



BRIDGEMEDIA

Newsletter
July 2020



Nature and the Outdoors

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ROADS
HUNTING
FISHING
LANES
CAMPING
DRIVE WAY
PARKS
WATER
BUSHES
PONDS
BARNES
PICNIC
GRASS
TREES
WAGONS
ANIMALS
LAKES
RACCOON
BIRDS
TUNNEL



HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO:-

Residents:-

Rosemary S

Leslie S

Alan Ashworth - Chaplain

"Times of refreshing from God!"

I know that many of you have been inside and unable to go out during this long period of lockdown. People, like myself, who have been at home and have a garden, have been very fortunate over the past three months as the weather has been amazingly good. Today as I am writing this on 17th June, we are having the first real quantity of rain in that time. I am sitting in the conservatory at the back of our house and the rain is battering on the roof and it sounds lovely since it is so long since we heard it. The very welcome rain reminds me of the words of the apostle Peter who said to the people that as they turned to God he would send them times of refreshing (Acts 3:19).

Peter himself had experienced that refreshing as he struggled to come to terms with Jesus' crucifixion, and I am sure that he often brought to mind the words Jesus had said about how he would bring real meaning to their lives even in the difficult times if they trusted in him. To mention a few, Jesus said, "Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest" (Matthew 11:28). On another occasion he said to the woman at the well, "People who drink ordinary water from a well will become thirsty again but I can give you the water of life and you will never be thirsty" (John 4:14). When some people mentioned how God had fed Moses and the Israelites in the desert with manna Jesus said, "I am the bread of life and I can satisfy your spiritual hunger always" (John 6:35). Christians pray and read the Bible because through that they can experience that real sense of refreshment which God can bring through his Holy Spirit.

Trustee Message

When I wrote my piece for Bridgemediast last year it was about looking at the birds in my garden and that reminded me of something Jesus said. Do not worry about your life, what you will eat or drink or wear (even PPE?)... Look at the birds of the air... your heavenly Father feeds them... and clothes the lilies of the fields beautifully. And you are much more valuable than they are to God. While we are still in the grip of a pandemic, albeit a loosening grip, there are many things that might be giving us cause to worry. So I'm still taking heed to look at the birds and choosing to trust God with my worries.

Jake the drake and his partner Jemima the duck are here again this year and have been visiting the garden for many months already. Jemima in particular is quite tame now and follows me around when I go out to uncover their food tray and top it up. Jemima will even put her beak into the food pot if I'm a bit slow. They are eating swan and duck food and other bird seeds shovelling it all up in beaks full. Then to the pond for a drink to wash it down, then back to the tray for yet more food. I've watched their behaviours enough now to know when they are ready to fly away. They get lined up for take-off into the wind make a little jerky neck movement before lift-off. I'd love to know where they nest and where they go for the winter - maybe somewhere warm and exotic. No travel restrictions or quarantine for them. Or perhaps they join the others in Victoria Park.

When the ducks first returned I started noting the dates they visited in my diary. Much to my astonishment the earliest visit in 2020 was 10th January! The next visit I witnessed was the first week of February. I really don't recall them coming so early in the year - was it because of the mild winter? Then by the end of February they were such frequent visitors I stopped noting it down - everything was back to normal. Or so I thought. One day not 1, not 2 but 3 ducks flew in; two drakes and one duck. But which was Jake. It soon became clear when the new drake started making advances to Jemima and Jake would have none of that. I had understood that mallards mate for life. But having checked they form seasonal bonds, otherwise known as seasonal monogamy. So Jake would have been keen to stake his claim early. But it raised the question - have I been feeding Jake the past

few months or 'Paul' (named for one our ministers at church who's surname is Mallard) or both at different times. They are quite hard to tell who's who unless they come together and that's still not easy.

Sometime later we were visited by two ducks; the new female has been named Edrie - in honour of our minister's wife. And after that the ducks visited in any old combination. Over time I found it easier to tell who was who by their size; 'old' Jake and Jemima are bigger; and also by their personalities; Jemima is the friendliest and very laid back.

