

# Cocooning

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

We

in

are

this

together.

Comhairle Contae  
Fine Gall  
Fingal County  
Council



# Introduction

Due to the COVID-19 (coronavirus) 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**

# Contents

<b>Puzzles</b>	<b>5</b>
• Crosswords	6–10
• Sudoku	11–12
• Wordsearches	16–19

<b>Health &amp; Wellbeing</b>	<b>21</b>
• Exercises	22–23
• DIY	24–28
• Songs	29–32
• Short Story Competition	33
• Selection of short stories	34–45
• Poetry	46–47
• Recipes	48–50
• Family Tree	51
• Memories from my past	52
• Interesting Facts	53
• Helplines & Useful numbers	54–55
• Time Capsule	56

<b>Solutions</b>	<b>57</b>
• Notes	64

# Age Friendly Fingal Alliance

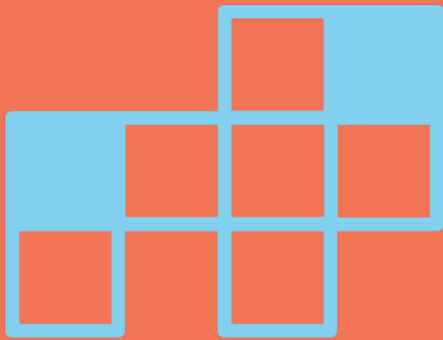
Age Friendly Fingal Alliance are delighted to support this issue of the Cocooning in Comfort Activities booklet, and we would like to take this opportunity to share some information about what Age Friendly Fingal and Fingal Older Peoples' Council are doing on your behalf.

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 walkability 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.

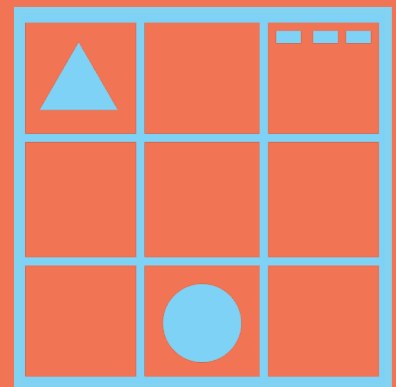
If you are interested in taking part in any of our activities or would like more information please contact:

**Louise Edmonds at Age Friendly Fingal on 087 6474216 [Louise.Edmonds@fingal.ie](mailto:Louise.Edmonds@fingal.ie) Or Rosanne Martin at 087 7159670 [Roseanne.Martin@fingal.ie](mailto:Roseanne.Martin@fingal.ie)**





