

Cocooning

A collection of activities for those self-isolating during Covid 19.

We

in

are

this

together.

Comhairle Contae
Fhine Gall
Fingal County
Council



Healthy
Fingal

Introduction

Due to the COVID-19 (corona virus) pandemic the government has advised many older people or those who are classed as vulnerable due to ill health to cocoon and remain at home in order to minimise their risk of infection and prevent further spread of the virus.

“Cocooning – A collection of activities for those self-isolating” has been developed by the COVID-19 Fingal Community Response Project which is a collaboration between Fingal County Council, Age Friendly Fingal, Castleknock Community Centre Laurel Lodge, Blakestown Community Centre, Corduff Resource Centre, and Huntstown Community Centre.

We hope you enjoy the interesting facts, short stories, poetry, recipes, songs, gardening tips, puzzles, activities, information on support services available for those cocooning and self-isolating. We are aware that not everyone has access to computers / information technology therefore the booklet is available in hard and soft copy for your enjoyment.

For most of us going out and about on a daily basis is an essential part of our daily routine. Services that would normally be in place such as day centres, community and social activities are suspended. It is very important that we all keep positive and look after our mental health and wellbeing. This new way of life has been challenging for most of us but none the less we understand that this is essential if we are to remain safe. Keeping busy will help us all feel good.

There is something for everyone in the booklet, we do hope that you will enjoy the activities we have pulled together for you. We have included a list of useful services and supports that might be of interest to you.

We hope you find this booklet useful, it will help keep you entertained and cheer you up a little. We have included a short story competition; the closing date is the 15th of June 2020 and there will be prizes available for the four best short stories submitted. We look forward to receiving your short story entries in the coming weeks.

Take care and stay safe

Margaret Geraghty

Director of Housing Community & Libraries

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Age Friendly Fingal Alliance

Age Friendly Fingal Alliance are delighted to support this issue of the Cocooning in Comfort Activities booklet, and we would like to take this opportunity to share some information about what Age Friendly Fingal and Fingal Older Peoples' Council are doing on your behalf.

Working under the guidance of the World Health Organisation, Age Friendly Fingal Alliance has focused on eight key themes of Health, Housing Security, Transportation, Social Participation, Outdoor spaces and Buildings, Respect & Social Inclusion, Civic Participation & Employment, Communication & Information. Over the last 10 years senior citizens from across Fingal have been involved in carrying out walk ability studies in Blanchardstown, Balbriggan Howth, Swords and the very first one was Skerries. We work with various departments within the county council to implement the changes as recognised by our senior citizens; such as supplying benches in our villages and towns, correcting uneven pavements, increasing lighting where required to name but a few. Fingal Older People's Council arranged several activities during the year such as Information days and Harvest Social – tea dances.

If you are interested in taking part in any of our activities or would like more information please contact:

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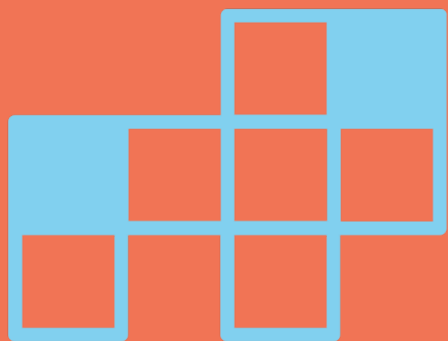
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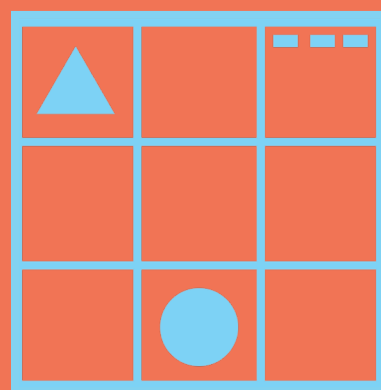
087 7159670

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Crosswords, Sudoku & Wordsearches



Crossword

Across

- 4 Indent in shoreline
- 5 Round, semi-flat throwing device
- 8 Make skin brown due to exposure to the sun
- 9 White and black beach bird
- 11 Cloth for drying
- 12 Watercraft
- 13 Wharf or pier
- 16 Person in charge of safety
- 17 Too long in the sun
- 18 Beach dirt



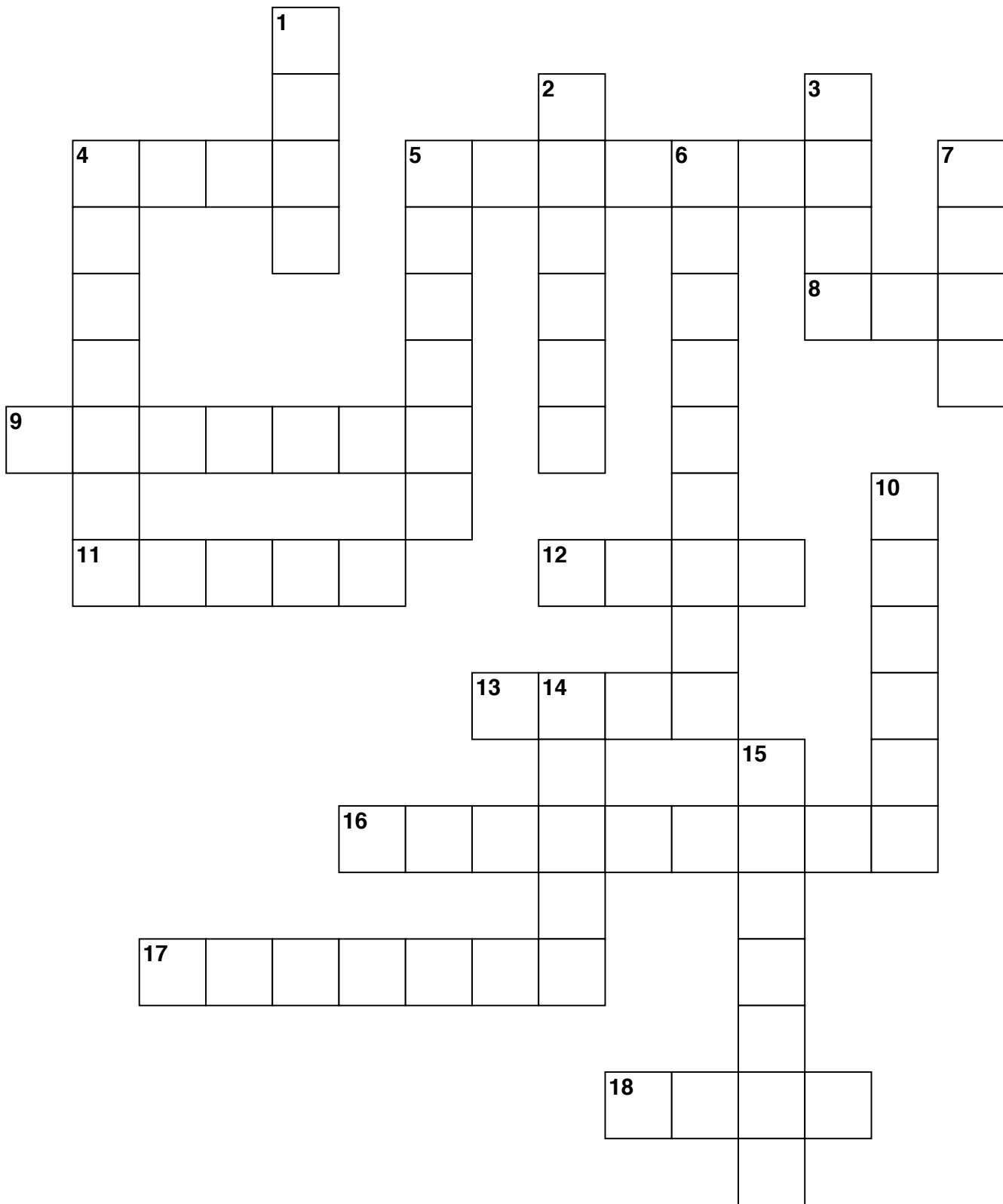
Down

- 1 Structure built out from land over water
- 2 Very brief swim ware
- 3 Energy from the sun that one feels as warmth
- 4 Flowing movement of the water
- 5 Fun to have them with you
- 6 Wooden walkway
- 7 Sand hill
- 10 Land surrounded by water
- 14 Vast expanse of salt water
- 15 Swimsuit apparel



Solutions at the back of the booklet

The Beach



Fun fact : The town of Salem, New Jersey once held a trial against tomatoes in 1820 because of the widespread belief they were poisonous. The case ended after Colonel Robert Gibbon Johnson ate a basket of tomatoes without ill consequence.

Crossword

Across

- 2 Photo device
- 4 High speed aircraft
- 7 Place to dine
- 9 Water transportation
- 11 Lengthy trip
- 13 Overnight residence
- 15 Operate motor vehicle
- 18 Suitcases and others
- 19 Landing place for aircraft
- 20 Lodging place providing meals and other services



