

Llanfair Times

incorporating Lloyney News

September 2020

Welcome to our 18th edition.

How these past few months have flown by. It does not seem long since we were putting together our June edition, which proved quite difficult without being able to meet in person. Thankfully, restrictions have eased, enabling the team to have a self-distancing catch-up face-to-face and produce this edition.

It is our first paid subscription and we are incredibly grateful for all the parishioners, wider community & those who have now moved away from Llanfair Waterdine, for subscribing to this newsletter for the next 12 months. A lot of hard work goes into collating, organising and proofing. It makes all worthwhile knowing so many of you wish to keep reading for another year. For those of you who have missed the subscription deadline, we do have some spare copies or the option to subscribe for the remainder of the year.

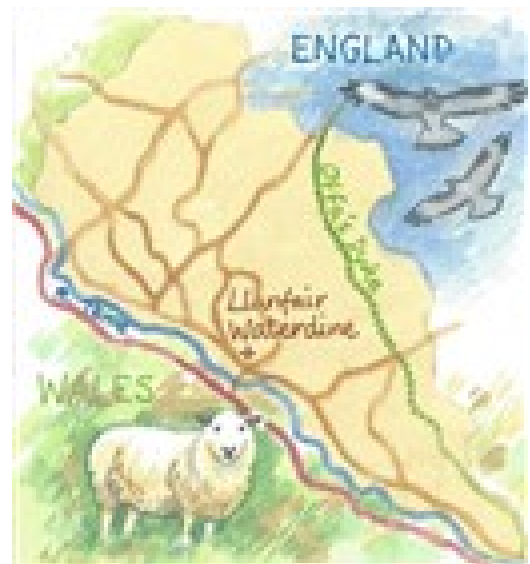
Most of the clubs and groups within Llanfair Waterdine have managed to get together in some way as you will read, albeit not in the usual fashion. Inside this edition you will see some of our regular articles taking a break whilst some new ones have made their debut, including our 'Poets Corner'.

The village Wakes was sadly called off this year due to Covid19, but it was made virtual to enable villagers to still take part. See the results and some fantastic pictures inside!

We are sad to lose Zoe Croose from the team. She is due to have a baby in January so will have other things to occupy her time! Thanks for all your work Zoe.

The copy deadline for December is November 18th.

Llanfair Times Editorial team



Any views expressed in this newsletter are those of the author and not Llanfair Waterdine Parish Council or the Editorial Team.

Wakes 2020

The Show Went Virtual!

WAKES COMPETITIONS RESULTS

Something I made in lockdown

1st Byron Ford "Tŷ Bach" Door & Trim
(My translation – Ed.)



2nd Christine Kenyon



2nd Ali Ford - Who Said Sheep are Stupid?



3rd Equal Phil Morris and Susan Woods



Kids - Something I made in lockdown

Limerick

Cynthia Joyce (See Poets' Corner)

Funniest lockdown photo

1st Jane Watts - Social distancing flamingos visited the river Teme



1st Lewis Beavan – A Bug Hotel



2nd Eddie Watts - Candles

3rd Eddie Watts - Pallet Planter



Furry friends

1st Ali Ford



2nd Bob and Di Bailey

3rd Jane Watts



Derek Beavan

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In Conversation with.....Katie Lane

Word of mouth is a wonderful thing. It's amazing what you learn: one conversation leads to another and another and another.....

Judith & David Tollman's bat population exploded this year but one poor baby Pipistrelle was found stranded on their driveway, so they took it to Katie Lane at The Old School House. They knew Katie looked after birds so it was an obvious call. Katie did some quick surrogacy-mothering and took it to the Cuan Wildlife Rescue Centre in Much Wenlock. The baby bat died a week later, despite all efforts.

How did Judith know Katie might be able to help? Earlier that week an injured goshawk had been

spotted by Jeanette Thompson and Leon Drewnicki and with Katie's help it had been gathered up and taken to Much Wenlock. Katie's name was getting around and I had seen the impressive aviary from afar, so it seemed appropriate to investigate further for Llanfair Times.

As a small girl, Katie was already taking in abandoned or injured baby birds and mice, mainly as a result of Tiger the family cat's success in hunting the parents. This vocation, as we might call it, led to her breeding rabbits (a parental present for successful GCSE results), but Katie soon found that rather than adding to the rabbit population she would prefer to rescue and look after the down-and-outs of the animal world and had soon developed a reputation as "the animal girl". Squirrels, guinea pigs and more, followed. A Saturday job at Waddesdon Manor added to the menagerie when the security guard took an injured squirrel to Katie.

Soon after the family moved to Nottingham, a pair of white doves took residence in their abandoned dovecote. They were found homes at a sanctuary in Derby, but Katie requisitioned the old playroom and filled it with an ever-growing number of cages and rescued birds. The aviary (as the old playroom was now called) was housing up to 150 baby birds being weaned and crop-fed for up to eight weeks before being taken to Derby for "soft release". Crop-feeding requires feeding the chicks down the throat just as the mother would: now there's a skill not many of us has!



The main recipients of Katie's care come as a result of an unsavoury practice I was not previously aware of.

"Wedding Release" white doves are bred for cute size and purity of colour and to look nice for a wedding release. Any non-pure chick is duly despatched. Those of suitable purity nevertheless seem to be a one-time-use disposable item. Who knew that Wedding Release white doves mainly starve as they can't find their way home or are predated? The lucky ones find their way to a rescue sanctuary.

The Lane Family's move to The Old School House allowed Katie to construct her first purpose-built aviary. It has double mesh to keep out sparrow hawks and block-built foundations to keep out rats which would kill the birds, open their crop and feed off the contents. The current guests mainly can't fly due to their injuries.

