

Holt WI 2016 A Look Back

We started last year with poking at palms,
Massaging our mitts in pursuit of new balms
For every ache in knuckles and knees.
Then the next month we were dazzled by bees,
The cleverest creatures, really bar none
And able to calculate paths from the sun.

Dogs for the disabled, the troubled, the mute,
We learnt, in some detail, the parts of the route
Of training provided from puppy to dog.
Helping becomes more a game than a slog.
A brief nod to history, civil war style
We toured the Commandery, smart single file.



We dined at the Bell, in skittling prime
And Margaret won; she does all the time.
It happened again at the Spring Shrawley Cup
The raffle was called, and Margaret was up,
A winner again; it's become quite a knack,
We're tempted to ask her to put the things
back!

The stalwarts continue; they work out just fine,
The tables assembled, the chairs put in line.
Pauline and Pat manhandle the books
(A random selection of romance and crooks)
From dust-ridden cupboard to welcoming table
They cart all the boxes as fast as they're able.

Kate sorts the money and Gill the food bank,
Jane issues the mags and the post with her frank
And cheery demeanour, echoed by Di,
Busy and bustling, always nearby.
Gill T's with the tickets, Ann's cards ever apt,
Her prize for the raffle, already wrapped.

Anyway back to the tale of last year,
We can't go much further without a big cheer
For Dot's coffee morning, a triumph as ever
Despite a particular jinx on the weather.
The rain and the wind just didn't relent
Upending the roses surrounding the tent.



But cake, stalls and gardens created the offers
And funds flowed in fast, swelling the coffers
To spend on creative, on learning pursuits
Wreaths, wallets and boxes, a bevy of beauts!
We followed our interests, further afield
Buildings and dungeons, farms, gardens
revealed.

The Navy, the theatre, Guildhall as well
We listened, enthralled, to the stories they tell.
We boarded a bus to travel to Powis
Viewing the grounds, the hedges, the flowers(!)
Over to Churchfields, for some what a dream,
Communing with cows and ingesting ice-cream.

So that was our year, at least a brief scan,
But now we look forward, as far as we can.
There's Pauline and Ann, Pat J and Pat B
Then Helen and Cherish, and Gill, one, two,
three,
With Marlene and Kate, Eileen and Jane
Denise and Sylvia, Val, Val again.

Gerry and Jenny, Ally and Chris,
Mary and Mary, Jean H and Jean S(!)
Di, Dot and Penny, Margaret times three
Sarah the stalwart, plus three maybe,
Pam one and Pam two, Sally, that's all
For the moment at least, a wonderful haul.