**Barbara’s Blog June 2020**

I can’t believe yet another month has flown by in self-isolation – for me it’s been a funny old month. I managed to have a “virus” infection which saw me take to my bed for 5 days – eventually I had to give in and phone NHS 111 (GP just didn’t want to know). Of course the mere mention of the word temperature and I was sent a Covid Home Testing Kit. Doddle, I thought, WRONG. It started off easily enough, kit arrived and Step 1 was to book a courier before 4pm for next day collection. Easy enough – except that the website was for Royal Mail and was only available for businesses. Help line of course closed on a Sunday. Phoned following day and apparently the printed web address was incorrect. Given correct web address. Step 2 – register your Home Testing Kit. Should be easy I thought…..except that website did not contain the registration form: wasted an hour looking for it. Phoned the help line………..very helpful gentleman asked whether I had a blue form or green form, having said Blue form he said “Ah, sometimes doesn’t work on Google Chrome” and did it for me. Step 3 Take the sample……………. just about to start that but thought better read through the instructions again. Time was 5.00 pm, instructions in small print said “Do not take the sample until after 9.00 pm” B\*\*\*\*r, I thought. Next challenge after taking the swabs was assembling the flat pack for the courier. After another glass of wine to fortify myself I thought “This is ridiculous” I am the person who managed to put together an MFI wardrobe flat pack, “ I CAN DO THIS”. When I waved that package off the next day I felt as if I had passed my Mensa test!!!!!!!

Later the same day feeling a lot better on new medication, I was re-locating a snail in the wrong place when (using both hands carrying the snail) I managed to trip down a step falling face down on the lawn and paving stones. (Importantly I saved the snail and relocated it in some shrubbery). I was lucky, although I banged my nose the black eyes did not materialise. It can’t get any worse I thought. Having pulled myself together I went back indoors to move the cakes around in the oven (a surfeit of over-ripe bananas Denise); having done that I closed the oven door and there was a big bang, a puff of smoke and NO OVEN but half cooked cakes. The good news was the oven in the upstairs flat works and I now have a brand new oven that’s really rather good.

Having decimated the slow worm population my hunter cat has now started on the baby rats nests. One of my neighbours has decked his entire garden which is usually a haven for rats. Still the cat loves it but I do wish he would leave them outside until he’s killed them.

I am being asked regularly when I think Bridge Clubs will be able to open. Sadly, without an effective treatment or vaccine I cannot see Bridge Clubs in this area re-opening this year but I do hope I’m wrong.

If I’m not, now’s the time to try and get your head round online bridge. See my “not to be missed” offer at top of the page. It may not be repeated!!

**Julia Brown sent me an “Ode to Covid” she wrote last month – very good Julia – click here to read.**

**JUDY BRUCE RIP 23rd May 2020**

**I am very sad to announce that Judy Bruce passed away on 23rd May 2020. She used to play on a Thursday afternoon, latterly with Valerie Hood until she was diagnosed with Motor Neurone Disease. She was able to remain at home with the help of carers. Those of you who knew her will remember her as an ebullient, theatrical person, the life and soul of any party. I would have liked to have known her before she took up bridge – I can well imagine she would have had a raft of naughty, risqué stories to tell.**