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~ SMILE ~  
**EBB & FLOWS**  
**MOTTO**

**EBB & FLOW**  
**(THE NEW VOICE)**

Details inside...  
Copyrighted Magazine



**EARTH'S CREATIVITY**

The Art in us, is us  
It is the perception we see  
The unique moments  
Of the Earth's Creativity.

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~ CHICO ~  
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**SPRING/SUMMER**  
**2011**



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**EBB & FLOW (THE NEW VOICE)**

Previously known as  
**Ebb & Flow Community Magazine**



**Editor/Founder: Josie Lawson**  
**Patron: Lord Brett McLean of Hastings**

Founded as 'Josie Magazine' May 1999, Editor/Founder Josie Lawson Patron Lord Brett Reginald McLean of Hastings from October 2002—Contact email [LordofHastings@aol.com](mailto:LordofHastings@aol.com)-HASTINGS BASED MAGAZINE 1066 COUNTRY-

**THE SUN SHINES WITH A SMILE.. *MOTTO* —SMILE.—CLIP ART—**  
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**EDITOR/FOUNDERS****NOTE** -Hi readers,

Spring is definitely on the way, but let us all hope for peace, sometimes tranquility and great hope for Japan.

It would be good if some of you wrote in with your thoughts about our world and the way it is heading. I always collate material for future copies...but can't return, so please-keep copies...

Within as usual there are stories, poetry, information and articles, not forgetting some information from Ebb & Flows Patron.

I expect some of you have been wondering where the mag is...I am really sorry for the lateness of it...if you remember way back when I began the mag (I am sure some of you readers can remember back then)...I said I would always do my best...unfortunately, my health has been none too good lately or even at the moment, but here I am again...doing my best. Always good to be positive.

Yes, the magazine is also therapy for me, and I bet loads of you readers could use it for the same reason, but also, get the joy of being published and give pleasure to others, especially if you send in some jokes, or comic type words... And it would also be a hobby for you too...no pay, but the gain of achievement and pleasure for your-

selves and possibly feedback from others...

I have been writing...I sent some short stories albeit not sure if they will be used, but some have, to King Harold, Short Fuse Hastings. You can find details about this on Shorelink Community Writers website, Hastings. Web address below.

Also, for personal reasons, I have decided to try and collate my poetry for future reference. I was quite shocked when I started doing this, I said to myself 'Did I really write that' - a lot of them were before my brain op...

They say train your brain, well, I did and do use the Nintendo, but I also find reading the best I can or listening, and writing also trains the brain...it keeps it active when you need it.

I hope you all have a great Spring/Summer and a great Easter. Am not sure if you will get this before Easter, but if not, I hope you had a good Easter.

I love Spring and the flowers even though I can't get too close now due to hayfever, but that is definitely one of my photo's I took a few years ago on the front cover...so much lovely colour. Take care until next time...

*Your Editor...*



[www.lilliansstory.co.uk](http://www.lilliansstory.co.uk)

[www.shorelinkwriters.org.uk](http://www.shorelinkwriters.org.uk)

**EBB & FLOW**

Does not necessary agree with any opinions contained in this publication

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Please tell all your friends about this magazine? Pass

it on in fact. The more that get involved with it, the more people will enjoy. Just get them to send a stamped addressed envelope (A5) and when one is ready it will be sent through the post to them, or yourself. Gift donations are always welcome to aid its growth. The motto is SMILE— it always has been. Having health problems there may be some delay, but I've kept it going for 11 years, and its now in its 12th, so keep the information coming and the stories, poetry, etc. Please make them legible as I have a sight problem. **Editor's Choice** with regards to publication. Please keep copies of your work as they cannot be returned. Subjects can be as diverse as jokes, recipes, poetry, prose, science, politics and the wonders you find in the world. No payment, except for the fun you have joining in and learning from doing so. Reserved right to republish material, but copyright remains with authors. Magazine is copyrighted to itself. *Your Editor.*

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This magazine as you see has slightly changed. The new name is Ebb & Flow (The New Voice)- It is now your Editor/Founders hobby. No pressure. I will still do my best voluntarily. I also hope many will still contribute as before. What has changed? I have still arranged for some of the usual outlets, the main being the Hastings Reference Library. Will also do my best to send to the College/Universities. There is no longer a Treasury A/C

My first challenge was a photograph which you should see in here. I still have to rest after the major surgery I had, but doing this magazine is therapy for me and I am sure many of you may like to do the same...it is still a bouncing board.

**WRITINGS WELCOME (Fact, Fiction, Fact/Fiction) THERE IS NO DEADLINE JUST KEEP WRITING AND SENDING, ANY SUBJECT YOU FEEL THE PUBLIC MAY BE INTERESTED IN:-BE IT STORY, POEM, PROSE, TOPICAL, JOKE, RECIPE, WHAT ABOUT HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT YOUR OWN HOME TOWN? A BIT OF ART/PHOTO CAN BE EMAILED: Please try email attach. Have probs opening PDF ???**

**No returns. The Editor looks to the heart—try your best and you will be considered—all abilities accepted for possible publication—Parents/Guardians please write confirming OK with under age children and also you can help any under age children writing the envelope. If non-legible could you please also send in printed block copy of words to enable the editor to reprint legibly and correct. Thank you. SMILE - PLEASE NOW REMEMBER, THIS IS NOT A BUSINESS—IT IS A THERAPUTIC HOBBY THAT THE EDITOR WILL CONTINUE TO DO TO THE BEST OF HER ABILITY...SHE HOPES TO CARRY ON SIMILAR TO THE PREVIOUS MAGAZINE, BUT THERE CAN BE NO PRESURE LIKE A BUSINESS WOULD BE...IF YOU WANT TO CONTRIBUTE IT WILL BE YOUR OWN CHOICE...(NO PAY- JUST FUN)**

Ebb & Flow or The Editor/Founder/Patron cannot be held responsible if information contained has altered since the initial printing date.Thank you. The Editor/Founder

**Websites:**

www.nspcc.org.uk  
www.redcross.org.uk

**Escape from the real world, but can we ever?**

*I'm waiting to hear—I'm sure many of you have words to tell!  
Please keep it clean.  
Think of an eco-friendly world  
A love story  
Or—anything that comes to mind!*

**Address next page  
Email or Postal....**

**ME TIME**

I read my book  
Hear my soul  
Watch a film  
Walk a mile  
Write my words  
Hear my songs  
Touch the sound  
In my Silent World  
(c) Josie Lawson

HOPE FOR A  
BRIGHTER  
FUTURE...

