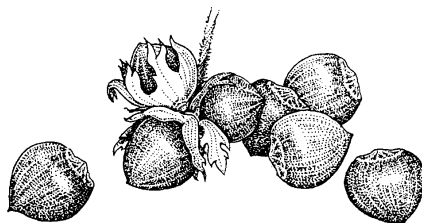


The Lockdown Lighthouse

THE INTERIM NEWSLETTER FROM THE FRIENDS OF STANDEN ESTATE:

NUTS ABOUT STANDEN
and missing it loads



No 13 - 2nd July 2020

In this edition of The Lockdown Lighthouse:

PHIL'S PHOTOS

ANOTHER STORY TO ENJOY

DYED IN THE WOOL

COMEDY CORNER

BLEAU'S MUSINGS

TWELVE WEEKS OF LOCKDOWN

COVID 19 FACTS

MORE FROM NANCY'S GARDEN

HOME SCHOOLING

AND FINALLY...

A selection of stunners



Phil Marsden has been busy lately participating in online photo competitions with the Camera Club - something which has obviously helped to keep him occupied during 'hibernation'. He has now sent a selection of his super photos for us to enjoy.

The dung beetle was photographed on Ambersham Common near Midhurst last year. The salvia was taken at the weekend. It was over wintered in the greenhouse which is why it is flowering



The Meerkats just makes me smile.

What a beautiful scene - looks like a Constable painting.

already. The one left in the ground through the winter is trying hard to catch up and looks as though it will be quite a large plant. The Somerset Level is quite a few years old but it's rather atmospheric.



He has also been observing the local wildlife, and noticed this crafty behaviour from a magpie. Seems some birds are not as bird-brained as we think they are.

A few weeks ago, I put out some bread on the lawn for the birds. For some reason not all of it was eaten and it got a bit dried up in the sun. Later in the afternoon a Magpie flew down, picked up a piece of bread and dunked it in the birdbath to soften it. A few minutes later a Crow did the same thing. We've even had a Magpie fly in with bread from elsewhere to do the dunking. It seems to be just Corvids that do this, unless anyone knows otherwise.

As my sister often says, 'Clever little dinosaurs'. Has anyone else witnessed similar behaviour, either from Corvids or other birds?

Retribution

Here's another story from the pen of Pat Jilks. This one seemed particularly apt for the times.

It's their turn now. They've asked for it. We've been victimised for more than just a few years. For centuries now, we have been hunted and slaughtered. Our families have been dragged from their homes and butchered. But now, it is our turn.

We've waited so long for this moment. We are not vicious, like our enemies. We only wished to live in peace alongside them and this could have been possible, except for their hatred.

It was natural, I suppose, that misunderstandings arose. Communication was difficult, mainly because they were not willing to try it. We were not the only ones to be victimised. All over the world, any difference in way of life or outlook seemed to be regarded as a threat by the so-called superior race and the imagined threat would not just be tolerated but wiped out as much as possible.

But they did not manage to eliminate our people. Oh no. Far from it. We learned to live in hidden places, coming out mainly at night when our overlords were mostly sleeping.

So we lived, as I said, for thousands of years, but then, things started changing. At first, it was a dawning knowledge that things were not right. This knowledge and understanding built up over the years and an anger began to develop within us. The anger led to a wish to change things and then to a belief that it was possible to do so. We gained in strength. We began to act together and co-operate with each other much more.

The belief that it was possible to change the situation led to the active desire to do so and how this could be done. The ruling race had access to technology, whereas we did not. After all, they were everywhere and we had to skulk where we were not noticed so, even though we educated ourselves as much as we could, it was difficult to develop in the same way. They had so many

advantages. All over the world, during the past centuries, the races that were considered to be 'inferior' had been exterminated one way or another, either by murder or destruction in slower and more subtle ways. Various religions influenced the actions, making the perpetrators believe that they were right and everybody else was wrong. Unbelievable as it is, one of the main religions had in its holy book the instruction that they must not kill and yet, they rampaged all over the world killing freely. We know all about that. So many millions of us have been killed over the years.

The final change in our minds and intents came with The Prophet, bless his memory. He came from a humble beginning and saw what had to be done. He installed in our minds the truth and the knowledge that we could win our freedom. He lived a long life, escaping all harm because the ruling race did not know of his existence and we protected Him, listening to His wisdom and plans.

Now, even though he has gone from our presence, we are soon to fulfil his prophecy that we can defeat the overlords that have made our lives so miserable for so long and today, is the day it will start.

