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~ SMILE ~
EBB & FLOWS
MOTTO

EBB & FLOW
(THE NEW VOICE)

Details inside...
 Copyrighted Magazine

EARTH'S CREATIVITY

The Art in us, is us
 It is the perception we see
 The unique moments
 Of the Earth's Creativity.

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~ CHICO ~
 Lawson Productions International
 Printed and Published in Hastings UK 2011

PLEASE USE 'MAGNIFIER' IF NECESSARY!

WINTER
2011/2012

FREE
 Voluntarily donated

EBB & FLOW (THE NEW VOICE)

Previously known as
 Ebb & Flow Community Magazine



© Josie Lawson—with grateful thanks to the lady concerned outside Asda—Silverhill— UK
 2011 Christmas scene

Founded as 'Josie Magazine' May 1999, Editor/Founder Josie Lawson Patron Lord Brett Reginald McLean of Hastings from October 2002—Contact email LordofHastings@aol.com-HASTINGS BASED MAGAZINE 1066 COUNTRY-

THE SUN SHINES WITH A SMILE.. **MOTTO -SMILE.-CLIP ART-**

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**EDITOR/FOUNDERS****NOTE**

Hi Readers

I know it must seem a very long time since you read the last magazine; I can only say sorry...while the time has been floating through the space of time, I have been dealing with health issues, but also I have been collating information, stories, poetry, etc to place within this current magazine.

I really cannot believe that over nine months has flown by, but it has.

I am sure many of you have managed to enjoy a holiday this year, maybe some of you would like to let other readers hear about it—I would personally also enjoy as I haven't had a holiday in reality for years, I use my research for this, like the time I went to the Maldives via the internet...I now have a 23" Monitor on my computer to aid my eye problems, it certainly makes a difference although yes, the eye problems can still take away quite a lot of the scientific approach to eye sight. Ok, I'm not that intelligent, just using common sense into the way I am thinking.

Today is 4th December 2011, and I am just off to make myself a coffee then I will be back to continue this

editorial.

Well, I didn't just get a coffee, I had a bowl of bran flakes (good they are) watched a bit of TV while eating, changed the dryer clothes around, and now I am back.

As you will see from the front page photo, it is nearing Christmas time...I carry my digi camera around with me, so even if I feel rotten with the health, taking photos does give a spark of happiness as I know sometimes they will interest my readers...it's a camera my brother gave me quite a few years ago...fully automatic, so a bit easier than some of the other cameras I have had in the past. I decided, yes, with all this going on in my life, (the health issues) I am just as human as the next person and can also get depressed...I have been, but you know when you have a goal in life, like I do creative writing (which has slowed)...it gives you a positive outlook especially when you know you are trying to bring good things through a magazine into readers lives that may or may not help them, or just give them a bit of relaxation through reading poetry/stories/articles etc.

I would like to thank everyone who supports this magazine, friends, relatives, colleagues, people I don't even know...and of course The Patron who in word encourages...

Until next time...*your Editor*

EBB & FLOW
Does not necessary
agree with any
opinions contained
in this publication

No part of this magazine may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or be transmitted in any form or by any means without first contacting EBB & FLOW and the authors of said pieces, or be otherwise circulated in any form or binding or cover without a similar condition—

Please tell all your friends about this magazine? Pass

it on in fact.the internet direct link now to find it, thanks. The more that get involved with it, the more people will enjoy. The motto is SMILE— it always has been. Having health problems there may be some delay, but I've kept it going for 12years, and its now in its 13th, so keep the information coming and the stories, poetry, etc. Please make them legible as I have a sight problem. **Editor's Choice** with regards to publication. Please keep copies of your work as they cannot be returned. Subjects can be as diverse as jokes, recipes, poetry, prose, science, politics and the wonders you find in the world. No payment, except for the fun you have joining in and learning from doing so. Reserved right to republish material, but copyright remains with authors. Magazine is copyrighted to itself. *Your Editor.*

CONTACT ADDRESS

PO Box 117, St Leonards on sea, East Sussex.
TN38 9ZJ—UK

Email: josie301@btinternet.com

This magazine as you see has slightly changed. The new name is Ebb & Flow (The New Voice)- It is now your Editor/Founders hobby. No pressure. I will still do my best voluntarily. I also hope many will still contribute as before. What has changed? The direct link now on the internet can be found via Grass Roots Open Writers...it is as follows: - <http://www.grow.btck.co.uk/EBBFLOW>. If you wish to print a copy you may do so from viewing on the writing groups website...There is no longer a Treasury A/C

this magazine is therapy for me and I am sure many many of you may like to do the same...it is still a bouncing board. Happy Reading....

