



What are the words  
that you would use to  
describe the past year?



If we had to sum up our experience in three words we  
would use three d's: different, difficult, and distanced!

But with the difficulties  
came many moments  
of joy as well, especially  
following our Thinking  
of you at Christmas  
outreach.

The messages of thanks  
that came in once our  
little packages had been  
received truly warmed  
our hearts so thank you!

We hope you liked the  
peace poem which we  
have reshared here in the  
hope it provides comfort  
to us all as we begin a  
fresh new year.



... we think we hear a whisper.

At first it is too soft.

Then only half heard.

We listen carefully as it  
gathers strength.

We hear a sweetness.

The word is Peace.

Maya Angelou

If for any reason you didn't receive a little package in the post from us leading up to Christmas, please do call the office on **01273 737710** and leave a message or email us via **info@tttb.org.uk** and we will resend one to you.



## KNITTING TO KEEP YOU WARM

We are truly thankful to scheme member Judy, who has very kindly knitted blankets to enable befriending matches to meet outside (when it's safe to do so and when Government restrictions are not in place).

So, if you would like to benefit from a blanket please contact the office on **01273 737710** and leave a message. One of the team will get back to you. Alternatively you can email **info@tttb.org.uk**.



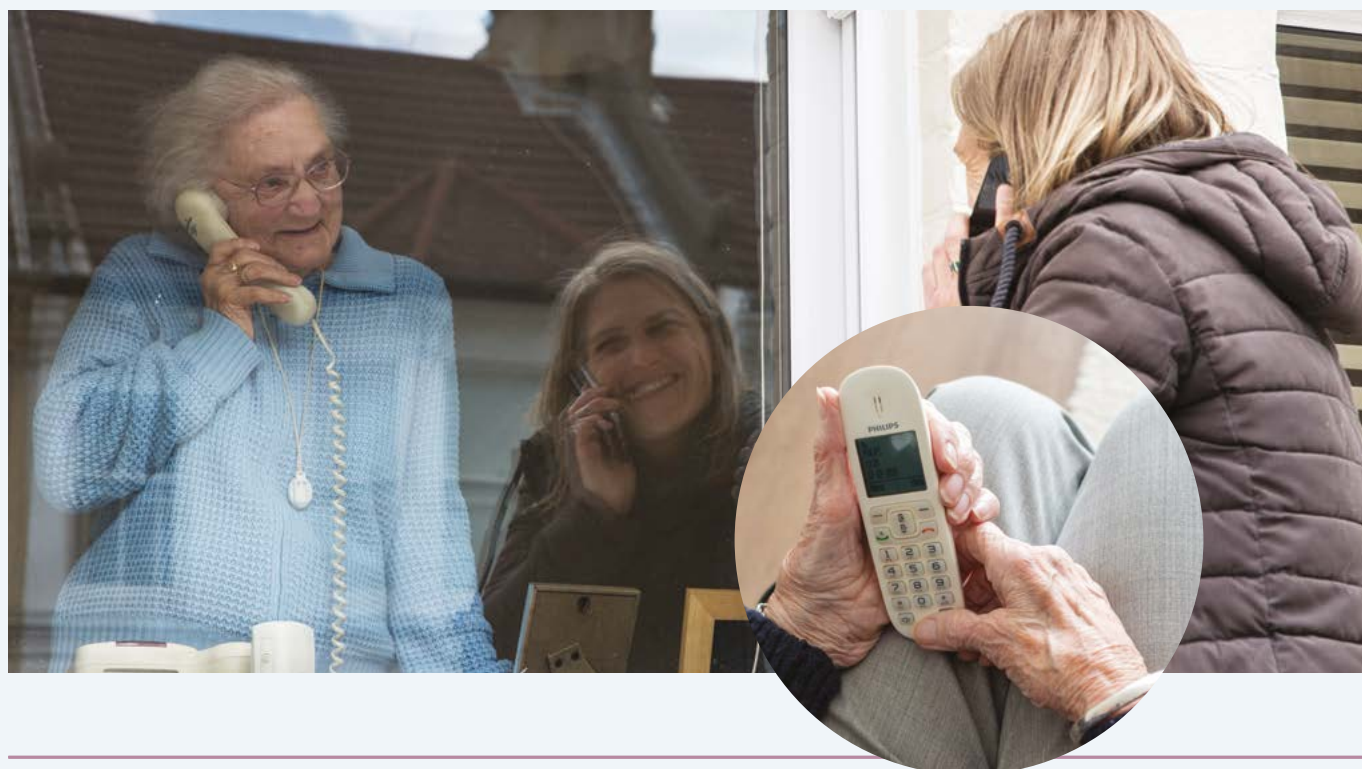
**TEAM UPDATE** At the end of January the position that team member Kim was originally employed to undertake has come to an end. Hannah also left us in December to concentrate on being a full time Mum. We wish Kim and Hannah all the very best for the future.