The rulers have become weak. The main religions have made a sort of uneasy peace with each other and a form of decadence seems to have descended on the world. The technology has made them soft. They do not have to think much for themselves any more or do anything physical. They mainly sit in front of screens, being transported from the real world to those of their imagination and their mechanical constructions have taken over all production of their food and items of necessity. We have been able to become more invisible as a result, although we have flourished and now, we are ready indeed.

We have mastered communication with each other all over the world and today, at the same time everywhere, our tribe will come into action. We have constructed weapons of destruction and made them in a manner that we can operate and technology of the overlords will come crashing down - explode, disintegrate, cease to exist. Without that to bolster them up, they will stagger about, not knowing what is happening, uselessly thrashing around in bewilderment.

And then, we will emerge from all the dark and secret places in which we have been forced to make our homes. We will flow over them like a surging sea. Our Holy Book, written by our Prophet, instructs us to respect life in general but to kill any that is a threat to our existence. Some, no doubt, will survive and learn to live in hiding like they have forced us to do for so long and it is us who will be the victors - the ruling race of the future.

It is almost time. Come brothers and sisters. Come and fight for retribution and our freedom. Let us worship the memory of our Prophet, who is at this moment looking down on us. Our beloved Prophet of the Rats. Bless Him.

Chilling!

Inspiration from the natural world



Carolyn has been busy dyeing again, and has sent in some pictures of what she has produced and what inspired her. Beautiful.

Some of you may know that I am a member of the East Sussex Weavers Spinners and Dyers guild along with Trudie. I have also joined the online guild. Each year they have an annual challenge and you have to use one of the three core skills. This year the theme is trees. My inspiration was the bark on the silver birch trees on the drive that we washed just before Christmas. I dyed some fleece with Red Oak bark (also from Standen) and spun this with some undyed fleece. The sheep breed is Romney.



A little laugh at our leaders

Anne Scutt came across this rather unedifying Rogues' Gallery recently on Twitter. Talk about seeing people as you've never seen them before:

pic.twitter.com/NKYGi6emgb

My naughty son sent me the following joke, which did, I confess make me smile a lot.

Boris Johnson walks into a bank. He needs to cash a cheque. As he approaches the cashier he says, 'Good morning, could you please cash this cheque for me?'

Cashier: It would be a pleasure. Please could you show me your ID?

BJ: Truthfully I didn't bring any ID with me as I didn't think there was any need to. I'm Boris Johnson, Prime Minister.

Cashier: Yes, I know who you are but with all the regulations and monitoring of the bank because of imposters and forgers, and the requirements of the legislation, etc., I must insist on seeing ID.

BJ: Just ask anyone here at the bank and they will tell you. Everybody knows who I am.

Cashier: I'm sorry Mr Johnson, but these are the bank rules and I must follow them.

BJ: Come on, please, I'm urging you; please cash this cheque.

Cashier: All right sir, this is an example of what we can do. One day Tiger Woods came into the bank without an ID. To prove that he was Tiger Woods, he pulled out his putter and made a beautiful shot across the Thames into a cup of tea held by the bank's chairman without spilling a drop. With that shot we knew him to be Tiger Woods and cashed his cheque.

*Another time, Gordon Ramsay came in without an ID. To prove who he was, he made delicious Chicken Parm right here on my table, called the branch manager an f***** donkey and fired everyone at the fish and chip joint next door. With that, we knew who he was and cashed his cheque. So, sir, what can you do to prove that it is you and only you?*

Boris Johnson stands there thinking and thinking, and finally says: 'Honestly, my mind is a total blank. There is nothing that comes to my mind. I can't think of a single thing. I have absolutely no idea of what to do.

Cashier: That'll do just fine, sir. Will that be large or small notes?

Ode to Beech trees

Being in Devon during lockdown definitely set Bleau's creative juices flowing. Thanks, Bleau.

To the big mossy beech tree who I lay amongst
I am very happy here right now



With you
Delicate tender beautiful you
Safe comforting soothing you
Healing gentle quiet you
Strong protecting loving you
As your branches and roots enfold me
A world away in you
I am breathing with you
Kissing you
Holding you
Cocooned in you



Spider Silk

How delicate you are as I
touch you with my fingertips
How soft under my skin
Spongy furry green
On my palms
Watching spider silk
Adorned with silver dew
Gently dance in the breeze

Angel hair

Angel hair
Clung to mossy rock I was sat
amongst today
I wondered to myself
How it got there
Were they playing in the waters
this dawn
Did they come to bless the river
And as they kissed her
Whispers of wind
Stole fine threads
To savour as a memory for me



Things which have been in short supply

A few weeks ago, Bob Fielden threw down a challenge to create a *Twelve Days of Christmas* song about lockdown. As no one has taken up the gauntlet so far, I have

been forced to attempt it myself, and therefore make no apology if it's not to your liking!