WRITINGS WELCOME (Fact, Fiction, Fact/Fiction) THERE IS NO DEADLINE JUST KEEP WRITING AND SENDING, ANY SUBJECT YOU FEEL THE PUBLIC MAY BE INTERESTED IN:-BE IT STORY, POEM, PROSE, TOPICAL, JOKE, RECIPE, WHAT ABOUT HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT YOUR OWN HOME TOWN? A BIT OF ART/PHOTO CAN BE EMAILED: Please try email attach. Have probs opening PDF ???

No returns. The Editor looks to the heart—try your best and you will be considered—all abilities accepted for possible publication—Parents/Guardians please write confirming OK with under age children and also you can help any under age children writing the envelope. If non-legible could you please also send in printed block copy of words to enable the editor to reprint legibly and correct. Any pics by email attachment to cut and paste into pictures... Thank you. SMILE - PLEASE NOW REMEMBER, THIS IS NOT A BUSINESS—IT IS A THERAPUTIC HOBBY THAT THE EDITOR WILL CONTINUE TO DO TO THE BEST OF HER ABILITY...SHE HOPES TO CARRY ON SIMILAR TO THE PREVIOUS MAGAZINE, BUT THERE CAN BE NO PRESSURE LIKE A BUSINESS WOULD BE...IF YOU WANT TO CONTRIBUTE IT WILL BE YOUR OWN CHOICE...(NO PAY—JUST FUN)

Ebb & Flow or The Editor/Founder/Patron cannot be held responsible if information contained has altered since the initial printing date.Thank you. *The Editor/Founder*

Websites:

www.nspcc.org.uk

www.redcross.org.uk

ME TIME

I read my book
Hear my soul
Watch a film
Walk a mile
Write my words
Hear my songs
Touch the sound
In my Silent World
(c) Josie Lawson

THANKS TO ALL WHO
HAVE HELPED AND GIFT
DONATED AND CONTRIB-
UTED. To Ebb & Flow (The
New Voice), ..in particular
Lord Brett McLean,
(Patron), Shorelink Com-
munity Writers- (Grass
Roots Open Writers) —
Marriotts Photographic
shop, Sally/Ro Gardner...
And all who still have faith
in this here mag....

Escape from the real world, but can we ever?

*I'm waiting to hear—I'm sure many of you have words to tell!
Please keep it clean.
Think of an eco-friendly world
A love story
Or—anything that comes to mind!*
**Address next page
Email or Postal....**

HOPE FOR A
BRIGHTER
FUTURE...

Count your garden by the flowers
Never by the leaves that fall

Count your days by golden hours
Don't remember clouds at all

Count your nights by stars
Not shadows

Count your years with smiles
Not tears

Count your blessings not
Your troubles

Count your age by friends
Not years

anon

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To contact East Sussex LIBRARIES call:
0345 60 80 195 for Renewals
0345 60 80 196 for Enquiries

Street Life..Winter 2011/12**LIVING STREETS****CUT TRAFFIC SPEEDS**

We call for 20 mph where we live,
work and shop

INSIDE: this magazine
states...The day I hit a child at 20
mph

What did the pub say to the
bank?

Protect a pavement today

For further information why not
go onto the internet and have a
look at their website...

WWW.LIVINGSTREETS.ORG.UK

Living Streets
(The Pedestrian Assoc)
4th Floor, Universal House
88-94 Wentworth Street
London E1 75A

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Information copied from their maga-
zine sent to Ebb & Flow...

**PLEASE TAKE ACTION TO
BE SAFE....your Editor**

**THE SMILE OF LIFE IS
WITH US IF WE
ALLOW IT TO BE**

**THE MOMENT OF
TRUTH IS WHEN WE
FIND OURSELVES
ROCK BOTTOM- AND
THEN THIS LITTLE
LIGHT APPEARS AND
WE FIND THE SPIRAL
STAIRCASE RISING
AND LIFE APPEARS...**

© Hendrietta...





POETRY

How is it you are with me?
I seem to have a picture here with
me of you
It is worn and creased.
Much of it is spotted by tears...
The face seems to change
The hair appears different at times.
I can see you
Through the dappled light of my
mind.
Your eyes are smiling,
They seem to be looking at me,
I can hear you laughing
Joy flows through me,
Your touch
Like the soft summer breeze.