**Count your garden by the flowers  
Never by the leaves that fall**

**Count your days by golden hours  
Don't remember clouds at all**

**Count your nights by stars  
Not shadows**

**Count your years with smiles  
Not tears**

**Count your blessings not  
Your troubles**

**Count your age by friends  
Not years** anon

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THANKS TO ALL WHO  
HAVE HELPED AND GIFT  
DONATED AND CONTRIBUTED.  
To Ebb & Flow (The New Voice), ..in particular  
Lord Brett McLean,  
(Patron), Shorelink Community Writers- (Grass  
Roots Open Writers) —  
Marriotts Photographic shop, Sally/Ro Gardner...  
And all who still have faith  
in this here mag....

**E-mail:**

Hi Josie, as promised and with my apologies for delay—this is a heavy subject which I need to present as briefly and lightly as possible!

Travel by any mode can present problems for anyone; a person with a disability, whether that is physical or sensory, can often face additional problems. A few examples, and there will be lots more—are:

- Access difficulties to stations and/or trains
- Crowded trains
- Poor quality announcements and information

The Disability Discrimination Act does apply to the railways, but it is a complex issue and some of it is most certainly 'work in progress'. The enclosed link may prove useful for those who want to delve deeper.

- [http://www.burges-salmon.com/Sectors/transport and logistics/rail/Publications/The Equality Act 2010 What does it mean for train operators.pdf](http://www.burges-salmon.com/Sectors/transport%20and%20logistics/rail/Publications/The%20Equality%20Act%202010%20What%20does%20it%20mean%20for%20train%20operators.pdf)

There is also an 'Assisted Travel' scheme through which people can arrange for station/train staff to be forewarned and meet people with

Travel needs. Please note that whilst SHRIMP will always be happy to assist in situations where problems have been encountered, we are unable to provide assistance with ticket bookings etc. This will always be the responsibility of the traveller. Southern have a dedicated team on 0800 138 1016 or email [myjourney@southernrailway.com](mailto:myjourney@southernrailway.com).

Another positive thing is that Disability Awareness is being taught in schools. My daughter is forever noting which platforms have no disabled studs.

On the negative side, there are still too many instances of important announcements being made whilst a passing train roars through the station! And the visual info systems have a (known) fault which means they go blank at times of disruption ie when they are most needed (ok, that affects everybody). There are plans to revise these, both nationally and locally, but don't expect too much too soon.

What about issues that affect people locally? Well, one of the troublesome issues is that our local stations are managed and served by two operators and, unfortunately, sometimes there is a lack of joined-up communication.

Have raised issues with operator Southern they have been very quick at reviewing and resolving problems. A good quote from Yvonne Leslie (Southern Stakeholder Relations Manager): 'Southern and South-eastern have worked together to improve assisted travel between the stations in the Hastings area where Southern services call and where the stations are managed by Southeastern.'

So, that was a VERY brief wander through the topic. But I hope it is of some use. It is only right for SHRIMP to say that there has been good progress in these matters; we will continue to liaise with both service operators to ensure that further enhancements are made.

Best regards

Martin Woodfine  
o.b.o. St Leonards and Hastings  
Rail Improvement Programme  
(SHRIMP)  
www.1066shrimprail.org.uk  
p/o East Sussex Rail Alliance  
(ESRA)

ccs; Yvonne Leslie/Kirsty Monk,  
Southern



## YOUR PATRON... Lord Brett McLean of Hastings

### THE LORD AWARD



Your Editor was one of the first people to receive The Lord Award from your Patron for the efforts I put in to Ebb & Flow (The New Voice) then known as Ebb & Flow Community Magazine...

### **Lord Brett McLean**

Hi Josie, Pier walk is on Sunday 3rd July being launched by Baroness Janet Fooks of Plymouth DBE, DL.

- **East Sussex FSB Expo**— 28.4.2011 from 10am-5pm.
- **East Sussex National Golf Resort nr Uckfield/ Brownbread Horse Rescue Open Day** 15/11/2011 from 10.30am to 5pm

➤ *Cont from page 24...(hearing aids)* wearing two hearing aids provides the stimulation your brain needs in order to preserve and maximize the hearing you still have.

**Nine.** Since you don't need the volume as loud when you wear two hearing aids, you have a lesser chance of getting feedback in your hearing aids. Feedback is that annoying squealing or whistling that occurs when a hearing aid (or earmold) doesn't fit properly.

**Ten.** Wearing two hearing aids helps mask tinnitus (ringing in your ears). With one hearing aid, you can mask the tinnitus on the one side, but not normally in the unaided ear.

### **Five Reasons You Should Not wear Two Hearing Aids**

Not everyone can take advantage of wearing two hearing aids. In a few cases it is just not appropriate. Here are five situations where you should only wear one hearing aid.

**One.** Obviously, if you have normal hearing in one ear and are hard of hearing in the other, you only need one hearing aid.

**Two.** Just as obviously, if you are totally deaf in one ear, wearing a hearing aid in that ear will not help you at all either.

**Three.** If the sounds you hear in one ear are so distorted that you can't understand speech, wearing a hearing aid in

that ear will be counter-productive. The hearing aid will simply amplify this garble which will, in turn, interfere with your brain processing one speech you hear in your other ear. The final result is that you will understand even less than if you wore only one hearing aid.

**Four.** If you have constant infections in your ear canal or eardrum that just will not clear up as long as you have a hearing aid stuffed in your ear, you should not make the situation worse by trying to wear a hearing aid in that ear. You would still benefit from wearing two hearing aids, but your physical problem precludes their use.

