

Here's a bit of humour thanks to Jim Dukes.

Spell Check

I have a spelling chequer,
It came with my pee sea.
It plainly marques four my revue
Miss steaks eye cannot sea.
Eye strike a quay and right a word,
And weight for it two say
Weather eye am wrong oar wright,
It shows me strait away.
As soon as a mist ache is maid,
It nose bee fore two late,
And eye can put the error rite.
its rarely, rarely grate,
I've run this poem threw it,
I'm shore your pleased to no
Its letter perfect in it's weigh,
My chequer tolled me sew !
(Sauce unknown)

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Contributions, ideas for content or any other comments for this newsletter should be sent to Geoff Evans
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And Finally...

What a wonderful thought it is that some of the best days of our lives haven't even happened yet.

Anne Frank



Just Roll Up

Newsletter for Retford Bowling Green
Nº 31 December 2020

Farewell to 2020

Or should it be 'good riddance'. Whatever your thoughts the year 2020 has been a year to remember. We are all familiar with the negatives as the media thrust them upon us every day. So here are some positives from our club:

- The year started with our usual round of social activities.
- Once lockdown arrived we kept in touch via the newsletter and some fun quizzes.
- With a lot of work from our volunteer members the new irrigation system was installed in the spring.
- June saw the commencement of bowling, albeit in a limited way.
- Our gardens were kept as beautiful as ever and the hedges trimmed, thanks to everyone involved.
- Trevor organised our Covid-19 Knockout Competitions.
- Our treasurer, Ben Palmer, secured substantial Covid-19 support grants from Bassetlaw DC.
- Shirley raised £1000 for Macmillan Cancer Support despite being unable to hold the normal coffee morning.

Thanks must go to everyone who contributed to make our lives more bearable this year.

HAPPY★NEW★YEAR

Lets hope that, with the good news about Covid-19 vaccines, we will be able to return to bowling in as near normal way as possible. Trevor is already working on the programme for next season and the clubs with whom we regularly hold friendly matches are already in touch.

In 2020, despite the prospect of limited or no bowling virtually all of our bowling members renewed their membership; a magnificent show of loyalty. Hopefully that loyalty and love of our club will continue into the new year.

However we must not rest on our laurels. Every year we need the influx of new members to keep the club alive. Back in 2019 we had a very successful publicity campaign resulting in more than 20 new bowling members. This year's campaign is now in the early stages of planning—more news to follow soon.

Besides bowling we have a dedicated group of members who regularly turn out to help maintain our club's grounds. In the near future we will be needing to remedy the hedge on the front of the car park which is gradually collapsing. We already know of a number of members willing to have a go but would also welcome some new faces to share the load.

Finally, let's look forward to when we can all meet again in the near future.

This little poem was doing the rounds on social media just before Christmas. Although Christmas is over it still feels appropriate to reproduce it here:

T'was a week before Christmas,
And all through the town,
People wore masks,
That covered their frown.
The frown had begun
Way back in the Spring,
When a global pandemic
Changed everything.
They called it corona,
But unlike the beer,
It didn't bring good times,
It didn't bring cheer.
Airplanes were grounded,
Travel was banned.
Borders were closed
Across air, sea and land.
As the world entered lockdown
To flatten the curve,
The economy halted,
And folks lost their nerve.
From March to July
We rode the first wave,
People stayed home,
They tried to behave.
When summer emerged
The lockdown was lifted.
But away from caution,
Many folks drifted.

Now it's December
And cases are spiking,
Wave two has arrived,
Much to our disliking.
It's true that this year
Has had sadness a plenty,
We'll never forget
The year 2020.
And just 'round the corner -
The holiday season,
But why be merry?
Is there even one reason?
To decorate the house
And put up the tree,
Who will see it,
No one but me.
But outside my window
The rain gently falls,
And I think to myself,
Let's deck the halls!
So, I gather the ribbon,
The garland and bows,
As I play those old carols,
My happiness grows.
Christmas is not cancelled
And neither is hope.
If we lean on each other,
I know we can cope