**Unfortunately we are unable to resume outdoor visits and doorstep or garden pop rounds as a result of another national lockdown.** Home visiting is also definitely not possible because of the risks relating to COVID19. We are however able to continue to use the telephone for communication which we are truly thankful for. The Royal Mail have also been a wonderful help during these times of physical distancing.

We know that using technology and accessing the internet is not for everyone, but if as a result of the pandemic our scheme members would like to explore the use of technology, here is further information about organisations who might be able to offer support:

**Ability Net:** Tel: 0800 048 7642 offer free IT support at home.

**Friends of the Elderly:** Tel: 0330 332 1110 provide grants to help older people get online and stay connected. They can be used towards the cost of equipment such as tablets and smartphones as well as broadband costs.





# CONTRASTS: Sunrise and Sunsets

*A beautiful poem by Scheme Member Helen Mason*

Pink and purple red and gold  
Various shades then unfold  
As the dark becomes the light  
Radiant colours oh so bright

Quiet and peaceful as most sleep  
But unusual hours I keep  
The birds join with me as I sing  
Another day what will it bring?

Alone I run so gleefully  
Full moon reflected in the sea  
Rejoicing in another day  
As the shadows fade away

At the other end of the day  
The sunset on the ripening hay  
Many people talk to me  
And my day ends pleasantly

Pink and purple red and gold  
Dozens watch the night unfold  
As the light fades away  
The ending of another day

The contrast always puzzles me  
No one to share my ecstasy  
As I watch the dawn unfold  
And sunshine bathe the  
world with gold

The sunset is another way  
For many to enjoy the day  
Pink and purple red and gold  
As shadows lengthen and unfold

As the night becomes the day  
Darkness fades and goes away  
Then the day becomes the night  
Eternal circle our delight!

## Stanley and Mr Fixit By Joanna Harper.

Joanna lives in Brighton and many of her short stories are inspired by the people she meets and everyday events happening around her.

### Why on earth had she bought another cat?

Mr Fixit was furious. His nice little wife usually listened to his advice and did things the way he wanted. He had expressly said that a new pet would only mess the house up.

Much to his dismay, she'd found a breeder who had one kitten left and driven over after work to meet him.

"He's very cute," Mum said, stroking the kitten's head. "I'd better have him as he's on his own."

Arriving home, she walked in, head held high. Her husband's face turned puce when she told him her news.

"I can't believe you've –" he thundered.

"But no-one wanted him," she interrupted. "Besides, he's a very quiet cat and he doesn't moult."

"Pah!" said Mr Fixit, "you'd believe anything! Well, let's see the little bugger then and I hope he's worth it!"

She went back to the car and brought the cat basket inside. A little face peered through the bars and furry white paws scratched at the fastenings.

"Hello little one, out you come," she said and, opening the door, she lifted out a little, grey, furry ball with big blue eyes.

"He's a boy," she said smiling, "and this time you can name him."