By now you might be asking yourself "has tilly done anything else in lock down other than look after the ducks?" I've also been shielding so my kind husband Tim has done ALL the shopping for three months. I've done lots of gardening in the lovely spring sunshine; albeit these days more slowly but with undiminished enthusiasm. I've observed the antics of all the other garden visitors including a fig-eating vole! The blackbirds have had several large broods as have the sparrows; dunnocks and tits so I've topped up the bird feeders numerous times - each day! The goldfinches are always a delight to watch and one of my favourites the long-tailed tits, always chattering as they go.

I like to think I take good care of 'my' birds in the garden. But sometimes I forget, or go away on holiday (remember those?), or run out of bird food. In the Bible it tells us God watches over us unceasingly day and night - that He never sleeps on the job. Does He observe our antics the same way we like to watch the birds? Does it make Him smile? Of course God can also see what's going on in our hearts and minds. He knows all our worries and troubles as well as our joys and sorrows. Often I think of the verse "Cast all your cares on God because He cares for you". That's a 24/7 offer; every day, all the time, day or night. Like a Good Shepherd, God is always watching over His flock.

Tilly Wood

Trustee

FRIENDS OF BRIDGEMEAD

Well hello again Bridgemedians, here I am at the beginning of a new month telling you about all the things that are not now taking place!

This month I was hoping to tell you about the walking treasure hunt which should have happened on the 5th of June but sadly there is nothing to report as it was cancelled!

There will be no Strawberry Tea this year – I wonder now when we shall be able to organise the AGM – will the evening with Danny Guest take place in October?

We are in a time of uncertainty but rest assured that just as soon as we are able, your committee will be up and running and raring to go!

Restrictions are relaxing a tad but it is a case of 'gently does it!'

It was such a joy to see my elder daughter and her family at the beginning of June – only the second time since Christmas – our timing wasn't great as it rained!

However not to be thwarted, we vacuumed our undercroft, installed a heater and furniture and the family ate their picnic soup and sandwiches in the dry, whilst Roy and I took our refreshments in the dining room – we conversed with each other courtesy of Zoom! Happily the sun came out later and we were able to go for a long walk with the dog – and enjoy a take away fish'n'chips al fresco!!

My younger daughter lives in South Wales and she and her family still have stringent restrictions in place so it's a case of being patient.

I tell you all this as I am sure that many of you are in the same boat – desperate to see your loved ones but unable to make contact with them. Hang in there, an end will come eventually and our lives will resume a new normal!

Good wishes and a big thank you to Pam and her loyal team who have done such a sterling job over many months, keeping both residents and staff safe!

Keep safe,

Una

News at Bridgemead

It was decided at our coffee mornings/afternoon teas that it would be good to have “Themed Days”. The theme that was chosen was different countries. We chose France as our first country and as you can see from the photos below we had a very enjoyable day. We had a French menu for the day and in the afternoon we had French Cheese Tasting. Very tasty indeed! The staff and residents wore berets and Hayley also donned the string of onions!



This week we had a Special “Socially Distanced” Mini Concert held in the car park at Bridgemead. The performance was carried out over two sessions which enabled the residents to enjoy the entertainment. The residents sat in the bay window area on the ground floor and also the bay window on the top floor. As you can see fun was had by all!



We are hoping to have another performance this week performed by classical musicians – weather permitting!

The residents and staff received the results of the Coronavirus swab test. All the tests came back negative which was good news. We are continuing to follow the Government advice, taking appropriate precautions to safeguard our residents and staff.

As mentioned in previous Bridgemedias if any family members wish to contact their loved ones, we are able to provide access via Facetime etc. We are also able to offer the availability for family members to see their loved ones and have a conversation through the windows at the Day Club area at the front of Bridgemead. You will need to contact Bridgemead on 01225 484904 or 01225 444869 to arrange any of the meeting as we will need to enter the date and time in the diary.

The Gift of Friendship

**Friendship is a Priceless Gift
that cannot be bought or sold,
But its value is far greater
than a mountain made of gold -
For gold is cold and lifeless,
it can neither see nor hear,
And in the time of trouble
it is powerless to cheer -
It has no ears to listen
no heart to understand,
It cannot bring you comfort
or reach out a helping hand -
So when you ask God for a Gift,
be thankful if He sends
Not diamond, pearls or riches,
but the love of real true friends.**

By Helen Steiner Rice

A resident at Bridgmead has kindly offered her thoughts at this time:

"MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD WAR DAYS"

Mary Woodman – Resident at Bridgmead

CORONOVIRUS

Until the present time this word meant nothing to me at all – Did you know!?

