



**CHESTERFIELD & NORTH DERBYSHIRE
TINNITUS SUPPORT GROUP**



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Wellbeing Magazine

Edited by Audrey Carlin May— June 2023



Sunflower by Audrey Carlin



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Meetings and Contents – May/June 2023

Meetings

Important information re Meetings, Booking Forms etc

(Please see information towards end of magazine)

Soup and Social— 30th May 2023

Breakfast Workshop— Mindfulness 27th June 2023

Breakfast Workshop—Tim Buckle 4th July 2023

Booking Forms

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FEEL FREE

Never too old for love by Tony Huzzard



Love is something I've never been familiar with during my long life. In fact, believe it or not, I have suffered 58 years of horrendous physical and mental abuse at the hands of wicked family members – stepmother (6 years), wife (48 years) and two children (4 years) but that's another

story.

Then at the age of 78 I moved from the Chapel House estate (having been locked out of my North Shields home in 2010) to Gosforth and found love at last. It began when I met a lady called Linda, the church organist at Fawdon. This story began on Saturday the 23rd of November 2013 when, after a flyer advertising a Christmas Fair, was put through my door a few weeks after I moved to my new address.

As I entered the church, a week or so later, I first came across Linda who was giving a welcome to all who entered. A friend of Linda's encouraged me to attend the church service the following day, as afterwards Linda was to hold a choir practice for Christmas. We sang from choir sheets and I informed Linda of a photocopier I had at home, if she needed some copies. It must have been the following week that I decided to telephone Linda and ask what music she needed.

So, with beginning to attend Linda's church on a regular basis and being in her choir we became very friendly. Linda then invited me to a coffee morning at St Aidan's Church in Brunton Park where I was able to meet her brother, John, and his wife,



Ruth. I felt that, after the first encounter, I had passed the test as it were. About that time, as I lived on my own, I was invited to these same relatives for Christmas dinner .

[Linda and I singing together - in our choir uniform] .

A number of people, and Linda too, needed to have serious thoughts about associating with me as I was 14 and a half years older than Linda. However, one of Linda's relatives, Pat, and a man from church, Bob, encouraged Linda to 'just go for it'. On one occasion near Christmas, Linda took me home – she had a car and I was never a car driver. I gave her a kiss on what should have been the cheek but finished up as being a kiss almost on the lips. Since then, we have been able to do this much better.

At the beginning of 2014 Linda asked me to join one of her choirs, the Gosforth and District Choir and she told me to put my name forward for the summer concert that year. Linda accompanied on the piano as I sang a love



song called "The Rose". Linda accompanied me as I sang at other concerts, but now I have enough confidence to sing on my own. This, of course, has all been due to Linda's encouragement.

In the summer of 2014, I invited Linda to have a holiday with me, this being to Belfast. I must have really taken to Linda as I have a great fear of flying. At Belfast we visited the Titanic Experience and as Linda had injured her knee, I pushed her round the whole complex in a wheel chair.

The following year, 2015, Linda took ill and was in hospital from about the 8th to the 22nd of April and, as she also lived alone, I invited her to convalesce at my home. This was meant to be for a short period of time but Linda (who has her own house at Kingston Park) is still with me. A period of convalescence doesn't usually last seven or eight years but this one has, Linda obviously enjoys my company.



We have always got on so well together and have so many things in common, eg our many choirs, a dancing group and even jigsaw puzzles (Linda has filled my house with these). Neither has there ever been a wrong word between us as we treat each other with the greatest respect. Linda loves the fact that each night she is tucked into bed by me, and every morning she receives a coffee in bed about 8.00 am, followed by kisses and a cuddle. When we're out and about we hold hands as we also do as we sit on the settee watching the television. If we have to leave each

other for a while we kiss, say that we love each other and also say 'take care'. Other signs of our love is our keeping of birthday and Christmas cards that we have sent each other over the years.

It just goes to show that it is never too late to fall in love.

[What a beautiful story Tony after so many years of physical and mental abuse. Thankfully you never gave up and one day Linda came into your life]

Here is the song that Tony sang called **"The Rose"**

Some say love, it is a river
That drowns the tender reed.
Some say love, it is a razor
That leaves your soul to bleed.
Some say love, it is a hunger
An endless aching need
I say love, it is a flower
And you it's only seed.

It's the heart, afraid of breaking
That never learns to dance.
It's the dream, afraid of waking
That never takes a chance.
It's the one who won't be taken
Who cannot seem to give.
And the soul, afraid of dying,
That never learns to live.

When the night has been too lonely,
And the road has been too long.
And you think that love is only



For the lucky and the strong.
Just remember in the winter
Far beneath the bitter snows
Lies the seed that with the sun's love,
In the spring becomes the rose.



Rudston's Magnificent Monolith

by Robin Richards



The Rudston Monolith

Legend has it that the Devil, enraged with the good people of Rudston, hurled a stone spear to smite them one Sunday morning as they filed in to worship at the Church of All Saints. But by divine intervention the javelin swerved, missed the church by a mere 12 feet, and buried half its length in the ground. And there it remains to this day for all to see.

It would be delightful to think of the villagers of Rudston avoiding the wrath of Lucifer in this way, but in truth nobody really knows how the prehistoric monolith which dominates Rudston churchyard came to be there.

The Yorkshire Wolds village is about five miles from Bridlington. In prehistoric times this was an area of great activity and the surrounding area is dotted with tumuli, barrows and ancient dykes.

