



SUSSEX AREA OF NAFAS

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
OF FLOWER ARRANGEMENT
SOCIETIES

CHARITY No. 292377

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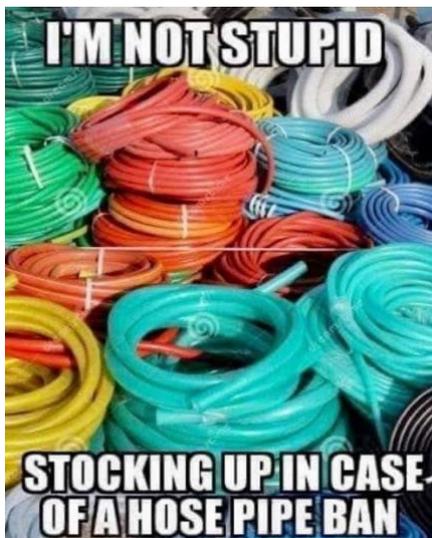
Week 16 – Half In or Half Out?

Dear Members,

Have you burst your bubble and gone out? Unless we're self-isolating or shielding, distances are now down to 1.5m+ (don't forget the plus!). We can meet up with others particularly outside. You can include one other household in your bubble too. Check the guidelines <https://www.gov.uk/government/publications/coronavirus-outbreak-faqs-what-you-can-and-cant-do/coronavirus-outbreak-faqs-what-you-can-and-cant-do-after-4-july> for what you can and can't do after 4th July (is it just a coincidence that Saturday is Independence Day over the Pond – my divorce judge chose that date too!). Whatever you're planning, only do what you're comfortable doing.

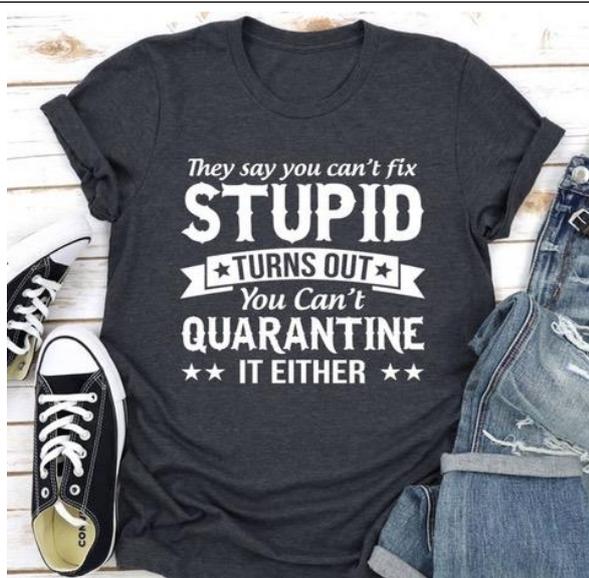
Thank you for all your kind comments about our new website. We're so pleased you like it. Here's a link to NAFAS's FaceBook page: https://www.facebook.com/NafasFlowers/?_tn=%K-R&eid=ARBDmRzqPz28uDptBa_T-yLEnmZ5GJx41qhDRCqtXlk5GKBJGeNdNdfSXJJSntOJh09Qd9jH1BU0J-WH&fref=mentions with a message from our National President. Don't worry – you don't have to sign up to FaceBook to view pages.

Jilly



Everything for summer
has been cancelled.
Let's just put up our
Christmas tree and call
it a year.

Breaking news ... NAFAS will not be increasing the cover price of the The Flower Arranger magazine or any of the subscription rates. The club member rate therefore stays at £12.80 for the fourth year running. Wouldn't that make a great Christmas present for a friend?



Brenda Bull's Favourite Accessory from 1930s

Last year I purchased a piece of glass that caught my eye at one of the club's fundraising 'Junktique' sales. I was instantly drawn to this green glass dish, which I was told by the seller was a 1930s piece of Webb



'Venetian' Ripple glass. It was not one of those containers that you immediately know how you would use but I simply felt I had to have it. I used it a couple of times as a base for a small posy dish and at Christmas it held coloured glass baubles and pinecones, but I didn't really think I had found the best use for it.

Over recent weeks I have used it to display 5 or 6 rose blooms with small pieces of fern. However Jilly's suggestion that we might like to write a paragraph or two on a preferred period or accessory inspired me to research my glass dish further.

The design is one of 'Gay' glass designs first introduced in 1933. Webb's Crystal Glass Company was formed in 1920 when Thos. Webb & Sons merged with Edinburgh & Leith Flint Glass Co and in the 30's several new designers were brought in to produce a range of decorative pieces.

