

# Café Connect

*Dear friends, Revd Mandy here.*

It strikes me that coming out of lockdown is somewhat more challenging than going into it! We still don't quite know what the future will look like and what 'normal' will be. However, I do encourage you in these bewildering times to keep going and I hope you will find the following story helpful.

Once, a psychology professor walked around his classroom full of students holding a glass of water with his arm straightened out to the side. He asked his students, "How heavy is this glass of water?" The students started to shout out guesses—ranging anywhere from 4 ounces to one pound.

The professor replied, "The absolute weight of this glass isn't what matters while I'm holding it. Rather, it's the amount of time that I hold onto it that makes an impact.

Don't carry your worries around with you everywhere you go, as they will do nothing but bring you down.

If I hold it for, say, two minutes, it doesn't feel like much of a burden. If I hold it for an hour, its weight may become more apparent as my muscles begin to tire. If I hold it for an entire day—or week—my muscles will cramp and I'll likely feel numb or paralyzed with pain, making me feel miserable and unable to think about anything aside from the pain that I'm in.

In all of these cases, the actual weight of the glass will remain the same, but the longer I clench onto it, the heavier it feels to me and the more burdensome it is to hold.

The class understood and shook their heads in agreement.

The professor continued to say, "This glass of water represents the worries and stresses that you carry around with you every day. If you think about them for a few minutes and then put them aside, it's not a heavy burden to bear. If you think about them a little longer, you will start to feel the impacts of the stress. If you carry your worries with you all day, you will become incapacitated, prohibiting you from doing anything else until you let them go."

As Jesus said "That is why I tell you not to worry about everyday life—whether you have enough food and drink, or enough clothes to wear. Isn't life more than food, and your body more than clothing? Look at the birds. They don't plant or harvest or store food in barns, for your heavenly Father feeds them. And aren't you far more valuable to him than they are? Can all your worries add a single moment to your life? Matthew 6: 25 -27

Let go of things that are out of your control. Don't carry your worries around with you everywhere you go, as they will do nothing but bring you down. Put your "glass down" each night and move on from anything that is unnecessarily stressing you out. Don't carry this extra weight into the next day.

May God Bless you and help you carry your burdens day by day.

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## Can you contribute ?

"We plan to continue sharing news and ideas every month and would love YOU to contribute too. If you would like to share your thoughts, ideas and pictures, then please send them to me via email [aj.marriott123@gmail.com](mailto:aj.marriott123@gmail.com) or post them through my door 3 Main Road Duston NN5 6JB. Thank you.

## Letter to the Editor:

### From Mrs Dressing Gown, in response to 'Tales from the shed'

Madam, I would like to correct some errors made by Mr Shed in his recent article. My voice is clear and I announce properly, unlike Mr Shed who mumbles and mutters into his chest. My voice is only loud when I speak to Mr Shed because, as he himself admits, he is rather deaf. He seems not to see me unless I project my voice. And there's no way that my voice resembles a fart; indeed, it is rather refined. Mr Shed should know what a fart sounds like - I have heard him whilst observing him from behind the hedge.

It is inaccurate of him to imply that I spend my time in my dressing gown. I am really rather a smart person. There is also the distinct implication in his tone that I am slovenly and slatternly in my appearance. This is ridiculous, as it is a new dressing gown, given to me by my Maureen just before lockdown. Anyway, what is lockdown for, if not for relaxing a little on the patio with a nice glass of wine and a good detective novel? Mr Shed should know: I've seen the little bottle he keeps in his shed.

Yes, his shed is in an awkward inaccessible corner. The Parish Council should make him clear the rubbish and cut back the shrubs. How else can I get near enough to keep an eye on him? He's quick enough to complain about me when he wants. Telling me I had rats in my loft indeed! Actually, they all fledged as baby Bluetits and flew tweeting all over my garden. He should mind his own business.

And I don't know why he keeps on about his wild hair. We're all in the same boat at the moment. In point of fact he has quite a bald patch at the front, without much hair on it at all. And anyway, the long hair on the back of his head is rather romantic - he's quite the Lord Byron. And a few wrinkles are a bit distinguished at our time of life.

I don't know why he's moaning about having nothing to do in his shed all day except for pondering useless facts. He could try some gardening for a change! He's got nothing to do except keep himself safe. What about other people? There are the children who mind not seeing their grandparents, but who really minds not seeing their friends. And as for home schooling - pah! It's bad enough having your mum boss you around at evenings and weekends, but throw in her trying to work from home and set you some school-work all at the same time - there's a recipe for disaster if ever I heard of one. And what about the children of essential workers, who have had to go to school anyway? That's even worse - while all of their friends have been at home on the computer they have had to go to school. But not school as they know it - sitting



Woman with glass of wine reading a book

with different people, different teachers, all far apart, with different work and having to wash their hands every time they touch anything.