The monolith, at almost 26 feet high, is the tallest standing stone in Britain. It is made of gritstone of which the nearest source is some ten miles distant. Its overall size and weight can only be guessed at. Experts believe a two-foot section may have broken off the top making its original height closer to 28 feet. Studies carried out in the 18th century by Sir William Strickland estimated that the stone may extend as far below the ground. If these

calculations are correct, Rudston was the scene of an extraordinary feat of organisation and engineering in the Bronze Age or Neolithic period.



Winifred Holtby's Grave

The worship of standing stones and other pagan rites were eventually superseded by Christianity. However, this occurred by a slow process of absorption and adoption rather than abandoning the old and embracing the new. Rudston is an excellent example of this

process where an important prehistoric site became the setting for a Christian church. It seems likely that, in an attempt to convert Rudston Monolith to a Christian symbol, a cross member was at one time added. This may have provided Rudston with its name, 'rood' being Old English for cross, and 'stan' for stone.

At the opposite end of the churchyard to the monolith is the grave of the Rudston born author Winifred Holtby. Her grave is marked by an open book. Holtby was a contemporary of Vera Britain, indeed they once shared a flat in Bloomsbury. Despite moving in the rarefied literary and academic circles of Oxford and London, Rudston remained a great influence throughout Holtby's life. Her most celebrated work was *South Riding*, made into a three-part BBC TV series in 2011 starring Anna Maxwell Martin.

Today the old Norman church and the magnificent monolith appear comfortable in each other's company, powerful symbols of our pagan and Christian past. Perhaps it is their combined forces which make Rudston such a magical place.

Rudston is located on the B1253 about five miles inland from Bridlington and is well worth a visit on a trip to, or from, the Yorkshire coast.

Thank you Robin for your very interesting historical story about Rudston's Monolith. I am sure many people have passed by and wondered what it is and how did it get there?



A History of Village Halls by Sarah Walters

During decades of working and volunteering in the charity sector, I have had cause to visit many village and parish halls. I have come to love them over the years – and everything that they stand for. They bring people together to do all kinds of wonderful activities – the fabric of our country would be much poorer without them. As a result, the amateur historian in me decided that it would be very interesting to research the history of village halls in England. I put together a small book during lockdown setting out some of the interesting stories behind the development and use of these community buildings that I had found during my research. Here are a few extracts:

The building of village halls really began to take off in the post World War One period, but there are many examples that pre-date this watershed moment in our history. There is a difference in village halls that reflects the before and after of society at this time. Those that appeared in the beginning were usually funded by the local gentry (or self-made men masquerading as the squire). They were an act of philanthropy, a place where the villagers could go to be educated - not academically but in those things that were deemed practical to those of the lower ranks. It was a place where they could have good deeds done to them, and be kept out of mischief.

After World War One there seems to have developed more of a readiness to do things as a community, as opposed to the villagers having things done for and to them. Rural Community Councils began to be established to help this along. Organisations were set up to help villages secure funding to get halls built and in many villages residents helped with this – by either running fundraising events or, if they had the skills,

physically planning and building it themselves.



[Internet image of Chedzoy Village Hall, Bridgwater, Somerset]

On completion, there was the need for the committee to represent the community and the needs of those using the hall. As any fan of

British sitcoms such as Dad's Army will know, the committee can be a source of humorous situations. Many of us know a Captain Mainwaring or Margot Leadbetter type, and chances are, they sit on a committee somewhere. Over the past 100 years it will be no surprise to learn there have been several reports of feuds erupting from committee meetings taking place in a village hall. One such difference of opinion obviously came to a head at Chedzoy one evening in 1959.

Unfortunately, details were sketchy, because the vicar threw the local press representative out of the village hall and he was unable to complete his report. All we know is that the vicar was accused of being a dictator (muting the press surely didn't help his case) and that he had been taking his dog to church and that the organist had been dismissed and the vicar was now a pariah.



[Internet image of Liphook Village Hall in Hampshire]

Being an officer could have its dangers – for example in 1923 the Treasurer of Liphook Village Hall had a day in court as a result of an argument about a room hire charge which ended up in fisticuffs. In 1962, a 53 year old lady that we shall refer to as Miss S was sentenced to 21 months in prison at Somerset Quarter Sessions. The charges were fraud, false pretences and forgery and Miss S also asked for 17 other offences to be taken into consideration. It emerged that she had also “done time” previously.

Miss S was in fact secretary of Montacute Village Hall – as well as being President of the village WI and parish councillor. Even more fascinating is that Miss S didn't commit these crimes for personal gain – not of a financial nature anyway. It seems that she just wanted to be popular. Miss S had invented a benefactress. At first, she declared the Lady Bountiful to be anonymous – but then she decided that she could in fact be named as a Miss McBain, who had an estate near Porlock. Using this fictitious lady's “donations”, Miss S paid for outings, parties and marquees for flower shows. But of course this money had to come from somewhere. Various offences were set in motion to obtain the cash, including forging Post Office bank forms. When it all came to light, Miss S absconded to a caravan in Paignton, but she was eventually discovered. Miss S apologised in court to the people of Montacute, who must surely have been open-mouthed at the revelations.



[Internet image of Montacute Village Hall in Somerset]

As a fundraiser, I took particular notice of the fundraising activities which have both taken place in and supported village halls over the past century. Perhaps the most common events have been the jumble sale and the village fete, often planned for the playing field but rained off into the hall. Fetes can be constructed from a mix of attractions. There will no doubt be some jumble sale style stalls selling books, or that now sadly endangered species, the White Elephant (the place where items that no-one could possibly want or even identify are shoved). These days, the big rush is more likely to be heading to the food stalls - the home baked cakes and buns or burgers and hot dogs. Tombolas are always popular, especially among children and there is usually a raffle.