I don't know you
But I know you.

© ACB 2009 (USA)



Information card given by a Samaritan
for inclusion in Ebb & Flow (The New
Voice)

Whatever you're going through,
we're here to help 24 hours a
day—in confidence and without
judging.

Tel: 08547 90 90 90* (UK)
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Email: jo@samaritans.org

Website: www.samaritans.org

Hearing problems contact:
08457 90 91 92* (UK)
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Or meet us in person—find your
nearest branch on our website.

*All calls charged at local rate

A registered charity.

WE DON'T KNOW WHEN YOU
MIGHT NEED US. WE'RE
OPEN 24 HRS A DAY...



Cont from previous page...

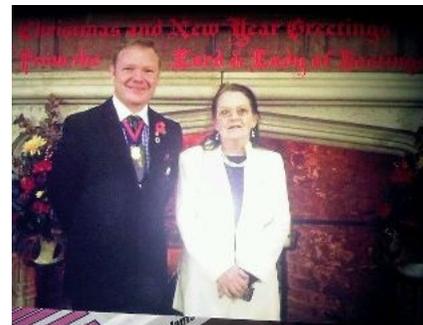
Sunday 22 April 2012, 3.00pm

BEETHOVEN Overture, Egmont
BEETHOVEN Piano Concerto No. 5 (Emperor)
TCHAIKOVSKY Swan Lake (exerpts)
Carl Davis Conductor
Melvyn Tan piano

For images, further information, to arrange competitions or for press tickets please
contact:

Helen Boddy, Marketing Co-ordinator
Helen.boddy@Ipo.org.uk / 020 7840 4228

THE PATRONS INFORMATION



Found on Lord Brett McLeans facebook
page, and I know he won't mind as he gave
permission for me to publish his photos and
public information...
This is Lord and Lady of Hastings Christmas
Card 2011...(Hi Elaine...Happy Christmas to
you both....Josie...

Lord Brett McLean is as busy as ever....



London Philharmonic Orchestra

PRESS RELEASE UPDATE:

THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCESTRA RETURNS TO EASTBOURNE'S CONGRESS THEATRE IN THE NEW YEAR

Sunday 15 January 2012, 3.00pm
PROKOFIEV Symphony No. 5
GLAZUNOV Saxophone Concerto
VILLA LOBOS Fantasia
TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 5

Danail Rachev Conductor
Amy Dickson saxophone

“She has an individual and unusual tone, luscious, silky-smooth, sultry and voluptuous by turns; her phrasing is beautifully finished, her control of dynamic infinitely subtle.”

Gramophone Magazine on Saxophonist Amy Dickson

In the 1880s Tchaikovsky at last found solace, freed from the catastrophes that were destroying his private life and carving a tragic path through his career. It shows in the Fifth Symphony. Into its troubled orchestral shadows are trust bright shafts of melodic optimism as the music seems to ease even its own suffering—a breath of spirituality and calm after the strident force of Prokofiev's symphonic homage to Haydn and Glazundov's exotic, atmospheric concerto for the new-fangled saxophone.

The Orchestra is delighted to be joined by award-winning saxophonist Amy Dickson, winner of the James Fairfax Australian Young Artist of the Year award, Gold Medal at the Royal Overseas League Competition, Symphony Australia Young Performer of the Year and Prince's Prize amongst others.

Booking information

Tickets £12—£24/Premium Seats £28/Season Discounts of up to 15% available
Congress Theatre Box Office 01323 412000/www.eastbournetheatre.co.uk

Forthcoming London Philharmonic Orchestra concerts at the Congress Theatre in 2012

Sunday 12 February 2012, 3.00pm
DVORAK Overture, Carnival
DVORAK Cello Concerto
DVORAK Symphony No. 7

Eckehard Stier conductor
Colin Carr cello

Sunday 25 March 2012 3.00pm
WEBER Overture, Oberon
MENDELSSOHN Violin Concerto
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS The Lark Ascending
SIBELIUS Symphony No. 5
Fabien Gabel conductor
Fanny Clamagirand violin

EMAIL...23rd June 2011

Hi Josie

I'm laid up with a bug at the moment, but here's a poem which I think suits your mag. I wrote it after working with some older people with sight and hearing impairments many years ago, using Soundbeam—an ultrasonic device which converts movement into sound. The poem is currently part of a multimedia piece I've created with a group of adults with learning disabilities—see www.mappingme.org.uk. Do publish the poem plus what I have said about it and a link to my website.