**Five.** A few people have tiny ear canals -much too small to properly fit/hold hearing aids/ear molds. Thus you physically can't wear a hearing aid in that ear. Many first time Hearing Aid wearers find that with mild to moderate (or even moderately severe) hearing loss, wearing two high tech digital hearing instruments is a massive advantage and really enhances quality of life.

### Note from Editor...

*(This information came to her via facebook...interested as she wears hearing aids...sought permission to reprint...this was given.*

*In her opinion it is very informative but not knowing who Steve Banks is— please seek professional advice...*

**END....**





Cont from page 18....

so they can rapidly “talk” back and forth as they process information. The left side of your brain is the logical (or technical) side.



It gives you discrete pieces of information. The right side of your brain is the aesthetic side. It gives you your appreciation of beauty and your ability to recognize images and patterns of sound. If you only wear one hearing aid, your brain only gives you part of the message.

Furthermore, God wired your brain so that the sounds from your right ear go mainly to the left side of your brain. There your brain interprets what a person is saying. The *aid*sounds from your left ear go mainly to the right side of your brain. There your brain interprets how the person speaking means it. Likewise, when listening to music, you “hear” the sounds of the individual instruments of the orchestra in your right ear but “listen” to the blended beauty of the music itself with your left ear. Take the words “I love you.” Just three little words but with a myriad shades of meaning. Your right ear (and your left brain) would hear and interpret the actual words and analyze the context. Your left ear (and your right brain) would determine how you understand this message-whether sincere or sarcastic or whatever. Thus you need both

your ears to completely understand all sounds, speech and music. Wearing one hearing aid only gives you part of the story.

**Seven.** Wearing two hearing aids gives you better sound depth perception and thus helps you locate and hear sounds from a specific point in space. People with normal hearing can decide which sounds they want to hear and largely ignore the others. (true selective hearing). To do this, your eyes and your ears work together. For example, say you focus your eyes on one member of a distant group of people. Your brain calculates the location of the person that your eyes are focused on. Next, it instructs your ears to listen for any sounds coming from that particular point in space and filter out all others. Hard-of-hearing ears can’t do this as well as normally-hearing ears can. However, if you are not wearing two hearing aids, you can’t do this at all. Both ears have to be able to hear softer sounds from greater distances.

**Eight.** When you wear two hearing aids, you stimulate both ears equally. If you only wear one hearing aid, the other ear will not be stimulated. Some think that the ear with no stimulation may eventually lose its ability to hear and interpret sounds. Current research suggests that even if your ear doesn’t lose auditory acuity over time from the lack of stimulation, there are still changes in the ways your brain processes sound when it does not hear from both ears equally. As a result,



## POETRY

### THOUGHTS OF YOU

IF I WOULD ADD A VISAGE OF YOU  
 THAT WOULD HAUNT ME IN MY LONLINESS  
 LIKE A NIGHTMARE IN MY DREAMS,  
 IT WOULD BE YOURS.  
 YOU ARE THE ONE I FEAR TO MEET EACH DAY  
 IF BENEATH MY TREMBLING PEN  
 A FORM OF A MAN WOULD FORM  
 THAT ONCE WAS KNOWN WARM AND LOVING IN MY ARMS.  
 THE ONE WHO WHICH BRINGS ME CHILLED AND SHAKING FROM MY SLEEP  
 UPON YOUR CHOICE WILL REST THE COMFORT OF YOUR CONSCIENCE.  
 IN YOUR FIRE,  
 SEEKING YOUR PASSION AND MY PAIN.  
 WILL YOU BE HERE WHEN I WAKE?  
 OR WILL YOU PLAY YOUR SONG UNTIL  
 MY MIND LOSES IT WIT AND I AM TOSSED TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFFS?  
 ENDING MY TORTURE OF YOU...

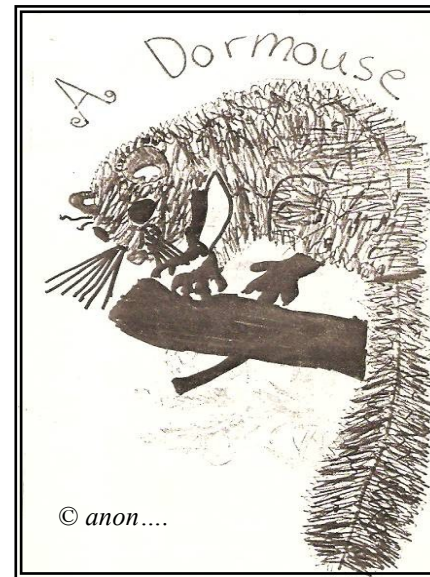
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- **Ashburnham in Battle/Help for Heroes Disco** 18/6/2011 from 16.30—23.00 hrs
- **Hastings & St Leonards on Sea Angling Assn**, Old Town Hastings
- **Lord Brett’s 8th Annual Pier Walk** 3.7.2011 from 10.30am outside Hastings Pier/

Lord Brett Mcleans email:

Lord of Hastings@aol.com

*If you make contact about any of these issues please state you saw them in Ebb & Flow (The New Voice)... Thank you.*



*Way back in the 80s..your Editors CB Handle was DORMOUSE...*

*Note from your Editor...I was sent this by email back in the 90s...I do not know the author, but it really says a lot...so please digest...*