Rhea (pictured with Katie below) is a wedding release dove rescued from kids throwing stones at it on the streets of Derby. The injuries she sustained keep her head permanently at an angle. She can't fly. Nor can Titan, her mate-for-life boyfriend who only has one wing.



The aviary is now full but Katie is here to help collect, advise and get injured animals to a sanctuary.

Katie's longer-term ambition is to open her own full animal sanctuary for birds and small furry animals where people can come and visit and pet

the animals: physical help for the animals and mental health help for the visitors.

In her mind's eye Katie is in a caravan in the middle of a large plot of land surrounded by her rescued animals and her visitors. Who knows if that plot might be found in Llanfair?

Mark Hughes

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The Book Club has not met since March because of the Lockdown. At the beginning of the Book Club we decided that we would use the very good service for borrowing books for Reading Groups from Shropshire Libraries, having considered all the alternatives which we decided were non starters. This service ceased during Lockdown. I have very recently returned our last set of books to Bishop's Castle Library and was told that the books for the Reading Groups would be distributed again "soon".

There is also the question of where we should meet, taking account of the controls needed to combat COVID 19. Book Club has 10 members, so we need a large room to accommodate us all, or we could meet in a garden, but that depends on the weather.

When we all read the same book and then discuss it, the result is that the reviewer tries very hard to give a true, balanced critique of the book taken from the conversation, which is hard to achieve without all the chatter we have over a cup of tea about it. No doubt normal service will be resumed sometime.

So, no books, no meeting place, no reviews!

Helen Henchoz



The WI did eventually manage a Zoom call which was enjoyable although the folk who are naturally chatty tended to dominate! (Carefully chosen phrasing there!) But it was great to catch up with everyone's news. As with many groups some members were really enjoying the reduction in activities and duties outside the home, others had tidied cupboards, decorated from top to bottom, got the garden in tip top shape... whilst some had to continue to shield and a few were quite fearful and worried about how things will pan out. We all looked forward to an easing of restrictions and joked about our uncut hair. There hasn't as yet been any decision on when meetings might resume.

Andrea Moore

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So, that's Farming?

In an interruption to regular service, it's Byron writing this edition's piece from Upper Tregodfa - I promise Ali will be back for the next instalment. Unsurprisingly, I waffle like a consultant and spell like an engineer, so apologies all round!

I thought it would be good to pick up my pen (laptop) for this edition for a number of reasons: one, I'm on holiday from work so I have a bit of spare time on my hands, and two, this is partially an update on the 'farming' comings and goings at Upper Tregodfa, but also a thank you. But I'll get to that in a bit.

With the unprecedented times we live in, an expression I seem to use more and more, I have had the fortune to spend a lot more time at home. I've gone from three to four nights a week away with work to being at home all the time

since January. I think the novelty may have worn off a bit for Ali – I do spend a lot of time making noise, either on my endless Zoom meetings (I think I spend more time on Zoom than I ever have done in office meetings), or DIY-related clattering. I have put the lack of a commute to good use though and managed to re-roof and re-door Upper Tregodfa's original outhouse – the old roof frame was rotten through and all the slates had come off, opening the stone work to the full force of the valley's weather. It seemed like an important part of the farm's history, so I thought it needed to be saved...it also makes a great place to stuff more sheep-related paraphernalia!

As Ali mentioned in her last piece we've had a good lambing season this year, with nine lambs added to our flock (modest by valley standards, but a big jump for us), taking our total to 24 now. With everything else going on we have sadly missed out on milking properly again this year. However, we did get chance to milk one of our ewes as a test and the results were amazing – it was like liquid vanilla ice cream and unlike any milk I have tasted before. It was weeks after the ewe had lambed, but it was still very rich and creamy – which bodes well for future milking. Contributing to our busier than normal lambing were the two lambs we hand-reared in our kitchen after they were rejected by their mums, Olive and Rabbit, who are now in the field with the rest. They still follow me everywhere – we even took Olive on a walk from Tregodfa to the Runnis – she didn't stray any more than three feet from me. She's better behaved than our dog Toby! Less well behaved is one of the other ewe lambs, Gladys, who somehow squeezes into whichever of our fields she thinks has the tastiest grass – we should have named her Houdini!

It has made me realise a few things – the first, just how pernicious the virus is. It doesn't matter how careful you are or how low-risk you think you are – it may very well find you and its results are entirely unpredictable. Incredibly minor for

some, very serious for others. The doctor told me it was just bad luck, particularly as I hadn't left the house in the 2 weeks before getting sick – he put it down to a home delivery or shopping Ali had done a few days before. I'm just glad it's all over now and I'm fully recovered thanks to Ali's herculean efforts (and a lot of horrible medication).



Most importantly, it also made me fully realise and appreciate how lucky we are in our valley – the support Ali and I got from people in our community was amazing. Everyone was so caring and supportive and made sure we had everything we needed for my recovery and our protracted isolation. We are so incredibly grateful for the support – without it, things would have been much more difficult. We are all so lucky to have this place and each other. Thank you to you all.

Byron Ford



Normally, in the September issue of the *Llanfair Times*, we tell you about the upcoming season of films.

However, times are not normal, and, after speaking to other members of the Flicks team, we have decided to put Flicks on hold for the moment.

Whilst Flicks is a social event for the community it is also a fundraiser for the Everest Hall. Unfortunately, with the necessary social distancing, deep cleaning and all the other factors that the Hall would have to attend to it would be difficult and uneconomic to try and proceed at the moment.

Hopefully, we may have better news in December.

Reluctantly, after enjoying running Flicks for a number of years, we (Judith and David) have decided to call it a day. Kathy and Don Szmids have kindly agreed to take over when Flicks is up and running again **BUT** new volunteers are very much welcome. If you would like to know more about what is involved (and how little!) please ring 510672 to speak to us.