Best wishes
 Heather

Conjuring the Sea

My hands are birds
 and I fly with the gulls,
 floating and fluttering as I please.



A bird in my hands -
 feathered fingers,
 arm over arm.

My ears reach out
 to the roar of breakers;
 the strength of a storm
 lights my eyes.

My body brushes waves,
 stretching blue canvas
 forwards and back,
 up and down,
 rocking the sea to sleep.

Heather Wastie
www.WastiesSpace.co.uk

With permission from The Argus newspaper...
theargus.co.uk/news

Helpline shut for Christmas
 A TELEPHONE helpline with special needs will be closed over Christmas.

The Amaze helpline will close from 8pm on Thursday December 22, until 9.30am on Tuesday January 3.

Parents are advised to call Contact a Family on 0808 808 2222, the Family Information Service on 01273 293545 or the Social Care Access Point on 01273 295555

POEM—part accreditation**<http://www.asoldierspoems.co.uk/index.html>****EMAIL... 21st August, 2011**

Hi Josie, please use the poem as you see fit but I would appreciate it if you could put this in as part of the accreditation

<http://www.asoldierspoems.co.uk/index.html>

Hope you are doing as well as you can hope for, it was nice to see your name up on the page again.

Regards
David

A tear

A tear begins its lonely journey, traversing the lines of wear on my face
Each line is in untold story, a memory buried of life in another place
The tear it stops for just one second, the pain it feels from this untold tale
The tear calls for another, fear that it will drop and may finally fall

Tears are the simple orations , telling of the life as it was led by me
Too often the tears start flowing, falling downwards and always free
They hold so many memories, a baby girl held so gently by her dad
The bodies lying of dead children, sights that make one feel so sad

When tears threaten to flow from you, holding them back is a false hope
Let your tears tell of their tales, feel the release that can help you cope
While tears are telling their stories, let others share in what they say
Then if your God is willing, the peace you have sought may come one day



**PRIORY MEADOW
HASTINGS UK**

**ICE SKATING RINK
HAVING FUN
2011**



**PRIORY MEADOW
HASTINGS UK
2011
RESPOND ACADEMY SINGER
I thought she was very good**



**PRIORY MEADOW
HASTINGS UK
2011**

**THURSDAY LATE NIGHT SHOPPING
HAVING FUN
And he knows I took the photo...**



**PRIORY MEADOW
HASTINGS UK
2011
HASTINGS MAYOR
Councillor Kim Forward
AND
HASTINGS DEPUTY MAYOR
Councillor Alan Roberts**

(c)Photos by Josie Lawson (Editor/Founder)

QUIET NOISE

At night, when all is quiet
 The hearing aids are settled in their boxes
 The mind it hears the great noises within
 Quiet to the outside world



Out come the wholemeal buns
 Out comes the Flora to spread
 Out comes the smoky seriously strong cheese
 Out comes the salad and the buns are then ready to eat

It is a week before Christmas and still all is quiet
 We have seen a flurry of snow but it did not lay
 The long life milk is steadily stacking
 An idea my granddaughter gave me

This year as of Monday
 This poor body of mine will benefit
 A dual powered chair - wow! comfort
 No more forcing the pain through my body to rise
 Especially now I have a leg problem too

So Christmas I love you
 The time of lovely music and peaceful connotations
 Will live within me - and even the next day when the hearing
 aids are fitted again
 Maybe, just maybe these ears will hear a robin redbreast sing
 Just like the good old days in the country

(C) Josie Lawson 2011



Christmas presents not Christmas past

In the car:

- Place your purchases in the boot, out of sight. If they can be seen, they can be stolen.
- Never leave valuables in your car. MP3 players and mobile phones are pocket-sized so make sure yours don't end up in the wrong ones!
- Park in a well-lit busy area. Ensure all windows are closed, and that the steering wheel and doors are locked.
- Take your satnav with you and wipe away the mark from the windscreen.

Keep your presents under Wraps this Christmas

At home:

- Don't pile your presents under the tree, especially if it's in the window. Keep your presents away from prying eyes.
- Hide the boxes – before and after Christmas. Empty boxes left for the rubbish collection show thieves what's new.
- If you're away over the Christmas period, use automatic time switches to turn on lights, or a radio to give the illusion that someone's home.