Care needs to be taken over tombola prizes, as is shown in one cautionary tale from Wootton Fitzpaine in 1965. The village school headmistress and her husband organised a jumble sale and bingo session in the village hall. One of the stalls was giving away prizes of miniature bottles of spirits. Reports soon followed that young boys were swigging away at these alcoholic bottles outside of the hall. When questioned about the incident, the headmistress' husband had naively assumed that the young boys who had won the bottles of spirits would immediately hand them over to parents.



Another common activity in the days before the television set kept us all in of an evening, was the local dance. I will finish with my favourite of the stories that I unearthed during my research.

In May 1938, The Times reported on a Charity Commission investigation that was taking place into dances at Cobham Village Hall. The official inquiry took place within the hall, where 300 local inhabitants gathered for the hearing, seemingly in rather a feverish mood.

The inquiry had been launched following complaints from a Mr Daly, Church Warden. He had asserted that the “goings on” at the hall “rivalled the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah.” The shocking scenes that he had been subjected to included:

- A drunken couple falling over a heap of coal
- A woman with her head on a man’s breast

Mr Daly went on to assert that “there was no cuddling in my young days...I thought I was in France.”

Both the clerk to the trustees and the caretaker said that they had seen nothing. The licensee stoutly defended the sobriety of the people of Cobham and said that though local folk were a “merry and bright” people, there was never any drunkenness. Mr Cooper, who organised dances at the village hall, insisted that they were respectable. He began to say that they were “so respectable that my daughter...” but his words were drowned out by the uproar in the hall...

Village halls are the home of the niche and the popular and are one of our national treasures as a result of this wonderful mix up of activities that can be found there. While politicians and

thinkers blather about community and what it means, our halls have been quietly getting on with it for more than a century.

Thank you Sarah for bringing back memories of our days in the 1950s and 60s when we used to frequent our village hall. We have many happy memories of times spent at the dances, I don't recall any drunkenness or "goings-on" though and will include a story in a future magazine. We would also love to hear your stories as village halls were the focal part of village life and it would be great to hear your stories too.



Memories, Myths and Flora by Joanne Gordon

"Do you like butter?" I must be about six, it's a lovely warm sunny day, the yellow flower shimmers and reflects under my Mum's chin. We both like butter according to my floral research, though I'd never tasted it. The health advice in the 1980s was for margarine, thought to be healthier, although this health advice has changed throughout the years. Of course, the reflection on the skin is nothing to do with butter and unlike many common floral weeds which are edible, the buttercup is poisonous to humans and animals.

Moreover, the reason for the reflection phenomenon is not to provide children through the ages with entertainment it is about attracting pollinators and many weeds are exceptional at this.

Dr Silvia Vignolini, from the Department of Physics (Cavendish Laboratory), University of Cambridge explained the importance of the buttercup's unique appearance: "Although many different factors, such as scent and temperature, influence the

relationships between pollinators and flowers, the visual appearance of flowers is one of the most important factors in this communication. Flowers develop brilliant colour, or additional cues, such as glossiness - in the case of the buttercup - that contribute to make the optical response of the flower unique. Moreover, the glossiness might also mimic the presence of nectar droplets on the petals, making them that much more attractive."

So why does the Buttercup shine so brightly?

According to researchers at Cambridge University, a buttercup petal's unique bright and glossy appearance is the result of the interplay between its different layers. In particular, the strong yellow reflection responsible for the chin illumination is mainly due to the epidermal (outermost) layer of the petal that reflects yellow light with an intensity that is comparable to glass.



One O'clock, two O'clock, three O'clock.....the feathery fairies leave the safety of their white globe, take flight, dispersing in the wind, carried away from the parent plant, finally to parachute to earth and stick in the ground to make bright yellow sunny

flowers. For simple natural beauty it is hard to beat the dandelion clock, almost perfectly spherical with downy seeds which catch the wind and skip into the sky, it's not hard to see why there are so many myths and superstitions about the dandelion. This clever method of seed dispersal has to be admired, much more proficient than simply dropping seeds to the ground.



According to Florgeous.com, the word dandelion is a corruption of the French phrase “dent de lion,” which means “lion’s tooth” and refers to the plant’s coarse-toothed leaves.

It is also referred to by names such as blowball, doon-head-clock, cankerworm, milk witch, witch’s gowan, yellow gowan, Irish daisy, puff-ball, and priest’s crown. Other common names include white endive, swine’s snout, wild endive, faceclock, wet-a-bed, pee-a-bed.

According to Florgeous, the latter (and more comical!) names refer to the strong natural diuretic effect of the plant’s roots when ingested. In many places, they are referred to as such as many dandelions are found along the edges of sidewalks or paved areas, where dogs might urinate!



The yellow flowers have also been described to resemble the sun, the white seeds resemble the moon and the dispersing seeds resemble the stars. What a beautiful image. Moreover, in mythology the dandelion symbolises anything from happiness, joy and youthfulness to power and endurance.

For many gardeners the common dandelion is a weed, its roots go deep and are hard to pull up, leaving some root behind which promotes more growth. How clever weeds are!