The choice of plant material available during the inter-war period was largely dictated by what was available in the garden and countryside. The style was much influenced by the work of Constance Spry which included loose massed arrangements in a naturalistic manner. Berries and seed heads were incorporated from the hedgerow and decorative leaves from the kitchen garden, combined with both fresh garden flowers and preserved materials.

By the 1950s alongside the massed arrangements was the introduction of line arrangements, which I feel would be particularly suited to my glass bowl. The production of the 'Venetian' Ripple style and others introduced in the 1930s continued into the '50s.

I also discovered that Nymphaea were a favoured flower of 1930s, so suited my glass dish and I was pleased to be able to produce an arrangement using material from my garden.

How interesting and what a beautiful container. Many thanks to Brenda Bull, one of our new Area Judges. I really like the idea of a Junktique sale - what fun!



**So, in retrospect, in 2015,
not a single person got the
answer right to
"Where do you see yourself five
years from now?"**

FIGHT!

My wife and I were watching Who Wants To Be A Millionaire while we were in bed. I turned to her and said, 'Do you want to have Sex?' 'No,' she answered. I then said, 'Is that your final answer?' She didn't even look at me this time, simply saying, 'Yes.' So I said, "Then I'd like to phone a friend." And that's when the fight started...

My wife and I were sitting at a table at her high school reunion, and she kept staring at a drunken man swigging his drink as he sat alone at a nearby table. I asked her, "Do you know him?" "Yes", she sighed, "He's my old boyfriend. I understand he took to drinking right after we split up those many years ago, and I hear he hasn't been sober since." "My God!" I said, "Who would think a person could go on celebrating that long?" And then the fight started...

When our lawn mower broke down, my wife kept hinting to me that I should get it fixed. But, somehow I always had something else to take care of first, the shed, the boat, making beer. Always something more important to me. Finally, she thought of a clever way to make her point. When I arrived home one day, I found her seated in the tall grass, busily snipping away with a tiny pair of sewing scissors. I watched silently for a short time and then went into the house. I was gone only a minute, and when I came out again. I handed her a toothbrush. I said, "When you finish cutting the grass, you might as well sweep the driveway." The doctors say I will walk again, but I will always have a limp.

My wife sat down next to me as I was flipping channels. She asked, "What's on TV?" I said, "Dust." And then the fight started...

Saturday morning; I got up early, quietly dressed, made my lunch, and slipped quietly into the garage. I hooked up the boat to the van and proceeded to back out into a torrential downpour. The wind was blowing 50 mph, so I pulled back into the garage, turned on the radio, and discovered that the weather would be bad all day. I went back into the house, quietly undressed, and slipped back into bed. I cuddled up to my wife's back; now with a different anticipation and whispered, "The weather out there is terrible." My loving wife of 5 years replied, "And, can you believe my stupid husband is out fishing in that?" And that's how the fight started...

My wife was hinting about what she wanted for our upcoming anniversary. She said, "I want something shiny that goes from 0 to 150 in about 3 seconds." I bought her a set of bathroom scales. And then the fight started.....

After retiring, I went to the Social Security office to apply for Social Security. The woman behind the counter asked me for my driving licence to verify my age. I looked in my pockets and realized I had left my wallet at home. I told the woman that I was very sorry, but I would have to go home and come back later.

The woman said, 'Unbutton your shirt'.

So I opened my shirt revealing my curly silver hair.

She said, 'That silver hair on your chest is proof enough for me' and she processed my Social Security application.

When I got home, I excitedly told my wife about my experience at the Social Security office.

She said, 'You should have dropped your pants. You might have got disability too.'

And then the fight started...

My wife was standing nude, looking in the bedroom mirror. She was not happy with what she saw and said to me,

"I feel horrible; I look old, fat and ugly. I really need you to pay me a compliment.'

I replied, "Your eyesight's damn near perfect."

And then the fight started.....

I rear-ended a car this morning...the start of a REALLY bad day! The driver got out of the other car, and he was a DWARF!!

He looked up at me and said: 'I am NOT Happy!'

So I said, 'Well, which one ARE you then?'

That's how the fight started.

One year, I decided to buy my mother-in-law a cemetery plot as a Christmas gift...

The next year, I didn't buy her a gift. When she asked me why, I replied,

"Well, you still haven't used the gift I bought you last year!"

And that's how the fight started.

I took my wife to a restaurant. The waiter, for some reason, took my order first.

"I'll have the rump steak, rare, please."

He said, "Aren't you worried about the mad cow?"

"Nah, she can order for herself."

And that's when the fight started.