Sussex Police
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www.sussex.police.uk

EMAIL PRESS RELEASE—22nd August 2011

London Philharmonic Orchestra

Josie Lawson
Editor/Founder
Ebb & Flow
PO Box 117
St Leonards on Sea
East Sussex

Dear Josie

PRESS RELEASE**LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA RETURNS TO EAST-BOURNE IN 2011/12**

I'm delighted to enclose a press release for London Philharmonic Orchestra's forthcoming concert series at the Congress Theatre, Eastbourne. Between October 2011 and April 2012, the Orchestra will give six concerts featuring music by well-loved composers including Tchaikovsky, Dvorak and Brahms. The Orchestra will be joined by world-class conductors and artists as well as young international soloists on the verge of major careers for Concerto performances.

I have enclosed a few copies of the 2011/12 season brochure.

Please don't hesitate to contact me for images, to arrange interviews with the players and artists, to organise competitions or for more information.

Kind regards,

Helen Boddy
Marketing Co-ordinator

Email: Helen.boddy@lpo.org.uk

Direct line: 020 7840 4228



Cont from previous page...

Had always lived on her own
With just her possessions.

Now even she was beginning to realize
That her life had been an accumulation of possessions.
Never known a man, she was the last of a dying breed,
Soon to be extinct.

"I just wish", Cecily thought to herself,
"That someone would miss me.
"What was the purpose of my life;
What did I achieve?"

Cecily had no friends now.
They were all gone—
Moved away; died;
Lost contact.

There were no mourners at the funeral;
No grave; just a pile of ashes.
"So, that was my life—it's over," thought Cecily,
As she watched the skip dangling from the chains.

The miniskip was lowered slowly;
It swayed back and forth until it crashed down on its resting-place.
A few people in the street had poked at its contents;
But nothing was taken.

With the house emptied, and the miniskip gone, there was no reason
for Cecily to remain. She was about to discover what lay ahead
in her new 'life'.

© Robert Brandon (Hastings UK)





MY LIFE; IN A MINISKIP

Cecily died aged ninety years. She was preparing to pass over to the 'other side'. Before this, she was given an opportunity to look down on her former home.

A lifetime of possessions,
A waiting transportation
To a place, not far from here,
Unwanted, unloved, unused anymore.

Cecily wept as she watched her beloved standard lamp
Thrust violently into its temporary metal home.
So many times she'd sat by it,
Reading, watching TV, just thinking.

The TV had a reprieve.
It was almost new, and still had a purpose.
But the heavy, valve radio went,
Its removers knew not the high price collectors would pay.

Next, her unimpressive metal-framed bed,
The curtains, the carpets.
A crash of broken glass;
Old family photographs that had no family.

Even her sole companion,
Cecil the cat,
Never knew another home.
Too old and frail, he died of shock.

For Cecily had never married,
Was an only child;



London Philharmonic Orchestra

PRESS RELEASE:

London Philharmonic Orchestra's 2011/12 Season at Eastbourne's Congress Theatre

The London Philharmonic Orchestra returns to Eastbourne for its seventh concert season at the Congress Theatre. This season the Orchestra performs another six concert residency joined by world-class conductors Prokofiev and Dvorak amongst others.

Highlights of this season include Brahms's glowing Second symphony in the opening of (**9th October 2011**), saxophonist Amy Dickson performing Glazunov's exotic Saxophone Concerto (**15 January 2012**) and closing the season, conductor Carl Davis makes a very welcome return to the Congress Theatre stage with a programme of Beethoven and excerpts from Tchaikovsky's magical *Swan Lake* (**22 April 2012**). Also programmed across the season the virtuosic concertos by Bruch (**30 October 2011**), Dvorak (**12 February 2012**) and Mendelssohn (**25 March 2012**) as well as some of the greatest symphonies ever created.

For further information...

Tickets £12—£24 Premium Seats £28 Season Discounts of up to 25% available...

Congress Theatre Box Office 01323 412000

www.eastbournetheatres.co.uk

For images, further information, to arrange competitions or for press tickets please contact:

Helen Boddy, Marketing Co-ordinator

Helen.boddy@lpo.org.uk—020 7840 4228

LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Recognised today as one of the finest orchestras on the international stage, the London Philharmonic was founded in 1932 by Sir Thomas Beecham. Since then, its Principal Conductors have included Sir Adrian Boult, Bernard Haitink, Sir George Solti, Klaus Tenstedt and Kurt Masur.