Lucky for me, Mum and Dad didn’t mind dandelion seeds dispersing around the garden, as they were a good source of free food for our rabbits, Snowy and Dot. Dad today keeps a small patch of dandelion leaves for their more unusual pet tortoise ‘Harry’.

Dandelions also have many health benefits for us, packed with vitamins and minerals as we have reported previously in our magazine, the leaves and flowers can be put in salads. The heads are juicy and great deep fried in tempura batter. The beauty and usefulness of the dandelion was celebrated in the children's story "**The Proud Little Apple Blossom**", adapted from a story by Hans Christian Andersen.

But why is the seed head thought of as a clock?

According to *Changinglifestyleblog*, a *common belief is that the number of seeds left after blowing them is the time. The dandelion flower opens an hour after sunrise and closes at dusk giving rise to the belief that the dandelion flower is a 'Shepherd's clock'. A bit more sinister, it is thought the number of seeds left after blowing once is the number of years left to live. I don't think I'm going to try that.*

Blowing the seeds and counting the time may be an unreliable clock but the dandelion, according to Changinglifestyleblog, is a better barometer.

"It is when the blooms have seeded and are in the fluffy, feathery condition that its weather prophet facilities come to the fore. In fine weather the ball extends to the full, but when rain approaches, it shuts like an umbrella. If the weather is inclined to be showery it keeps shut all the time, only opening when the danger from the wet is past."



He loves me, he loves me not, aggressively plucking until all the petals are gone - he loves me not. I'm in pre-adolescence despair and don't care that I'm shamefully pulling the tiny pretty petals off a daisy.

Eleven years old and my first boyfriend from across the road has dumped me for a girl who



already seems to be 'a woman'. This must be the reason, we were in love! After all, he painstakingly copied several computer games for my Commodore 64.

The origin of this childhood floral game seems to be from France and here the pulling of the daisy petals not only predict whether someone loves you or

not but to what degree. *Un peu* or "a little", *beaucoup* or "a lot", *passionnément* or "passionately", *à la folie* or "to madness", or *pas du tout* or "not at all." [Wikipedia]. To love someone to madness conjures in my mind romantic novels of the early 19th Century.

In mythology daisies represent innocence, youth, and vitality, and, therefore, little wonder that it is played by innocent young lovers. In literature, the tradition of daisy-divination is noted in Goethe's *Faust*, part one of which was completed in 1806 (French *La Vie*). *Faust* is a tragic play in two parts by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, usually known in English as *Faust Part One*, and *Faust Part Two*. Nearly all of *Part One* and the majority of *Part Two* are written in rhymed verse [Wikipedia]



This pretty common meadow Oxeye Daisy appears between July to September and are so bright they glow in the evening, earning themselves the name 'moon daisy' or 'moonpenny' (Wildlife Trust) and I can see why. However, each 'petal'

is actually an individual flower as oxeye daisies have composite flower heads consisting of yellow 'disc florets', surrounded by 'ray florets' (the 'petals').

According to 'Country Living', in Old English, daisies were referred to as "day's eye" because at night the petals close over the yellow centre. The phrase "as fresh as a daisy" originates from this, signifying that someone has had a good night's sleep.

The daisy features in abundance in literature, in Love's Labour's Lost, Shakespeare wrote 'daisies... do paint the meadows with delight'. Wordsworth devoted an entire poem '*To The Daisy*', but for a much older appreciation of this dainty flower, an elegant description by Chaucer: "To seen this flower agenst the sunne spread, whan it upriseth early by the morrow, that blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow."

Like the dandelion, the daisy can be added to salads, sandwiches and soups and stews but young specimens are recommended as they can be bitter.

Of course, predicting love isn't the only childhood activity from daisies. Making daisy chains have also been common childhood pastimes. This pastime is featured in one of the most famous magical children's stories Alice's Adventures in Wonderland by Lewis Carroll written in 1865.

"Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do... So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her."

As a child I remember having a pop-up book of the story which brought it to life particularly at the end when the playing cards leapt from the back pages.



It seems as if this pastime for children dates back to the 1800s, but it is still popular today. A quick google search reveals a number of videos and posts about making daisy chains, one as recent as March 2022.

Never very patient and a bit heavy handed, my daisy stalks soon split, my biggest success was a daisy bracelet, dainty and pretty nevertheless.

Thank you for your lovely story Joanne, it brings back childhood memories for me too, sitting in Grandad's field in front of the isolation hospital, now Morton Grange Nursing Home, making daisy chains – such innocent and fulfilling pastimes!



Celebrating May Day by Audrey Carlin

Maypoles, Morris dancing and brightly-coloured flora are just a few of the quintessentially British traditions that mark the first day of May. However, for me, the first day of May marks my birthday.



May Day is believed to have started in Roman Britain around 2,000 years ago when soldiers celebrated the arrival of spring by dancing around decorated trees thanking their goddess, Flora. The Roman festival that ran from April to May was thought to have been commemorated with a series of public games and theatrical performances for which people would wear floral wreaths in their hair.

During the medieval era, May Day was most popular as a folk festival and became dedicated to Robin Hood with celebrations consisting of plays, songs and May Day games. During Elizabethan times the May King and Queen were often referred to as Robin Hood and Maid Marian and would normally lead the day's procession.

These days dancers weave ribbons around a pole rather than a tree. The British May Day tradition of dancing around a maypole is around 600 years old and the activity often brings communities together.

Traditional May Day flowers

May Day reminds me of "May blobs" (known as Marsh Marigold). When I was young, my grandad had a field, at the bottom of which was a brook which was covered in what we called May blobs. I can remember running down the slope of the field to pick a bunch of these beautiful big bright yellow flowers to take home to Mum.