### THE RACE

“Quit give up you’re beaten”, they shout at me and plead.”  
 There’s just too much against you now, this time you can’t succeed”,  
 And as I start to hang my head in front of failures face,  
 My downward fall is broken by the memory of a race.  
 And hope refills my weakened will as I recall that scene for just the  
 thought of that short race, rejuvenates my being. It was a children’s race.  
 Young boys, young men, how I remember well.  
 Excited sure, but also fear, it wasn’t hard to tell.  
 They all lined up so full of hope.  
 Each thought to win that race,  
 Or tie for first or if not that, at least take second place.  
 And fathers watched from off the side, each cheering for his son.  
 And each boy hoped to show his dad, that he would be the one.  
 The whistle blew and off they went. Young hearts and hopes a fire; to  
 win and be the hero there was each young boy’s desire. And one boy in  
 particular whose dad was in the crowd, was running near the lead and  
 thought my dad will be so proud. But as they speeded down the field  
 across the shallow dip, the little boy who thought to win lost his step and  
 slipped.  
 Trying hard to catch himself his hands flew out to brace, and mid the  
 laughter of the crowd he fell flat on his face. So down he fell and with  
 him hope, he couldn’t win it now. Embarrassed, sad, he only wished to  
 disappear somehow. But as he fell his dad stood up and showed his anx-  
 ious face, which to the boy so clearly said, “Get up and win the race”.  
 He quickly rose, no damage done, behind a bit that’s all.  
 And ran with all his mind and might to make up for his fall.  
 So anxious to restore himself to catch up and to win.  
 His mind went faster than his legs; he slipped and fell again.  
 He wished then, he’d quit before with only one disgrace.  
 I’m hopeless as a runner now, I shouldn’t try to race.  
 But in the laughing crowd he searched and found his fathers’ face, that  
 steady look which said again, “Get up and win the race”.  
 So up he jumped to try again, ten yards behind the last.  
 If I’m to gain those yards he thought I’ve got to move real fast.



### *Cont from previous page...*

so as not to disturb my patient, I saw a tall, dark and handsome man holding a man-size tissue out to me. “Oliver. The vet,” he explained as I took the proffered tissue. I blew my nose heartily, both to clear my head and to reassure me that he wasn’t a rather splendid hallucination.  
 “I left the 4-wheel drive at the farm, I’ve picked up a rather noisy dog this morning for castrating, and I didn’t want him to frighten this little chap. Let’s have a look at him.” And he knelt down and carefully examined the foot. “That’s a very nasty bite he’s got there. Miracle he got back to you in that state. Right. I’m going to give him an injection for the pain, then we’ll take him in. Afraid we’ll have to operate on that, he’s got too much debris too risk not cleaning it up. But you’ve done a good job calming him down. More cats die of shock than die of their wounds. Not given him anything to eat or drink?”  
 I shook my head. “Mrs Ruthven told me not to.”  
 “Good woman. Stay here with him While I go and get the car. Don’t be frightened if he’s a bit dozy, that’s the injection I’ve just given him.”  
 I watched him walking briskly back down the lane. “Cat,” I said, “That’s what they used to call a fine figure of a man.” Then I giggled. Then I realised that I hadn’t giggled for a very long time.  
 Oliver was back in a few minutes. “Do you want to come with him?” I looked at my now very soiled dressing gown and then at Cat. I nodded. “Of course.”  
 We arrived at Oliver’s surgery, which was an annexe to his house, and he took Cat into his operating theatre. Then he re-appeared about half an hour later, though it felt longer. “He’s going to be fine. Another hour and you can take him home. Or...” he seemed to take in my attire

for the first time, “Perhaps I’d better take you both home.” He asked my cat’s name. Too late for denials now. He was definitely my cat. “Lazarus,” I said.  
 He grinned. “And you are...?”  
 “Martha. Of course.” We both laughed, eyes meeting. His were a quite startling blue. It was hard to look away. I cleared my throat: “Tell me, do you stock cat food? I think I have just acquired a new family member.”  
 “Will your husband mind?”  
 For the first time it didn’t sear through me. “No, if he was still alive I think he would be delighted.”

A little later he fetched a sleeping Lazarus, wearing a long white sock, into the little room where I was waiting for him. I touched his head and he half opened his eyes to look at me.  
 “He’ll soon be as good as new. Lucky puss. They have a great Instinct for finding the right person.”

Don’t they just? As I said, I never meant to have a cat. But we healed each other. It makes one hell of a bond. And what of the tall, dark and handsome vet?

Reader, I married him.

© October 2010

Sally Patricia Gardner



➤ *Cont from previous page...*

“Just hang on in there,” I said, “while I get something to put over you.”

He moved his head ever so slightly. It looked like an affirmation. Did cats understand people-talk? It seemed unlikely, but I bent and touched his head very gently and was suddenly quite sure that he knew I was trying to comfort him.

Abruptly, I was determined not to let him die.

“Wait there,” I ordered him, as if he had any choice, and I ran into the house. I came out two minutes later with the fleece throw that I had bought to wrap myself in when the weather grew colder, and carefully covered him with it,

Leaving his head out at the top and his injured foot out at the bottom. Then I rushed back into the house, filled a saucepan with warm water and found some cotton wool in the bathroom.

“Come on, cat, we are going to try and clean up your poor foot.” I knelt beside him and tried to see where the wound was. It wasn’t difficult. There was an enormous gash right across his foot. I began to delicately bathe the area round it, taking care not to remove the congealed blood off the wound. I kept glancing up at his face, amazed that he was not trying to wriggle away. I didn’t know whether that was a good or bad sign. Then I heard this faint noise, and moving my head closer to him, I realised that he was purring. Now I was quite sure he knew I was trying to help him.

The water in the saucepan was now

pink, but the area round the wound was clean. I sat back on my haunches and wondered what to do next. If he had been a person, I would have given him a cup of sweet tea but that hardly seemed appropriate. I wondered whether he would like some milk, but Mrs Ruthvens admonition not to give him anything to eat might apply to drink as well.

I sat stroking his head, which caused him to purr even more loudly. He closed his eyes and frightened that I was losing him, I unthinkingly began to hum the lullaby my mother used to sing to me.

“Hush, my baby, don’t you cry,” I began, but was almost instantly reduced to a sort of spasmodic humming as unexpected and unprompted tears began to fill my eyes and cascade down my cheeks, “Oh, cat, please don’t die, please, please don’t die,” I beseeched him, stroking gently but fervently. Sitting there, between the humming and the tears, I began to tell him about Robert. When I had gulped to a finish, one of his rather tatty ears twitched as if in sympathy. I bent down so I could see straight into his golden eyes. “So, you see, you really can’t die as well, can you?” Was it my imagination, or did he look more wide awake? I gave a loud sniff and, discovering that all the tissues in my pocket were soggy beyond redemption, wiped my face on the sleeve of my dressing gown.