Judith Tollman on behalf of the Llanfair Flicks Team

What's On

Friday 25th September Macmillan Coffee morning at Graig Cottage 10.30 to 12.30

Running ahead of the curve – but playing right on the beat!

This short account of “life on the road for a touring musician” - after having already been contracted to embark on a three week tour of South America in March of this year - is written with particular reference to coping with the unknown hazard that Coronavirus would prove to be, was sent for publication in the LT by local resident, Dee Palmer.

Some years ago, after handing in my back stage trunk and, in doing so, symbolically exchanging life in the Crazy Institution of the itinerant, globe trotting, lunatic British Rock’n Roll Circus for that of the “super-annuated rock star” i.e. three “proper meals” a day and sleeping in the same bed every night, I found (much as I’d hoped) this new, sequestered life style up here on The Welsh Marches to be quite appealing. (In a way, I was coming home; my parents were born in Herefordshire and Shropshire).

It wasn’t long, however, before the palpable - actually, “screaming lack” of those twin drugs “the roar of the grease paint” and “the smell of crowd” in my day to day existence, began unceasingly to play on my mind.

Good fortune, however - just as she has featured so much in my life hitherto - came up with an offer I could not refuse:

“Would I like to return - possibly for a couple of years - to a slightly attenuated style of the life I once had led, and in the company of Martin Barre and Clive Bunker - the original Jethro Tull guitarist and drummer - in a world tour celebrating 50 years of the music of Jethro Tull”?

What!

A “no brainer” if ever there was one, and so - in the spring of 2019 - together with three other very capable musicians, two female backing singers and a couple of techies, we set off on the first leg, starting with the first gig at Hudson Falls, in New York State, USA.

By a couple more gigs we were back on top of it, with a show that was as tight as a drum and brimful of energy: not bad, given the combined age of the three of us “Tullettes” totalled close on 230 years!

Throughout the year we went on to play in France, Germany and at several UK festivals, being greeted everywhere and, without exception, by audiences both ready and well up for what we had to offer

During 2019 we travelled over 30,000 miles, I celebrated my 82nd birthday (but feeling and acting, still, as a 22 year old), we played well over 50 sell-out gigs to enthusiastic crowds, with the last couple of concerts performed in the celebrated hotel “Bayerischer Hof” in Munich. And then? Home for Christmas!

What’s not to like?.....

However.....following a quiet 2019 Christmas spent at home with my two lovely deerhounds, Stig and Barney (who’d been in boarding kennels for a lot of the year) I noticed the onset of a slight dampening of my ardour for the prospect of another year on the road.

This was totally out of character for me - touring has always been a big part of my life - but I was mightily aware of the likely cause.

It was wholly on account of the misleading news reports i.e. fudged and less than half truths concerning an emergent virus, broadcast by the *CCP to the rest of the world: It was Bad Stuff.

Moreover - and to the very nub of this article - I was about to embark upon a 10 date tour of Central and South America - the least well equipped and medically prepared continent (or land mass) able to cope with a possible pandemic.

By now I had been sent a comprehensive tour schedule; departure and return dates, flight details - both Trans Atlantic and Internal - tour itinerary, hotels and venues, etc. Namely, all the usual stuff plus a reminder to top up my yellow fever jab if I’d gone past my sell by date! Ho - Ho - Ho
Anyone who has had one - i.e. a Yellow fever jab - knows that the side effects are much worse than the experience of whatever it is supposed to prevent! Having spent from the age of fifteen serving in HMF I’ve had more injections to go to places (which I could never dare tell my Mum I’d been) and I’ve lived to tell this tale - Yellow fever notwithstanding!

As the date on which I was due to fly to South America moved ever closer, the grim reality of what Covid-19 was capable of becoming had begun to assert itself. Filled with trepidation at the prospect of meeting an uncomfortable end in a foreign country, I began to hope for the phone to ring, advising me that the tour was off.

It didn’t - and so on March 3rd we flew to Sao Paulo, arriving in the early morning of the 4th.
We were now without Clive Bunker but Adam Wakeman (who usually plays for Ossy Osbourne) had

joined me on keyboards. (We used to have two keyboard players in Jethro Tull).

On March 5th we played our first concert which, happily, was a triumph - see image No 1 - but, after coming off stage, fully charged with that old feeling "the flush of success" we were brought rapidly to earth when we learned of the first death from Coronavirus in the UK!

Any sensible, observant bystander would comment that it was clearly stark, raving madness to continue with the tour - but, nevertheless, we did!

In the music business there's a time honoured code that, if you accept a gig, you either turn up and play or send a competent dep. (It's been like that in England since the 1600's).

There was no opting out here. Together with Martin Barre I was one of the musicians the crowds had bought tickets to come to see and hear!

We had one bottle of anti-bacterial fluid to share between all of us. I kid you not!
It was just as scarce in Brazil as loo rolls and pasta had become back in Blighty.
We all took to carrying a bar of soap and washing our hands every time we had a chance.
(Water features in hotel lobbies and shopping malls were not excluded)!

We played our second date (in Curitiba) and then flew down to Rio de Janeiro.
By this time we were hearing news on a daily basis of scheduled South America tours being cancelled by groups as equally renowned as we were. Metallica and Kiss spring to mind.

Renaissance, Curved Air, Pat Metheny, Steve Hillage also chickened out, but, like the seasoned troupers we were, we just carried on a rockin'.

What played a big part in deciding to carry on and complete the tour was the fact that, insofar as we knew, the virus had yet to hit Brazil, but it was a bit unnerving driving past the favelas on the way from the airport, knowing that lurking in their midst - in what really is the scariest of cramped environs and where the poorest, most vulnerable people live - existed the perfect conditions for the incubation and spread of this most deadly virus when, eventually, it arrived.