Yellow flowers such as primroses, buttercups and marigolds were especially popular for May Day, possibly as they reflected the sun and summer. Furze (commonly known as Gorse) and ferns were also put around the outside of the home. The flowers were placed on the doorsteps of houses and on windowsills.



Some years ago, we were given a root of the “May blob” which we put in a stone trough of water. Living amongst them is always a frog as the leaves are so big that the frog can easily hop in and out of the trough. This is a photo of our “May blobs”. We have also split them up so they are growing in various places in the garden. Ideally, they would be lovely in the duck pond, but the ducks won’t tolerate any plants growing in their pond.

The early May Bank Holiday on the first Monday in May was created in 1978; May Day itself – 1st May – is not a public holiday in England (unless it falls on a Monday). In February 2011, the UK parliament was reported to be considering scrapping the bank holiday associated with May Day, replacing it with a bank holiday in October, possibly coinciding with Trafalgar Day (celebrated on 21st October), to create a “United Kingdom Day”. Similarly, attempts were made by the John Major government in 1993 to abolish the May Day holiday and replace it with Trafalgar Day.

Trafalgar Day is an annual celebration observed on October 21st which commemorates the victory of the Royal Navy against the French and Spanish naval forces at the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805. Lord Horatio Nelson became one of Britain’s best-known war heroes after the Battle of Trafalgar.

The power of poetry by Audrey Carlin

Poetry has power and one of its greatest powers is to let you step into a moment or a feeling to express yourself and your thoughts. Reading poetry can still be a wonderful way to share what it may be like to see the world through the poet's eyes. Poetry deals with all aspects of the human experience and all feelings. Poems about happiness can lift us up when we feel down and remind us that there's good in the world even when things seem bleak. It's a great feeling when you produce something that you have written, that expresses your feelings and one of the most important things of all, it is therapeutic and cathartic. A cathartic poem can help you to make sense of chaotic thinking, restoring a feeling of balance through words. On the other hand, a poem can be very simple merely expressing what you see and hear.

Within our online poetry group, we express a subject that Joanne gives to us, in our own terms. It's amazing how each of us come up with something different and it's rewarding to be able to put words onto paper that are meaningful, cheerful and funny. Here Sarah Richards has written an Easter poem, together with a photo of Sebastian, her small travelling companion bear, looking quite longingly at the chocolate Easter egg!

The Chocolate Teddy by Sarah Richards

Easter eggs – oh such a treat
Wrapped in foil, so tidy and neat.

But sometimes they are not so great
Flowers instead as I watch my weight.

Then came the worst that I was bought
A chocolate teddy, I was distraught.
To break him then, what guilt I feel
But a tasty snack to follow our meal.



So the task to smash was my husband's alone
No way could I watch – he was on his own.

As to the eating, it tasted so nice.
But no more bears, was my advice.



Whilst sorting through papers one day, I found the following poem that Joanne had written when she was 12 years old. I knew she had always been concerned about the environment from articles she had written for school projects and this poem, yet again, alludes to the destruction of nature by the building of a pass.

The wonders of Nature

By Joanne Gordon (written aged 12 years)

I went walking in the countryside
To see what I could see
I saw a beautiful butterfly
And a black and yellow bumble bee

The trees seemed to reach to the sky
The air was filled with the smell of flowers
I spotted a frog in a deep blue pond
I thank God for his wonderful powers

I saw a large spider in the web
I spotted a grasshopper in the long green grass
A tiny snail on a stone
But oh, how terrible, man is building a pass!



Our Environment by Audrey Carlin

Why is the forest important?

Forests are vital to life on Earth. They purify the air we breathe, filter the water we drink, prevent erosion, and act as an important buffer against climate change. (Photo Sherwood Forest)



In a 'Country Living' Newsletter report it stated that "England has more ancient trees than originally thought". According to new research published by the University of Nottingham, England could have more than two million ancient and veteran trees - ten times more than what was previously thought.

Many of these trees are unlikely to be protected by any conservation methods, so the Woodland Trust is helping to create different mathematical models to help predict where the trees may be. As well as this, campaigners are urging the government to give ancient trees the same protections as old buildings and wildlife."

The findings from the surveys provide an insight into the number of species and type of trees that are present in different areas of the country. They also were able to be used to calibrate the models and provide estimates of the total number of ancient and veteran trees across England. Dr Victoria Nolan, one of the lead researchers, said. "Based on the best-performing distribution models, these estimates predict 2m ancient and veteran trees, which is an amazing increase on what is currently recorded."

Mythology

Trees have always fired the imagination and played a role in legends, myths and religions. In Norse mythology, Yggdrasil is an immense tree which embodies the whole cosmos, its branches support the heavens, it gives animals life, the gods assemble beneath it, and it is a symbol of the constant renewal of life. (Source: Landlove)

The Tree of Life is a symbol for rebirth as trees lose their leaves and seem to be dead during winter, but then new buds appear and new, fresh leaves unfurl during the spring. This represents the beginning of a new life and a fresh start. The Tree of Life also symbolises immortality because even as the tree grows old, it creates seeds that carry its essence so it lives on through new saplings.

Tree planting in a pot

If your garden isn't big enough to take on some extra trees, try planting them in a pot. There is nothing better than watching your tree grow from a single acorn or sapling. I am growing trees in this way.



