder of our continued mutual existence but carries none of that easy spontaneity which binds us together like a shared meal. Electronic junk food merely leaves us hungry and unfulfilled. Maybe that's why it has all gone quiet.

Everything we normally do has been boiled down. Pub going, concerts, society meetings, sports sessions, hobby groups: all thrown

into a pot and reduced to a single social activity, The Walk. We walk because it is the only thing outside our own boundaries that we are allowed to do. And, curiously, we find that in mere walking we are meeting more people than we ever do in whatever passes for normal times. Faces rarely seen are met with increasing regularity because other people, freed from the need to be here there and far away, are out on the local streets and all of the disparate communities which kept us apart are condensed back into that old-fashioned idea of locality.

We notice things like being able to wander with impunity across main roads and the intensity of the spring birdsong, unmuffled by traffic noise. They have not gone quiet. They rejoice in having reclaimed their element from the grounded, impotent interlopers. Perhaps they have noticed that the air is purer, the sky cleaner, the people less frantic. Perhaps, subconsciously, they think we have come to our senses. Have we? Will we be forced to realise that one home is adequate, that the uneaten remains of panic buying quantifies how much we really need, that the constant desire to be somewhere else only expresses a dissatisfaction with where we are and that our constant longing for more of everything speaks volumes about how little we value the things we already have?

Vehicles gather dust on driveways or clog the kerbs while distant carparks lie empty. A Mercedes has as little value as a Vauxhall, their status reduced to not much more than ornaments or, at best, shopping trollies. Washing away the dust provides one of those little chores that help to break up the day when every day is much the same as the previous one. Nowhere to go, not enough to do, no activities, no one outside of home waiting or relying on your presence. In a life normally filled with flavour and variety, every day is beans on toast. It's Groundhog Day without the groundhog. We are living in a month of Sundays.

When the gates are, sometime hence, unlocked, will we have calmed down enough to venture out in an orderly fashion, our sense of values realigned so that we can enjoy our lives in a sustainable way, treasuring friendships and those things close to hand which we had overlooked before? Or will we fight our way back into the world like lunatics at a closing down sale, wanting to grab as much as we can before it is all gone and, in our frenzy, breaking the goods on offer?

Jon Sims



NURSLING AND ROWNHAMS TODDLER GROUP



Toddler group is currently closed. We are hoping that everyone is safe and well at this unusual time and looking forward to seeing you all soon.

OPEN EVERY TUESDAY FROM

9.30AM – 11.30AM, TERM TIME ONLY

AT NURSLING & ROWNHAMS COMMUNITY CENTRE, HORNS DROVE, SO16 8AH

**WE WELCOME PARENTS, GRANDPARENTS, CARERS,
BABIES AND CHILDREN UP TO THE AGE OF
5 YEARS OLD.**

**WE HAVE A LOVELY WIDE SELECTION OF TOYS AND ACTIVITIES TO KEEP THEM
ALL ENTERTAINED, SO POP ALONG AND JOIN US – NO NEED TO BOOK!**

**ONLY £2 PER VISIT PER FAMILY (1 ADULT/2 CHILDREN)
CHILDREN UNDER 12MONTHS £1 (1 ADULT/1 UNDER 1)**

FOR ALL ENQUIRIES PLEASE CONTACT:

Tammy Wale – 07873504152/07868247936

Alternatively, please see our Facebook page:

<https://www.facebook.com/Nursling-and-Rownhams-Toddler-Group-170372686348395>

How many types of tree can you find on your daily exercise?

The Royal Horticultural Society has this activity sheet on its website.

The learning objectives are to:

- Explore nature in the local environment
- Identify and name common trees

So, as the leaves begin to appear on the trees how many of these can you identify as you take your daily exercise?