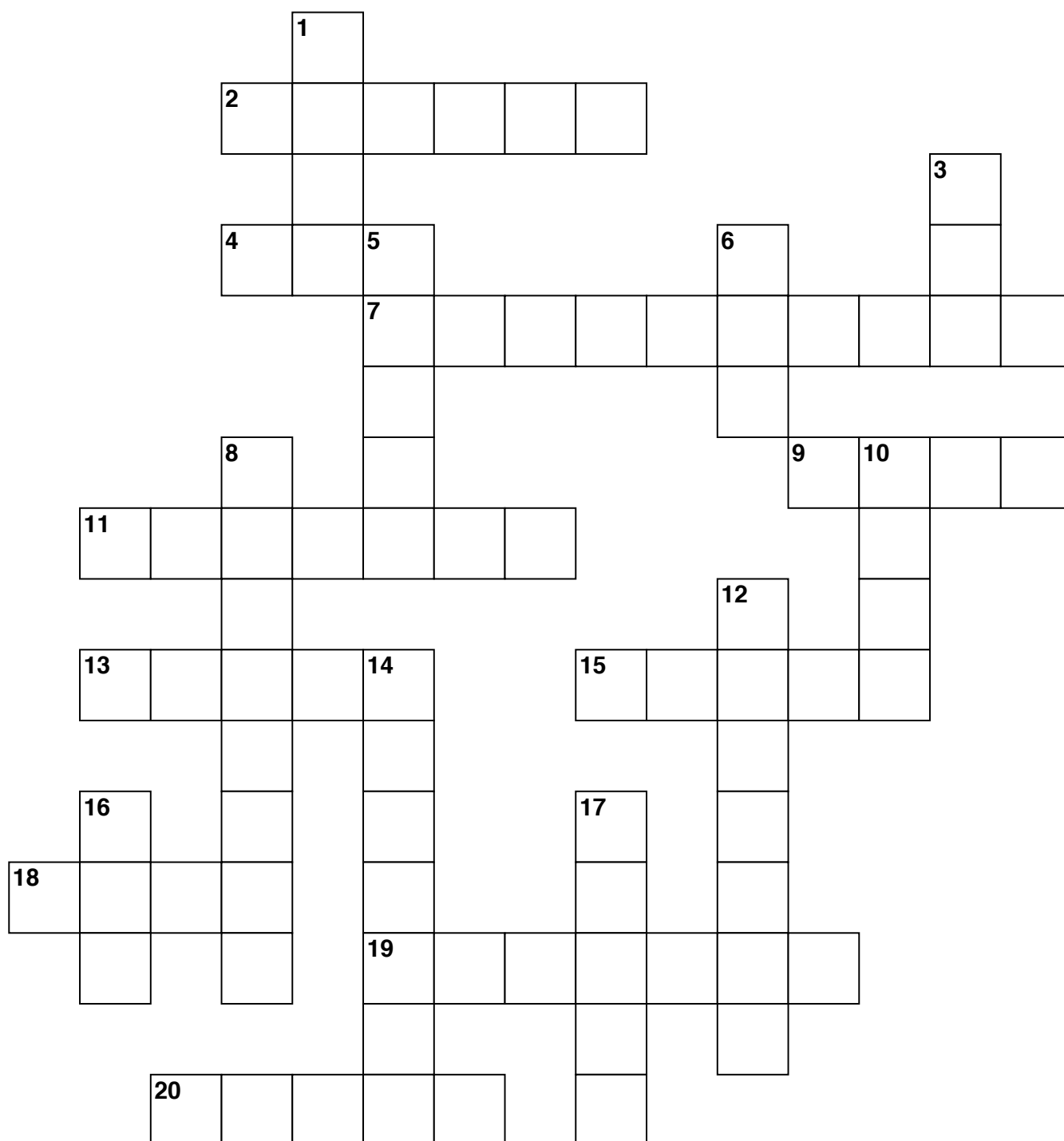
Down

- 1 Body of fresh water
- 3 Small hotel
- 5 Railroad transportation
- 6 Large motor transport
- 8 Clothing container
- 10 Long walk
- 12 Plane ticket price
- 14 Suitcases and other containers
- 16 Parked in the garage
- 17 Bus or train station



Solutions at the back of the booklet

Holidays



Fun fact: There are 41 countries that recognize sign language as an official language.

There are estimated to be 72 million deaf people around the world. There are also about 300 different sign languages—including American Sign Language and International Sign Language—as well as 41 countries that recognize them as an official language.

Crossword

Across

- 1 Outdoor activity using tents
- 5 Eighth month of the year
- 8 Person who rides waves on a board
- 9 Game played with bat and ball
- 12 Bright light of the sun
- 16 Land mass higher than a hill
- 18 Take a long walk in the country for fun
- 19 Holding or giving off great heat
- 20 Small boat with pointed ends that has a paddle



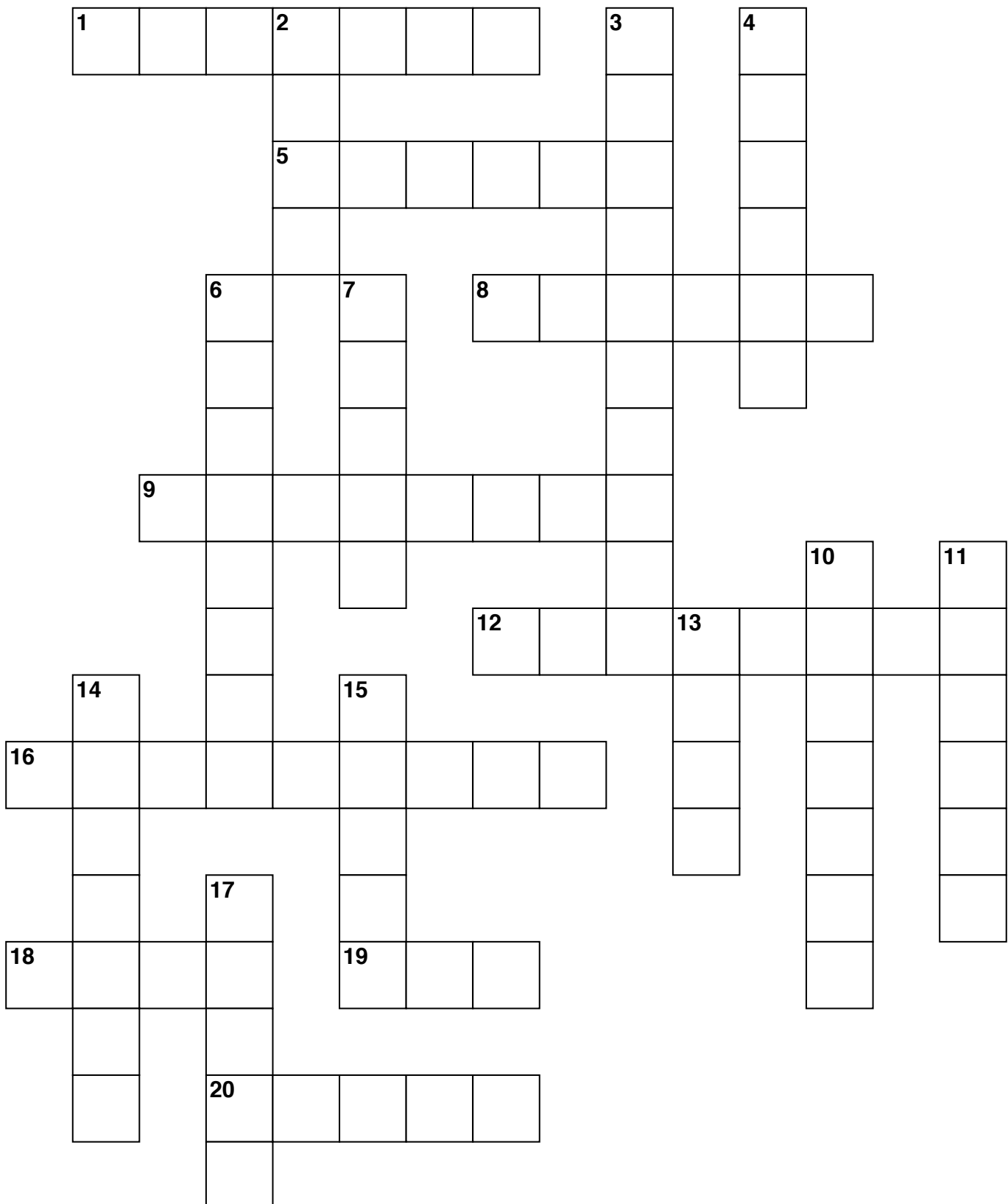
Down

- 2 Activity meant to relax or amuse
- 3 Big round fruit with green rind and red pulp
- 4 Journey from place to place
- 6 Period of rest from school or work
- 7 Place with many rooms and beds where people pay to stay
- 10 Pastime of catching or trying to catch a fish
- 11 Dry sandy area with few plants
- 13 Move through the water by using parts of the body
- 14 Using a boat for pleasure
- 15 Place where cattle, horses, or sheep are raised
- 17 Sandy area at the edge of the ocean



Solutions at the back of the booklet

August



Fun fact: At the height of his popularity, Charlie Chaplin entered a Charlie Chaplin look-a-like competition in San Francisco. He came in 20th place.

Crossword

Across

- 2 Land mass of great height
- 3 Track beaten down by animals or humans
- 6 Attention and prudence
- 8 An accompanying friend
- 10 Move about without purpose
- 11 Intended action or aim
- 13 State of relaxation
- 15 Isolated
- 16 State of physical condition
- 17 Total time the sky is light
- 18 Any drinkable liquid



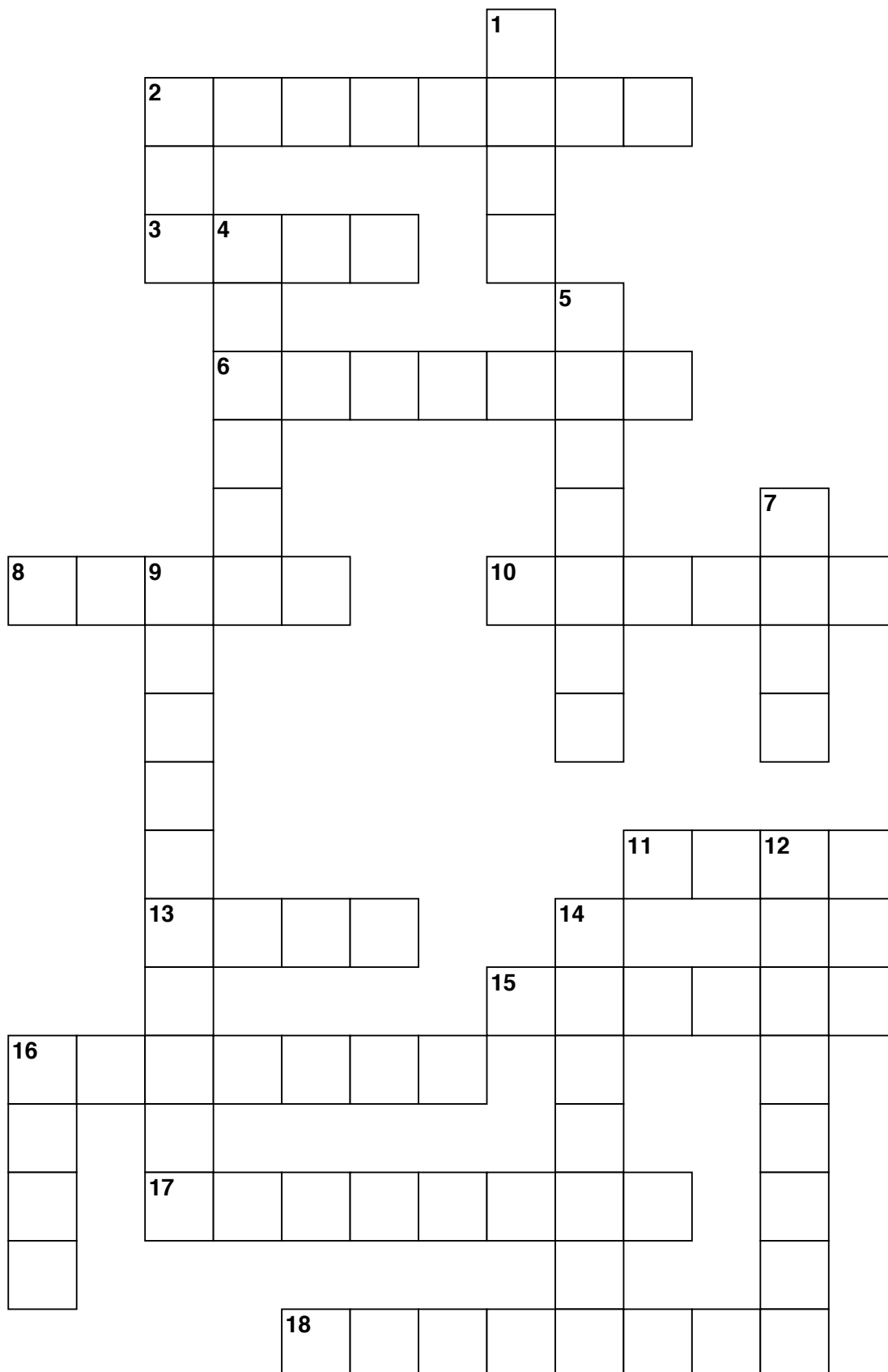
Down

- 1 Container for goods
- 2 Representation of an area
- 4 To climb or go up
- 5 Direction finder
- 7 Mountain top
- 9 Removal of moisture or water
- 12 Height of a location above sea level
- 14 State of the atmosphere
- 16 Unplanned downward motion



Solutions at the back of the booklet

Hiking



Fun fact: History's shortest war was between England and Zanzibar. It lasted only 38 minutes.