On our first day in Rio - which happened to be a day off - I had one of those very special, rare experiences which, whilst not life changing, will remain with me forever.

I was sitting on the terrace of the 16th floor, roof top bar in our hotel, overlooking Copacabana Beach, The Sugar Loaf Mountain and the Corcovado Mountain (on top of which stands the revered statue of Christ the Redeemer).

What would have been a perfect view of the statue was obscured by a low-lying cloud of mist.

I was just sitting there and thinking and glanced up at the cloud - why, I know not - but it now seemed almost close enough to touch, and then, before my very eyes, the cloud - slowly and dramatically, began to split into two.

As it did so, a shaft of bright, white light began to emerge through the mist, becoming brighter and brighter, and, as the cloud opened fully, revealed the statue of Christ the Redeemer, bathed in an incandescent light.

It was such an awesome experience, I felt that God was about to speak.

Solipsistic this claim may be but, selfishly, I considered that this remarkable vision was for me alone and, more importantly, a signal that we were safe and in God's hands.
You've just gotta believe it.

We played the Rio gig and, next day, Belo Horizonte then away to Argentina.

The Coronavirus, meanwhile, was taking its toll everywhere else in the world BUT not yet in South America. The fact was it could have been rife wherever we went - we just didn't know - but none of us had yet developed any symptoms.

Our next gigs were in Chile; Rancagua and Concepcion.

It's in places like these that you know you are a LONG WAY from home - particularly with the daily news of the ever increasing death toll wreaked by Covid-19. We were still finding it difficult to find Anti-bac lotion and were washing our hands red raw.
But we played to 'em all and they clapped. Loud and long.
Perhaps it was as much in respect for our lunatic bravery in actually showing up as for our musical offering!

Our next scheduled dates were two gigs in Lima, Peru.

However, when we came off stage following the gig in Concepcion, the English promoter - who was travelling "Shotgun" with us - called a meeting with us to say that he'd been informed that if we went to

Peru next day, we'd probably be incarcerated there for weeks, as the borders were to be closed at midnight - just when we'd be playing our encores. Furthermore, the promoters in Mexico City wanted to cancel the last two gigs of the tour because of the increasingly rapid spread of Coronavirus.



It was, clearly, now time for us to scarper. We had managed seven out of the ten dates we'd come to play.

Next day at 0500 hrs, we were whisked to the airport and managed to get the first flight up to Santiago. We then stood in queues ALL day long, hoping to rewrite our return tickets to depart from Santiago for the UK.

Ticket prices were increasing by the minute, but three of the group managed to get onto the last BA flight to Heathrow, one on Iberia to Madrid.

The remaining four of us i.e. me, the vocalist and the two techies had the option of staying a night in an airport hotel and trying again next day OR paying a £ransom sums each to fly to Mexico City, layover for a day and then, hopefully, get the last BA flight to Heathrow. We took the latter.

I've made many Transatlantic flights in my time - hundreds of 'em - but never one quite as bad as the one that brought me home to Heathrow the following night.

12 hours locked in a cigar tube; becoming mildly (but increasingly) paranoid about the unshielded coughing and sneezing going on around you; suffering severe cramp because the person in the seat in front of you has it at maximum recline (i.e. in your face) and won't alter it. Clambering out of your seat to do the necessary stretching exercises in the Galley area every 30 minutes until, finally, an exhausted hour of sleep is yours before landing.

It took me close on nine hours to drive home, stopping at every service station on the M40 and M42 and grabbing a few minutes sleep at each. And then - Argh! - the Droitwich to Knighton section - which, all the time you're negotiating that final, punishing stretch, you wonder why you didn't buy that nice little flat in The Barbican!

Nah! You can't beat the peace and quiet up here - and I'll be ever grateful to my kind neighbours Steve and Juliet Gibbon and to Simon and Clare Bates for delivering food and keeping me alive during the following, long weeks of lockdown - a period during which I noted pretty well ALL the post 70 year olds, with those my age and more having endured all the hardship and privations of WW2 i.e. the blackout, being bombed out, rationing, etc - that, however cross they were about being classed as "vulnerable", just buckled down and got on with it, whilst too many others were to be heard moaning about having to stay in their comfortable homes with Wi-Fi, TV and Internet shopping at the click of a mouse! As a nation, we've gone soft.

(I was due to be playing on the West coast of USA and Canada this summer, but all bets were off!

However, I've agreed to start up again in the USA in April, 2021. I'll tell you about it!.....DP.)

Dee Palmer



Everest Hall

The Trustees continue to run the lottery according to requirements and really appreciate your support.

The 100 Club Lottery winners are as follows:

June No.18 (£20) No.142 (£10)

July No. 68 (£20) No. 3 (£10)

August No.4 (£20) No. 96 (£10)

If you have any queries please contact either Ann (01547 528477) or Mary (01547 510285) or contact any of the Trustees.

Poets' Corner



Dogs on Duty

In and out and round about
the streets of Knighton town,
it's strangely quiet and empty now
that we're in Lockdown.

Over seventies must stay
at home because they're old,
be good and isolate themselves
and do as they are told!

Children can't whizz down the slide
or scale the climbing wall
because the playground's out of bounds
and locked to one and all.

But listen! There's another change,
a welcome one at last:
less traffic means that we can hear
birdsong, as in times past.

And now it is the time for dogs
to come into their own,
to free their owners from despond
and lead them round the town.

By Com. and Cwm and Pinner's Hole,
by High Street and Church Road,
by Crabtree walk and Garth they go
wherever they're allowed.

Cats scatter under cars as they
approach and jackdaws cheer

them on as they career
about from there to here.

Doggie messages are left
on posts along the way
and people, meeting friends, can greet them
'distantly' and say

'We thank our dogs for all the joy
and freedom that they give
to us, their owners, in return
for nourishment and love!