(An old postcard of the Royal Oak in Sherwood Forest)

Every tree has its own unique appearance. They offer food and shelter to

all kinds of creatures. A Beech tree that is roughly a hundred years old produces approx. 4,600 kg oxygen every year, which equates to 13 years' supply for one human. In the Middle Ages trees marked boundaries. Courts were held beneath them, as well as dancing, laughter and romance.

Many ancient trees stand alone in fields or on mountain sides and shape the landscape, others are in the middle of towns or villages or hidden away in forests. The UK contains many trees of special interest. They are the remnants of Britain's "wild wood" that once covered all of Europe. In fact, Britain has more ancient trees than any other North European country, possibly up to 60% of all those in Northern Europe. Forests are vital to life on Earth. They purify the air we breathe, filter the water we drink, prevent erosion and act as an important buffer against climate change.

Mythology and symbolism of the Scots Pine



There's not much folklore associated with the Scots pine, although there is some history of spiritual significance which can be traced back to Celtic times. It is thought that in England, Scots pines were planted around farmsteads as windbreaks, and clusters of

pinus growing along old droveways helped travellers find out where they were going in inclement weather.

We have two Scots Pine in our garden, one of which has grown from a very tiny limp looking twig. It is now about 4-5 ft high. I don't recall how I got this as it is different to the one that Margot gave to me which is a really sturdy tree. Scots pine is an evergreen conifer native to Northern Europe. Mature trees grow to 35m and can live for up to 700 years. The bark is a scaly orange-brown, which develops plates and fissures with age. Twigs are green-brown and hairless.



The Scots pine is monoecious, meaning both male and female flowers grow on the same tree. Male flowers comprise clusters of yellow anthers at the base of shoots. Female flowers are small, red-purple and globular

and grow at the tips of new shoots. It is the only truly native pine in the UK. It thrives in heathland and is widely planted for timber, but is also found in abundance in the Caledonian pine forest in the Scottish Highlands. Its dry cones can be used as kindling for fires.



What to do when you are struggling

by Joanne Gordon

When we are struggling, it is important to acknowledge this and not deny these feelings or put pressure on ourselves to 'feel better'. However, it doesn't mean you can't take care of yourself through the struggles. Some people have what they call a 'self-soothing box' where they keep items that bring them comfort and remind them of where they can find help if they need it. Jot down what could be in your self-soothing box.

Here are some ideas

- Herbal tea bag for a warming
- drink
- Essential oils
- Lavender bag
- Scented candle
- Soft blanket, jumper or hot water
- bottle

- Something tactile
- Favourite film - please share this
- Good soothing reads – what book has got you through a tough time before? Please share your book ideas
- Mementoes that inspire positive emotions – photographs, postcards
- The name of family members or friends you can talk to
- Or websites you find useful – eg Headspace
- Watch and listen to the birds
- Take a walk in the garden
- It may also be helpful to include what to avoid – eg watching the news too much

[Ideas from the Happiness Journal]



Podcast Picks by Joanne Gordon

Podcasts intimate approach to audio entertainment have been growing in popularity over the last few years. Hosts draw you in and make you feel part of the discussion. There are a wide variety of podcast topics which you can listen to whilst relaxing or on the move, walking to the shops or doing the housework.

Listened to via the medium you use for music such as Amazon music, Spotify, or the latest episode on your Alexa, episodes can be stand-alone or part of a series. Here are my podcast picks for Wellbeing.

Happier by Gretchan Rubin – Running time approx 30 minutes
A fun podcast with Gretchan Rubin and her sister Elizabeth Craft chatting about what has made them ‘Happier’. There is great rapport between the sisters who at times have differing

perspectives. A podcast to make you smile as Gretchan and Elizabeth cover everything from books and poetry to music, inspirations, anticipation, nature and wildlife. Every 10th episode is a special edition and number 420 released on 8th March 2023 “A Bonanza of Hacks for using our five senses for happier lives” was a joy to listen to. Hacks or tips (though happiness hacks have a rhythm) were sent in by listeners and there were some lovely ideas.

- Decide on a vacation drink and every time you have that drink you will be transported back to your holiday. It may be a cocktail from a cruise or coffee in France.



- Carry something to touch, like a smooth stone or make a sensory pack to help you relax when undergoing stressful situations
- One listener wrote she looks to the sky for cloud formation patterns as a quick get-away from ‘earth problems’

How to Fail by Elizabeth Day – Running time approx. 1 hour

Journalist, author and broadcaster, Elizabeth Day turns the concept of ‘success’ on its head. She asks her guests about their failures and what they have learnt from them, which may have ultimately led to achieving goals.



[Internet image of Margaret Atwood]

A fascinating listen, some of the failures are amusing. For example Margaret Atwood abandoned a manuscript which

she had begun on a typewriter where the letter “l” wasn’t working. “I ove you.”

Whilst others are more profound. Feminist icon, Caitlin Moran, discusses her perceived failure as a parent to help her daughter with an eating disorder. Listening to Margaret Atwood, author of ‘The Handmaid’s Tale’ was engrossing as she chatted about haunted houses, witchcraft and what has inspired her writing.

“ Failure is a process. You just learn to pick yourself back up.”

Michelle Obama

“Failure is another stepping stone to greatness.”

Oprah Winfrey

“There is no innovation and creativity without failure. Period.”