Mr Fixit spotted his new work knife, still in its packaging, with a well-known brand name in red.

"We'll call him Stanley," he said firmly. "I'm not having a Cuddles or Sweetie in this house."



Photo by Maxim Mushnikov on Unsplash

The next morning he came back from the builder's merchants with a load of materials.

"I'm going to build Stanley a climbing frame," he said as he started to hammer and drill. Within hours a little indoor gym had been created and Mr Fixit stood back to admire his work.

"Here Kitty Kitty," he called, and Stanley came over to investigate the new structure. He carefully climbed up on to the platform and looked down at them both.

"He's the king of the castle," Mum said. "Isn't he cute up there? What a clever cat we have."

Stanley quickly settled into his new home. During the first weeks he slept a lot, ate a lot and spent his energy on growing. Mr Fixit was relieved to see he used the covered litter tray neatly and regularly licked himself clean.

"Perhaps I was wrong about kittens," Mr Fixit said one evening as they sat watching his favourite *60 Minute Makeover* with Stanley asleep on his lap. "This one certainly knows how to behave."

In a month, Stanley was allowed to go outside. He took careful steps into the garden, sniffing the air, then he became braver and started patrolling the fence surrounding the back garden.

"That fence is certainly keeping him in," said Mr Fixit. "I did a good job putting that up last year. It'll stop him going near the road."

But Stanley was growing bigger and bolder. Very soon he was able to jump up on to the bins, the fence or the top of the bungalow roof.

The following week, the neighbour crossed their shared driveway for a chat.

"Your cat's a real character," Doris said. "He comes over to me every evening and Mo down the road says he goes to her too."

"I'm sure I can find a way to keep him in the garden if he's a nuisance," Mr Fixit said with a gleam in his eye.

The following evening Mum was alone as Mr Fixit was testing out the car engine. She heard a noise at the conservatory window.

"I hope it's not someone breaking in," she muttered.

Grabbing a broom from the kitchen, she tiptoed quietly through so she could peer into the new conservatory. Stanley was trying to get through the opening, chasing a large fly. His muddy paws made marks as he scrambled through. He landed clumsily on top of a blue vase which wobbled and fell on to the tile floor.

"Oh Stanley," she said, "that was a present from my old friend Val."

These days she seemed to be spending more time cleaning and tidying up. She carefully mended what she could so that Mr Fixit wouldn't find out what Stanley was getting up to.

The next evening, she prepared a nice ham salad for supper and left the plates on the side while she called Mr Fixit in from the garage. She returned to find most of the ham had been eaten and bits of tomato lying on the floor.

“Oh Stanley, naughty boy,” she whispered and quickly opened a tin of tuna so that Mr Fixit wouldn’t know his supper had been stolen.

As Mum put the bins out the next evening, Doris came over and stood with arms folded.

“Your cat’s becoming a nuisance,” she said. “Last night he made me jump as he squeezed through the toilet window. And he’s started to steal food.”

Mo joined Doris, also moaning about Stanley’s visits.

“It was fun to start with,” she said, “but he frightens my Dave when he jumps out from behind the curtains, he’s got a dicky heart.”

“Don’t worry,” Mr Fixit said as he overheard the neighbours’ comments. “I know how to put a stop to all that.”

Early the next morning Mum awoke to the sounds of banging and drilling. Looking out of the window, she saw that Mr Fixit was making the fence taller by adding a layer of netting.

“If he climbs this, I can make it higher,” he said smugly looking her way.

Stanley stayed in the garden for the next week, happily chasing leaves and birds. Mum looked at him fondly.

“He knows he mustn’t go out,” she said to Mr Fixit, who spent the evening putting the finishing touches to his fence.

The next day Mum called them in for supper but Stanley didn’t appear.

“That’s strange, he must be somewhere,” she said as she looked behind the shed and under the beds where he usually loved to hide. As she went into the garage and peered into toolboxes and behind cupboards, she heard a meow.