By Philippa Boast

On a Diet

I am on a diet,
It really is a pain,
I can't eat the food I love,
And it's driving me insane!

The list of foods that I can eat
I really don't understand,
because all the stuff I love to eat,
It seems have all been banned!

No croissants for my breakfast,
Or even toast and jam,
A stick of celery and some nuts,
Is how my day began!

Lunchtime is nightmare,
It really is a curse,
Lettuce leaves and carrots,
It surely can't get worse!

Tea time is arriving,
With cake and scones and cream,
Alas these things are not allowed,
I think I'm going to scream!

My stomach is complaining,
Something has got to give,
Not having all the food I love,
I've lost the will to live!

Now it's wine o'clock time,
But no Prosecco, wine or Pimm's,
I really am quite certain,
I'm being punished for my sins!

Dinner time is coming,
Look at my plate in dread,
Is it a great big fry up?
No, it's salad and nuts instead!

How much longer can I take this,
I really cannot say,
I've been on this diet now,
For nearly one whole day!

By Bob Bailey

There was a young doctor from town,
Who went shopping in a surgical gown,
He said "you can never be sure
There still isn't a cure,
And I don't care that I look like a clown!"

By Cynthia Joyce

How sad that they cancelled The Wakes.
No fun and no games and no cakes!
But let's look to next year
It'll be back – never fear
Well, we hope so for all of our sakes!

By Mark Hughes

Sanctuary

Throughout the pandemic people have been taking a daily walk, some with dogs, so I wanted to share with you a walk that we used to take in North Wales.

It is a sanctuary of nine acres; a place of safety for beleaguered wildlife. The guardians are simply called a Wildlife Trust, but those words convey all their care for this guarded home.

*Etched with diamond frost
The bulrushes and reeds stand rigid
In the deep muddy pools of the hollow.
Below the crystal ice burrowing newts
Snuggle into the mud.*

The bank above the pools is a changing palette on a green bed of moss; in spring it is covered in yellow primroses, which are gradually lost to the soothing cream of meadow sweet, punctuated by wild pink orchids. As summer advances it turns pink with Rose Bay Willow Herb. The mood changes as the giant dark

green hogweed smothers the bank, topped by white umbrellas.

*Along the way
Speckled snails cling to long leaves
Shading the path.
Spiders re-spin their broken webs
And mallards splash in the stagnant bog.*

Up through the trees then bend slightly into the blackthorn tunnel, the white blossom announcing Spring and a harvest of purple black sloes at the very end of the year. Step carefully over the small footbridge onto the carpet of small pink rockets of the butterbur.

*These great plates of leaves
Hide my feet, cover my head
As I struggle on the path through the jungle.*

In bleakest January the ground by the hedge becomes green and white with a dense covering of snowdrops, the delicacy of the pendant flowers belying the strength of the plants pushing up out of the frozen earth.

At the bridge over the stream my dogs take over, the memory of the two that are gone, and the bouncing, splashing jet black package of energy with me now. The bitch, Sheena, gently explored the water, the dog, Sabre, lay down in it, but Dan harries the water for its secrets and revels in it.

Upwards and over into the dell that last autumn was an inland lake, all that was visible were two steps of the path, instead of twelve. Will the celandines and wood anemones flower this year too?

*In the breeze
Slender green stalks gently
Ring the bluebells
To disperse the heady perfume
Through the air.*

Follow the path around the copse of hawthorn and willow, home to blackbirds, robins and wrens. Listen to the calls of the buzzard far overhead, and the wild geese as they fly to the nearby lake.

The stream runs under the path again, through a large pipe. If the water is high with just enough air in the pipe the movement of the water produces basso profundo sounds that greatly perplex Dan. On the corner the wild cherry tree stands sentinel guarding the approach to the old apple tree watching over the bank and its three muddy pools.

*Shall we walk round once more
To see what creatures, what plants we have missed?
The whispering floats down to us
Through the green leaves;
Leave us in safety, leave us in peace.*

By Helen Henchoz



Seasonal Tips for the Gardener's Year

This year has flown by with many of us confined to our homes and gardens. This has enabled us to get many jobs done in the garden which we have put off doing many times!

September is the time to buy or order bulbs for flowering next spring.

Pots of tender bulbs like canna, eucomis and agapanthus should be put in a frost-free place over winter.

Continue deadheading where the seed heads are not needed for birds or indoor decoration.

Check cabbages for aphids and caterpillars and either squash them or spray with soap-based or organic spray.

Cut down asparagus foliage when it turns yellow.

Make a new strawberry bed for next year. Buy and plant several varieties to prolong the season.

Plant Amaryllis bulbs in pots for indoor winter displays.

In **October**, plant bulbs like snake's head fritillaries (meleagris) in shaded areas of grass which are damp but free draining. Crocus and daffodil bulbs can be planted now.

Bring indoors tender bedding plants like pelargoniums and pot up to keep over winter in a frost-free greenhouse or conservatory. Replace them with spring bulbs and, perhaps, winter pansies, evergreen grasses or heuchera.

Plant tulip bulbs in borders or pots for the spring.

Clear fallen leaves from borders and compost if possible.

Plant summer fruiting raspberry canes in October.

Hyacinth bulbs can now be planted in pots for forcing to flower in late December/January. Make sure the bulbs you buy have been prepared to be sure of an early display.

November is the time to plant new shrubs and bare-rooted rose bushes.

Plant bulbs of fragrant lilies in pots at twice the depth of the bulbs.

Also, it is time to plant garlic cloves. If you wish to grow your own garlic, buy bulbs from a grower rather than plant cloves bought from a supermarket. Soft neck varieties store better than hard neck varieties, but their flavour is not quite so strong. Plant at about 15cm/6" apart, just below the surface of the soil. Check regularly after planting just in case birds have pulled them out of the ground.