In the first week of lockdown my true love sent to me a loo roll for my lavatory.

In the second week of lockdown my true love sent to me two bags of flour and a loo roll for my lavatory.

In the third week of lockdown my true love sent to me three rice sacks, two bags of flour and a loo roll for my lavatory.

In the fourth week of lockdown my true love sent to me four cans of beans, three rice sacks, two bags of flour and a loo roll for my lavatory.

In the fifth week of lockdown my true love sent to me five Marmite jars; four cans of beans, three rice sacks, two bags of flour and a loo roll for my lavatory.

In the sixth week of lockdown my true love sent to me six yeasty sachets, five Marmite jars; four cans of beans, three rice sacks, two bags of flour and a loo roll for my lavatory.

In the seventh week of lockdown my true love sent to me seven lots of pasta, six yeasty sachets, five Marmite jars; four cans of beans, three rice sacks, two bags of flour and a loo roll for my lavatory.

In the eighth week of lockdown my true love sent to me eight cuddly puppies, seven lots of pasta, six yeasty sachets, five Marmite jars; four cans of beans, three rice sacks, two bags of flour and a loo roll for my lavatory.

In the ninth week of lockdown my true love sent to me nine paracetamol, eight cuddly puppies, seven lots of pasta, six yeasty sachets, five Marmite jars; four cans of beans, three rice sacks, two bags of flour and a loo roll for my lavatory.

In the tenth week of lockdown my true love sent to me ten pounds of sugar, nine paracetamol, eight cuddly puppies, seven lots of pasta, six yeasty sachets, five Marmite jars; four cans of beans, three rice sacks, two bags of flour and a loo roll for my lavatory.

In the eleventh week of lockdown my true love sent to me eleven on-line deliveries, ten pounds of sugar, nine paracetamol, eight cuddly puppies, seven lots of pasta, six yeasty sachets, five Marmite jars; four cans of beans, three rice sacks, two bags of flour and a loo roll for my lavatory.

In the twelfth week of lockdown my true love sent to me twelve Standen timed slots, eleven on-line deliveries, ten pounds of sugar, nine paracetamol, eight cuddly puppies, seven lots of pasta, six yeasty sachets, five Marmite

jars; four cans of beans, three rice sacks, two bags of flour and a loo roll for my lavatory.

An American summation

The following article contains information put out by the *American Centers for Disease Control and Prevention*, and probably contains statistics that we are vaguely familiar with, but I thought it provided a useful summary of the risks of infection. The only surprising statistic to me was that they list schools as high risk, something the UK government clearly doesn't.

The US government's Centre for Disease Control (CDC) has made officially the emerging scientific evidence on Coronavirus transmission:

1. **Very low risk** of transmission from surfaces.
2. **Very low risk** from outdoor activities.
3. **Very HIGH risk** from gatherings in enclosed spaces like offices, religious places, cinema halls, gyms or theatres.

These findings that have been emerging for a while need to be applied by people to manage the situation in the best possible manner. Time to reduce panic about surface transmission, and not be too eager to go back to different types of crowds.

TO SUCCESSFULLY INFECT A PERSON, THE VIRUS NEEDS A DOSE OF ~1000 VIRAL PARTICLES (vp)

The typical environmental spread of activities:

 *Breath: ~20 vp/minute*

 *Speaking: ~200 vp/minute*

 *Cough: ~200 million vp (enough of these may remain in air for hours in a poorly ventilated environment)*

 *Sneeze: ~200 million vp*

FORMULA

SUCCESSFUL INFECTION = (Exposure to Virus x Time)

SCENARIOS

1. *Being in vicinity of someone (with 6 ft distancing): Low risk if limit to less than 45 minutes*

2. *Talking to someone face to face (with mask): Low risk if limit to less than*

4 minutes

- 3. Someone passing you by, like walking/jogging/cycling: Low risk*
- 4. Well-ventilated spaces, with distancing: Low risk (limit duration)*
- 5. Grocery shopping: Medium risk (can reduce to low by limiting time and following hygiene)*
- 6. Indoor spaces: HIGH RISK*
- 7. Public Bathrooms/Common areas: HIGH FOMITE/SURFACE TRANSFER RISK*
- 8. Restaurants: HIGH RISK (can be reduced to medium risk by surface touch awareness)*
- 9. Workplaces/Schools (even with social distancing): VERY HIGH RISK, including high fomite transfer risk*
- 10. Parties/Weddings: VERY HIGH RISK*
- 11. Business networking/conferences: VERY HIGH RISK*
- 12. Arenas/Concerts/Cinemas: VERY HIGH RISK*

****RISK FACTORS****

The bottom line factors you can use to calculate your risk are:

- indoors vs outdoors*
- narrow spaces vs large, ventilated spaces*
- high people density vs low people density*
- longer exposure vs brief exposure*

Ramblings 5

I have to hand it to Nancy, who has both kept up her garden while her husband is incapacitated, and found time to write about it - and her other hobbies - for the newsletter. I think one man's 'bedraggled' is another man's 'natural'.