# 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



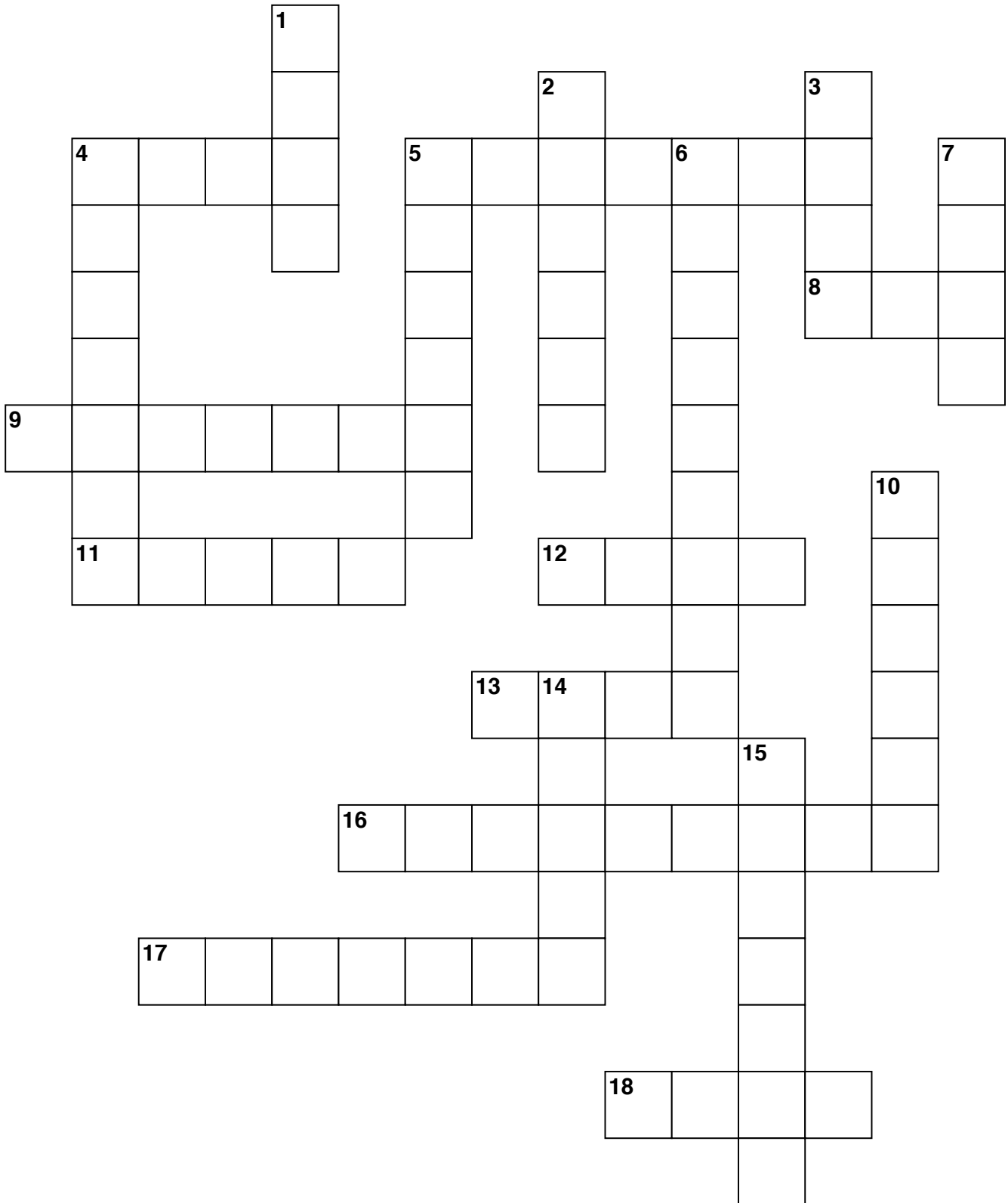
## Down

- 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 devise
- 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

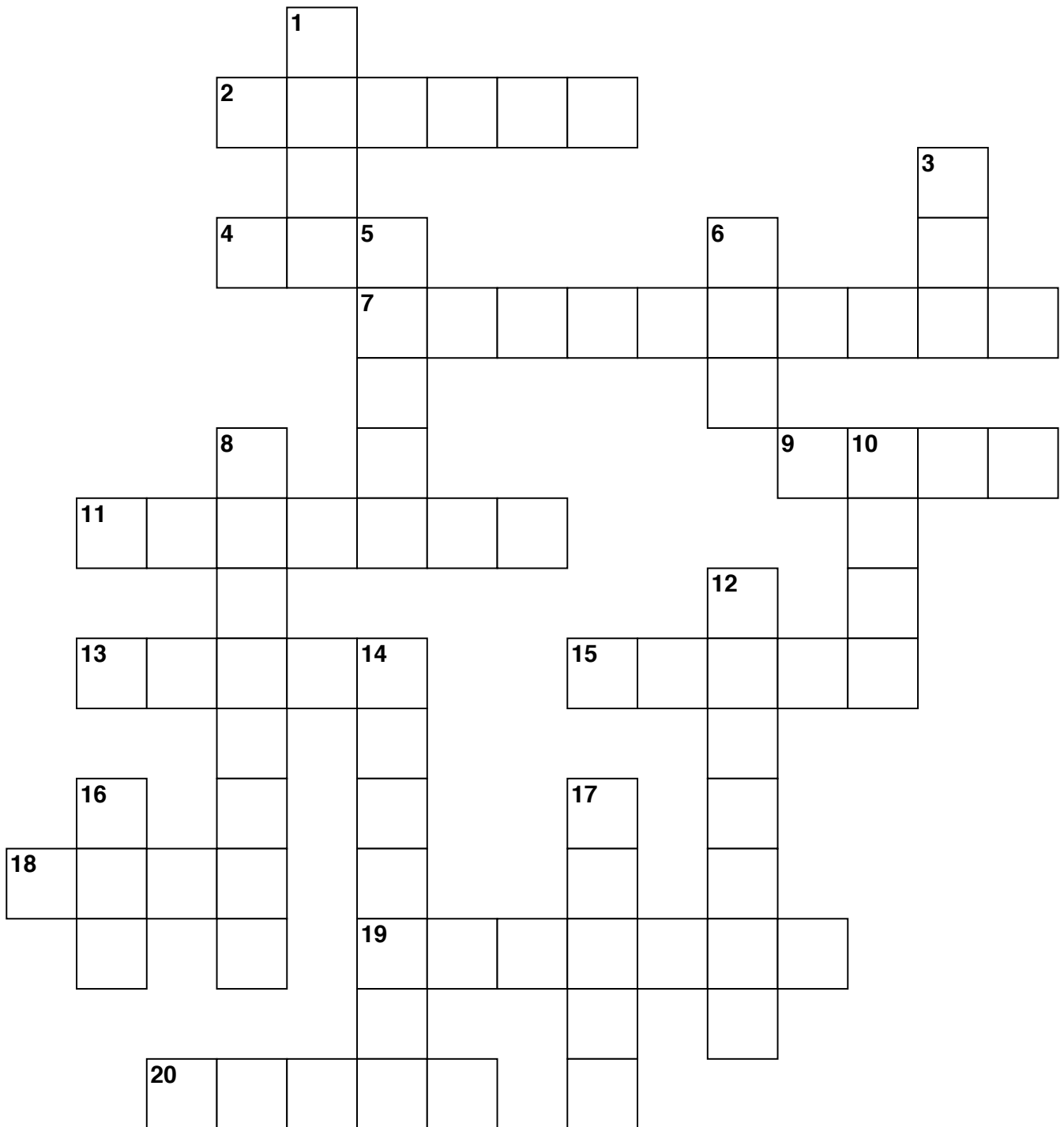
- 1 Body of fresh water
- 3 Small hotel
- 5 Railroad transportation
- 6 Large motor transport
- 8 Clothing container
- 10 Long walk
- 12 Plane ticket price
- 14 Suitcases and other containers
- 16 Parked in the garage
- 17 Bus or train station