Enjoy your garden. **Di Bailey**



Rob Gwilt just can't stop quizzing us....

(answers next edition)

1. Which event attracted international names such as Arthur Browning, Terry Challinor and Bryan Wade to Llanfair?
2. Which local once played cricket for Lancashire?
3. In which former Olympic sport were Felindre World Champions in the 1970s? (yes, you read this correctly...)
4. Clay Pigeon Shooting was once an attraction at the Llanfair Wakes. True or False?
5. When the Knighton & District Darts League had over fifteen teams competing which local farmer on more than one occasion "topped the league averages" – a most sought-after piece of silverware?
6. Sue Barker (Tennis Grand Slam winner and Question of Sport presenter) once, by chance, attended the Llanfair Wakes. True or False?
7. You may have heard of "Achilles' Heel" and "Athlete's Foot" but what was the "Lloyney Limp"?
8. In which sport were Llanfair Waterdine champions of Radnorshire (again you read correctly).
9. Played at The Gay Meadow on a memorable Monday night in May 2004 Newcastle United lifted the Shropshire Amateur Cup. But which local farmer scored the winning goal? (Gay Meadow is believed my many to be the Football League's most delightful ground ever..)
10. What event attracted international names such as Roger Clark, Richard Burns and Colin McRae to Llanfair Waterdine?

Answers to last June's "Two Roberts" Quizzes

1. A Llan was originally a Celtic Christian settlement with a small church and houses usually surrounded by a circular wall. The second part of a Llan place name is the name of a Celtic saint. In Llanfair "fair" is a mutation of Mair which is Welsh for Mary.
2. Ffynonfair. The well is at GR SO787216 or approximately 250m ENE of Coed-yr-Hendre.
3. That the farm has accommodation for drovers and their herds. They were visible from the drove roads which crossed these hills from Wales into England.
4. The Blacksmith's Arms
5. Knucklas Castle. Guinevere
6. The course of the river has changed since 1536
7. Jack Mytton was a Shropshire squire famous for his horse riding exploits. The Jack Mytton Way starts on the road bridge over Teme.
8. Theojopolis Matkin
9. Thomas Tudge who had 10 children (and a wife)
10. The altar rail in the church is part of the rood screen of the medieval church. The carving is unique because it has representations of humans and animals.

1. Orange & Black
2. Bryndrynog
3. Cwmsannum
4. Red & White
5. Monaughty
6. Knucklas
7. Lloyney House Farm
8. Monaughty
9. 1972
10. Orange & Black

Talking of Quizzes.....

Llanfair Quiz Night Thursday 24th September

We will be hosting another online quiz on Zoom

For details of how to join email

zoecourt@hotmail.com or mark@criggin.co.uk

Who are they? Answers in December



LLANFAIR SINGERS CHAIRMAN'S DIARY

Will there be a Christmas Concert?

As we begin to mark the six month anniversary since the start of "Lockdown" I doubt if any member of the Llanfair Singers had ever expected to find themselves as a member of an organisation banned by the Government from operating within the UK. Come to that, I doubt if any of us had ever considered that we would be wearing face masks when going into the bank or post office to ask for money!

I was once asked, in a security interview, if I had ever been a member of a paramilitary organisation, "Yes", I replied. The horrified looks said it all - "which organisation?" they demanded. "The Combined Cadet Force" I replied - smiles of relief and laughter all round. Now I shall have to admit to being a member of a prohibited organisation: a choir!

It is not all bad news, however. The Cathedral Music Trust is hoping that singing may be allowed to resume later this month, after scientists have checked just how far a Tenor can spray when singing (what an interesting experiment that must be!) We shall, inevitably, be "guided by the science." An early return probably means both a Carol Service and a Christmas Concert this year. A later return means a Christmas concert next year or even....

Clearly we must plan for an uncertain future, including a possibility that we receive a call from Sheffield Cathedral which, according to the news, is disbanding its choir for one or more of the following reasons (they can't decide which applies, apparently!)

- a) Finance
- b) Lack of quality
- c) Diversity

You will have instantly recognised that the Llanfair Singers can easily address all three of these concerns:

- a) We're free (what greater reason could they need!)
- b) We have a reputation for the quality of our Choral Evensongs (After all, we have recommendations from every Cathedral we've ever sung in)
- c) We are certainly diverse!

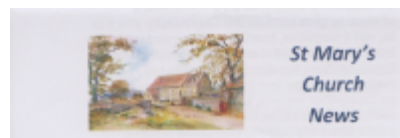
To cope with all of this excitement we shall be holding both Committee and AGM meetings (via Zoom) to arrange not only our response for when Sheffield calls..... but, more realistically, just to see each other again and acknowledge that a September start was probably predicted more in hope than expectation. The reality is more likely to be a January start. We shall plan for both eventualities just in case. There is no doubt that each of us has missed not only the real joy of singing but the incredible camaraderie that being a member of this choir brings. Until then we shall just have to carry on meeting on Zoom and singing in the shower (NEVER at the same time)

So, the question is not so much "Will there be a Christmas Concert?" as "When will there be a Christmas concert?" Hopefully the December issue will see the answer to that question!

Until we next meet, stay safe.

Michael Symonds

St Mary's Church



By the time that this report is read by you in Llanfair Times, the current rules governing private prayer, services, singing, face-coverings, numbers allowed to meet inside, and social distancing as outlined by the Government and the Church of England may well have undergone several changes.

St Mary's Church has been open for Private Prayer since Monday, June 15th. Anyone visiting is asked to sanitise their hands before entering and to sign the Visitors' book. In this way those checking the church every day are able to decide how much to clean the area set aside for prayer as well as cleaning door handles, light switches and laminated prayers.