Well, the garden looks a bit bedraggled at the moment and what with one thing and another, not much has been done!



My main flower bed is a jungle where Rosebay Willow Herb rules; it is this year's dominant weed. Last year it was Chickweed and Hairy Bitter Cress! Some things carry on regardless and the flowers of the Clematis 'Chantilly', that I mentioned in an earlier missive, is still in flower. The blooms are fading away rather gracefully.

Before the weather changed, the red Poppies were competing with the Oxeye Daisies, now they are both flat and soggy.



There is what my grandchildren call the 'secret path' that runs along the back of the main border. At the moment it is covered in Lemon Thyme, which has seeded itself everywhere



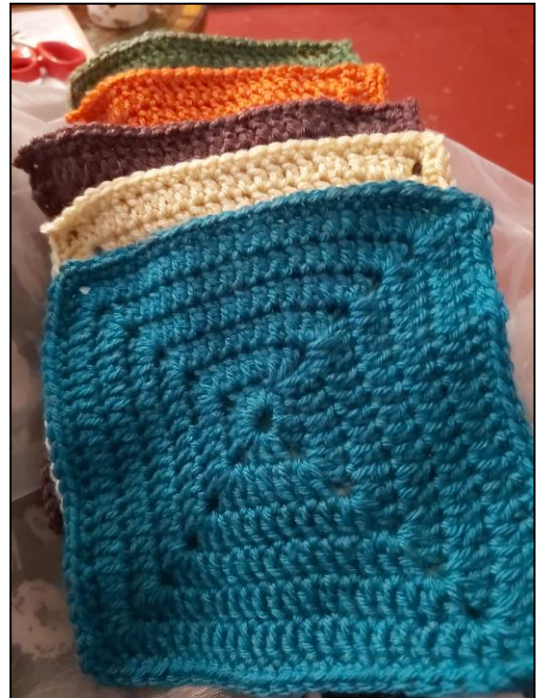


everywhere, which it is prone to do if not kept on top of! Luckily the rose climbing the old arch has been beautiful this year, it was in the garden when we came here and part of it broke off at the root, so I stuck it in next to the arch without much hope of success but it has flourished. The original plant also continued to grow until this year, when it has failed for the first time, sadly it will have to go.

The Bog Garden, however, continues to

thrive profusely. I really need to wade in and divide stuff but will have to wait now, as the resident toad will be very annoyed if I disturb its comfy habitat!

As the weather has been so wet, I have returned to crocheting my next blanket which is made up of 77 squares in 3



different patterns and about 12 different colours. I have finished the first set of 24 squares in 5 of the colours. It is working up faster than I thought it would. I have also re-located to our Summerhouse quite a bit, where I keep all my gardening books and my watercolours. I haven't painted for ages, so had a dabble recently during the hot weather, not a great idea, as the paint dried as it hit

the canvas but it was good to get back to painting again.

My pet pheasant Squeaky has disappeared during this wet weather, I hope he is OK and has just found a drier place to go. He had got very bold lately and taken to hitting the back door with his beak if I hadn't materialised with a handful of something tasty!

I went to Standen on Friday to meet Alison and another friend Bernice, who volunteers in the Book Shop. The garden is looking lovely; James has done so well under the circumstances. He was looking cheerful too and hoping to get some volunteers back to work soon. I, for one, am looking forward to that!

Happy gardening.

Supervising a scholar

Many parents have struggled with home schooling their children. My daughter has spotted a couple of window posters with messages like:

'Two out of three children at this house think school is better than this 'academy'.'

And:

'Ofsted rating - poor'.

Martin's granddaughter seems to have discovered the answer though. Get the cat and soft toys to supervise.

I am sending this photo of our granddaughter Erin age 8 doing a lockdown lesson carefully watched by Gizmo the family cat plus Simba (from the Lion King). You wouldn't get an audience like this at school!



A bit of silliness

Thinking about *The Twelve Days of Christmas* reminded me about a very silly version of *Green Grow the Rushes Oh* which I found on Youtube about a year ago. It had my grandson and me in stitches. Have a look at:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YRRq5SYRXVE>