Sudoku

1.

	8				1			2
					4			1
	2	3		6	8	7		
								7
7				3		1		4
	6				9		3	
2		6						3
			2		7			
	5		6			9		

2.

			5	8		2		4
3			6	2			1	
9					4			
		6	8					5
				3				1
7		2	9					
	4	3	1	9				
8		7						
5	1				6		3	

3.

							9	5
				4	9	6	8	
		5		1	8		7	
4	1		7					
				9				
7							1	2
5								7
	6			2			3	1
3	9	7			4			

4.

		2				8	1	
			4	6		9		
			7				5	
				1				9
	2		3	7				
	4		6					
		7				1	9	
	3	8		2	5			
		1	9	4				8

Wordsearch



Wood working

Bead

Burr

Grain

Kerf

Muntin

Board

Dado

Grit

Knot

Plane

Bolt

Face

Groove

Level

Rabbat

Brace

Fiber

Joiner

Lumber

Warp

Wordsearch



Toys and games

Ball

Cards

Doll

Jacks

Skates

Bat

Chess

Easel

Marbles

Slide

Bicycle

Clay

Football

Puzzle

Swing

Blocks

Dice

Globe

Rattle

Top

Wordsearch



Sewing

Baste

Button

Edge

Fabric

Fold

Fray

Gather

Godet

Gusset

Haberdasher

Hem

Needle

Pattern

Pin

Pleat

Serging

Spool

Stitch

Tacking

Thimble

Wordsearch



Quilting

Applique

Binding

Fussy

Miter

Sandwich

Backing

Bias

Interlacing

Piecing

Sashing

Basting

Contour

Ironing

Reverse

Scrappy

Bearding

Echo

Medallion

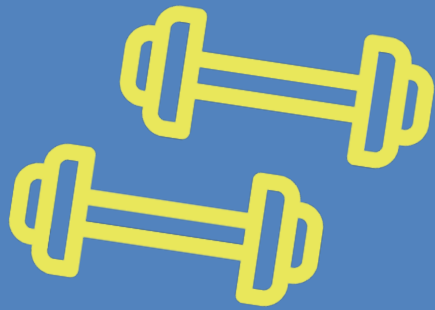
Sampler

Stipple

Finish the saying....

1. Fit as a _ _ _ _ _
2. Early bird catches the _ _ _ _ _
3. Better late than _ _ _ _ _
4. Too many cooks _ _ _ _ _
5. Twos company, threes _ _ _ _ _
6. A penny for _ _ _ _ _
7. Don't judge a book _ _ _ _ _
8. Two heads are better _ _ _ _ _
9. When the going gets tough, _ _ _ _ _
10. Don't put all your eggs in _ _ _ _ _
11. Don't count your chickens before _ _ _ _ _
12. Silence is _ _ _ _ _
13. A problem shared is a _ _ _ _ _
14. Saved by the _ _ _ _ _

Solutions at the back of the booklet



Health & Wellbeing



Staying Active At Home

You don't need to run a marathon or go for a swim to stay active and keep healthy. Here's a few ideas from **Fingal Sports Office** to keep you fit

Stretching

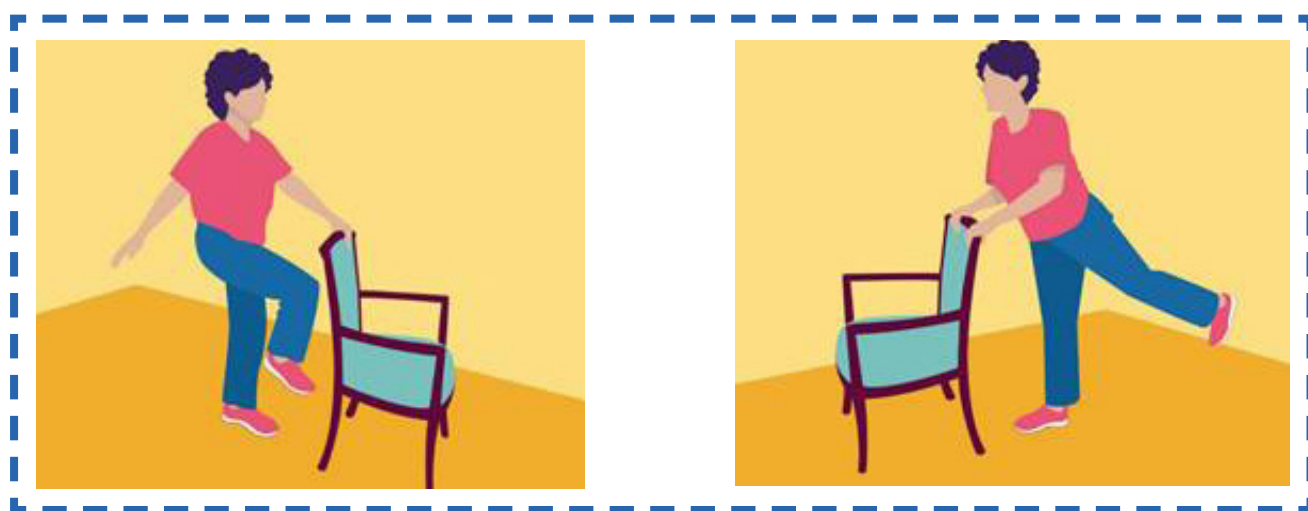
Try stretching in your chair. Sit upright and lift both arms in front of you and if you feel up to it stretch them slowly towards to the ceiling and then back again in front of you and rest them on your knees.

Hand exercises

It is important to keep flexibility in your hands and fingers. You can stay sitting in your chair. Pretend there's a wall in front of you. Let your fingers climb the wall until they're above your head. Wiggle your fingers for twenty seconds. Then walk them down the wall again.

Single leg stand

If you have a heavy kitchen chair or arm chair stand behind it. Hold on to the chair and lift up your right foot and balance on your left. Hold the position for as long you can and then switch feet.



Side raises

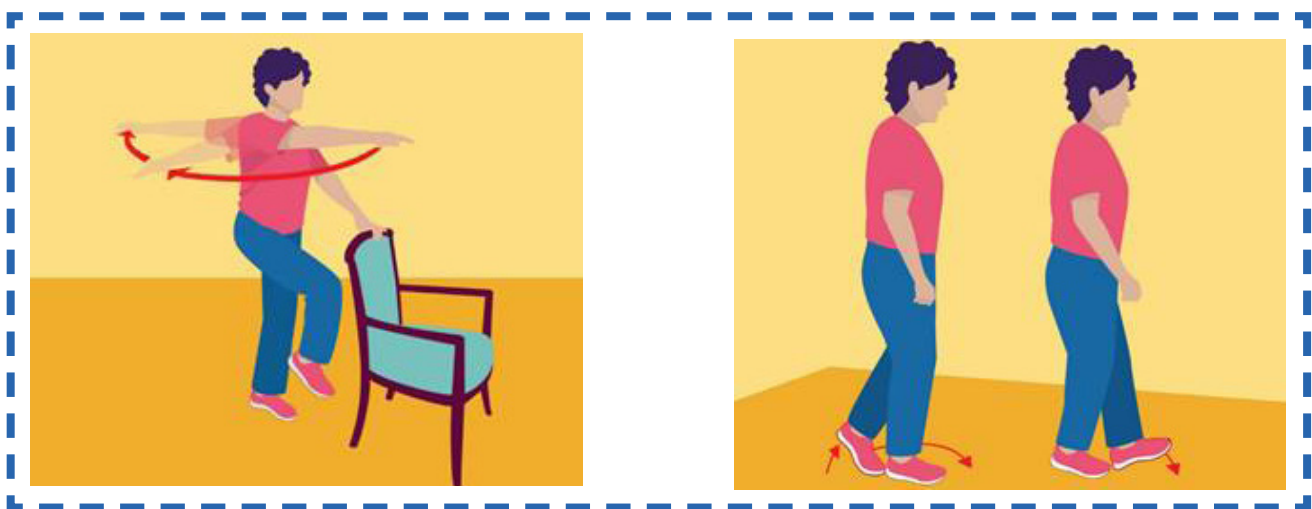
While still holding on to the back of the chair. Slowly raise your right leg to the side while balancing on the left. Bring the right leg back on the ground and then do the same with the right leg. It is important all the time to keep hold of the chair. Start out by doing it 5 times each side and see how you progress and improve every day.

Toe lifts

Holding on to the back of the chair. Stand straight and raise yourself up on your toes as high as you can and then gently lower yourself down again. Don't lean too much forward. Keep your back as straight as possible. Lift and lower your ten times at first as see how you progress and improve.

Clock Reach

You will still need a chair for this exercise. Imagine you are the centre of a clock. Number 12 is straight in front of you and number six is behind you. Go to side of the chair and hold the chair with your left hand. Slowly lift your right leg and right arm toward number 12 on the clock. Next point your right arm and right leg to number 3 and then behind you to number six. It is important to hold on to the chair at all times. Now move to the other side of the chair and hold on with the right hand and repeat with the other left leg and arm.



Do It Yourself Beauty Treatment

DIY Sugar Scrub

This is the perfect recipe for beauty DIY beginners. Sugar scrubs take under ten minutes to make and you can have fun customizing them with endless ingredients for your desired outcome. It's great for hands elbows or legs.

Ingredients

- 1 cup granulated sugar, either white or brown
- ½ cup oil (olive oil and coconut oil work great)
- 1 small wide-mouth glass

Method

Mix all ingredients and store in an airtight container, such as a mason jar. Use 1 tablespoon as needed in the shower. Scrub skin with the mixture and rinse. It will leave your skin feeling like silk. Goodbye dry skin!

Tea-bag eye mask

A mask using tea bags as a DIY eye mask is one of the most interesting ways to spice up your skincare routine. As one of the best DIY eye masks, you can use either green tea, black tea, or even herbal tea for dark circles.

Method

First, you will store the tea bags in your refrigerator for about 10 minutes, or until they feel properly cooled. Then you will slightly dampen the tea bags, and place them on your under eyes.

Though this isn't specifically a mask, it has the same healing properties of one. As a way to reduce swelling and darkness, your eyes will thank you for this process. Cucumbers have been known to be great for the eye area for what seems like forever. As a great way to tighten and smooth the skin, you will blend the cucumber into a mask with rose water. Put on some nice music in the background and relax.