Brene Brown

Just one Thing by Dr Michael Mosley – Running time approx. 15 minutes

Dr Michael Mosley suggests that you do ‘Just one thing’ to improve your wellbeing. In 15 minutes, this podcast packs in the information. Michael Mosley’s relaxed but authoritative presentation makes you want to take the required action. A variety of topics are covered, some more controversial such as getting some sun, drinking red wine or coffee, but the advice



is qualified; eating only a couple of squares of dark chocolate (over 50% cocoa solids) or a sensible sized glass of red wine with a meal and drinking coffee at the right time and in moderation.

[Internet image of Dr Michael Mosley]

The format makes the podcast interesting; first Michael introduces the topic, followed by talking to a member of the general public who is to trial the advice. Michael checks in with them later to see how they are getting on. Listeners are then introduced to a researcher who provides the science behind the advice as well as the benefits, before a final verdict from the member of the public. **If you decide to do 'Just one thing' to improve your wellbeing I suggest you listen to this podcast.**



Natural prescription by Joanne Gordon



Though the days are getting warmer, a chill still clings to the mornings which prickle my bare arms. Sunny yellow daffodils, blue grape hyacinths and bright yellow and purple crocuses are in bloom having survived the snow in March.

Hyacinths are beginning to open and fill the air with their sweet fragrance

as well as adding pale pink to the kaleidoscope of spring colour.

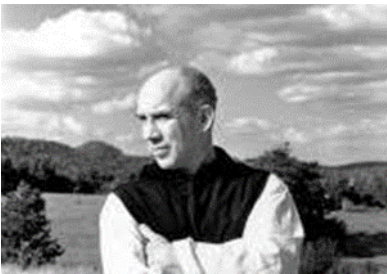


Sparrows flit in and out of the hedge, a blackbird hops along the lawn, heading to the feeder for food sprinkled beneath and the air is filled with their songs.

We only have a small garden pond, yet it is currently home to nine frogs, their guttural croak, a further sign that Mother Nature has finally shed her winter coat. Nature is a prescription for wellbeing and the evidence both scientific and empirical supports this.

Appreciating nature

On 10th December 1941 a young man called Thomas Merton entered a strict Benedictine monastery, where he was forbidden to speak except to superiors. He would spend the



rest of his life at the monastery, appreciating the simple pleasures of life, finding solace in writing and the natural world .

[Archive photo by Getty Images]

Listening to the noise of the rain on his hut, he wrote a piece entitled 'Rain and Rhinoceros'. He reflected on how many people bemoan the rain, yet it is vital for life, all too evident last summer when the earth cried out for 'a gift from the skies'. Alone in the woods at night, Merton wrote "cherished by this wonderful, unintelligible, perfectly innocent speech, the most comforting speech in the world, the talk that rain makes by itself all over the ridges and the talk of watercourses everywhere in the hallow".

How beautiful to appreciate rain by giving it anamorphic qualities. It made me think of how we may talk of a babbling brook, chattering as it flows, meeting friends and journeying together towards a greater expanse of water.

Green spaces



Spending time in nature is proven to reduce stress and help improve our immune systems. The Japanese are very keen on this, in particular 'shinrin yoku', forest bathing, which is simply being calm and quiet, really observing the forest by opening our senses, listening to bird song, feeling the bark on trees and smelling the pines and honeysuckle.

According to Dr Michael Mosley, being in nature not only has immediate benefits but has lasting effects, particularly if we open our senses which encourage less 'introspection.' Less introspection can in

turn reduce anxiety.

In a small study conducted by Dr Michael Mosley at Edinburgh University, participants were encouraged to spend extra time in nature. After only 3 weeks there were big improvements in the reduction of the stress hormone, Cortisol, as well as perceived levels of stress. One participant said that even sitting out in a hail storm was 'surprisingly soothing.' According to experts, being in nature helps soothe stress and strengthen resilience. The impact of nature is amazingly quick according to experts, even looking at a picture of nature can have positive effects as shown by brain patterns in an MRI scan.

Sunlight

One in three of us don't get enough sunlight. This is understandable with the links between skin cancer and ultraviolet rays which is invisible radiation that comes from the sun. However, exposure to sunlight has many benefits, it makes us feel good by increasing Serotonin, lowers blood pressure and critically makes vitamin D which helps build bone, muscle, build the immune system and increases energy levels. Although vitamin D can be provided in some foods, the quantities we eat are not enough. So, getting out in sunlight is vital

According to Dr Michael Mosley, the sun is only strong enough in the summer months, so we need to get out and build our vitamin D before the winter. To produce the vitamin D, you have to expose your 'naked' skin, your face alone is insufficient, let the sunshine bathe over your arms and legs as well. The length of time spent in the sun is very individual. Those with pale skin Dr Michael Mosley recommends 10 minutes; for those with



darker skin nearer 45 minutes is needed. Surprisingly the suggestion is to go out in the middle of the day, when the sun is stronger but the effect is quicker and more powerful. 'More bang for your buck' according to Dr Webb of Manchester University.

Remember though only expose your skin for a short length of time - recommendations are for

'little and often'. The key message is that sunscreen must be applied before you burn; know your own skin and be careful if you are on medication or skin treatments which makes your skin more sensitive. Furthermore, the recommendations are for the UK climate, not abroad, where the sun may be stronger.

As the weather gets warmer, why not go for a morning walk, also shown to have benefits on health, then stop and open your senses. Or pop out in the garden mid-day for a quick vitamin D boost.