Following the sound, she looked up. There he was on the highest roof in the road. Doris’s house was large with a pointed gable and he was perched on the very top. She called his name and Stanley tried to scramble down, but, after slipping, he went back up. The light drizzle had turned to heavy rain and the tiles became more slippery.

“My poor baby,” Mum wept, looking up. “I must get help.”

She dashed into the house to find Mr Fixit who was watching *DIY SOS* on the TV and was annoyed at being dragged out into the rain.

“Don’t fuss, I’m sure we can fetch the little devil down,” he said confidently.

He put his long ladder up against Doris’s house. Unfortunately, it wasn’t long enough to reach the gable and, as he started to climb, he could see Stanley trying to scramble down the slippery tiles.

Back in the garage, Mr Fixit looked through his supplies. He found a long piece of wood just as Mum came into the garage with her bright yellow washing basket.

“Is this any help?” she asked and he grabbed it. Very quickly he attached the basket to the wood with nails.

“Beautiful,” he said.

“But how are we going to get him into the basket?” Mum wailed as the cries from the roof became louder and more distressed.

Mr Fixit ran into the kitchen and searched through the tins of spam and sweetcorn he kept for fishing. He grabbed a tin of pilchards and ran back to the ladder where Mum was shouting up to the distressed kitten.

“I can hardly see him now it’s dark,” she wept. “What if he jumps?”

“I’m putting some pilchards into the basket,” Mr Fixit said. “I don’t know a cat that doesn’t like fish, even if it’s in tomato sauce.”

Mo came out and gave Mum a hug as they huddled together under an umbrella watching Mr Fixit climb the ladder.

“Pass me the plank,” he shouted to them but, as he reached over, the ladder started to wobble.

A small group of neighbours wearing waterproofs had gathered at a safe distance, looking up at the little cat in the sky.

“OOOH,” they held their breath as Stanley tried to scramble down one side of the roof. “AAAH,” they cried as he returned to the top, small and scared.

Mo’s husband, Big Bill, appeared in his slippers and offered to stand at the bottom of the ladder to keep it firm. He passed Mr Fixit the plank of wood with the basket as he climbed slowly up and hoisted it above his head. The basket reached the top of the roof and he could just see Stanley sniff the air in the gloom.

“Get in Stanley,” Mr Fixit whispered, and, in a louder, more impatient voice said, “lovely fish, come on Kitty!”

One arm was aching above his head as he tried to hold the plank and basket still. The other was gripping the top of the ladder and was starting to cramp. The heavy rain was drumming on the garage roof and drowned the oohs and aahs.

“Let’s get this over and done with, Stanley, before I totally lose my nerve,” Mr Fixit muttered and, with a quick move of the basket, he managed to get the cat inside as he leaned in to smell the fish. Gently he lowered the plank and Stanley was handed to the weeping Mum as he shakily climbed down. The crowd clapped and cheered and patted him on the back.

“You’re my Mr Fixit,” his wife whispered to him as she took Stanley into the house to get dry.

Mr Fixit breathed a sigh of relief as he put the ladder away in the garage. He was already making plans to keep the cat in the garden. He’d rebuild the fence, making it much higher, and then he would put grills on windows and doors. He’d got plenty of ideas. As he went inside, he ignored his wife’s plea to change out of his wet clothes. Instead he sat down at the computer and ordered the materials he needed. Work would begin tomorrow.



## #Befriendings

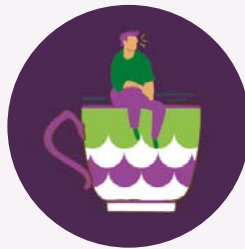


**1-7 November 2020 was National Befriending Week.** It was amazing to hear from our volunteers about their experiences of befriending. We thought we would feature some of their comments here.