Did you know what it was? Now when I do hear it, I am immediately transported back to remembering how we coped growing up with restrictions in the 2nd world war years and I can still remember the day war was declared. My sister and I were in the garden giving our toys a picnic. Banana slices in bread and butter and lemonade. All this was served with our own tea sets and tea pots. My mother came into the garden and said something awful had happened. Great Britain was at war with Germany. I had no idea what she was talking about but I knew it must be something very important as she gave us each 2 squares of milk chocolate. We were never allowed to eat between meals!

Nothing much happened immediately. Change was gradual. We lost our school teachers as they went into the forces and were replaced by what seemed to us children as old ladies who had been brought out of retirement. We also had new children in school who were called evacuees. Looking back, I think we were very unkind to these children and would not play with them because they “Spoke Funny”.

We were all provided with gas masks. These were issued in little square boxes and we had to carry them all the time. We had gas mask practice once a week and hated it. It was so difficult to breathe. I think I would have died if we ever had to use them as I used to lift the sides up so that I could breathe. Things also changed at home. We had a huge metal table delivered and was put in our front room. It had metal Mesh sides that could be added once people were inside as it was an air raid shelter.

Lots of different foods were rationed. Everyone had a ration book and these had to be presented when buying rationed goods including sweets and meat. My mother could not get clothes for us but taught herself needle work and made clothes for us

out of throw-outs from two of our large aunties! We always had something new to wear at Easter time and I always remember how special we felt in royal blue skirts with frilled straps which went over the shoulder and white blouses. We were so proud.

Most cities had bombing raids but Bath did not until April 1942. I will never forget the fear we had then. We had just eaten our tea when the sirens sounded. My mother put us girls in the air raid shelter as we had bombs falling all around us. My father was in the auxiliary fire service so he had to go off to his station on the Bear Flat. My sister and myself were both terrified, it was so frightening. All citizens that were not "called up" to help the war effort had to be responsible for the safety of others. The blast from the bombs broke the glass in our windows.

The next morning there was no sign of my father. My mother was very worried about him so after breakfast she dressed us in our Sunday clothes and we set forth to meet him. We met him at St Marks Church, Widcombe (I know the exact spot!). My mother was so relieved to see him, but she did not say so, but immediately my mother said she did not know how she was going to cook the Sunday lunch as we had no gas! In those days nothing was allowed to affect the sacrosanct Sunday meal. Before my father could go to bed, to rest, he had to fix a spit over the dining room fire and the rest of the morning was spent watching this minute piece of meat hanging over the fire.

I do not know how he knew but my father said the bombing would start again on the Sunday night. He did not want to leave us at home because we were in the flight path to the Admiralty and the railway, so he arranged for the two of us to stay with one of his sisters at Newbridge Road. I don't remember much about this visit but I do know that we had the nicest chipolatas sausages I have ever tasted before or since! Some of our neighbours stayed the night under the railway arches at the end of at the end of Lyncombe Vale

At the beginning of the war homes in Bath had to be offered to admiralty personnel who were billeted here. In return the admiralty arranged for all of us children to go to the pantomime. The evacuees had the added bonus of sweets! My sister and I realised that we were now eligible for a sweet hand out, as after all, we had been evacuees.

Local Giving

Bridgemed has a Local Giving Page set up. If anyone would be interested in giving, the link to it

is: <https://localgiving.org/charity/bridgemed/>- <http://www.localgiving.org/charity/bridgemed>

Please note that Bridgemed can now be found on our website.

Go to www.bridgemed.org.uk, click on Bridgemed and you will find the latest issue.

We also now have a page for Staff Vacancies on the website.

If you would prefer to receive your copy of Bridgemed by e-mail, can you please let us know on admin@bridgemed.org.uk

All contributions to this newsletter are welcome from residents, relatives, staff and volunteers. If you have something you think would be of interest, anecdotes, personal recollections, news events, short poems or anything relevant would be welcome.

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