In 2007 Vladimir Jurowski became the Orchestra's twelfth Principal Conductor and in 2008 Yannick Nezet-Seguin was appointed Principal Guest Conductor. Julian Anderson became the Orchestra's Composer in Residence in 2010.

The London Philharmonic Orchestra has been performing at Southbank Centre's Royal Festival Hall since it opened in 1951, becoming Resident Orchestra in 1992. It also has flourishing residencies in Brighton and Eastbourne, and performs regularly around the UK. In summer, it plays for Glyndbourne Festival Opera where it has been the Resident Symphony Orchestra since 1964. Overseas tours form a significant part of Orchestra's schedule. Plans for the 2011/2012 season include visits to Germany, the US, Spain, China, Russia, Oman, Brazil and France.

The Orchestra has broadcast regularly on television and radio, and recorded soundtracks for blockbuster films including *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy. It has made many distinguished recordings over the years and in 2005 began releasing live, studio and archive recordings on its own CD label.

Copied from information sent to magazine re the Press Release....

**ASDA SILVERHILL—CHRISTMAS
OPENING TIMES**

Sun 18th Dec—10am to 4pm (9am for browsing)

Mon 19th Dec—6am to midnight

Tues 20th Dec—6am to midnight

Wed 21st Dec—6am to midnight

Thurs 22nd Dec—6am to midnight

Fri 23rd Dec—6am to midnight

Christmas Eve—6am to 7pm

Christmas Day—Closed

Boxing Day—10am to 4pm

NEW YEAR WEEK

Tues 27th Dec—9am to 6pm

Wed 28th Dec—8am to 11pm

Thurs 29th Dec—7am to 11pm

Fri 30th Dec—7am to 11pm

New Year's Eve—6am to 7pm

New Year's Day—11am to 5pm

Mon 2nd Jan—8am to 11pm

Tues 3rd Jan—7am to 11pm

Wed 4th Jan—normal trading

For all other stores please check the Asda Store

Locator at <http://storelocator.asda.com>

XM-BC-4338-HASTINGS

Don't forget your gift receipt!

A gift receipt enables the recipient to return or exchange any item purchased between 1st November 2011 and Christmas Eve 2011, anytime until 22nd January 2012

*www.ASDA.com/priceguarantee
(found on card in store)*

➤ *Cont from previous page....*

Its long footprints made an imprint in the moist soil. It had returned for its prey.

I have more true wild life tales to tell once we are visited by frogs, damselflies, dragonflies, squirrels, various garden and woodland birds, bumbling bees etc. but this will have to wait for another time as I need to dig over that wild patch in the garden!

© Marian Bythell

Email: marian.bythell@btinternet.com

Email—bobbybee@talk21.com

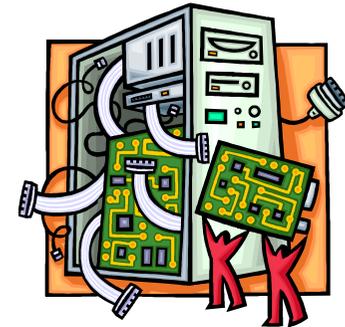
10th November 2011

Dear Josie

Here are a few pieces I dragged kicking and screaming from my haddrive—you may even wanna include some in your mag.

Love and best wishes..

Robert.



➤ *Cont from previous page....*

I advanced, trowel in hand. A lot of the soil had been disturbed, some of the petunias lying on the gravel with clumps of wet soil scattered around. A large furry looking round patch of white "something" rose up amongst the soil and surrounding petunias. "It must be a pigeon" I declared "it's about that size? But how has it got in there covered with soil?" My husband firmly asked me to see what it was. "You'll have to help me" I said shakily. I prodded at the fur with a garden fork. It was obviously dead. There was only one thing to do. Laying some black bin bags on the limestone chippings, we overturned the trough. The soil fell away and revealed a large dead white pet rabbit. I was horrified. My legs turned to jelly. My husband casually informed me he'd seen a fox in our back garden in the early hours only the other night. It must have buried the pet rabbit in our trough for some reason. I had wondered if it had been some sort of sick joke by drunken teenagers! Quickly we scooped up the rabbit in a black plastic bin bag. A sudden thought occurred to me. Did our neighbours opposite own a pet rabbit since they had young children? I was correct. "Dad" confirmed it was their rabbit; they kept chickens in their back garden (yes, I'd heard them) and a fox had killed some lately to feed its young, the fox living at the bottom of another neighbour's garden. He said that THAT neighbour deliberately fed the foxes as she loved wild life. I tried to see all sides; yes, young have to be fed but I felt sorry for the dead chickens and their pet rabbit. He took away their pet and gave it a decent burial. I threw away the soil in the trough—I couldn't bear to use it again and replanted the remaining decent petunias in fresh compost.

