



Easter 2020 by Andrea

An unusual Easter this year with Covid Lockdown in place
The NMC community still connects, just not face to face!

The on-line Facebook Group has helped us keep sane
And the beautiful sunshine kept away the rain.

We've had DJ Lollipop and DJ Markus with their radio shows galore
Entertaining us with great songs and leaving us wanting more.

There have been Podcasts from Mark Chapman with various special guests
And Gordon's NMC Quiz
which really was a test.

We've had workouts with the physio team
Exercising arms, legs and core
Doing their very best to help us mobilise
So, we don't fall on the floor!

We've discussed gardening and art, films and books too
And enjoyed coffee and crosswords as well
We've had Pete's Eats a plenty with delicious fudge
And for the Easter raffle winners the calories won't budge!

Sarah and Elly have encouraged us to create
lots of butterflies in all shapes and forms
From felt to mosaics there's lots of choice
To give NMC a birthday voice.

We have also grown sunflowers from seed
for a wonderful display in the Meadow
free from weeds!

Technology has enabled activities for all
Whilst we have been safe at home within 4 walls

It was different this Easter
But when we look back and see
What the NMC really does best is connecting,
whether face to face or virtually!

A Renaissance of Our Own by Nick Adigu Burke

Often, I reminisce about Easters from my past. I wished I'd cherished those times better, or drew them out, made them last.

I remember the lead up, the beginning of Spring, excited, mouth-watering, expectant for the goodies that bunny would bring. And boy, he didn't disappoint, eggs aplenty - enough chocolate to sink a boat.

But now, in adulthood, I think deeper. I consider Easter and the truth of its meaning. I see Change afoot - a mother (in all but name), a mother giving birth to the beginning and to the end.

It is a time to be spent wisely, to reflect on the lives we wish to live. It is time to leave the shadows of previous incarnations behind, as the Spring leaves behind Winter's cold and bitter throes.

We must grow, sprout out of our pasts like fresh shoots of grass. We must rise from the soil, strong and unspoilt, to complete our renaissance. We must become our dreams, become all we are meant to be.

The end

Easter Tale: by Traceyanne

We all know of the cute, Easter Bunny,
But I know a Tale that's equally funny,
'Bout the wee, elusive, Easter Mouse's,
Most of us have them living in our houses!
The Bunny arrives carrying eggs by the score,
Quickly deposited then back out the door.
Cadbury, Galaxy, milk chocolate or dark,
Whose is who's being the big question mark?
Eggs all divided, then squirreled away,
No one's for sharing at the end of the day.
One for you,
One for me,
Now there's a problem, we seem to have three.
Wee Mouse's have watched the ensuing foray.
This is their time to come out to play.
They sneak, tiptoe, into our hidden stores.
Under the bed and underwear drawers.
Easter egg stashes finally found.
Nibbled on plenty without a sound.
Bellies all full, a smile on their face.
Quick scurry away leaving no trace.
Owners return, none the wiser.
That's what comes of being an Easter egg Miser!
However, playing at Miss Marple, I'm certainly no dummy
My Easter Mouse was actually my Mummy!

The Easter Bunny

Bounding forth comes the Easter Bunny
He's terribly fast and terribly funny
He brings chocolate eggs for the kids
Some in boxes covered with lids
The Bunny hides the eggs here and there
For the children to find and then to share
It really is such fun
To be paid a visit by the Eater Bun

Easter Time By Lynne Ormandy

Flowers swaying in the breeze
Blossom pink on lofty trees
New life is all around
In the air and on the ground
Frolicking lambs and calves in sheds
Birds sitting on their feathered beds
Light April showers bring the rain
Easter time is here again

Chocolate Memories By Lorraine Woolley

I cherish childhood Easter times
Family memories, days gone by
Coloured foil on chocolate eggs
Cadbury purple, ruby reds
Lots of surprises with jelly treats
5 eggs each, too many to eat
Mum shouts, "stop you might be sick!"
"You won't eat your dinner
You'll rot your teeth!"
Such happy times and happy days
Wonderful memories here to stay

EASTER 2020 By Graham Tomlin

How worthy is an Easter
that isolates itself behind leaden skies,
distancing itself from swollen rivers, flooded fields and
sodden houses of the winter past,
shielded from the shouts of children who no longer play.
Old, vulnerable faces press against
impenetrable double-glazed windows,
staring out from their quarantine
at divided people and desolate streets,
almost everything closed; total disruption;
extended families split; scared of meeting each other
for fear of infection; normal life discontinued.

Yet, the heavens are unusually unpolluted,
reflecting a constant pattern of human existence
that is connected to and fixed in our culture.
A mindful Venus dominates an evening sky,
not too frightened to meet us unlike far-away stars

that hesitantly blink in their mysterious millions.
It is a social, confident planet with a solid, bright light;
a powerful torch of continuity in a boundless panorama.
The paschal full moon intersects with age-old
lunar phases dictating the time of Easter,
joining its endless displays of full glory,
always linking us to the hope that surrounds it.

There is optimism, too, in the garden.
Gold finches dart from twig to branch,
feeding, building Easter nests, convinced about their future.
A blackbird sings and a noisy robin is in support
as they have done for centuries
through war, famine, disasters and disorder.
A magpie cackles, it's bad reputation intact
but its black and white dress is smart and
encouraging for tired, blanked out eyes.
The bare, winter branches of trees
are dashed with the green of new shoots,
a compelling promise of better days to come.

In appreciation of the Easter Bunny by Sarah Lalieu

Some think for me life isn't so tough,
Working one day a year can't be all that rough?
It's been said 'hop in and steal all the glory',
And for some I'm considered a fairy story! (rude)
There is procurement, storage and plans for dispatch,
It's a complex scheme that I have to hatch.
I've considered all ages and dietary needs,
Avoiding for some the dairy and seeds.
But this year my timetable has gone right up the spout,
Now that the family rarely goes out.
Self- isolation is seldomly funny,
And makes life quite tricky for the Easter Bunny!

I'd normally visit whilst you are away,
Distracted by football or perhaps some ballet.
The eggs would be hidden in all over your home,
Avoiding the places that you like to roam.
Some in the garden, one in the loafer,
Two carefully disguised at the back of the sofa,
But, please don't you worry, I will be there,
Practicing responsible social distancing, I solemnly swear!
Next year when the lockdown is over,
I'll be delivering treats with much more composure.
Now go eat your chocolate as tradition demands
And please don't forget to keep washing your hands!