Anyway, Mr Shed, next time you sit down to watch Netflix in your shed, think about inviting me over. All I've got is ordinary telly - not much good at the moment. By the way, what are you doing in there? And why do you need three screens? With long lists of numbers on them?

Yours, Mrs A Dressing Gown, Duston

## Tree of Hope

Residents across Duston and beyond are invited to knit, crochet & craft flowers, bugs and rainbows which will be formed into a permanent art installation in the village.



The Tree of Hope signifies strength and renewed hope for the future. It will serve as a reminder of a wonderful community who pulled together and remained strong during challenging times.

There is still time to get involved. Please see our website for more information or contact us T: 01604 583626

E: [events@duston-pc.gov.uk](mailto:events@duston-pc.gov.uk)

## Wellbeing Cafe meet up in Errington Park

*weather permitting*

Wednesday 12th August 11am -2pm

For information contact  
Revd Mandy on 01604  
752591 or Sandie Maitland  
on 01604 467780

## My Furlough activities by Liz Leaman

When I was furloughed from my job as Parish Administrator for the Duston and Upton churches of St. Luke and St. Francis I knew that I wanted to do something to help the community during this time of crisis. So, I asked my friend Jemma, who's a district nurse, if I could make her and her colleagues some headbands. Then another friend Tracey, who works for the Foodbank, Weston Favell, I asked if I could make her lots of facemasks and headbands for her and her colleagues. I asked Julie Adkins if she could help me. We were making them for family and friends as well and the word spread! Thankfully Suzi and Anita, from church, offered to help us. At the beginning there was an elastic shortage, so I put out a plea on Facebook and WhatsApp, we were overwhelmed by the response with people offering not only elastic but fabric, buttons and even sewing machine needles! Because of people's generosity, we haven't had to buy much, so we've been able to make the facemasks and headbands for free, but if people have offered to pay we've asked if they would like to make a donation (money, food or toiletries) to the Foodbank.

Again, people have been very kind and generous and so far, we've raised over £500 plus bags of groceries.



have lost count of how many masks and bands we've made! My old sewing machine was being very temperamental, so my husband and dad paid for a new one for my birthday, so that I could "keep calm and carry on sewing"!

We've also made headbands, facemasks and uniform wash bags for Genii Care Services, Squirrels Child-care, Burlington Court Care Home and Northampton General Hospital. A huge thank you to everyone for their support and donations – you are amazing!

Tracey is the Chair of the Duston and District Royal British Legion and she's now asked if we can make 50 plus masks for them, which we are in the process of making at the moment. I've also been making felt poppy brooches, bag dangles and doves (100 in total) for them. About 2 years ago I made 6 brooches, they were so popular that since then I've made over 300 items for them and raised over £750.

I am enjoying "doing my bit" for the community in time of need, but I couldn't do it without Julie, Suzi and



Anita! Suzi and I are also coming up with ideas for raising money for our two churches, we've had two plant and produce sales and are planning another one soon.

I've enjoyed spending time with my family, caring for my dad and doing errands for people who are self-isolating.

It has been a time of mixed emotions though, sadly we lost an Auntie and Uncle, another family member and a close friend to this devastating virus.

I hope and pray that by making the facemasks we're helping to keep people safe and well, because the thought of losing someone else to Covid 19 is just too much to bear. We have had some good news as well, with the births of two god grandchildren and a new cousin, I can't wait to meet them and have a cuddle!

## What is a shed ?

“To me a ‘shed’ isn’t just somewhere to store things that might come in handy, it is a cosy space in which people, primarily men it seems, can indulge. “

## Shedversation No.2

It seems I have been rumbled. How was I to know that Mrs Dressing Gown was going to read my previous missive in the first edition of ‘Café Connect?’ Mrs DG only went and sent a letter into the Editor.

Still, slim chance of her, or probably anyone reading the second of these ‘Shedversations.’ People get bored so quickly these days..... Oh. Where was I?

Oh yes. ‘Write a filler article’ they said, ‘You know, to fill up a page of the magazine.’ Didn’t even think it was going to get published, given the raft of other material so far submitted.

She was out again yesterday; Mrs DG. Curlers in this time. For a moment it looked like she winked at me, but I suspect it’s just a tic. I stayed inside the shed and shut the door where I studied the content of the letter she sent our dear Editor. It seems she likes my hair, Mrs DG, not the Editor, and she wouldn’t mind an invite to the shed to watch Netflix. All I can say for the moment is that my shed has much important work going on in it, and invites are, currently at least, out of the question.....