We were told that churches could be open for services under strict guidelines from July 5th. As the instruction only arrived on July 3rd and there had been no discussion with the Benefice Council, it was felt inappropriate to begin services immediately. Also, the Reverend Annie has been on leave of absence due to

a severe chest infection and we wished to involve her in any decision. Reverend Annie later gave us permission to begin lay-led services as she had still not recovered enough to lead worship.

Lay-led services began on Sunday, August 2nd. We have decided to continue with our usual four-week timings although, of course, it is not possible to have Holy Communion services at present. There are many instructions regarding spacing; no singing is allowed, and from Saturday, August 8th, face coverings must be worn in places of worship by law. A register has to be kept and socialising can only occur outside the church after the service.

This all presents those taking the services and cleaning the church with several problems. There are no regular rotas for cleaning at present as no-one is expected to come to the church if they are isolating, or vulnerable, or looking after anyone else who is vulnerable. The virus is supposed to disappear after 72 hours so the church could be locked after each service for this period. However, private prayer would then not be possible. The alternative is to clean the church after every service, keeping note of where every member of the congregation is sitting. This is the route down which we have gone at present. We would like to thank those who are giving much time to keeping the church available for prayer and services.

During the 'lockdown' the Reflection Service has been emailed or posted to all interested, who have read it at the usual appointed time. The Compline Service has been held by 'Zoom'. These services are now able to resume in church and the Reflection Service on Wednesday, August 12th, was attended by 23 socially distanced and masked members of the congregation who arrived in humid conditions and left in torrential rain. Again, rather than lock the church, cleaning took place after the service.

All being well, on the afternoon of Saturday, August 29th, St Mary's Church will have welcomed the Bishop of Hereford, who will have taken a short service as part of his pilgrimage over four Saturdays in August and September to 39 churches in the Diocese.

The Bishop of Hereford has designated Sunday, September 20th, as 'Diocesan Gift Day'. He says:

'Churches throughout the Diocese have faced unprecedented financial challenges due to COVID-19.

Fundraising events have ground to a halt and fee income has dried up. Yet ministry still needs to be funded. I hope that this initiative will enable us to contribute over and above our normal giving to the life-changing ministry that is transforming lives all across our Diocese.'

We have decided to expand the 'Gift Day' into the entire weekend, with a Flower Festival and organ music in the church and a Produce Stall in the churchyard, from 2.00 pm – 5.00 pm on Saturday, 19th September and our Harvest Festival Service at 11.15 am on Sunday, 20th September.

Following the disintegration of the church flag, a replacement has been purchased. As before, it is the St George's Cross, but the top right-hand quarter displays the Hereford Diocesan Badge. If you wish to see it in all its glory, choose a windy day.

Churchwardens Robert Taylor and Graham Trew

SCARY MATTERS

Once upon a time, when we lived in caves – if we were lucky enough to have a cave that is – any illness that depended on close physical contact would take thousands of years to travel from, let's just say for argument's sake, China to Britain (or whatever Britain was called way back when).

Well as we now know, that has all changed, thanks to the magic of international air travel, as well as the glories of cruise ships the size of your average shopping centre.

(And, as an aside, the plague ravaging England in the sixteenth century probably travelled here from Italy on a flea in a bolt of cloth. But let's not muddy these particular waters...)

We are lucky here, or you would think so anyway, because we live on an island – well, lots of islands really but let's not split hairs either. And we are lucky in that an island can control its borders quite easily, or, again, you would think so wouldn't you? So did this particular septic isle do that? We all know that the answer to that is a resounding no (insert here a chorus of "why oh why oh why" and "have they gone stark staring mad").

In deciding against border controls, the UK, from January 1st until lockdown on March 23rd, allowed in no less than 16 million people via our various airports. Guess how many of those 16million were quarantined? The vast total of 273.

Further, on January 31st, the World Health Organisation declared a global emergency. We then proceeded to admit people from various Covid hotspots – like Italy for example, from where, in February, some 90,000 passengers came from Milan alone. And then there was Spain: some 20,000 a day in the same month. Scary or what? And all these people, tested, traced? As the great Manuel (from Barcelona remember - ironic or what?) would say: “Que?”

So what have the great and the good done to alleviate the spread of fizzlypopflu aka coronavirus aka Covid-19? Well we all know that some 15,000 patients were chucked out of hospitals and into care homes without any testing (and that turned out well didn't it?) And everyone who hasn't been on another planet these past few thrilling months knows how well the PPE situation was handled. But now (at last?), at least face masks are compulsory in England (and maybe in Wales by the time you read this.) And surely the simplest way of ensuring that masks would be worn would be to say all the time when out and where there are other people. But that would have been too easy...

So when must masks be worn? Have a look at these initial lists and marvel: they are obligatory in: shops, banks, enclosed shopping centres, building societies, post offices, railway stations, bus stations, airports, on public transport, when queuing for food. There are more, many more, but I don't want you to lose the will to live while wading through them.

On the other hand, masks are not required in: pubs, restaurants, libraries, museums, galleries, solicitors' offices, cinemas, theatres, concert halls, bingo halls and, and - the list goes on. And on. Cue another chorus of “why oh why oh why” etc. But, hang on, would you Adam and Eve it, these initial lists were in place for not much longer than a week before some of list 2 were added to list 1. And the lists change and change again even as I scribble.

Confusing? Capricious? Chaotic? Not to mention illogical and bizarre – the words “chicken” and “headless” leap unbidden to mind. But what, really, can you expect - with dingbats such as Prat Halfcock and Gibbering Johnson running the show? And let's not forget E.T's dad, Chris Whitty. (Herd immunity anyone?)