Gratitude Scavenger Hunt



1. Find something that makes you happy.
2. Something to give someone else to make them smile.
3. Find one thing that you love to smell.
4. Find one thing you enjoy looking at.
5. Find something that's your favorite color.
6. Find something you are thankful for in nature.
7. Find something that you can use to make a gift for someone.
8. Find something that is useful for you.



www.stimlencreshtor.com

Eggshell planters

You need:

- Egg shells
- Egg box
- Seeds (grass, wheat, chives, mini beans, peas, lentils ...)
- Soil (can be replaced by cotton wool)
- Small stones

Method:

1. Keep the in-tact egg shell after eating a boiled egg.
2. Place smaller stones on the bottom of the shells as a drainage layer.
3. Pour the soil, then the seeds and again a thin layer of soil.
4. Lightly water to ensure the soil is moist each day.
5. Sprouts no later than 5 days



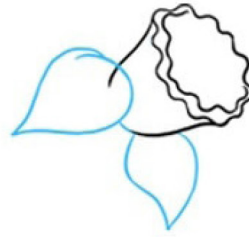
• Fun fact: Harriet, a hen from the United Kingdom, laid the world's largest egg in 2010.
• Her astonishing egg measured 9.1 inches in diameter.

Step by Step Art

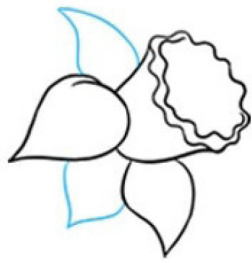
1.



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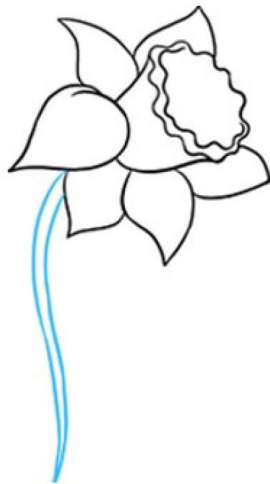
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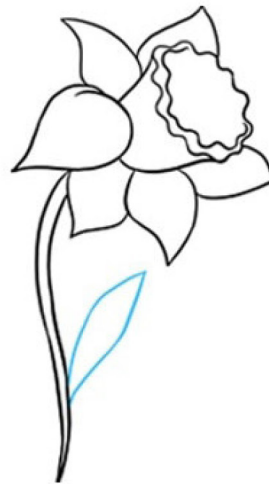
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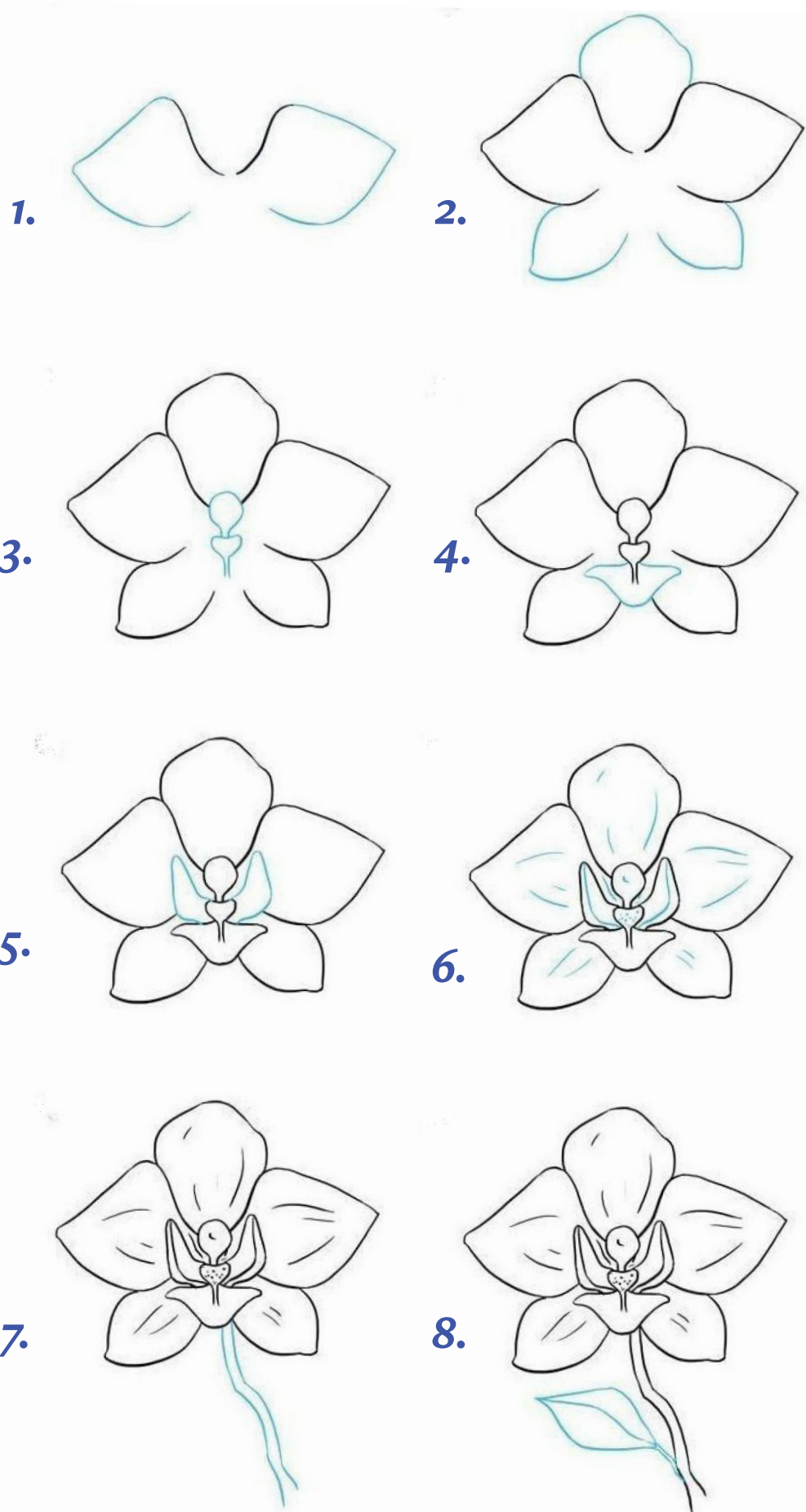
7.



8.



Step by Step Art





Pack Up Your Troubles

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile,
Don't let your joy and laughter hear the snag
Smile boys, that's the style
What's the use of worrying
It never was worth while
So, pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.
While you've a Lucifer to light your fag
Smile boys, that's the style
What's the use of worrying
It never was worth while
So, pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.



We'll Meet Again



We'll meet again

Don't know where don't know when,
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day.



Keep smiling through,
Just like you always do,
Till the blue skies drive the dark clouds far away.



So will you please say hello,

To the folks that I know,

Tell them I won't be long (I won't be long)
They'll be happy to know, that as you saw me go,
I was singing this song.



We'll meet again,

Don't know where, don't know when,
But I know we'll meet again, some sunny day.



So will you please say hello,
To the folks that I know,
Tell them I won't be long, (I won't be long)
They'll be happy to know that as you saw me go
I was singing this song.



We'll meet again,

Don't know where, don't know when,
But I know we'll meet again, some sunny day





What a Wonderful World

I see trees of green, Red roses too,
I see them bloom for me and you,
And think to myself what a wonderful world.

I see skies of blue and clouds of white,
The bright blessed day, and the dark sacred night,
And I think to myself what wonderful world.

The colors of the rainbow so pretty in the sky,
Are also on the faces of people going by
I see friends shaking hands saying how do you do
They're really saying I love you

I hear babies cry, I watch them grow
They'll learn much more than I'll ever know
And it think to myself what a wonderful world
And I think to myself what a wonderful world



Somewhere Over the Rainbow



Somewhere over the rainbow

Way up high

There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby



Somewhere over the rainbow

Skies are blue

And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true



Someday I'll wish upon a star

And wake up where the clouds are far behind me

Where troubles melt like lemon drops

Away above the chimney tops

That's where you'll find me



Somewhere over the rainbow

Blue birds fly

Birds fly over the rainbow

Why then oh why can't I



If happy little blue birds fly beyond the rainbow

Why oh why can't I.



Short Story and Poetry Competition

The COVID-19 Fingal Community Response Team are organising a Short Story / Poetry Competition for Seniors from Fingal over the age of 55 Cocooning during COVID-19. We are looking for a short story 500 to 1500 words / or a poem – that evokes a memory of a moment in time or an event that was special to you and connects in some way to what is happening in Ireland today, or a story / poem about your experiences during the COVID-19 lock down. It can be fiction or can tell your story.

These weeks of isolation and cocooning have given us all time to remember and reflect. You may be thinking of the years gone by maybe, you are having memories of things that you thought you had forgotten. Why not capture them in a short story or poem and also give yourself something creative to do with the time you have on your hands.

Don't worry the competition is about the story and not the right english or spelling you use! So why not get those creative juices flowing, you will be surprised at how enjoyable it will be!

You can send your entries on or before the 15th of June 2020 to :

The COVID-19 Community Response Team,

Short Story Competition,

C/O Janet Ivers,

Fingal County Council,

Community Development Office,

Civic Offices,

Grove Road,

Blanchardstown, Dublin 15.

If you place your entry in an envelope and give it to the Postman, he will post it for you free of charge or you can give it to one of the volunteers that call to your house or you can send your entry by Email to: **Community@fingal.ie** There will be four prizes awarded and all of the entries will be recorded in a special memory book.

First Confession by Frank O Connor

All the trouble began when my grandfather died and my grand-mother - my father's mother - came to live with us. Relations in the one house are a strain at the best of times, but, to make matters worse, my grandmother was a real old countrywoman and quite unsuited to the life in town. She had a fat, wrinkled old face, and, to Mother's great indignation, went round the house in bare feet-the boots had her crippled, she said. For dinner she had a jug of porter and a pot of potatoes with-sometimes-a bit of salt fish, and she poured out the potatoes on the table and ate them slowly, with great relish, using her fingers by way of a fork.

Now, girls are supposed to be fastidious, but I was the one who suffered most from this. Nora, my sister, just sucked up to the old woman for the penny she got every Friday out of the old-age pension, a thing I could not do. I was too honest, that was my trouble; and when I was playing with Bill Connell, the sergeant-major's son, and saw my grandmother steering up the path with the jug of porter sticking out from beneath her shawl, I was mortified. I made excuses not to let him come into the house, because I could never be sure what she would be up to when we went in.

When Mother was at work and my grandmother made the dinner I wouldn't touch it. Nora once tried to make me, but I hid under the table from her and took the bread-knife with me for protection. Nora let on to be very indignant (she wasn't, of course, but she knew Mother saw through her, so she sided with Gran) and came after me. I lashed out at her with the bread-knife, and after that she left me alone. I stayed there till Mother came in from work and made my dinner, but when Father came in later, Nora said in a shocked voice: "Oh, Dadda, do you know what Jackie did at dinnertime?" Then, of course, it all came out; Father gave me a flaking; Mother interfered, and for days after that he didn't speak to me and Mother barely spoke to Nora.

