



SUSSEX AREA OF NAFAS

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
OF FLOWER ARRANGEMENT
SOCIETIES

CHARITY No. 292377

www.SussexAreaNAFAS.org.uk

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Week 12 – How did That Happen?

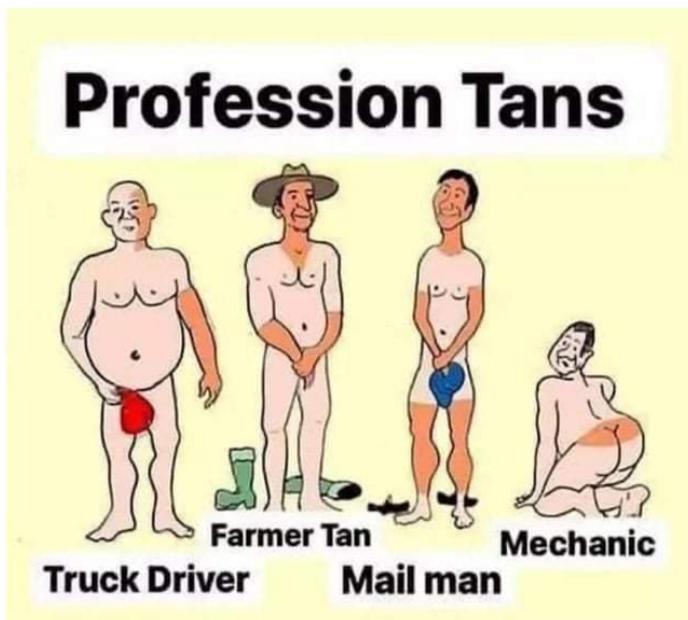
Dear Members,

Did you know that it's National Garden Exercise this week? That means no sitting down enjoying yourself and raising your right elbow. Oh no! This week it's weeding, watering and wheelbarrowing; stretch, bend and dig. Repeat x 10 (or seven as that's a week!).

After all your spring cleaning, I bet you've got bags of things ready for the charity shops, haven't you? If there's anything new in there, such as that pair of American Tan tights Cousin Gertie gave you at Christmas, do think of the Tombola for Flower Power next year. What a prize that would make! Nothing used or abused please – just brand new.

How did we get to week 12 of lockdown so quickly? I know that we are all keen to bounce back together as soon as we can, just like the young gazelles we think we still are, but remember - as fast as possible, as slowly as necessary! Don't do anything you're not happy doing.

Jilly



People keep asking
"Is Covid-19 really that serious?"

Pay attention.

Casinos and churches are closed.

When heaven and hell agree on
the same thing, it's probably
pretty serious.

BREAKING NEWS

Wearing a mask 🤧
inside your home is now
highly recommended.
Not so much to prevent
Covid-19 but to stop eating.

I'm starting to miss
people I don't even
like.

The Karenovirus is responsible for 3
managers being fired this month alone





Sussex Area of NAFAS Flower Power

An exhibition of floral design to celebrate
the Sussex Area's Diamond Anniversary

Tombola Prizes needed!

Have you been turning out your cupboards during lockdown and now have a pile of things ready to go to a charity shop? No need to wait until the shops reopen - the Flower Power committee would love to take any new, unwanted gifts off your hands for the Tombola in aid of the Sussex Kidney Trust.

Socially distanced collection can be arranged.
Contact Gaenor on 01798 812719
or email gaenor.circus@virgin.net



**Thursday 9 September
to Sunday 12 September 2021**

Leonardslee Lakes and Gardens
Lower Beeding
Horsham RH13 6PP

"Thank you for sending me a copy of your book; I'll waste no time reading it." - Moses Hadas

"I didn't attend the funeral, but I sent a nice letter saying I approved of it." - Mark Twain

"He has no enemies, but is intensely disliked by his friends." - Oscar Wilde

"I am enclosing two tickets to the first night of my new play; bring a friend... if you have one." - George Bernard Shaw to Winston Churchill. "Cannot possibly attend first night, will attend second... if there is one." - Winston Churchill, in response.

"I feel so miserable without you; it's almost like having you here." - Stephen Bishop

"He is a self-made man and worships his creator." - John Bright

"In order to avoid being called a flirt, she always yielded easily." - Charles, Count Talleyrand

"He loves nature in spite of what it did to him." - Forrest Tucker

"Why do you sit there looking like an envelope without any address on it?" - Mark Twain

"His mother should have thrown him away and kept the stork." - Mae West

"Arnold Schwarzenegger looks like a condom full of walnuts." - Clive James

"He uses statistics as a drunken man uses lamp-posts... for support rather than illumination." - Andrew Lang (1844-1912)

"He has Van Gogh's ear for music." - Billy Wilder

"I've had a perfectly wonderful evening. But this wasn't it." - Groucho Marx

Cecil Beaton on the mini-skirt:

Never in the history of fashion has so little material been raised so high to reveal so much that needs to be covered so badly.