“Would you like handkerchief?” asked a voice behind me. I jumped out of my skin, and turning my head slowly

➤ *Cont from previous page...*

Exerting everything he had he gained eight or ten,  
But trying hard to catch the lead he slipped and fell again.

Defeat, he lay there silently, a teardrop from his eye,

There’s no sense running anymore, three strikes I’m out why try?

The will to rise had disappeared; all hope had fled away.

So far behind so Error prone, a looser all the way.

I’ve lost so what’s the use he thought, I’ll live with my disgrace,

But then he thought about his dad, who soon he’d have to face.

“Get up an echo sounded low, get up and win the race”.

You were not meant for failure here, get up and win the race”.

“With borrowed will get up”, it said

“You haven’t lost at all, for winning is no more than this,

To rise each time you fall”.

So up he rose to run once more and with a new commit,

He resolved win or loose, at least he would not quit.

So far behind the others now, the most he’d ever been.

Still he gave it all he had, and ran as though to win.

They cheered the winning runner as he crossed the line first place.

Head high and proud and happy, no falling, no disgrace.

But when the fallen youngster crossed the line last place.

The crowd gave him the greatest cheer, for finishing the race.

And even though he came in last with head bowed low unproud.

You would have thought he’d won the race to listen to that crowd.

And to his dad he sadly said, “I didn’t do so well”.

“To me you won”, his father said.

“you rose each time you fell”.

And now, when things seem dark and hard and difficult to face.

The memory of that little boy helps me in my own race.

For all of life is like that race with ups and downs and all.

And all you have to do to win is rise each time you fall.

“Quit give up, you’re beaten they will shout in my face”.

But another voice within me says, “Get up and win the race”.

The End

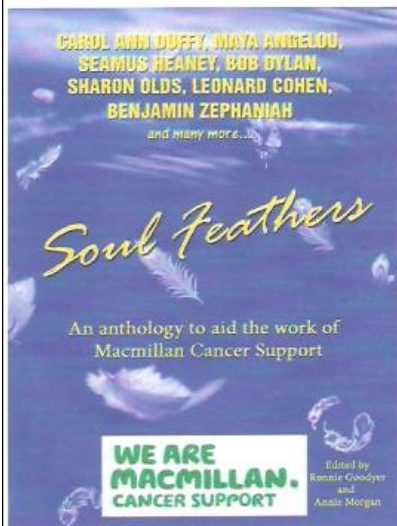
**AUTHOR UNKNOWN**



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***Soul Feathers***"

Mark Leishman, Private Secretary to TRH The Prince of Wales



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CANCER SUPPORT**

➤ *Cont from previous page...*

I had met my neighbours, a couple I guessed to be in late middle age, born and bred in Cornwall, who were nice enough.

They both helped out on the farm down the lane and I rarely saw them. I half expected to be labelled a 'furriner' but apart from telling me that 'they didn't get too many incomers round here', they appeared un-phased by my presence, and happily seemed to have no intention of plying me with Invitations or insisting that we got to know each other. So it came as something of a surprise when Mrs Ruthven knocked on my door very early one morning.

"I think your cat's in a bit of trouble, my dear," she announced. "He's lying under your hedge looking a bit poorly, and I can see he's got a bloody foot. We were just on our way down to the farm when we saw him, poor little thing."

I stared at her in confusion.

"I haven't got a cat,"

"Oh, you mean that thin old black boy is not yours?"

I shook my head, feeling more and more bemused. "Why did you think it was? I don't think I've ever even seen a cat round here.



"Well, he sort of appeared at the same time you did, my dear, so we've always assumed he was yours. We'd better have a look at him either way.

And without giving me time to explain that I knew nothing about cats or any other animals she marched off, leaving me to follow her. I was still in my old shortie dressing gown, so hugging it tightly round me and feeling I had no choice, I followed her down to the bottom of my small garden. Sure enough, a pathetic bundle of damp black fur lay there, eyes closed and with one back foot stuck out at an odd angle and covered in blood.

"But—he's dead, isn't he?" I asked, as the animal did not seem to be breathing. As if he heard me, he opened his eyes and then his mouth and made a strange panting noise. That always eccentric organ, my heat, which I had thought lost forever, turned over in pity. I went to pick him up, but Mrs Ruthven stopped me.

"No, don't move him, you might make it worse. Get something to put over him. Try to get him a bit warm and see if he'll let you bathe that foot. Oliver's down at the farm this morning. Looking at one of the cows, I'll send him over the minute he's finished."

"Oliver?"

"The vet, dear." She spoke as if I should have known and then: "I'll make sure he gets here quickly. Just keep an eye on that little creature, and don't give him anything to eat. He must be a feral, but they're all Gods creatures, aren't they?"

And she departed before I even had time to ask what a feral was, leaving it and me alone. We looked at each other warily.



Cont from previous page... stretched before us and there would be time for houses and kitchens and kids and all that stuff in a decade or so.

Only there wasn't. Somewhere inside Robert's head was a time bomb. That was how they described it. He walked across the floor one morning to discuss some hedge fund or something with a colleague, and dropped dead on his way back to his desk. A brain haemorrhage, they said. Could have happened anytime.

My parents came down from the wilds of North Wales to hold my hand for a bit. I was grateful for their company, but saw that they were itching to get back to their own life. I think, having been married for forty years, they secretly thought that I hadn't known Robert long enough to feel real grief. My mother actually said, as I kissed her goodbye on Paddington Station., "You'll soon get over it, darling girl, at least there aren't any kiddies.

I told myself that she meant well, I couldn't explain that I knew my heart had been wrenched out and I suspected that it had gone forever. It was some weeks after the funeral that the letter came from his firm about the insurance. It didn't mean much to me first of all. But sitting by myself on the balcony one evening after an especially trying day at work, it suddenly occurred to me that I had choices.