### **Befriending is...**

About positive pairing. Matching people who would never meet otherwise but who become true friends.  
Volunteer Faye

About laughter and learning. It is positive and reciprocal. Befriending is rewarding...  
Volunteer Maxine



An amazing opportunity to be part of a body of people who want to make a difference.  
Volunteer Sharon

Important because it helps people to know you are thinking of them...  
Volunteer Jo



Pastorally caring, providing an essential link with those who need love, compassion and support.  
Volunteer Chaplain Phil



To me, Befriending (by phone) means giving someone a virtual hug to let them know that I am there for them and which I hope brightens their day.  
Volunteer Helen

# As it was for me

The Diaries of Chrissie and Ken Ingle (edited by Julsie) We continue with the writings of Ken.



Ken & Chrissie

**I was four when I started at St. Matthias School. Perhaps someone took me there on the first day – I just don't know – walking with me along the side of the cemetery. I was used to being in our streets on my own.**

My sister Joyce was in the same class too, but she was already six. Dad and the others said that's because she was too ill to go to school before then.

The school corridors were painted cream at the top and deep green at the bottom. That could describe most any public building of the time, though some were brown at the bottom and others had a horizontal black line. Anybody could tell that this was a place for small kiddies though, because of the height of the knocks and dirt marks that had become grufted-in around the corners of the corridor!

Short sight and a crippling astigmatism gave me a very different view from other people. They all looked really thin and tall when I wasn't wearing glasses! And this meant that I wore glasses from the time I first started school.

They were steel-framed with round rims and thick lenses that made the pavement wider and the gutters nearer. It meant I stepped too high onto the pavement but tripped over when stepping off!

It seemed that my looks were strangely complete – naturally untidy and too young for my class mates. Small and scraggy with arms that a skeleton would have been proud of! My hair was all over the place and I was now complemented by shiny, round rims in front of my eyes!



Ken is the little boy sitting at the front

Unbearably shy, I was also frightfully independent. I was introspective and withdrawn in the presence of others. My sensitivity to some people's remarks, looks and actions meant I tried to have as little to do with them as possible.

My place in class was usually in the back third. I couldn't see properly where ever I sat and it soon became obvious that I couldn't hear properly either. But not everyone was, or is put off by looks and personality!

*On the few occasions that my position changed in class I always had the same girl to my right sharing the double desk, and her two friends would always be behind us!*

Sometimes, the teacher told us children at the back to sit up on the desktops. The girl on my right would sit so close to me that I had to plant my feet firmly down to prevent me falling off! The two girls behind were teased by the boys so much that they joined us! So there were the four of us seated on two small desktops with me being pressed by three girls!



Photo by Markus  
Spiske from Pexels

**Years later, I would have thought the girl too pushy by far but, at the time, I didn't mind one little bit! For reasons that I never knew it appears I had made a friend!**

# SCHEME MEMBERS CORNER

## How to stay warm this winter...

### Warm Home Discount Scheme

**You could get £140 off your electricity bill for winter 2020 to 2021 under the Warm Home Discount Scheme. The money is not paid to you – it's a one-off discount on your electricity bill, between September and March.**

You may be able to get the discount on your gas bill instead if your supplier provides you with both gas and electricity. Contact your supplier to find out. **The discount will not affect your Cold Weather Payment or Winter Fuel Payment.**

### ELIGIBILITY

There are 2 ways to qualify for the Warm Home Discount Scheme:

- you get the Guarantee Credit element of Pension Credit – known as the 'core group'
- you're on a low income and meet your energy supplier's criteria for the scheme – known as the 'broader group'

How you apply for the Warm Home Discount Scheme depends on how you qualify for the discount.

### PRE-PAY OR PAY-AS-YOU-GO METERS

You can still qualify for the discount if you use a pre-pay or pay-as-you-go electricity meter.

Your electricity supplier can tell you how you'll get the discount if you're eligible, for example a voucher you can use to top up your meter.

