NEWSLETTER – JUNE 2021.

SOME DAYS ARE DIAMONDS, SOME ARE STONES.

I am going to share some of my emotions as I am guessing that many of you are having down days like me, hopefully balanced out by ups. I think of all the things I won’t ever be able to do again because the person I did it with is gone, eg. The Monday shop at Morrisons & the weekly lunch at a Garden centre with Johnny, having lunch with Barbara at my house after getting our hair done then going to the Tuesday club every week, also WRI etc. Helen Doig also came to have her hair done & go to the club & we will not forget her, the “hardy wee wumman” as she always called herself. I know that you will all have your own people & memories that I don’t know about, & I do believe that Covid has had a bad effect on everyone’s health, even if it was not directly responsible.

So much for the stones, now for the diamonds. I got a new great granddaughter on 31st. January. Her name is Orlagh (Golden Princess) & a few days ago Calum & Leanne brought her to see me. I am amazed at how alert she is already & as she lay in my arms smiling up at me with Johnny’s eyes I was back to singing lullabies & my signature Scarlet Ribbons. What joy! I hope that you all have an “up” experience too. I am rich in family who care for me & hope you each have someone too.

Now for a couple of Johnny’s boyhood escapades:

From the age of four he lived with his grandparents at Maryfield & during the summer 2 of his cousins from Edinburgh would come to live there too so mischief was on the cards with 3 lively boys. They decided to go fishing in the burn but having no tackle they had to improvise, so they unpicked a bit of his red jersey & got a length each to use as line & bait as it seemed to them to resemble a wriggly worm in the water. Needless to say they caught no fish & Granny was not pleased about his jersey.

Another day they decided to hunt for peewit eggs on the moor. The plan was to get as many as they could & give them to the women in the village for baking & maybe get some treats in return. The search was very successful but unfortunately they had omitted to take a bag with them, so improvise again! They took off Johnny’s bomber jacket, zipped it up & tied the sleeves tight to close the neck, thus forming a makeshift bag. Sadly they got too greedy & packed too many into it, & by the time they got home most of the eggs had broken, there were only 3 left whole, & the jacket was ruined. Granny was angry again, but they did chores for her to make up for it. I wonder if the big man up there is having any bother with the 3 of them now?

Grace.