And all because of that old woman ! God knows, I was heart-scalded. Then, to crown my misfortunes, I had to make my first confession and communion. It was an old woman called Ryan who prepared us for these. She was about the one age

with Gran; she was well-to-do, lived in a big house on Montenotte, wore a black cloak and bonnet, and came every day to school at three o'clock when we should have been going home, and talked to us of hell. She may have mentioned the other place as well, but that could only have been by accident, for hell had the first place in her heart.

She lit a candle, took out a new half-crown, and offered it to the first boy who would hold one finger, only one finger! - in the flame for five minutes by the school clock. Being always very ambitious I was tempted to volunteer, but I thought it might look greedy. Then she asked were we afraid of holding one finger-only one finger! - in a little candle flame for five minutes and not afraid of burning all over in roasting hot furnaces for all eternity. "All eternity! Just think of that! A whole lifetime goes by and it's nothing, not even a drop in the ocean of your sufferings." The woman was really interesting about hell, but my attention was all fixed on the half-crown. At the end of the lesson she put it back in her purse. It was a great disappointment; a religious woman like that, you wouldn't think she'd bother about a thing like a half-crown.

Another day she said she knew a priest who woke one night to find a fellow he didn't recognise leaning over the end of his bed. The priest was a bit frightened, naturally enough but he asked the fellow what he wanted, and the fellow said in a deep, husky voice that he wanted to go to confession. The priest said it was an awkward time and wouldn't it do in the morning, but the fellow said that last time he went to confession, there was one sin he kept back, being ashamed to mention it, and now it was always on his mind. Then the priest knew it was a bad case, because the fellow was after making a bad confession and committing a mortal sin. He got up to dress, and just then the cock crew in the yard outside, and lo and behold! - when the priest looked round there was no sign of the fellow, only a smell of burning timber, and when the priest looked at his bed didn't he see the print of two hands burned in it? That was because the fellow had made a bad confession. This story made a shocking impression on me.

But the worst of all was when she showed us how to examine our conscience. Did we take the name of the Lord, our God, in vain? Did we honour our father and our mother? (I asked her did this include grandmothers and she said it did.) Did we love our neighbours as ourselves? Did we covet our neighbour's goods? (I thought of the way I felt about the penny that Nora got every Friday.) I decided that, between one thing and another, I must

have broken the whole ten commandments, all on account of that old woman, and so far as I could see, so long as she remained in the house, I had no hope of ever doing anything else.

I was scared to death of confession. The day the whole class went, I let on to have a toothache, hoping my absence wouldn't be noticed, but at three o'clock, just as I was feeling safe, along comes a chap with a message from Mrs. Ryan that I was to go to confession myself on Saturday and be at the chapel for communion with the rest. To make it worse, Mother couldn't come with me and sent Nora instead.

Now, that girl had ways of tormenting me that Mother never knew of. She held my hand as we went down the hill, smiling sadly and saying how sorry she was for me, as if she were bringing me to the hospital for an operation.

"Oh, God help us!" she moaned. "Isn't it a terrible pity you weren't a good boy? Oh, Jackie, my heart bleeds for you! How will you ever think of all your sins? Don't forget you have to tell him about the time you kicked Gran on the shin."

Lemme go! "I said, trying to drag myself free of her. "I don't want to go to confession at all."

But sure, you'll have to go to confession, Jackie! she replied in the same regretful tone.

"Sure, if you didn't, the parish priest would be up to the house, looking for you. 'Tisn't, God knows, that I'm not sorry for you. Do you remember the time you tried to kill me with the bread-knife under the table? And the language you used to me? I don't know what he'll do with you at all, Jackie. He might have to send you up to the bishop."

I remember thinking bitterly that she didn't know the half of what I had to tell-if I told it. I knew I couldn't tell it, and understood perfectly why the fellow in Mrs. Ryan's story made a bad confession; it seemed to me a great shame that people wouldn't stop criticising him. I remember that steep hill down to the church, and the sunlit hillsides beyond the valley of the river, which I saw in the gaps between the houses like Adam's last glimpse of Paradise.

Then, when she had manoeuvred me down the long flight of steps to the chapel yard,

Nora suddenly changed her tone. She became the raging malicious devil she really was. "There you are !" she said with a yelp of triumph, hurling me through the church door. "And I hope he'll give you the penitential psalms, you dirty little caffler."

I knew then I was lost, given up to eternal justice. The door with the coloured-glass panels swung shut behind me, the sunlight went out and gave place to deep shadow, and the wind whistled outside so that the silence within seemed to crackle like ice under my feet. Nora sat in front of me by the confession box. There were a couple of old women ahead of her, and then a miserable-looking poor devil came and wedged me in at the other side, so that I couldn't escape even if I had the courage. He joined his hands and rolled his eyes in the direction of the roof, muttering aspirations in an anguished tone, and I wondered had he a grandmother too. Only a grandmother could account for a fellow behaving in that heartbroken way, but he was better off than I, for he at least could go and confess his sins; while I would make a bad confession and then die in the night and be continually coming back and burning people's furniture.

Nora's turn came, and I heard the sound of something slamming, and then her voice as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, and then another slam, and out she came. God, the hypocrisy of women! Her eyes were lowered, her head was bowed, and her hands were joined very low down on her stomach, and she walked up the aisle to the side altar looking like a saint. You never saw such an exhibition of devotion; and I remembered the devilish malice with which she had tormented me all the way from our door, and wondered were all religious people like that, really. It was my turn now. With the fear of damnation in my soul I went in, and the confessional door closed of itself behind me. It was pitch-dark and I couldn't see priest or anything else. Then I really began to be frightened. In the darkness it was a matter between God and me, and He had all the odds. He knew what my intentions were before I even started; I had no chance. All I had ever been told about confession got mixed up in my mind, and I knelt to one wall and said: "Bless me, father, for I have sinned; this is my first confession." I waited for a few minutes, but nothing happened, so I tried it on the other wall. Nothing happened there either. He had me spotted all right.

It must have been then that I noticed the shelf at about one height with my head. It was really a place for grown-up people to rest their elbows, but in my distracted state I thought it was probably the place you were supposed to kneel. Of course, it was on the high side and not very deep, but I was always good at climbing and managed to get up all right. Staying up was the trouble. There was room only for my knees, and nothing you could get a grip on but a sort of wooden moulding a bit above it. I held on to the moulding and repeated the words a little louder, and this time something happened all right. A slide was slammed back; a little light entered the box, and a man's voice said "Who's there?"

"Tis me, father," I said for fear he mightn't see me and go away again. I couldn't see him at all. The place the voice came from was under the moulding, about level with my knees, so I took a good grip of the moulding and swung myself down till I saw the astonished face of a young priest looking up at me. He had to put his head on one side to see me, and I had to put mine on one side to see him, so we were more or less talking to one another upside-down. It struck me as a queer way of hearing confessions, but I didn't feel it my place to criticise.

"Bless me, father, for I have sinned ; this is my first confession" I rattled off all in one breath, and swung myself down the least shade more to make it easier for him.

"What are you doing up there?" he shouted in an angry voice, and the strain the politeness was putting on my hold of the moulding, and the shock of being addressed in such an uncivil tone, were too much for me. I lost my grip, tumbled, and hit the door an unmerciful wallop before I found myself flat on my back in the middle of the aisle. The people who had been waiting stood up with their mouths open. The priest opened the door of the middle box and came out, pushing his biretta back from his forehead; he looked something terrible. Then Nora came scampering down the aisle.

"Oh, you dirty little caffler!" she said. "I might have known you'd do it. I might have known you'd disgrace me. I can't leave you out of my sight for one minute."

Before I could even get to my feet to defend myself she bent down and gave me a clip across the ear. This reminded me that I was so stunned I had even forgotten to cry, so that people might think I wasn't hurt at all, when in fact I was probably maimed for life. I

gave a roar out of me.

"What's all this about?" the priest hissed, getting angrier than ever and pushing Nora off me. "How dare you hit the child like that, you little vixen?"

"But I can't do my penance with him, father," Nora cried, cocking an outraged eye up at him.

"Well, go and do it, or I'll give you some more to do," he said, giving me a hand up. "Was it coming to confession you were, my poor man?" he asked me.

"'Twas, father," said I with a sob.

"Oh," he said respectfully, "a big hefty fellow like you must have terrible sins. Is this your first?"

'Tis, father," said I.

"Worse and worse," he said gloomily. "The crimes of a lifetime. I don't know will I get rid of you at all today. You'd better wait now till I'm finished with these old ones. You can see by the looks of them they haven't much to tell."

"I will, father," I said with something approaching joy.

The relief of it was really enormous. Nora stuck out her tongue at me from behind his back, but I couldn't even be bothered retorting. I knew from the very moment that man opened his mouth that he was intelligent above the ordinary. When I had time to think, I saw how right I was. It only stood to reason that a fellow confessing after seven years would have more to tell than people that went every week. The crimes of a lifetime, exactly as he said. It was only what he expected, and the rest was the cackle of old women and girls with their talk of hell, the bishop, and the penitential psalms. That was all they knew. I started to make my examination of conscience, and barring the one bad business of my grandmother, it didn't seem so bad.

The next time, the priest steered me into the confession box himself and left the shutter back, the way I could see him get in and sit down at the further side of the grille from me.

"Well, now," he said, "what do they call you?"

"Jackie, father," said I.

"And what's a-trouble to you, Jackie?"

Father," I said, feeling I might as well get it over while I had him in good humour, "I had it

all arranged to kill my grandmother."

He seemed a bit shaken by that, all right, because he said nothing for quite a while.

"My goodness," he said at last, "that'd be a shocking thing to do. What put that into your head?"

Father," I said, feeling very sorry for myself, " she's an awful woman.

Is she? " he asked. " What way is she awful?

She takes porter, father," I said, knowing well from the way Mother talked of it that this was a mortal sin, and hoping it would make the priest take a more favourable view of my case.

"Oh, my ! " he said, and I could see he was impressed.

"And snuff, father," said I.

"That's a bad case, sure enough, Jackie," he said.

"And she goes round in her bare feet, father," I went on in a rush of self-pity, "and she knows I don't like her, and she gives pennies to Nora and none to me, and my da sides with her and flakes me, and one night I was so heart-scalded I made up my mind I'd have to kill her."

"And what would you do with the body? "he asked with great interest.

"I was thinking I could chop that up and carry it away in a barrow I have," I said.

"Begor, Jackie," he said, "do you know you're a terrible child?

"I know, father," I said, for I was just thinking the same thing myself. "I tried to kill Nora too with a bread-knife under the table, only I missed her."

Is that the little girl that was beating you just now?" he asked.

Tis, father."