Working
from home
Day 1



Working
from home
Day 2

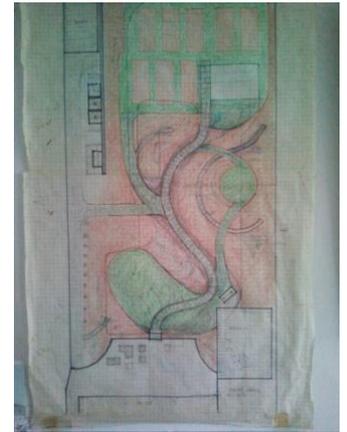


Colette Archer's Garden in Seaford

We moved to Seaford in September 2007, to a garden that was mostly grass with 8 x 5' Cupressus stumps halfway along one side and an 8' brick wall the length of the other. There were a

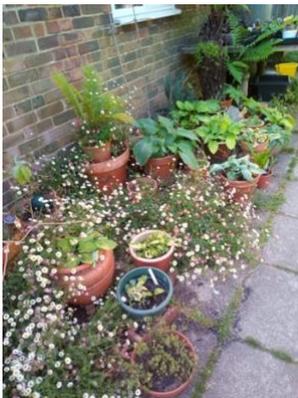


few old trees, a lovely old gnarled apple tree near the house and a wild cherry plum and a damson, some lavender bushes and roses all 'past it' so they were removed. The apple fruits prolifically every year as do the two new varieties given to Gordon by our kids on his 70th birthday. We had taken 200 pots of established cuttings with us so by spring 2008 there were plants to see, Gordon had made a plan right and cut 8 vegetable beds near his new greenhouse left. It was beginning to take shape.



The garden changed over the years, the flower beds got bigger and there is less grass to mow. We had a meandering brick path put down to make it easier for Gordon to get about (after his stroke). It is not a tidy garden, indigenous geraniums pop up everywhere, they are one of Gordon's many favourites and he can name them all, clematis scramble

over the Cupressus stumps and into shrubs and trees, there are a lot of British wildflowers here and there as well. Rosa Albertine – she was my Mum's favourite which is why I have her too bottom right. You may have realised that this is Gordon's garden, he is out there every minute, we both love it - it is a joy. We don't really have a favourite area as it changes day by day, there is always something wonderful to surprise us.



Many thanks to Colette for the tour of her wonderful garden. At the time of writing, she was doing a rain dance - I'd like to have seen that!

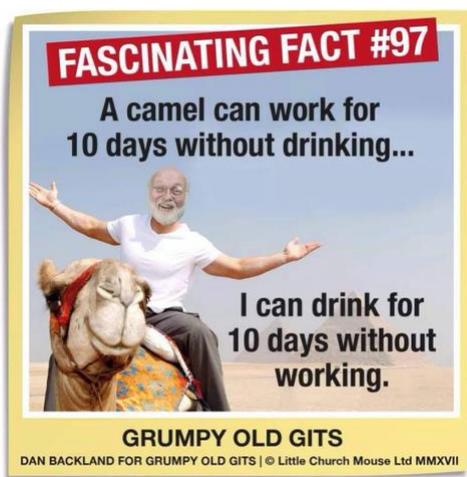
Not much on the supermarket shelves yesterday, so I decided to improvise.

Dinner last night was a risotto I made with some mushrooms I found locally.

Not only was it delicious, but soon after a Welsh male voice choir of purple elephants turned up and sang the whole of Meatloaf's Bat Out of Hell, accompanied by a light show.



<p>A lexophile describes those who have a particular love for words. Here are some examples.</p>	
No matter how much you push the envelope, it'll still be stationery.	If you don't pay your exorcist, you can get repossessed.
I'm reading a book about anti-gravity. I just can't put it down.	When you get a bladder infection, urine trouble.
When chemists die, they barium.	England has no kidney bank, but it does have a Liverpool.
Haunted French pancakes give me the crêpes.	This girl today said she recognized me from the Vegetarians' Club, but I swear I've never met herbivore.
A dentist and a manicurist married. They fought tooth and nail.	A will is a dead giveaway.
With her marriage, she got a new name and a dress.	He had a photographic memory, but it was never fully developed.
When she saw her first strands of grey hair, she thought she'd dye.	If you jump off a Paris bridge, you are in Seine.
You can tune a piano, but you can't tuna fish	To write with a broken pencil is pointless



After a busy day, he settled down in his train from Victoria for a nap as far as his destination at Three Bridges, when the chap sitting near him hauled out his mobile and started up:

"Hi darling, it's Peter, I'm on the train - yes, I know it's the 6.30 not the 4.30 but I had a long meeting - no, not with that floozie from the typing pool, with the boss. No darling you're the only one in my life - yes, I'm sure, cross my heart" etc., etc. This was still going on at Clapham Junction, when the young woman opposite, driven beyond endurance, yelled at the top of her voice:

"Hey, Peter, turn that bloody phone off and come back to bed!!!"