I didn't have to live in the middle of my memories. I didn't have to sit in 'my' chair while staring across at his if I wanted to watch a DVD or play

some music. I didn't have to sleep in 'our' bed and reach out for him in the middle of the night. And most of all, I didn't have to live and work amongst people who moved around me, not sure what to say or how to behave. I had become that socially unacceptable object, a tragic figure. I could get away from it all. So I did.

I chose Cornwall simply because I didn't know anyone down there and I had a feeling the weather might be warmer than going north. I don't like the cold. The autumn that I moved into the cottage was warm and spectacularly beautiful. I walked miles, enjoying being alone and unknown.



I'd managed to land a job on the internet, reviewing DVD's.



I'd done it before, more as a hobby, and now it made me enough to supplement my already largish income without having to mix with anyone. The only person who came to my door was the postman, once every two weeks with my supply of DVD's, obligingly taking the ones that were to be returned.

Gradually, I began to feel, if not well, better. I had days when I found myself listening to the birds with pleasure, or I would catch myself laughing at a joke on the radio.

## LETTERS/EMAILS

**Email—14th December 2010**

**We have been awarded 'Best Local—Spice Times Restaurant Awards 2010**

Dear Editor,

It is my pleasure to inform you that we—**Gurka Palace Restaurant & Bar** the only Nepalese restaurant winning this award in UK.

I am sending this information because it may be something interesting to you for your future edition.

If you would like further information you are welcome to contact me Or visit:

[http://www.spicetimes.co.uk/spice-times-restaurant-awards-2010/awards\\_winners/](http://www.spicetimes.co.uk/spice-times-restaurant-awards-2010/awards_winners/)

<http://gurkhalace-hastings.co.uk/default.aspx>

Thanks.

Kind Regards,

Bijaya Raut

Gurkha Palace Restaurant & Bar—Serving Napalese + Indian Cuisine  
Winner of the 'Spice times Restaurant Awards 2010'

Tel: 01424 437 489 Mobile: 07759421787 [www.gurkhalace-hastings.co.uk](http://www.gurkhalace-hastings.co.uk)

*(note from Editor: If you make contact, please inform where you found this information. Thank you.)*

**Email: 13 December 2010—Short Fuse Hastings**

**Email concerning your editors own creative words...**

Dear Josie

Just wanted to let you know that Sally started the evening with your story last night, as 'Christmas is on the Way,' was ideal to set a 'festive tone' for the event.

Your story was very well received (I must say that Sally is an excellent reader), and the applause was prolonged at the end.

Thanks again for your entry, which will be appearing on the Short Fuse 1066 website very shortly.

Sally and I hope that you have a lovely Christmas, and a 'Healthy' New Year would make a nice change for you!

Lots of love,  
Roland xxxx

[www.shortfuseat1066.org.uk](http://www.shortfuseat1066.org.uk)  
[www.shorelinkwriters.org.uk](http://www.shorelinkwriters.org.uk)

Letters/emails cont from previous page...



## Rotary Club of Bexhill

District 1120  
Charity No: 1026868

25th January 2011  
Dear Fundraiser/Organiser,

**Sunday 12th June 2011**  
could well be a great day for your organisation, club, school or charity.

On that day the Rotary Club of Bexhill will be staging their 9th **Community Charity Walk**. This event has made possible for many local organisations, clubs, schools and charities from the Hastings and Rother District to raise **many thousands of pounds** since our first Charity Walk day in 2003.

Walkers can choose between 7 and 15 mile walks through 1066 Country-side, or if preferred a 2 mile walk along Bexhill Promenade.

All money collected by your sponsored walkers, remain yours. The only cost is £1 per walker, payable to the Rotary Club, to help cover running costs.

So, put the date, 12th June into your diary right now. It could be worth hundreds or even thousands of pounds to your organisation. Last year one charity raised over £3,200 in sponsorship! In total the amount raised exceeded £27000.

**Ebb & Flow will not be participating but is making the event known for all readers that may be interested.**

*Anyone interested information as follows—please state where you found the information...thank you.*

*To help you with your publicity, send an e-mail to [rotarywalk@ashbuscent.co.uk](mailto:rotarywalk@ashbuscent.co.uk) and ask how to get some posters or go on line to **Bexhill Rotary Club** and follow the links to "Charity Walk 2011"*

*Email received from **Peter Mitchell-Davis***

**01424 221965 mob: 07401563559—**

**email: [beaver.cottage@talktalk.net](mailto:beaver.cottage@talktalk.net)**

**Beaver Cottage, 35 De la Warr Road, Bexhill on Sea, E.Sx. TN40 2JA**



## The Widow's Tale By Sally Patricia Gardner

I never meant to have a cat. I mean, I didn't like cats. I was perfectly happy with my life the way it was, thank you. No encumbrances, no ties. I was through with this loving business, whether it was people or animals. The game simply was not worth the candle. I had my life exactly the way I wanted it. A few friends, but not too close. The take it or leave it kind, so no harm done if you or they simply moved on. Better described as close acquaintances, I suppose. But not close enough to inflict any sort of hurt, and certainly not to break your heart.

So when I moved out into the sticks, the comparative isolation after life in Convent Garden suited me fine. The cottage was small. But, as they say, perfectly formed. One bedroom, a largish sitting room with a wood burner, a small kitchen, and a bathroom which had apparently replaced the original coal hole. All tarted up around forty years ago, I reckoned. My nearest neighbours were about twenty yards down the lane, and I was surrounded

by heath land.

I was quite well off. When Robert had died I was startled to find that he had left a largish life insurance. At first, I had gone on working. Not because I loved my job as a PA, more because I felt like an automaton, truth be known. Incapable of making any decision I suppose I was in shock. We'd only known each other a year, both in recovery at the time we met. Licking our wounds from previous relationships.

The mutual acquaintance who introduced us at a party said: "You two should get on fine, you can bore each other to death with how awful your ex's were."

Thanks, cow. Remind me never to go to one of your party's again. But it sort of bonded us in mutual resentment. After a stunned silence we both laughed.

"You start," he said, with a smile twitching round his mouth.