**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



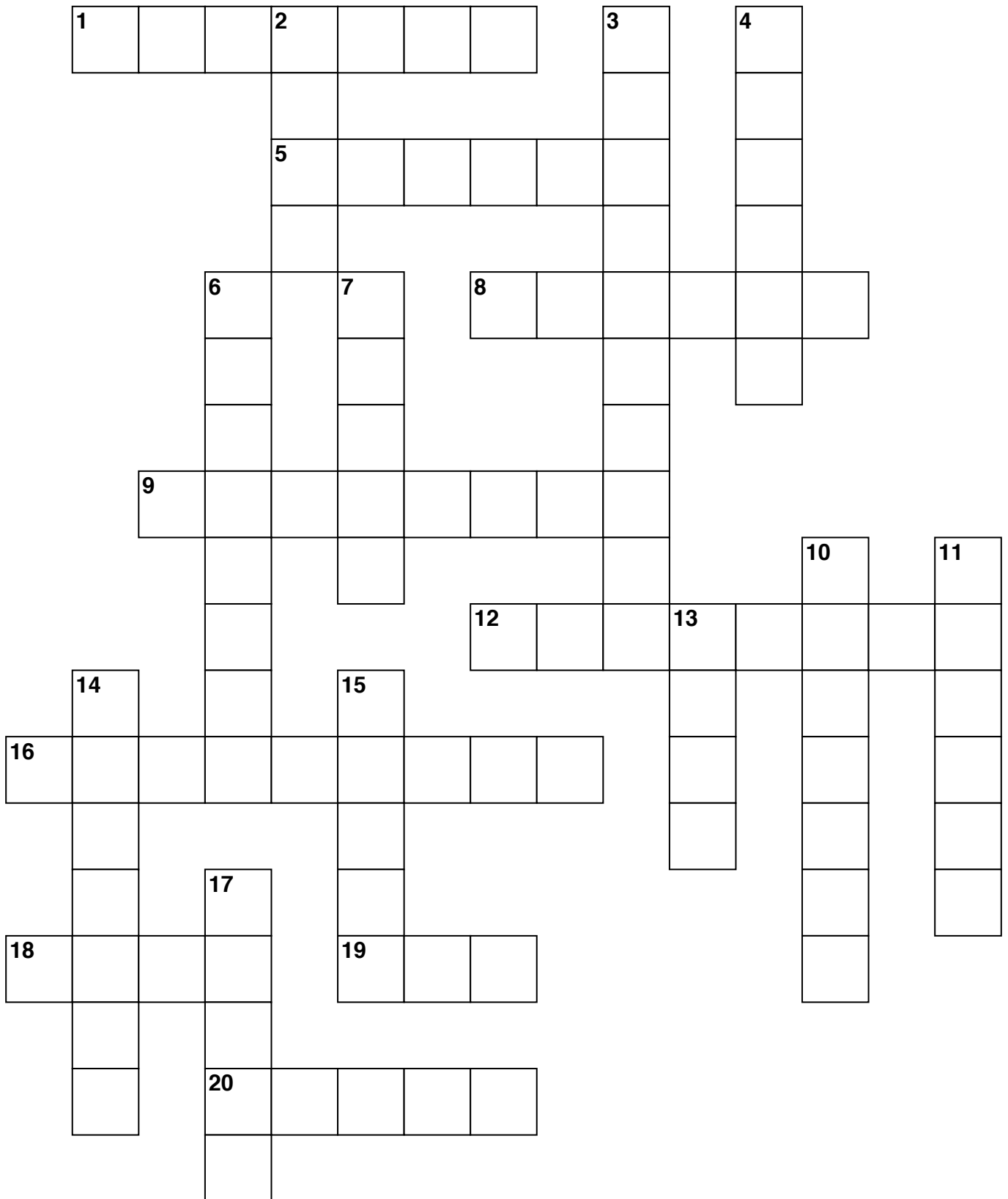
## Down

- 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



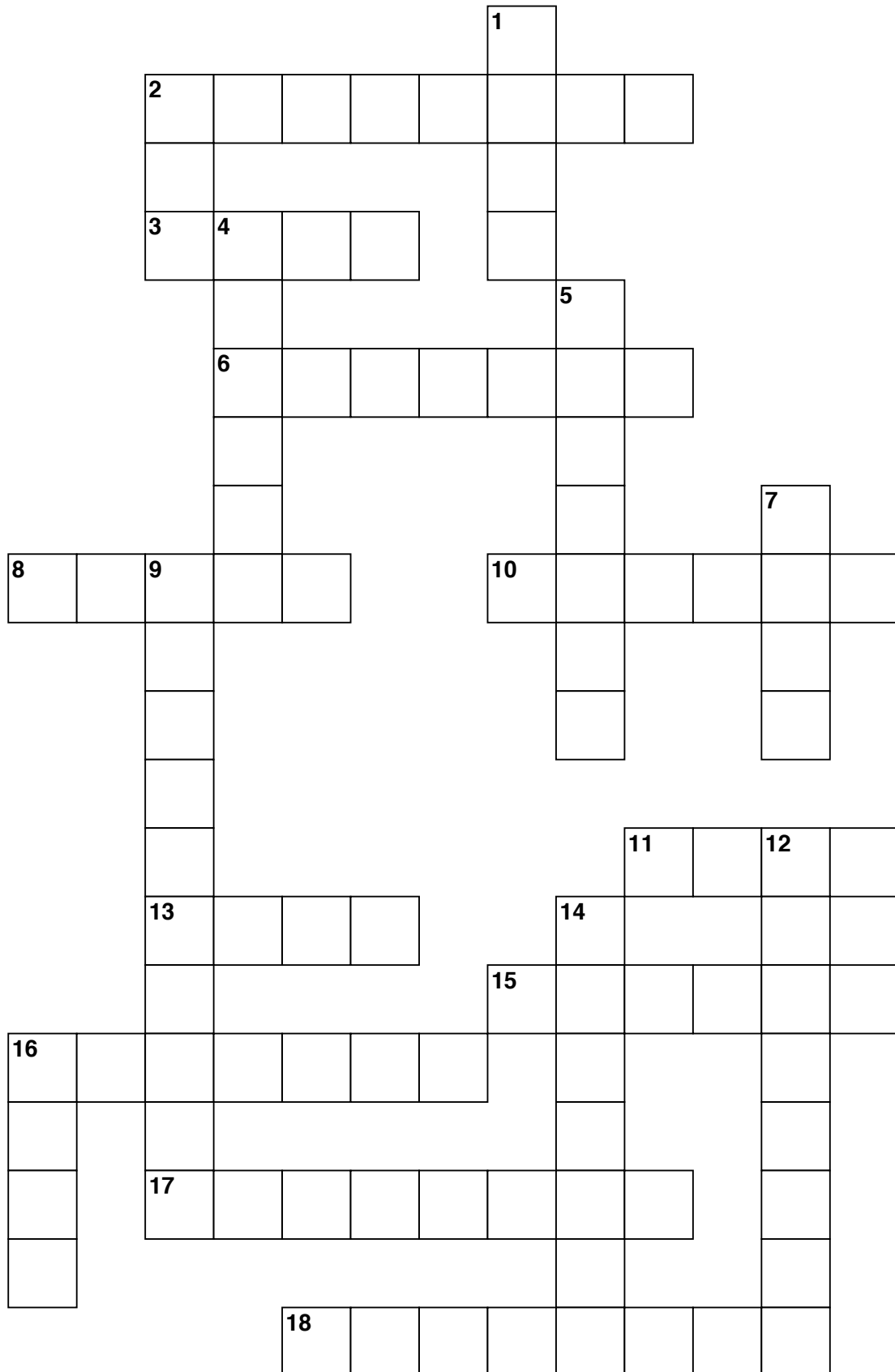
## Down

- 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



## Quilting

Applique

Binding

Fussy

Miter

Sandwich

Backing

Bias

Interlacing

Piecing

Sashing

Basting

Contour

Ironing

Reverse

Scrappy

Bearding

Echo

Medallion

Sampler

Stipple

# 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

Fold

Gusset

Pattern

Spool

Button

Fray

Haberdasher

Pin

Stitch

Edge

Gather

Hem

Pleat