The day after I knew the fox had revisited the trough as

www.happyhouse.org.uk

<http://www.wix.com/davearnold.booklets>

A POEM FROM THE BOOKLETS

FACE THE FACT

Toxins in the water
And the state of the sea
Cannot see the damage
So it doesn't concern me

Forests down
On bended knees
Someone's got to realise
We need the trees

Look at Fukushima
We know the facts
It can happen here
So why relax?

Hole in the sky
Sun shines through
Got enough ice-packs
To keep you cool

No time for contemplation
Come on every nation
We're sowing the seeds
For the next generation

We talk of love
Peace and understanding
But from the Earth
We're just too demanding

Multi-corporation
Teaching indoctrination

Suppressing the facts
About their chemical lapse

See the signs
It's no good acting like that
It's our future
Face the fact

© *Dave Arnold*

From the booklet

TOYS OUT OF THE PRAM



**Count your garden by the flowers
Never by the leaves that fall**

**Count your days by golden hours
Don't remember clouds at all**

**Count your nights by stars
Not shadows**

**Count your years with smiles
Not tears**

**Count your blessings not
Your troubles**

**Count your age by friends
Not years**



CHESTER REFLECTIONS

Oh what joy to listen to -
 the band on an afternoon in June.
 Soothing melodies fill the air
 yes, that was a beautiful tune.
 Watching the gulls fly over the boaters
 rowing, motoring on glistening water.
 Then strolling through the park
 with its scented groups of trees;
 a range of lovely bedding plants,
 benches at your ease.
 On to the shops betwixt black and white rows;
 what bargains, what heritage—steeped in
 history of course.
 Magnificent churches, the cathedral
 draws us in, to thank the Lord
 and confess our sin.
 Happy we amble along the old city walls
 knowing that we'll return—Chester's good
 for the soul.

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 By Marian Bythell



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Down the stairs then back up again and into our main bedroom. I trembled. I love watching birds and feed them regularly but hate them coming anywhere near my face. I peeped round the bedroom door. It had sought refuge behind the window curtains and was sitting on the sill.

I shut the door, ran downstairs and telephoned my husband frantically at work. His answer was to either leave it until he returned home or to encourage it outside. I couldn't leave it in the bedroom. It may die. Rolling up a newspaper I crept in the bedroom. It was still on the windowsill. I could see it moving behind the curtain in one corner. My heart beating fast, I reached for the window handle and opened it. The bird didn't move! Just made pitiful squawking sounds. I pulled the curtain farther back and touched it with the newspaper. It flew up angrily over my head, circled round the bedroom and then flew back towards the window. Seconds later it had gone. I sat down on the bed exhausted with nerves, but then gathered strength look in the airing cupboard. There was a small hole in the roof of the cupboard. It must have come from inside the roof space making a way in through the roof tiles. We called plasterers in as one of the bedroom ceilings needed a repair job anyway and they filled the hole. What sort of bird was it? After all these years, I can't remember but possibly a house sparrow as we still have those nesting in the caves.

I have scores of tales to tell but this last one happened last Spring and I shudder when I think about it. We have various wooden troughs outside our lounge window in the front garden. Last year I lovingly planted one with a bed on purple petunias, filling the trough with fresh compost and watering regularly. One weekend, we were weeding various borders when my husband pointed to the trough "what's that?" he asked.



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Our new home for long when we met wild life closer to home. A clump of pampas grass needed attention in our garden. It was too big and invading our hedge of rosa rugosa bushes. As we couldn't afford a gardener, I consulted a gardening book. "Burn the pampas declared. This would stunt it but eventually produce new growth.



With the children watching at a safe distance we did just that, the grew smoke billowing into the late autumn skies. As the fire took hold when out of the blackening base, scuttling towards us, came a large hedgehog. I gasped, then my husband, children and I watched in amazement as it slowly made its way across our drive where it disappeared amongst other bushes in our garden. I've never re-enacted the burning ritual. We've just chopped it back on all sides. Years later, I was lucky to see a family of hedgehogs with eight newly born babies. They were georgeous, tumbling in and out of bushes one spring in a lane close by to our home—perhaps a descendant of our resident hedgehog since it appeared many times since in our garden.