[Sources: BBC Sounds –
Dr Michael Mosley “Just one thing” Podcast
“First you write a sentence” Joe Moran, Penguin Publishers]

Activity from “The Happiness Journal”

Happiness can be in many forms from moments of joy to more lasting peace. What does happiness mean to you. What people memories, objects, music, pictures, tastes, smells and sensations do you associate with happiness?

Underneath scribble as many ideas as you can. As a starting point think about completing the sentence **Happiness is**(it doesn't have to be big stuff)

.....

.....



Breakfast Wellbeing Workshop

Tuesday 27th June 2023 10am—12 noon

**At The Badger, 81 Brockwell Lane,
Chesterfield S40 4ED.**

‘Mindfulness Workshop’

Following our last breakfast meeting, the talk turned to mindfulness and members attending asked if we could organise a session.

We are pleased to announce Sarah Lowe, from Derbyshire Federation for Mental Health as part of their Greenaway Project.

Sarah will provide you with the opportunity to understand what mindfulness is and how it can help your wellbeing as well as demonstrating how to begin to practice it.

Mindfulness is a science based skill that anyone can learn and benefit from in their daily lives.

Tea, coffee, biscuits and Danish pastries will be provided.
There is no charge for refreshments

To book please contact Audrey on 07821 132234, email Joanne at chesterfieldtinnitus@gmail.com or use the form in this magazine.

Workshop funded by Erewash CVS Mental Health Mini grant Scheme



Soup and Social

Tuesday 30th May

2023 11am—1.00pm

At The Badger, 81 Brockwell Lane,
Chesterfield S40 4ED



Illustrated talk by Sarah Richards

“Photologue of Travels”

During Lockdown in 2020 and through 2021 Sarah brightened our Facebook page by adding a daily photograph from her travels

Sarah will entertain us by giving us a colourful display of some of her travel photographs accompanied by an interesting talk.

If you booked previously for this meeting, there is no need to re-book as we have your details.

**To book contact Audrey on 07821 132234 or
email Joanne at
chesterfieldtinnitus@gmail.com or use the
form in the magazine.**



Breakfast Wellbeing Workshop

Tuesday 4th July 2023 10am—12 noon

**At The Badger, 81 Brockwell Lane, Chesterfield
S40 4ED**

Understanding our emotions

Speaker: Tim Buckle

Tim's talks were well received last year and therefore, we have invited him again this year. Tim has informed us that he may be going to Kenya and so this may be our last opportunity to invite Tim to our meetings.

Tim is a Skills Mentor at Chimp Management. He has worked with Professor Steve Peters (who is a Consultant Psychiatrist who specialises in the human mind), professionally and personally since 2001.

To book please contact Audrey on 07821 132234, email Joanne at chesterfieldtinnitus@gmail.com or use the form in this magazine.

Workshop funded by Erewash CVS Mental Health Mini grant Scheme

Breakfast Wellbeing Workshop Booking Form

FORM FOR THOSE RETURNING BY POST

Workshop(s) attending

Name.....

Mobile/Landline No.

Email.....

Name of person attending with you (if appropriate)

.....

PLEASE NOTE: If you book and then are unable to attend – please inform us AT LEAST 48 hours beforehand so we can inform the Badger.

Please return the booking form to: Joanne Gordon, Chesterfield & North Derbyshire Tinnitus Support Group, PO Box 833, Chesterfield, S40 9RU Or email: chesterfieldtinnitus@gmail.com

SOUP & SOCIAL

ON TUESDAY 30th May 2023 AT 11AM—1.00PM

Soup, Sandwiches and Chips, Tea or Coffee (help yourself to tea/ coffee)

Cost of the meal is £7.50 each

Will you please indicate your requirements when contacting us or on the form on the next page

YOUR CHOICE: Egg or Cheese or Ham on WHITE or BROWN Bread

Please indicate filling & choice of bread for yourself or anyone with you.

SOUP will be home-made vegetable soup served in a Mug and suitable for vegetarians/vegans and gluten free together with home-made Chips

Payment: We will require you to pay on arrival please

Raffle Tickets will also be available

PLEASE NOTE: If you book and then are unable to attend – please inform us AT LEAST 48 hours beforehand so we can inform the Badger

Please return the form on the next page to: Joanne Gordon, Chesterfield & North Derbyshire Tinnitus Support Group, PO Box 833, Chesterfield, S40 9RU

Or email: chesterfieldtinnitus@gmail.com

**SOUP AND SOCIAL BOOKING FORM FOR THOSE RETURNING
BY POST**

Name.....

Mobile/Landline No.

Email.....

Name of person attending with you (if appropriate

.....

Special Dietary Requirements

.....

Please choose sandwiches: EGG HAM CHEESE

Whether on: WHITE BROWN OTHER

{Please return by not later than 24th May 2023}

How to Donate to Chesterfield & North Derbyshire Tinnitus Support Group

1. Send a cheque, payable to Chesterfield Tinnitus Support Group, to

Chesterfield & North Derbyshire Tinnitus Support Group,
PO Box 833, Chesterfield, S40 9RU

2. Make a payment directly into our bank account or set up a standing order. Our bank details are as follows:

Sort code: 60 83 01

Account no: 20447083

Account name: Chesterfield & North Derbyshire Tinnitus Support Group

3. Donate online using the secure Charities Aid Foundation website:

- Go to www.cafonline.org
- Click on the blue Donate to a Charity button at the top of the page
- Search for Chesterfield Tinnitus Support
- Select us from the list and click on the Donate button
- You can then make a payment using a card or PayPal

4. Donate your unwanted gifts for us to raffle at our meetings