"I think," I replied, "I may have just been cured. I can hear my broken heart creaking back together."

"I think I heard the same noise—there's a co-incidence. Five months later we were married. We rented the coolest flat in Neale Street, with a balcony where we used to sit watching the Cosmopolitan, ever shifting population. Every day, when we got in, we'd sip our glasses of wine out there while we discussed how the day had gone and where to go for supper. We didn't have a proper kitchen, but, hell, who needed one? We were young, relatively wealthy, and in love. Our life

**LIFE IS A JOURNEY**

QUIETNESS OF MIND, NOT A  
SOUND  
THOUGHTS QUIET, SUN SHINING,  
EYES MISTY...  
MOMENTS OF MUSIC, RADIO  
BREATHING HEAVY, BUT QUIET  
MEDITATION OF LIFE'S JOUR-  
NEY...  
THINKING BACK, THINKING FOR-  
WARD  
BABIES BORN, MEDIA NEWS  
QUIETNESS, MOMENTS OF RE-  
FLECTION  
QUIET TIMES ARE THE BEST!

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*Cont from page 17....*

**Hearing aids....**

set the volume on the remaining hearing aid in order to hear, yet I understood far less. Once you have adjusted to wearing two hearing aids, you will never want to be without both of them.

**Four.** Wearing two hearing aids eliminates the head-shadow effect that occurs when you are wearing only one hearing aid. Studies show that if a person is speaking to you from your unaided side, the high frequency consonants (that give speech its intelligibility) will be reduced about 20 dB by the

time they reach the opposite side of your head. This makes understanding speech much worse than if you wore two hearing aids.

Furthermore, when wearing two hearing aids, you hear from all directions-360 degrees-not just the 180 degrees you basically hear from when you wear only one hearing aid. You will really notice this effect when someone speaks to you from the side opposite your hearing aid. The difference will be even more dramatic when there are louder sounds on your hearing aid side. The speaker on your unaided side then will be almost impossible to hear and understand.

**Five.** Wearing two hearing aids is less tiring. This makes listening more pleasant. You can relax more while you are listening as you no longer have to strain to try to hear with only one ear. Listening with only one ear is not only tiring, but it is also difficult and frustrating. Try reading for an extended time with only one eye and you will see just how much harder it is. Hearing with one ear is just the same.

**Six.** Wearing two hearing aids gives you a more natural balance of sound and greatly improves your listening enjoyment. This is particularly noticeable when listening to music. Here is why. Your brain consists of two halves or hemispheres. The two halves of your brain have many interconnecting links

*Cont on page 24....*



# If you need to talk about hearing loss, we're here to listen


For confidential support and advice on hearing aids, tinnitus, your rights or equipment that can help you, call **FREEPHONE 0808 808 0123**,  
Textphone **0808 808 9000** or email **help@rnid.org.uk**



3873/0610 The Royal National Institute for Deaf People. Registered charity numbers 207720 (England and Wales) and SC038926 (Scotland).





FOLLOW US ON 

Sussex Air Ambulance is a charity, supplying an emergency helicopter medical service for every person living and working in, or travelling through

the county, 365 days a year. The Sussex helicopter is based at Dunsfold, close to the Sussex/Surrey border. We rely almost entirely on public donations to keep flying and we have to raise £1.7 million each year to fund the operation. Publications such as this one are a marvellous way for us to spread the word about what we do. Flying with a critical care paramedic and a senior doctor on board, we can reach most parts of the county within 15 minutes. We really do bring a mini A&E to the scene of accidents or medical emergencies, and thanks to the skill of our team, can anaesthetise and even operate prior to flying the patient to the nearest most appropriate hospital for their needs. We are always happy to come and speak to local groups about our work as our story is a powerful one and we are eager to spread the word about what we do.

Our head office is based at Marden in Kent from where another Air Ambulance operates so as a charity, we are able to provide 2 helicopters covering 4 counties—East Sussex, Kent, West Sussex and Surrey.

We simply could not continue without our wonderful band of volunteers so if anybody reading this would like to find out more about helping us with events, talks and collection boxes, please contact me on **07800 649246** or email me at **bridgetp@kaat.org.uk**. If you would like to book a talk for your club, school, or society, please contact head office on **01622 833833**

Bridget Pepper  
East Sussex County Fundraiser

**If any reader makes contact, it would be most appreciated that you mention where you found the information above. Thank you.**

➤ *Cont from previous page...*

**Two.** When wearing two hearing aids you will understand speech and conversation significantly better than if you wear only one. This is especially true under noisy and difficult listening situations. When you wear two hearing aids, your brain receives two different signals arriving at slightly different times (out of phase). This gives your brain a much better chance of subtracting out the noise you don't want to hear and picking up the speech you really want to hear. As a result, the voice you are trying to hear more clearly stands out from the background noise. This makes listening a lot easier.

**Three.** If you wear two hearing aids, you can reduce the volume on both hearing aids by about 10 dB and still hear better and understand more than if you only wore one hearing aid. This reduces the total volume of sound assaulting your ears-especially in noisy situations. An added benefit is that you will be able to tolerate louder sounds better with the lower volume setting. Furthermore, you will find that the sound quality improves since there is less distortion and better reproduction of amplified sounds at the lower volume setting.

When one of my hearing aids quit working, I realized anew just how little I really understood with only one hearing aid. I was shocked at how much louder I had to

**Cont on page 18....**

## TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR REDUCING STRESS

- 1) Thou shalt not be perfect or even try to be
- 2) Thou shalt not try to be ALL things to ALL people
- 3) Thou shalt leaving things undone that ought to be done
- 4) Thou shalt not spread thyself too thin
- 5) Thou shalt learn to say "NO"
- 6) Thou shalt schedule time for thyself and support network
- 7) Thou shalt switch off and do nothing—Regularly
- 8) Thou shalt be boring, inelegant, untidy and unattractive at times
- 9) Thou shalt NOT feel guilty
- 10) Thou shalt not be thine own worst enemy but be thine own best friend.