Another wild life incident happened when my husband was at work and the children were at school. I used to keep towels in the airing cupboard at the top of the stairs on the landing, and with armfuls of dried towels I proceeded to put them in this cupboard. Opening the door I was frightened by a bird. It was sitting on top of some wooden shelves, my husband had erected, fluttering its wings and looking at me balefully. I shut the door hurriedly and my legs began to shake. What was I to do and how did it get in there? Grabbing the handle, my stomach turning over, I opened the door. It flew over my head, ➤

Meniere's Disease

By Simon Baer

Meniere's disease is a condition of the inner ear causing unpredictable attacks of spinning vertigo usually lasting hours with associated hearing loss and tinnitus. The condition can be a life altering one affecting both the patient and their family.

Meniere's disease was first described by Prosper Meniere, a Parisian, in 1862. In 1938 it was determined that the condition was associated with excess fluid or 'hydrops' in the endolymphatic part of the inner ear.

Meniere's disease affects approximately one in ten thousand of the population with the age at onset most commonly being 30-50 years but any age can be affected. There is no significant gender difference and reports suggest that up to 10% may have a family tendency to the condition. 10-30% of patients will be affected in both ears with the second ear often being affected some years after the first.

The symptoms of Meniere's disease are variable but most patients will initially notice episodes of hearing loss affecting one ear which resolves spontaneously after a few days. Those episodes of hearing loss are associated with typically low frequency tinnitus and at a later stage episodes will be associated with severe spinning vertigo usually with nausea and in many cases vomiting. Patients are often aware of a fullness sensation in the ear prior to the attack and stress can be a trigger. Patients often have a history of migraine.

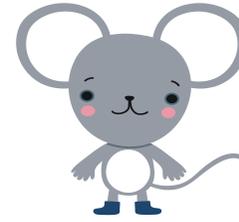
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Examination between attacks is usually unremarkable but at the time of an attack nystagmus, or jerky eye movement, is often noted. Various investigations are usually carried out including a hearing test and sometimes a balance test. An MRI scan is usually recommended in order to exclude other problems in the region of the inner ear and its connections to the brain.

Treatment initially is conservative with advice on diet to include reduction of caffeine intake and salt. Lifestyle changes are also sometimes suggested in order to reduce stress. Medication can then be offered with Betahistine being the most common but a diuretic may also be given. Gentamicin can be administered into the ear which results in destruction of the balance part of the inner ear although in some cases it can result in further hearing loss. Surgical treatment can also be offered. Conservative surgical treatment includes grommet placement. Operation on the endolymphatic sac to reduce the hydrops is offered some centres although remains slightly controversial. Cutting of the nerve coming from the balance part of the inner ear (vestibular nerve) can be carried out in severe cases in whom no hearing is present. Other non surgical approaches that are occasionally offered include the Meniette low pressure device and more recently some workers have been using Dexamethasone given into the middle ear with encouraging results. Self help groups are useful including the Meniere's society and locally run organisations.

© *Simon Baer (local ENT consultant in Hastings and St Leonards—UK)*

WILD LIFE TALES



We lived in our lovely village in Cheshire for over thirty years; the same patch, the same house and garden. I was born in an industrial town in Lancashire but as young children we used to roam into uncultivated land and bring home "tiddlers" and newts in jam jars held by string. I was used to wild life—or so I thought!

As a wife with two young children, our first encounter with wild life in Cheshire happened a few days after we settled into our new home. Amongst the packing cases in the garage was a large piece of rolled up carpet. This was intended to be used in the main bedroom upstairs. It was weekend. My husband and I dragged the green floral woollen carpet from the garage and laid it on the stairs momentarily whilst we rested. It was cumbersome and heavy. Our children were chasing each other in and out of empty rooms laughing at our exertions. Suddenly I spied a flurry of movement in the bottom end of the carpet.

"What's that?" I demanded. I was alarmed. My husband, not hearing me lifted the carpet higher up the stairs. Out dropped a grey mouse. It was shivering with fright. I screamed, the children screamed and mayhem let loose. Unfortunately, it didn't get far as it died making a quick exit. I cried but decided it must have been ill to seek comfort in our old faded bedroom carpet.

Living in the countryside, we explored the local footpaths having to face on occasions