"Someone will go for her with a bread-knife one day, and he won't miss her," he said rather cryptically. "You must have great courage. Between ourselves, there's a lot of people I'd like to do the same to, but I'd never have the nerve. Hanging is an awful death." Is it, father? "I asked with the deepest interest-I was always very keen on hanging. "Did you ever see a fellow hanged?"

"Dozens of them," he said solemnly. "And they all died roaring."

"Jay ! " I said.

Oh, a horrible death ! " he said with great satisfaction.

"Lots of the fellows I saw killed their grandmothers too, but they all said 'twas never worth it."

He had me there for a full ten minutes talking, and then walked out the chapel yard with me. I was genuinely sorry to part with him, because he was the most entertaining character I'd ever met in the religious line. Outside, after the shadow of the church, the sunlight was like the roaring of waves on a beach; it dazzled me; and when the frozen silence melted and I heard the screech of trams on the road, my heart soared. I knew now I wouldn't die in the night and come back, leaving marks on my mother's furniture. It would be a great worry to her, and the poor soul had enough.

Nora was sitting on the railing, waiting for me, and she put on a very sour puss when she saw the priest with me. She was mad jealous because a priest had never come out of the church with her.

"Well," she asked coldly, after he left me, "what did he give you?"

"Three Hail Marys," I said.

"Three Hail Marys," she repeated incredulously. "You mustn't have told him anything."

"I told him everything," I said confidently.

"About Gran and all?"

"About Gran and all."

(All she wanted was to be able to go home and say I'd made a bad confession.)

"Did you tell him you went for me with the bread-knife?" she asked with a frown.

"I did to be sure."

"And he only gave you three Hail Marys?"

"That's all."

She slowly got down from the railing with a baffled air. Clearly, this was beyond her. As we mounted the steps back to the main road, she looked at me suspiciously.

"What are you sucking?" she asked. Bullseyes."

"Was it the priest gave them to you? 'Twas."

"Lord God," she wailed bitterly, "some people have all the luck! 'Tis no advantage to anybody trying to be good. I might just as well be a sinner like you."

An Feis 1966 by David Grundy

Winner of 2016 Fingal memory maker short story.

Our Irish teacher was Mr. Fitzgerald, a native Irish speaker from Kerry, Barreller as he was called, not to his face of course, was okay for a ‘culchie’ if you know what I mean. I’ll give you one guess why he was called Barreller. Yes that’s right, because he was sort of ‘barrel shaped’ round in the middle. Barreller was always well turned out, wore tweed suits, crisp clean white shirt everyday and he had a head of dark curly hair turning grey. His chubby temples bulged out around the arms of his heavy specs that he wore all the time.

Now as this was the year 1966 and the fiftieth anniversary of the 1916 Easter Rising, Barreller got is into his head that it was his patriotic duty to enter the school in one or more of the many commemorative ‘Feisenna’ of that year and the school was to win lots of prizes for his efforts. Now remember all of this was in Irish or ‘sa Gaeilge’.

Barreller was determined the school was going to be up there with the best of them. He selected three lads to represent the school in the poetry reciting section. Now you’ve guessed it, one of the three was me. The other two were ‘Quackser’ Quigley, that wasn’t his real name but his aul fella used to keep ducks in a little pond in their back garden. The other lad was ‘Micko’ Neill. His real name was Michael O’Neill but somehow the ‘O’ got shifted to his first name.

So now the honour of the school and Barreller’s claim to fame rested heavily on the three of us, Micko and Quackser and me. Poetry recitation practice commenced in earnest.

‘Siduir de slua na publuctha Do lusca san áit seo

A duirt an plata brais Atá ar falla fuair na sraide.’

So after weeks of on and off practising the day of the big event came close. ‘Barreller’ had it all organised. The three of us could have the day off school so we could attend ‘An Feis’ in Rathmines Town Hall. He gave us a half crown each, now that was two shillings and sixpence, a nice bundle of cash for three young fellas at the time. The half crown was to pay for our

bus fares and buy a mineral and a bag of chips for the dinner. We were to get the bus into Dublin and the number 15 out to Rathmines. Now this gave me an idea of how to pocket Barreller's half crown and still go to An Feis. My aul fella used to work in the Corporation depot at the back of Rathmines Town Hall and he often took me on the cross bar of his bike on the Saturdays when he'd be working. So I knew the way there and I came up with a plan that I put to the other two. Get your Ma to make sandwiches as usual for the dinner, meet up early, walk up along the Grand Canal to Portobello Bridge and turn left up to the big clock. The other two were game enough since there was a few bob to be made.

At a quarter past eight on the big day the three of us met up and on time too. It's amazing what the thought of a few easy shillings could get young fellas to do. So off we walked along the canal and at Portobello Bridge we turned left. 'Look! we're nearly there' said I when we catch sight of the big white clock set high up in the red-brick tower. Time to spend some money. So we chipped in and bought a large bottle of fizzy Club Orange.

At ten we walked on up to the Town Hall and who should I meet only my cousin Billy from East Wall. When the doors opened this aul fella in a blue suit let out a roar. 'Get yourselves into a single line' he shouted 'An shut up all yers talkin' and save yers breath for yers poems. If so much as one of yez truns any yers rubbish on me floor there'll be trouble! Do yez hear me?' So in we all walked in silence and stood at the back of the hall. After a short while this official looking gent came in carrying a clip-board plus a big box full of numbered cards and started calling out names in Irish. One by one on answering our names we picked a card from the big box and showed the number to the clip-board man who wrote down the numbers opposite our names. 'Uimhir fiche dó' that was mine. After another while this quare fella came in and sat at a desk in front of the stage. He was wearing a brown trench coat with buckled belt and a black beret. He wore specs a so heavy they're like the ends of two milk bottles. The clip-board man gave the quare fella a sheet of paper with all the numbers on and the quare fella lit up a fag. 'Uimhir a h'aon' the quare fella shouted and up walked the first lad onto the stage and started his recitation. 'Uimhir a dó' 'Uimhir a tré' shouted the quare fella and so on.

‘Somethin’s not right here’ I whispered to Micko and Quackser. ‘Listen to the lads recitin’, they’re sayin’ another verse that we don’t have’. Sure enough one after the other as the lads recited we heard that the version of the poem we have is missing a verse. So I asked my cousin Billy for a cog of his version and I wrote the words of the missing verse into my sheet. ‘Right, here’s the missin’ verse’ I said to Micko an’ Quackser. ‘Ah no’ said the other two, ‘Barreller has gived us this an’ for all we know the others could be wrong’. There was no convincing them.

Meanwhile the quare fella was sitting at his table, roaring out the numbers sa Gaeilge and chain smoking his fags. By the time we’re an hour into the session there was a pile of butts in the ash-tray and fag smoke hung in layers throughout the hall. Of the three of us Quackser was the first up and I watched the reaction of the quare fella when Quackser skipped the missing verse. His head popped up and he shuffled through papers on his table. ‘That the clue, there’s a verse missin’ for sure’ I whispered to Micko and I started swatting up for my turn.

Come one o’clock we’re all thrown out of the hall and told to be back by half one. The three of us munched on our sandwiches and washed them down with Club Orange from the large bottle that was cheaper than buying three small bottles.

Back in the Town Hall at half one and after what seemed an age the quare fella at the table called my number and my few minutes of fame on the stage began.

‘Siduir de slua na publuctha Do lusca san áit seo

A duirt an plata brais Ata ar falla fuair na sraide.’

Well I kept my nerve and recited the poem including the missing verse. Having returned to my seat I waited the long wait ‘til everybody’s done.

By the time we’re all finished the quare fella was surrounded by a halo of fag smoke and his ash-tray was overflowing onto the floor with butts and ash but not a word about that mess from the man in the blue suit. The quare fella got onto the stage and recited the poem so as to let us all know how we should have done it. ‘Pity yer man didn’t do that at the beginning’ said I to Micko and Quackser.

Then it was time to announce the winners. As the quare fella called out the winning places and numbers the clip-board man called out the matching names. ‘An tríú áit, uimhir a fiche dó’ and the clip-board man called out my name. So up again onto the stage I went and was presented with my certificate.

Next day in school at the start of Irish class, Barreller started off by telling the class that he knows all about what happened yesterday at An Feis. The three of us thought we’re in trouble about dodging the bus fare and pocketing the two shillings. But no! Barreller called me up to the front and congratulated me for having used my initiative, winning third place and saving the honour of the school. ‘Thanks Sir’ said I as I winked at the other two. Finally he said to me. ‘Here’s an extra two shillings for you for using your initiative and bringing honour to the school and on yourself.’ ‘Thanks again Sir’ said I while returning to my desk and thinking to myself ‘Four shillings! Not a bad haul for a day off school.’



Time

Today I called my mother
We talk now everyday
Suddenly I have the time
When works not in my way

Today I watched my children
Playing with each other
Suddenly I have the time
To be a better mother

Today I waved at strangers
As they passed by my front door
Suddenly I have the time
I never had before

Today at last I read that book
That's been sitting on the shelf
Suddenly I have the time
To do things for myself

Today I made a promise
That when this crisis ends
I'm going to keep on finding time
For family and friends

And when I look back on this time
Of panic, fear and strive
I hope I will have found the time
To appreciate my life

By Pauline Murray Deevoy

Hope is the thing with feathers

“Hope” is the thing with feathers -
That perches in the soul -
And sings the tune without the words -
And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -
And sore must be the storm -
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm -

I've heard it in the chilliest land -
And on the strangest Sea -
Yet - never - in Extremity,
It asked a crumb - of me.

By Emily Dickinson

Tea Brack

Ingredients

- 275g / 9.75 oz of Flour
- 225g / 8 oz Sultanas
- 225g / 8 oz Raisins
- 150g / 5.3 oz Brown Sugar
- 50g / 1.75 oz of Melted butter
- 1 Large cup of cold tea
- 2 Large Eggs
- Pinch of salt
- 1 tsp baking powder
- Small tub of cherries and candied peel
- Chopped nuts (Optional)



Method

1. Preheat the oven to 190 °C/ 375 F / Gas mark 5
2. Place all the dried fruit into the cold tea and leave to steep somewhere cool overnight.
3. The next day, take the bowl of tea-soaked fruit and add the remaining ingredients, mixing as you add each ingredient.
4. Grease and line a 2lb loaf tin and pour the mixture in
5. Bake for approximately 1 1/2 hours until a skewer or knife comes out dry from the centre of the loaf.
6. Leave to cool before serving with butter

Easy Fork Biscuits

Ingredients

- 100g / 3.5 oz Butter
- 50g / 1.75 Caster sugar
- 150g / 5.3 self raising flour



Method

1. Line a baking tray and preheat your oven to 180°C / 350 F / Gas Mark 4 .
2. Mix your butter and sugar in a bowl until well combined and fluffy.
3. Add flour and keep mixing gently until well combined.
4. Mix together with your hands.
5. Roll walnut sized pieces and place on your baking tray.
6. Fill a cup with cold water, dip a fork into the water and then gently press down on each ball of biscuit dough.
7. Bake in the oven for 12-15 mins or until golden brown.
8. Pop onto a wire rack to cool.