(Probably should repeat that any views expressed in this newsletter are those of the author and not Llanfair Waterdine Parish Council or the Editorial Team – Ed)

It all seems to be a case of too little too late, especially when the latest figures (that I have) are taken into account: the more than 56,000 deaths where Covid is mentioned on the death certificate, and the July figures of 2,000 deaths in England, close to 40 in Wales and 10 or so in Scotland. The populations of the three countries vary enormously of course, but still...

So, enough misery – are there any reasons to be optimistic? Will there be a second wave, aka tsunami, or a calm sea ahead? Or, alternative metaphor, is the glass half full or half empty?

Well here's the glass half full version, so there can at least be some sort of upbeat ending to this depressing diatribe: it should be remembered that 999 out of 1,000 of us have not (yet) died from Covid-19, so that's a plus. And the race is intensifying to develop a vaccine (Oxford leads by a short head probably, but there are rumours from Russia) which may even be available this side of Christmas. May...

Now that really would be the present to beat all presents...

And finally, as the news readers on ITV would say, and probably the best news of all - and however selfish it might be - just glance out the window and muse on how we are so, so lucky to live where we do.

(And thanks to M D in Private Eye for the meat of this piece; he has been the most reasonable, knowledgeable and lucid of Covid-19 commentators during these past few months.)

Mike Lockey

.....

Llanfair Waterdine Community Trust

The Community Trust often writes about funding that it has been able to provide, and more recently about the huge undertaking to provide a Community Pavilion on the Joan Adams Community field.

It may, however, be of some interest to readers that the income currently being used has been generated over quite a few years and is largely derived from Agricultural land management. The Trust manages four parcels of land other than the community field, and three of these provide a steady source of income. This is derived from renting the land to local graziers on an annual basis, the participation in a 10-year high-level environmental scheme, and funding from the Basic Payment Scheme.

The largest patch is the Turbary. It's situated adjacent to the ancient drovers' road between Stoney Pound and the Triangle, this field is classified a moorland and as such is designated as right to roam land. The second patch is known as the Hordy field and lies on the right-hand side at the junction above Bryn Bedw. Here one can view the diverse pasture with many wildflowers, from the gate on the corner. The third patch is largely hidden from public view below Monaughty and adjacent to the river Teme. Interestingly the larger part of this field is in Wales. The Triangle and the strip alongside the drovers road do not provide any income, but have been utilised to provide an area for tree planting and more recently a very well used car parking area allowing walkers to enjoy the walk along the drovers road in both directions.

The Trustees are pleased with the continued progress with the building work at the Pavilion. Despite the difficult times and problems it creates with shielding, social distancing and obtaining materials, real progress has been made. The trustees are further encouraged by the large number of fresh volunteers who have made themselves available these past months. Thanks

to them the paintwork has been completed, three coats on all walls and ceilings no less.

On the subject of obtaining materials; when thistle plaster was short nationally Russell was able use his contacts to secure the full amount at cost and on time. The flooring was sourced again on budget and on time and completed by Wayne Steadman and Company. The finish has been complimented and we believe this gives the pavilion a warm and welcoming look.

We believe a special thank you should be accorded to the Waterdine for their generosity in supplying the sanitary ware for the project.

Finally, as this project nears completion, with the terrace and landscaping, the trustees are heartened by an encouraging number of visitors and locals who have looked in, complimented and are looking forward to enjoying the facilities.

Bob Bailey, Andrew Beavan and Robert Gwilt



PARISH COUNCIL

From the Chairman of the Parish Council,

Mark Hughes

Firstly, we are delighted to welcome John Lane onto the council. John and his family have quickly become enthusiastic “doers” in the village since their arrival and I’m sure we will benefit much from his input.

The last few weeks have been much disrupted by the traffic diverted through the village caused by the Knighton to Newtown road closure. It is really quite depressing to witness how thoughtless people can be cocooned inside their cars, vans or lorries. Behind the wheel with seemingly no regard to the road conditions or the communities they are driving through.



At the time of writing work has just finished on installing a Bailey bridge with a view to a permanent repair in October, when the road will be closed again for a few weeks and we will see a resumption of the diverted traffic.



The Parish Council has been unsuccessful in getting temporary signage in place to moderate the traffic but we are still working on it and hope to have something in place for October. We are in contact with Shropshire Highways Dept but there is no doubt that the louder we shout the more we are heard so please do email your concerns to our Ward Cllr Nigel Hartin nigel.hartin@shropshire.gov.uk and our MP Philip Dunne philip.dunne.mp@parliament.uk

Turning to more positive things, as is reported in this edition by LWCT, the pavilion is making good progress and we may even be using it by the time the next edition of LT comes out.

I really do feel we are lucky for such a small parish to have two super social hubs at our disposal: The Everest Hall which has been much upgraded in the last few years and now a new pavilion. Each offering different, non-competing facilities for us all to enjoy.

The Community Led Plan back in 2015 sowed the seed but I don’t think any of us quite realise how much time and effort has been spent by the trustees on bringing this project to fruition. I would like to thank the trustees on behalf of the parish for all their hard work. So, Bob Bailey, Andrew Beavan, Robert Gwilt, Barry Swancott, Graham Trew – please take a bow!

The Parish Council continues to meet every two months online via Zoom until the Everest Hall re-opens. Parishioners are welcome to attend by emailing llanfairparishclerk@gmx.co.uk for joining instructions.

Our next meeting is on Thursday 17th September.

See you then?

To contact the Parish Council please email llanfairparishclerk@gmx.co.uk or call 07398 222310.

**Llanfair Waterdine
Parish Council**



DOG FOULING

THE LAW REQUIRES YOU AS A DOG
OWNER TO CLEAN UP EVERY TIME YOUR
DOG MESSES

IT IS A HEALTH HAZARD

BAG IT, BIN IT.

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