## IF

If you think you are beaten, you are  
If you think you dare not you don't  
If you'd like to win but you think you can't  
It's almost certain you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you've lost  
For out of this world we find  
Success begins with a person's will  
It's all in the state of mind.

Anonymous.

**Email from Steve Banks**  
**(facebook) Common Interest—**  
**Health and Wellbeing...**

**HEARING AIDS**

A group for all those with binaural hearing impairment who wear two Hearing Aids.

Many first time Hearing Aid wearers find that with mild to moderate (or even moderately severe) hearing loss, wearing two high digital hearing instruments is a massive advantage and really enhances quality of life.

**Ten Reasons To Wear Two Hearing Aids**



Although, you can survive with just one ear (or one arm or one leg or one eye), life is ever so much easier and pleasant when you have both functioning properly.

You gain many advantages from having two equally-functioning ears. Here are ten reasons you should wear two hearing aids if you have a hearing loss in both ears.

**One** When wearing two hearing aids, you can better locate the source of sounds. This ability to locate the source of sounds in three-dimensional space is called "localization." Your brain uses three auditory factors to help you locate where sounds are coming from. These factors are: 1) the slight difference in time it takes for a given

sound to reach each ear, 2) the difference in the loudness of a given sound as heard in each ear, and 3) the slight difference in the pitch a given sound as heard in each ear.

This works because your head is an obstacle to sound waves. The extra time sound needs to cross your head and reach your other ear results in a slight delay in time. At the same time, the volume and the pitch of the sound is also reduced or changed. Although you cannot consciously detect the subtle differences in these three factors, your brain can. Without you even being aware of it, your brain quickly compares these three factors, performs some quick calculations and you then consciously become aware of the direction the sound is coming from. If you only wear one hearing aid (and the other ear also has a hearing loss), your brain cannot use these factors to help you locate the sources of sounds.

In fact, with only one hearing aid, you hear the sound inside your head as it were, but you fail to pinpoint the direction from which the sound is coming. Thus, in group situations you may hear a person talking, but you will have no idea who is speaking. In order to figure out who is speaking you have to twist around to look at everyone's face to see whose lips are moving. By the time you have located the person speaking so you can speech read him, you often have missed most of what was said.



**POETRY**

I LOOK THRU THE EYES  
 THAT HAVE SAW THINGS FOR  
 MANY YEARS.  
 LISTENING FOR ANY SOUNDS  
 OF LIFE OUT THERE.  
 WANTING TO FEEL EMOTIONS,  
 BUT HAVING NONE.  
 KNOWING WHAT YOU HAVE  
 MEANS NOTHING  
 YOU CANT TAKE IT WITH YOU.  
 LIKE WAITING ON AN ANSWER  
 THAT NEVER COMES.  
 WAITING  
 BUT NEVER HEARING...

© Athena Beauchamp USA 2011

**Untitled**

If you Question The Wind  
 If you questioned the wind  
 What would it say...  
 Would it talk of maiden voyages  
 taken ages before  
 Monotonous repetition of crossing the  
 earth and its vast expanses?  
 Would it talk in a whisper as a soft  
 breeze that bends flowers in a  
 meadow ever so slightly.  
 Would it shriek like a squall  
 terrorizing the sea...  
 If you questioned the wind  
 What would it say?...  
 Would it feel free to wander the  
 sphere...  
 Feel chained to its position for  
 eternity?  
 Would it feel remorse for the

Destruction caused by its anger, and  
 rejoice in its creations...  
 If you questioned the wind  
 What would it say?...

© 2000—Athena C. Beauchamp USA



© Josie Lawson

**HASTINGS AGE CONCERN  
 INFORMATION & ADVICE  
 SERVICE**

**(AGE UK)**

HASTINGS OFFICE  
 50 ROBERTSON STREET  
 HASTINGS TN34 1HL  
 TEL: 01424 426162  
 Registered Charity No:  
 265532

**YOU ARE NOT  
 ALONE...**



**EAST SUSSEX  
HEARING  
RESOURCE  
CENTRE**

LOOKS FOR NEW  
VOLUNTEERS TO JOIN  
OUR FANTASTIC GROUP



**Become a  
volunteer  
today!**

**Welcome!**  
East Sussex Hearing Resource Centre is looking for friendly and sympathetic volunteers from the whole of the *East Sussex area* to help with our activities.

***Interested in joining?***  
Just contact us and fill out our simple application form.

**Director** John Leonard  
**Volunteer Manager** Janice Brown

## CONTACT Us

**East Sussex  
Hearing Resource  
Centre**

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EASTBOURNE  
East Sussex  
BN21 3UH

Tel: 01323 722505  
(voice/text/fax)

*Registered Charity No.*  
1101140

Email:  
mail@eshrc.org.uk  
www.eshrc.org.uk

**OUR ACTIVIES**

- Battery & Hearing aid Maintenance sessions and home visits
- Giving advice about hearing loss and deaf awareness Training
- Mobile advisory service across the county
- Display of assistive devices in our Centre
- Lipreading and sign language classes
- Hard of hearing and deaf blind groups

**BENEFITS OF VOLUNTEERING**

You will get full training and Support from the **East Sussex Hearing Resource Centre.**

Anyone can be a volunteer!

You will learn new useful skills


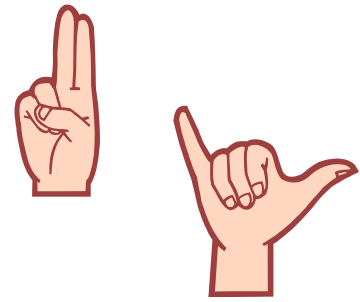
You meet many interesting people.

Volunteering looks good on your CV

Keeps you active and involved

**WHO ARE THE EAST SUSSEX HEARING RESOURCE CENTRE?**

The East Sussex Hearing Resource Centre is a registered **charity** Aiming to improve the quality of life for deaf, deafened and deaf blind people living in East Sussex.

Our main base is located in 8 St Leonard's Road, Eastbourne.

Drop-in days for the general public on Tuesdays and Wednesdays 10am—4pm