Banana Bread

Ingredients

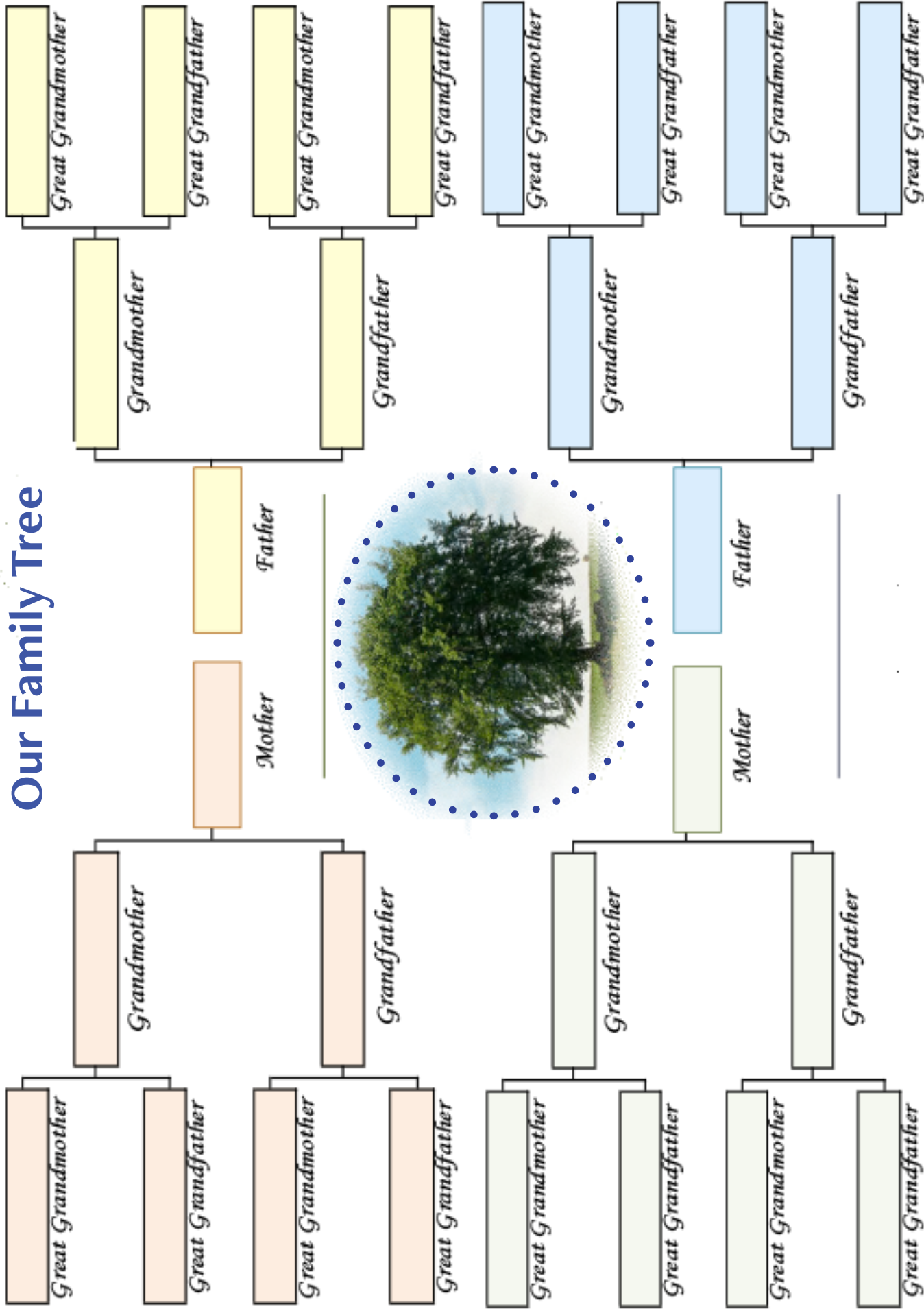
- 1lb / 448g of ripe bananas
- 8oz / 224g of self-raising flour
- 2 eggs
- 6oz / 168g of brown sugar
- 4oz / 112g of soft margarine
- 1 oz / 28g of chopped walnuts
- 4oz / 112g of sultanas



Method

1. Preheat the oven to 160°C/ 325 F / Gas mark 3
2. Peel and mash the bananas
3. Sift flour and salt
4. Add all other ingredients and mix well
5. Turn in to a well-greased baking tin
6. Bake for 45 – 60 minutes until golden brown.

Our Family Tree



A Happy Memory From My Past

twinkl.com

Interesting Irish Facts

The Harp

Ireland is the only country in the world to have a musical instrument as its national symbol. You can visit some of the oldest harps in the world at Trinity College in Dublin.

Newgrange

Newgrange, which is classified as a passage tomb or possibly an ancient temple, is 5,000 years old making it older than the ancient pyramid of Giza and Stonehenge

Snakes

St. Patrick didn't really chase all the snakes out of Ireland as legend suggests. Scientists say Ireland has never had any snakes on its green shores. So, what did he chase out? Pagans.

Muckanagherdauhaulia

That is the name of a small village in Connemara in Co. Galway. It is the longest place name in English with 22 letters. Try saying that 5 times fast...or really just once is hard enough.

Oldest Pub in Ireland

There is a debate over which pub is the oldest, but according to the Guinness Book of World Records, Sean's Bar in Athlone is the oldest, dating back 900 years. The Brazen Head in Dublin also claims to be the oldest pub in Ireland established in 1178 and has been frequented by historical figures like Michael Collins, James Joyce and Jonathan Swift.



Useful Numbers

Fingal County Council Community Support Helpline:

Phone: 1800 459 059

Email: covidsupport@fingal.ie/Monday–Sunday 8am–8pm

HSE Helpline: 1850 24 1850

Alone National Support Helpline:

Phone: 0818 222 024 Monday–Sunday 8am–8pm

SeniorLine Confidential listening service for older people:

Phone: 1800 80 45 91 Monday–Sunday 10am–10pm (including public holidays)

Alzheimer’s Society National Helpline:

Phone: 1800 341 341

Email: helpline@alzheimer.ie

Age Action:

Phone: 01 4756989 Monday–Friday 9.30am–5pm

Citizen’s information phone service:

Phone: 0761 07 4000

Email: Covid19@citinfo.ie



Sage Advocacy: Support and advocacy service for vulnerable adults, older people and healthcare patients:

Phone: 1850 71 94 00

Women’s aid:

Phone: 1800 341 900

Men’s aid:

Phone: 01 5543811

Samaritans: Emotional support for anyone in distress or struggling to cope:

Phone: 116 123 (anytime, day or night)

Pieta House: Telephone support counseling for anyone who is suicidal or engaging in self harm:

Phone: 1800 247 247 (anytime, day or night)

Church Services:

Churchservices.tv: on this website you can watch live and recorded masses from Christian Churches

An Post Service:

Collection of post for older and vulnerable people: The post woman/ man can also take any post this community might have for free and put it into circulation for them. The postal delivery staff will apply a postage mark in the local mail centre before onward circulation. If an elderly person has a mail item they need collecting, they can put a sign in their window that says **I HAVE MAIL** and the postal delivery staff will collect it on their route.

An Post have introduced a number of new initiatives to support the vulnerable across Irish communities. Helping vulnerable customers **collect their social welfare payments** If you can't get to the post office to collect your pension, or any other social welfare payment, you can allow somebody else, known as a temporary agent, to collect it. The Temporary Agent form is available in all post offices or you can download the appointment of temporary agent application form on the an post web site. In addition, post offices will hold all payments for up to 90 days and payments are now every two weeks.

An Post Postmen and women will:

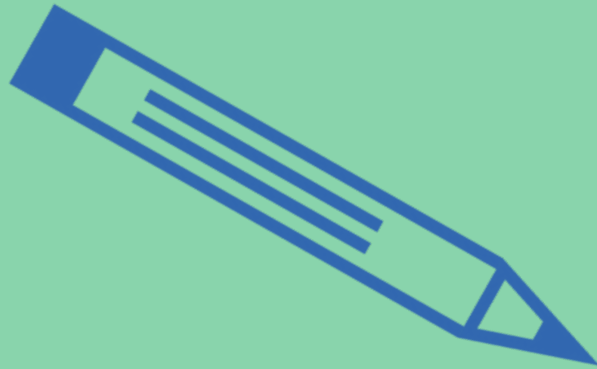
1. Always wear an An Post uniform and carry An Post ID
2. Adhere to HSE protocols and maintain 2 metre safe social distancing

My 2020 Covid 19 Time Capsule

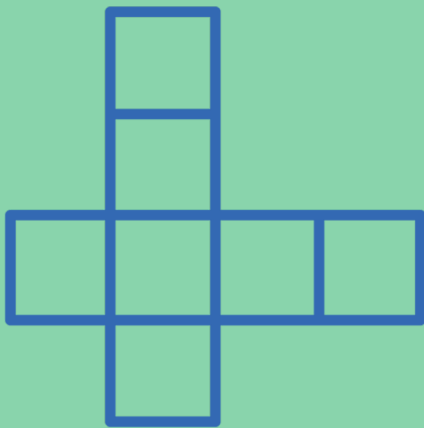
Suggestions

- Keep a newspaper
- Write a letter about what is happening now
- What activities/hobbies have you most enjoyed doing?
- What occasions did you celebrate during this time? (e.g. st. patrick's day, easter, birthdays, anniversaries)
- Write about the history of your family
- What music do you like?
- The best thing about today is?
- The worst thing about today is?
- Favourite TV show
- What is the first thing you will do when this is all over?
- Where will you go on holidays, when this is all over?





Solutions



Sudoku Solutions

1.

6	8	4	7	9	1	3	5	2
5	7	9	3	2	4	6	8	1
1	2	3	5	6	8	7	4	9
3	4	2	1	5	6	8	9	7
7	9	5	8	3	2	1	6	4
8	6	1	4	7	9	2	3	5
2	1	6	9	8	5	4	7	3
9	3	8	2	4	7	5	1	6
4	5	7	6	1	3	9	2	8

2.