 <input type="checkbox"/> Oak	 <input type="checkbox"/> Horse Chestnut	 <input type="checkbox"/> Birch	 <input type="checkbox"/> Hawthorn
 <input type="checkbox"/> Ash	 <input type="checkbox"/> Plane	 <input type="checkbox"/> Hornbeam	 <input type="checkbox"/> Alder
 <input type="checkbox"/> Willow	 <input type="checkbox"/> Black Poplar	 <input type="checkbox"/> Yew	 <input type="checkbox"/> Scotts Pine
 <input type="checkbox"/> Lime	 <input type="checkbox"/> Sweet Chestnut	 <input type="checkbox"/> Field Maple	 <input type="checkbox"/> Hazel

St Boniface News

We regret the cancellation of the exhibition of Wedding Dresses Through the Ages scheduled for early May. We hope to rearrange as soon as possible.

Avis Wood

Dreams

No one keeps their distance in my dreams
It seems that government warnings don't hold sway
The night time rules are different from the day

Something else is different as well
In dreams it seems
I've lost my sense of taste
My sense of smell

In dreams I have no body
Just my fevered brain
In dreams I feel frustration
Wonder, love and fear
But somehow never pain

It's only in the waking hours
Where normal rules apply
Where damage can be done
And someone else
Will ask the reason why

Jon Sims

SUNNY DAYZ



Within these strange times I would like to say how well the children of our community are coping with the different circumstances we were all thrown in to suddenly. We are very proud of all our Sunny Dayz children and parents. We miss you so much and look forward to seeing you soon.

Unfortunately, Sunny Dayz is closed at this present time but may I reassure you that we plan to be opening again in the very near future, as soon as we get the go ahead. We have tried to offer our families support with equipment and activities as well as support on the end of the telephone and messages.

If you are home schooling your children, and needing any guidance, then please feel free to contact me at enquiries@sunnydayzpreschool.co.uk and I will be more than happy to help. Our office is still open so please do contact me with enrolment/visit enquiries also.

Sending light and love to all sufferers and victims of Covid-19. Let's hope this horrible situation is over very quickly.

Stay Safe and Keep Smiling

Sunny Dayz is a fun place to play and learn. Please give us a call if you would like a space for your child. See the contact details below.

Sunny Dayz small in size – BIG on caring!

We are a small, friendly Pre School set in St Johns church hall;

We are open from 8.30am – 3.30pm every week day.

If you would like to find out more information on our Pre School, please ring on

07868247936 or 07873504152

Email: enquiries@sunnydayzpreschool.co.uk

Or alternatively have a look at our website

www.sunnydayzpreschool.co.uk

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Simple Seafood Risotto – Serves 4

Ingredients

1 tbsp olive oil
1 onion finely chopped
2 cloves garlic finely chopped
2 tsp cayenne pepper
300g risotto rice
500ml fish or vegetable stock
300g bag frozen seafood mix, defrosted
100g frozen peas
3 tbsp grated parmesan
1 lemon, grated zest and juice
4 tbsp roughly chopped parsley

Method

Heat the oil in a pan over a moderate heat.

Add the onion and gently fry until soft and translucent.

Add the garlic and cayenne pepper and continue to fry for about a minute.

Stir in the rice and continue stirring for about 1 minute so that the rice is coated.

Pour in half the stock and bring to the boil, stirring from time to time.

Add the seafood.

Reduce the heat to low.

Continue stirring, adding the remaining stock a little at a time as it is absorbed.

Add the peas.

Continue cooking gently until the rice is soft and the dish is on the wet side.

Stir in the parmesan, lemon zest and juice.

Garnish with the parsley.

Enjoy.

Robert Harvey

Tommy Cooper Hour

Pot Noodle: for best results, put back on the shelf!

I was driving home last night and the police stopped me. The policeman said, "Please blow into this bag, sir". I said, "Why?" He said, "My chips are too hot".

When I cook, I like to add a splash of German white wine to each dish. I do it on an ad hoc basis.

I bought a new pair of garden shears - they're cutting-hedge technology.

I'm hoping to find a cure for hiccups, but I'm not holding my breath.

What's the first sign of madness? Suggs coming up your driveway.

(It appears that Tommy Cooper is alive and well and lives in Nursling and Rownhams – Ed)

Easter Tree



Photo credit: Jo Elnaugh