Onto other things now. My main area of research since last time has been finding out exactly what a shed is. I will start at what I believe is the beginning:

I love words. I especially love the origins of words. I had hoped that the word ‘shed’ (A structure) had evolved from something which meant to ‘separate what you don’t need, but which might come in handy one day, and put it into a crude outdoor structure where the spiders and damp can get to it, resulting in its ultimate decay rather than taking it to the tip in the first place.’ The apparent truth, however, is much simpler. The word ‘shed’ is probably a dialectal variation of the word ‘shade.’ The word ‘shade’ derives from the Middle English ‘schade,’ or even shade, which in turn comes from the Old English sċeadu, sċadu. Ha! ‘Shade’ in our climate? As if there was ever a need for such a thing! I prefer my theory. The first written derivation of the word ‘shed’ appeared in 1481: "A yearde in whiche was a shadde where in were six grete dogges," and although the English language has moved on since then, I am guessing the reader can understand that without the provision of subtitles.

So there you have it; now my work here is done.....No? Okay then. To some I shall continue to ramble, while to others I shall take you through some of the potentially fascinating history of the shed. (Those lockdown days will simply fly by.)

Above I referred to ‘shed’ as in ‘separation’ such as when skin is shed by a spider, a snake or even a human. Of course humans shed skin more subtly than spiders and snakes, and as a minor note of trivia, shed human skin makes up around 80% of house dust, which is nice.

The word ‘shed’ as a structure, can also be interchanged with the words cabin, hovel, hut, kiosk, and out-building. In recent history the words ‘garden office,’ ‘playroom,’ and ‘sauna,’ have been added to what is a long list of the uses of the basic shed. To me a ‘shed’ isn’t just somewhere to store things that might come in handy, it is a cosy space in which people, primarily men it seems, can indulge. Careful now. Whether it is a place to work on one’s hobbies, or somewhere to reflect, as I do much of the time, a shed should be treated with due reverence. The shed is regarded as a space for the work-at-home genius, who can spend long, uninterrupted hours ‘tinkering’ until something beautiful is created. After all, have you not heard that some of the greatest inventions known to man have been created in sheds? Yes it’s true; inventions such as instant noodles, the aeroplane, the wind up radio, and HP computers all started life in a shed. Something worthy of further description in the next instalment of Café Connect, Editor permitting.

I probably have a word count to consider, but I could wax lyrical about sheds for a lot longer. If you have been affected by any of the themes in this article please don’t call the authorities just yet.

If you have any stories about your shed, or anyone else’s shed for that matter we’d like to hear from you. This is the medium for those stories so feel free to send them in to the Editor. I have realised that this must be one of the first occasions in history where space has been given in a magazine to discuss the, maybe not so humble, shed.

What a time to be alive! Do come back soon, I beg you.

## Being treated for Breast Cancer, then COVID arrived

Being diagnosed with Breast Cancer is traumatic enough at any time, but when your treatment is still running when the COVID pandemic hit, it added a whole new dimension.

Getting ready for bed I felt an unusual thickening in the left breast. I was worried but didn't fear the worst, but duly went to the doctors the next day to get it checked.

I was referred to the Breast clinic at the hospital to get it checked out. I cannot praise the NHS enough. By the end of the day I saw the doctor, I had an appointment at the hospital for the following Monday. On the Monday I had a meeting with the consultant, then a mammogram, an ultrasound, and a 3D mammogram within the space of 2 hours. These showed that the thickening was 'suspicious' so I also had a biopsy before I was allowed to leave, with a follow up appointment to see the consultant on the Thursday of that week. As I partially expected, on the Thursday I was told that the thickening was suspicious and would need to be surgically removed. Now for the hard part; I had to wait 5 weeks before they could fit me in for the surgery.

Surgery took place at the beginning of October. Then the long road to recovery started. The results of what was removed from this operation unfortunately confirmed the presence of cancer in 1 of the 4 lymph nodes removed, so a further surgery to remove all of the lymph nodes under my arm was scheduled for the beginning of November.

Unfortunately, the 2 wounds were just about healing when I had the second surgery. The second surgery resulted in a drain being fitted for 7 days while the body got used to the lack of lymph nodes. When the drain was removed was when the problems started. The wound under my arm split days after the drain was removed followed a couple of weeks later by the wound on my breast. That week involved 2-3 trips to A & E and an overnight stay in hospital. Three sets of antibiotics later, and 2 months of having both wounds packed and dressed daily, both wounds eventually healed.

This took us to the end of January. By now, chemotherapy had had to be delayed as I hadn't healed. Fortunately, of the lymph nodes removed this time, they were all clear of cancer.