6	7	1	5	8	3	2	9	4
3	8	4	6	2	9	5	1	7
9	2	5	7	1	4	3	6	8
1	3	6	8	4	7	9	2	5
4	9	8	2	3	5	6	7	1
7	5	2	9	6	1	4	8	3
2	4	3	1	9	8	7	5	6
8	6	7	3	5	2	1	4	9
5	1	9	4	7	6	8	3	2

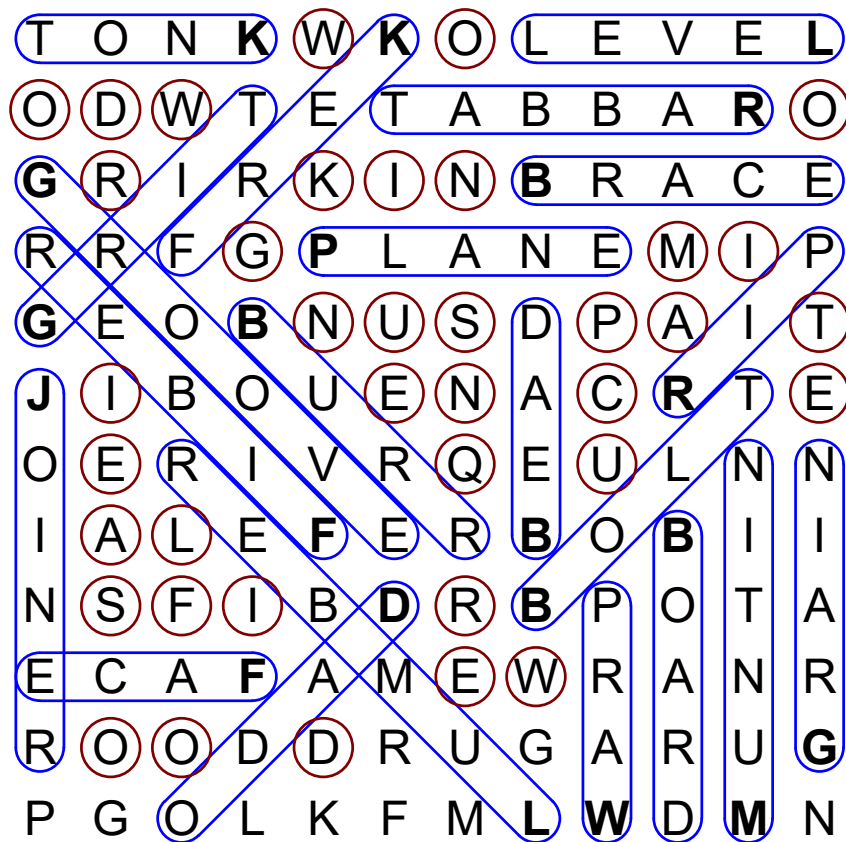
3.

6	4	8	2	7	3	1	9	5
1	7	2	5	4	9	6	8	3
9	3	5	6	1	8	2	7	4
4	1	6	7	8	2	3	5	9
2	5	3	4	9	1	7	6	8
7	8	9	3	6	5	4	1	2
5	2	1	8	3	6	9	4	7
8	6	4	9	2	7	5	3	1
3	9	7	1	5	4	8	2	6

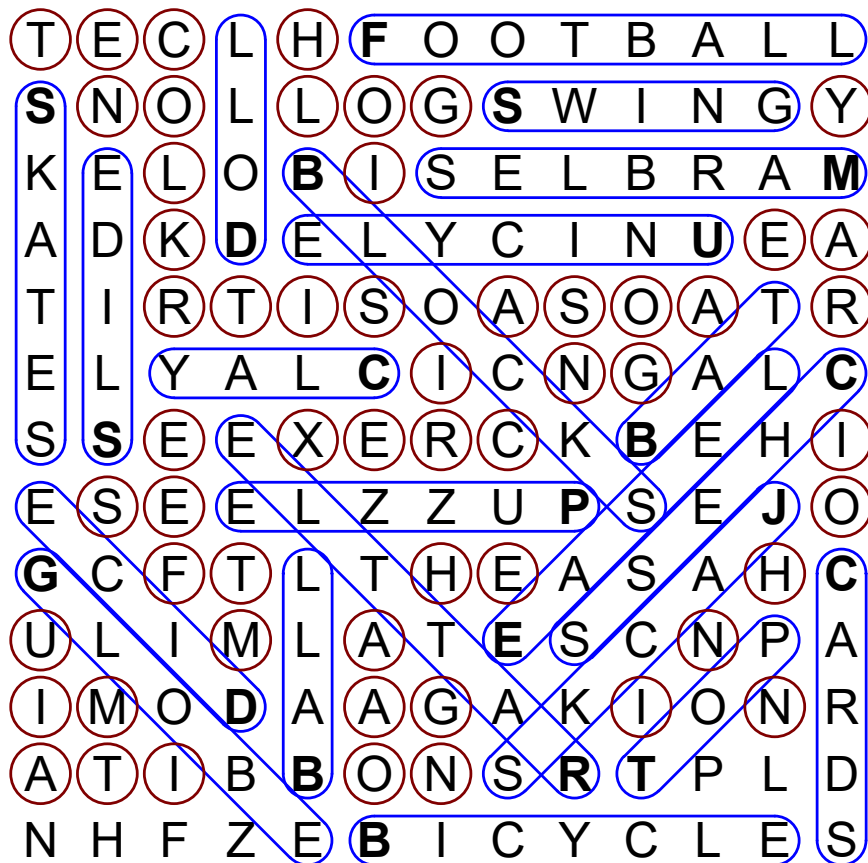
4.

6	7	2	5	9	3	8	1	4
8	1	5	4	6	2	9	7	3
3	9	4	7	8	1	2	5	6
5	8	3	2	1	4	7	6	9
1	2	6	3	7	9	4	8	5
7	4	9	6	5	8	3	2	1
4	5	7	8	3	6	1	9	2
9	3	8	1	2	5	6	4	7
2	6	1	9	4	7	5	3	8

Wood Working



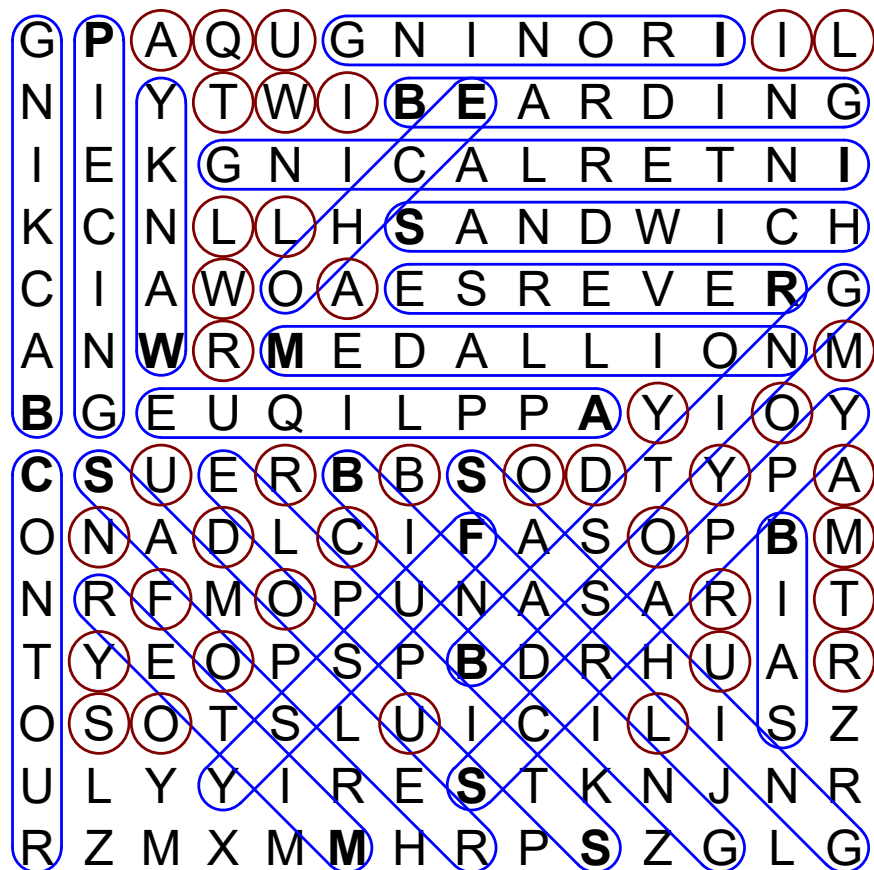
Toys & Games



Sewing



Quilting



Crossword Solutions

Beach Crossword

Down

- | | | | |
|---|-----------|----|---------|
| 1 | pier | 7 | dune |
| 2 | bikini | 10 | island |
| 3 | heat | 14 | ocean |
| 4 | current | 15 | bathing |
| 5 | family | | |
| 6 | boardwalk | | |

Across

- | | | | |
|----|---------|----|-----------|
| 4 | cove | 13 | dock |
| 5 | frisbee | 16 | lifeguard |
| 8 | tan | 17 | sunburn |
| 9 | seagull | 18 | sand |
| 11 | towel | | |
| 12 | boat | | |

Holiday Crossword

Down

- | | | | |
|----|----------|----|---------|
| 1 | lake | 14 | luggage |
| 3 | inn | 16 | car |
| 5 | train | 17 | depot |
| 6 | bus | | |
| 8 | suitcase | | |
| 10 | hike | | |
| 12 | airfare | | |

Across

- | | | | |
|----|------------|----|---------|
| 2 | camera | 18 | bags |
| 4 | jet | 19 | airport |
| 7 | restaurant | 20 | hotel |
| 9 | ship | | |
| 11 | journey | | |
| 13 | motel | | |
| 15 | drive | | |

August Crossword

Down

- | | | | |
|----|------------|----|---------|
| 2 | play | 13 | swim |
| 3 | watermelon | 14 | boating |
| 4 | travel | 15 | ranch |
| 6 | vacation | 17 | beach |
| 7 | hotel | | |
| 10 | fishing | | |
| 11 | desert | | |

Across

- | | | | |
|----|-----------|----|-------|
| 1 | camping | 19 | hot |
| 5 | august | 20 | canoe |
| 8 | surfer | | |
| 9 | baseball | | |
| 12 | sunshine | | |
| 16 | mountains | | |
| 18 | hike | | |

Hiking Crossword

Down

- | | | | |
|----|------------|----|---------|
| 1 | pack | 14 | weather |
| 2 | map | 16 | fall |
| 4 | ascend | | |
| 5 | compass | | |
| 7 | peak | | |
| 9 | dehydrated | | |
| 12 | altitude | | |

Across

- | | | | |
|----|----------|----|----------|
| 2 | mountain | 15 | remote |
| 3 | path | 16 | fitness |
| 6 | caution | 17 | daylight |
| 8 | buddy | 18 | beverage |
| 10 | wander | | |
| 11 | plan | | |
| 13 | rest | | |

Finish the saying....

1. Fit as a fiddle
2. Early bird catches the worm
3. Better late than never
4. Too many cooks spoil the broth
5. Twos company, three's a crowd
6. A penny for your thoughts
7. Don't judge a book by its cover
8. Two heads are better than one
9. When the going gets tough, the tough get going
10. Don't put all your eggs in one basket
11. Don't count your chickens before they hatch.
12. Silence is golden
13. A problem solved is a problem halved
14. Saved by the bell.

Notes

[illegible]

Notes

[illegible]

Notes

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Comhairle Contae
Fhine Gall
Fingal County
Council



We're here to help
FREEPHONE: 1-800-459
059

PHONE: 01-890 5000

EMAIL:

covidsupport@fingal.ie

Call us any day - 8am to
8pm

#CommunityCall

#FingalCommunityResponse

The Covid 19 Community Response Project would like to thank all parties involved in the completion of this booklet. Cover art and layout designed by Kate Dennehy

