

## TT 13 Day 21

In an effort to boost morale in these uncertain times, the Guvnor and I gather together various bon mots we think might amuse, stimulate or entertain. His compilation is usually rather mundane, but I manage to balance him with some special ones that I have gleaned from his musings, readings, thoughts and pontifications and to which I add my own spin. At the end of the day (a clichéd expression, if ever I saw one and which is usually beneath me) he sends most of his creations up the flagpole to see if they will fly (another cliché) and where I choose what should be written down for posterior – or do mean posterity?

There are some wonderful prompts. For example, today's paper produced a couple of especially good letters. The first was telling: 'My wife and I are both over 70 and have been self-isolating for three weeks. For the first week life was difficult, quite claustrophobic with frequent bickering. The second week saw an improvement with the introduction of a daily routine, including a sundowner at 6 pm. This week we have resorted to two sundowners nightly and have discovered we quite like each other.'

The second pointed out 'I see older people moving out of the way of the young while walking.' That's telling, all right.

The third was from Yorkshire, and you'll see why shortly. The Guvnor liked it so much he sent it to the Ministry Team: 'Reverends

In case the high morale created yesterday by our Palm Sunday service via Zoom and the Queen's speech in the evening has dissipated any this Monday morning, I send you this letter from Tony in Selby written to the Editor of my morning paper:

'Yesterday morning, God was seen walking around Yorkshire. "What are you doing?" he was asked. "I'm working from home", He replied.' Well, he's working pretty hard in Wiltshire too, as we all know.

The Rector suggested I put it in the Parish News. She's very discriminating in such matters and, of course, I complied. Jane sent in the following comment which we all enjoyed:

'When I lived in Yorkshire, a similar story told of a tourist visiting many cathedrals and being intrigued to find in each a telephone with a sign: "Direct Line to God. Only £1". He found it in Westminster Abbey, Salisbury Cathedral, Lincoln Cathedral and so on. Then one day he visited York Minster and was surprised to find the same phone and same sign, only it read "Direct Line to God. Only 10p". Puzzled, he consulted a passing vergger who replied "well, from here, sir, it's only a local call". But WE don't need a phone line! Hallelujah!'

The Guvnor received his letter from the Prime Minister today and his wife felt slightly aggrieved to find that it was addressed solely to him. She was slightly mollified to hear her husband say "he's only sending them to old people" but when she investigates further, she will find that a letter has gone to everyone. What I want to know is how Boris got hold of our address, but the Guvnor told me it was probably because he reads my blog and asked one of his aids to track me down.

On Saturday Michael Deacon told us via his column that his 6-year old son had made a ghost out of paper. "Look, Dada; isn't it scary?" cried the boy. "It most certainly is", shouted his father in horror; "it's made out of lavatory paper, the scarcest commodity in the world!"