**Vaccine** If you would like to discuss the pro's and con's of having the COVID19 vaccine please contact your GP.



## Would you like a pen pal?

This year we have partnered with Worthing College to offer pen pal writing between scheme members and volunteers (aged 16-18 years). **If this is something you would like to benefit from please contact the office. We'd love to hear from you.**



## Telephone Tea Parties are starting in February 2021.

**Two telephone based group events will run each month. 12 people per group are invited to regularly attend. The aim of the group is to dial in together using our telephones. The number to call will be provided once you sign up!**

With a cup of tea and snack in hand we will share a time of friendship and fun together for up to an hour. Some months our time together will include reminiscence, music and topics of conversation about mutual interests.

If you would like to join as a regular guest please contact the team and we will provide further information, including details about Charlotte who will be leading the sessions.  
**Telephone 01273 737710 or email [info@tttb.org.uk](mailto:info@tttb.org.uk).**

## Thank you

to everyone who sent us Christmas cards and Christmas wishes.



# VOLUNTEERS CORNER

In response to the survey feedback many of you kindly provided in August and September 2020, we have developed a calendar of additional workshops for volunteers in 2021. **Look out for emails from us about forthcoming opportunities which include how to maintain good brain health and wellbeing.**

Thanks to volunteer Pippa for this positive feedback:

*"Not only have I had enriching conversations with my befriender but also have been blown away by the heart of the organisation itself. I'm so grateful for the level of support you provide us with and was amazed when I attended the bereavement session and the dementia training. You managed to take topics that have always felt so dark and helpless before and put new hope, light and a fresh energy onto them! Thank you for everything you do!"*

## OPPORTUNITIES FOR VOLUNTEERS TO CONNECT

In addition, we will be planning opportunities for volunteers to connect with each other throughout the year. **So far we've had a request for general 'getting to know you' meet-ups, line/barn dancing and karaoke!** We can't promise we will be able to respond to everyone's specific request.

**The 'meet ups' are also likely to continue to be via Zoom for the foreseeable, however we will be sure to offer opportunities for connection so watch this space for further details!**

# Saying Goodbye

It is never easy when we hear about the death of a scheme member. It is for this reason that we wanted to take this chance to honour and remember those we have lost in 2020.

**Every person listed below has sadly passed away but they will always be remembered. Rest in peace.**

David Ahearne	John Harding
Pauline Allen	Pauline Henderson
Dee Anderson	Patrick (Paddy) Hetherington
Dennis Andrews	Harry (Faithe) Holder
Oli Andrews	John Hulbert
Barbara Antypas	Phyllis Hyde
Diane Bailey	Roger Lewis
Elton (Leo) Baker	Alan Martin
Georgette (Poppy) Bampton	Lesley McCormick
Theresa Biddlecome	Patricia Mitchell
Marissa Bracco	Barbara Moffatt
Alice Bradley	Susan Newman
Eileen Breskal	Daniella (Dani) Parmer-Radley
Nick Butler	Patricia Patchett
Hilda Child	Charlotte Prince
Janet Cornford	Brenda Purcell
Peter Deane	Dorothy Scales
Derek Dove	Thora Sharp
Roger Driscoll	Connie Stevens
William (Paul) Emery	Kenneth Stevens
Charlotte Farrier	Jacqueline Warwick
Ruth Gollop	Jean Williams
Patricia Groves	Betty Worsfold

*Their absence is like the sky, spread over everything.*

**C.S. Lewis; A Grief Observed**

# Final word



**One of our greatest joys is meeting amazing older people every day who have a rich life history to share.**

The team and I consider it a privilege to be able to provide opportunities for connection between our scheme members and volunteers, so I wanted to personally take this chance to **thank each and every one of you** for being at the heart of the charity.

Take care and keep in touch.  
Many blessings Emily

A little consideration, a little thought  
for others, makes all the difference.

A. A. Milne

## FOLLOW US ON SOCIAL MEDIA!



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