The beginning of chemotherapy turned into a bit of a whirlwind. I was discharged from the dressings clinic on the Monday, saw the Oncologist on Tuesday and started my first cycle of chemotherapy on the Thursday. Luckily for me, I had very little side-effects from the chemo. A bit of nausea with the first cycle, then it was cope able with. They give you plenty of drugs to counteract the side-effects. My hair started to fall out around my second cy-

cle, but I shaved my head before most of it fell out. My nails have thickened, become ridged and lifted off the bed slightly, but are growing out fairly well. I finished the 6 cycles of chemo in May, looking forward to a 4 week break before radiotherapy started.

Again, radiotherapy went fairly smoothly. I had 15 doses of radiotherapy. Tiredness was the only side effect until after the treatment finished when I became a bit raw and sore where the treatment had been given.

The COVID pandemic broke when I was half way through the chemotherapy. The most noticeable effect on me was I was in the class of people who needed to shield for 12+ weeks. They also tried to talk me out of the second half of my chemo, but I stuck to my guns in wanting it. Fortunately for me, I had been sort of shielding since my surgeries, staying at home to look after myself and stay safe.

My husband was allowed to work from home as I was shielding (a relief to him as he travels a lot), and my daughter who lives at home couldn't work as a newly qualified osteopath due to the pandemic so it was nice having company at home. My younger daughter came back from university but has stayed with friends or my parents so she didn't bring anything home to me.

I miss being able to go and see friends, have coffees with friends and shopping. At least I can now go out for a walk each day, but still class as vulnerable until mid to end August.

Below is me ringing the bell at the end of active treatment. (Missed my family there when I did). I look forward to getting back to a new normal.

**Tanya Hayes**



## Duston in Lockdown

Over the past few weeks Duston Parish Council has been celebrating your local heroes; those who have made a real difference in our community during these unprecedented times. We also want to chronicle our community's experiences during lockdown; collating your stories, pictures and photos to record and preserve history in the making for future generations.

Please send us your stories in any media you wish, photos with the permission of those in them or why not draw or paint a picture that represents this time. Alternatively, you can contact us and we will arrange a call to talk to you and record your experience. There is still time to nominate YOUR Duston Hero so that we can feature them on our Facebook and web pages and include them in our book.

You can do any of the above by phone 583626, via email; [bcdm@duston-pc.gov.uk](mailto:bcdm@duston-pc.gov.uk) or by post; DPC, Pendle Road, Duston, NN5 6DT

This is YOUR book about YOUR community

Go to [www.duston-pc.gov.uk](http://www.duston-pc.gov.uk) to complete our short lockdown survey and do let us know if you would like help with the project in any way. Thank you.

Integrate frequent headlines to announce different sections of your story. Consider writing your content in a personal tone, in the same way you might talk to someone sitting across from you at a restaurant.



### Thanks to Ann Morris for this delicious sounding tray bake!

#### Chocolate Biscuit Cake

- 8 Oz soft margarine
- 4 Oz golden syrup
- 1 Oz cocoa powder
- 4 Oz mixed fruit
- 2 Oz chopped cherries
- 1 lb mixed sweet biscuits, crushed (e.g. Digestive/Rich Tea)

#### Topping

- 6 oz plain chocolate, melted

#### Method:

Put margarine, syrup, fruit, cocoa into a large pan and heat slowly until melted.

Mix in crushed biscuits until well coated

Spread into an 11" x 7" tin, lined with foil, and press down lightly

Leave in fridge until set

Pour over the melted chocolate and spread to cover

Put into fridge until set

Cuts into 18 pieces (can use half the ingredients and a smaller tin if you don't need as much!)

YOUR NAME

## THIS MONTH'S CRAFT PROJECT

Would you like to help us create COVID-19 Café Connect bunting for when we all get back together again? It can be sewn, embroidered, knitted, crocheted, origami-d or papercrafted.

We want to create our own bunting to commemorate this momentous period in our lives and to inspire us to live in love and caring. We can use our creative talents to connect us to each other.

One piece of bunting is called a pennant; several pieces joined together with the string of love is bunting!!

The size of the bunting is marked on this sheet. Make a hem at the top, leaving the ends open so that we can pass the string through to hang it up. Then put your name on the outside of the hem. You can use a felt pen, a permanent marker or even sew your name on it.

If you would like to make more than one, please do so. I have marked a slimmer version as well, so making one of the large & one of the thinner would make the bunting interesting.

When you have made your bunting, you can drop it off at the Vicarage or at Sandie's home (41 Duston Road) so that we can string it together.

Cutting line ————

Fold line - - - - -