My mantra is to Be Nice but oh! to have such a quick wit

A member of Parliament to Disraeli: "Sir, you will either die on the gallows or of some unspeakable disease." "That depends, Sir," said Disraeli, "whether I embrace your policies or your mistress."

"He had delusions of adequacy." - Walter Kerr (NY Times Drama Critic)

"He has all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire." - Winston Churchill

"I have never killed a man, but I have read many obituaries with great pleasure." Clarence Darrow

"He has never been known to use a word that might send a reader to the dictionary." - William Faulkner (about Ernest Hemingway).

"I venture to say that my Right Honourable friend, so redolent of other knowledge, knows nothing of farming. I'll even make a bet that she doesn't know how many toes a pig has." - Winston Churchill. Lady Astor: "Oh yes I do. Take off your little shoesies and have a look."

"Mick Jagger is now at that awkward age between being a Stone and passing one." - Jay Leno

"A man in love is incomplete until he has married. Then he's finished." - Zsa Zsa Gabor

"Some cause happiness wherever they go; others, whenever they go." - Oscar Wilde

"I've just learned about his illness. Let's hope it's nothing trivial." - Irvin S. Cobb

"He is not only dull himself; he is the cause of dullness in others." - Samuel Johnson

"He is simply a shiver looking for a spine to run up." - Paul Keating



Nancy Hubbard's Garden in Horsham



My back garden facing east (left). We have been gardening here for over thirty-two years. Only four plants, including the plum tree (well laden this year) are original. The landscaping has evolved in four or five stages. My husband is the real gardener and the greenhouse is his. I am labour: weeding, clipping, lawn mowing. My Blue Danube azalea excelled itself this year (right). It has sentimental value: a gift from a late uncle who met his Austrian wife skating on the Danube.



The front garden (below): I clip the bay tree every year with shears and keep the contorted hazel from spreading.



I have a problem with eggs in my garden. A fox perhaps or a magpie? Some of them even had the red lion mark on them! I'm desperate to know so if you have any ideas how these eggs get into my garden, do get in touch.

Many thanks to our favourite Area Flower Arranger Administrator Nancy for her quick tour. That Azalea is perfection, isn't it? I think my favourite spot would be feeding the fish, next to the statue – at least I think that's a statue!

Sussex Wordsmiths

We're a talented lot in Sussex aren't we? Not only creative floral designers but poets too. Here is My Garden by Barbara Garnell of East Preston Flower Club with a picture below, and Freedom by Chris Goodbody, Ferring Flower Club. Thank you, ladies, for sharing with us.

My Garden.

My garden is a haven
for bugs, pests and diseases
It even welcomes black spot
that thrives upon the roses.

And dare I mention hostas?
the leaves that look like lace
when the slugs and snails have had their fill
and eaten them apace.

The Cabbage White as name suggests
on cabbages alight,
but as I don't grow cabbages
they are quite a pretty sight.

The little pond was such a joy
With the waterfall trickling quietly
then the blanket weed took over
and it now looks most unsightly.

But throughout this time of trouble
that the world is going through
these problems are quite trivial,
And there's lots for me to do.

I weed and plant and mow the lawns
and neatly trim the edges,
I water pots each evening
and I sometimes cut the hedges.

Yes the garden takes a lot of work
to keep it at its best,
but I thank God I have my garden
Where I can sit and rest.

Freedom

Another three weeks has just flown away
Maybe more freedom is coming our way
The Cummings not goings have taken our eye
These silly stories continue to fly.

We're biking, exercising, waiting for June,
Enjoying the sunshine, please let it come soon.
Our children in school, some back to work,
Lockdown be eased or we'll all go berserk

Let's meet in the garden with family and friends,
No more than eight till this damn virus ends
Staying the distance and dancing alone,
How we will cheer when the end-date is known

Politicians and advisers say plans are afoot
Let's do this before this land goes caput
Taking up the pursuits that we had dismissed
The shops must re-open, I've got a long list.



4 Catholic men and 1 Catholic woman were having coffee in St. Peter's Sq.

The first Catholic man tells his friends, "My son is a priest. When he walks into a room, everyone calls him 'Father'."

The second Catholic man chirps, "My son is a Bishop. When he walks into a room people call him 'Your Grace'."

The third Catholic gent says, "My son is a Cardinal. When he enters a room everyone bows their head and says 'Your Eminence'."

The fourth Catholic man says very proudly, "My son is the Pope. When he walks into a room people call him 'Your Holiness'."

Since the lone Catholic woman was sipping her coffee in silence, the four Men give her a subtle, "Well....?"

She proudly replies, "I have a daughter, SLIM, TALL, 38D BREASTS, 24" WAIST & 36" HIPS. When she walks into a room, people say, "Jesus Christ!"