Tacking

Fabric

Godet

Needle

Serging

Thimble

## Wordsearch



## Wood working

Bead

Burr

Grain

Kerf

Muntin

Board

Dado

Grit

Knot

Plane

Bolt

Face

Groove

Level

Rabbat

Brace

Fiber

Joiner

Lumber

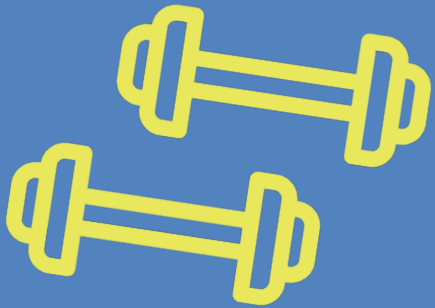
Warp

# 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

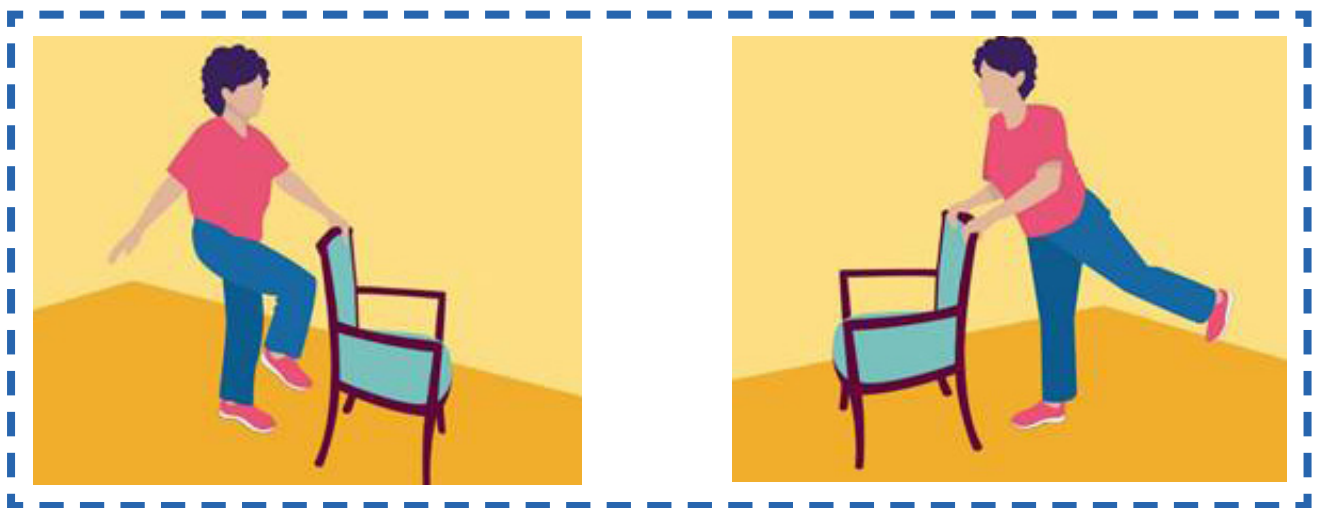
Try stretching in your chair. Sit upright and lift both arms in front of you and if you feel up to it stretch them slowly towards to the ceiling and then back again in front of you and rest them on your knees.

## 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

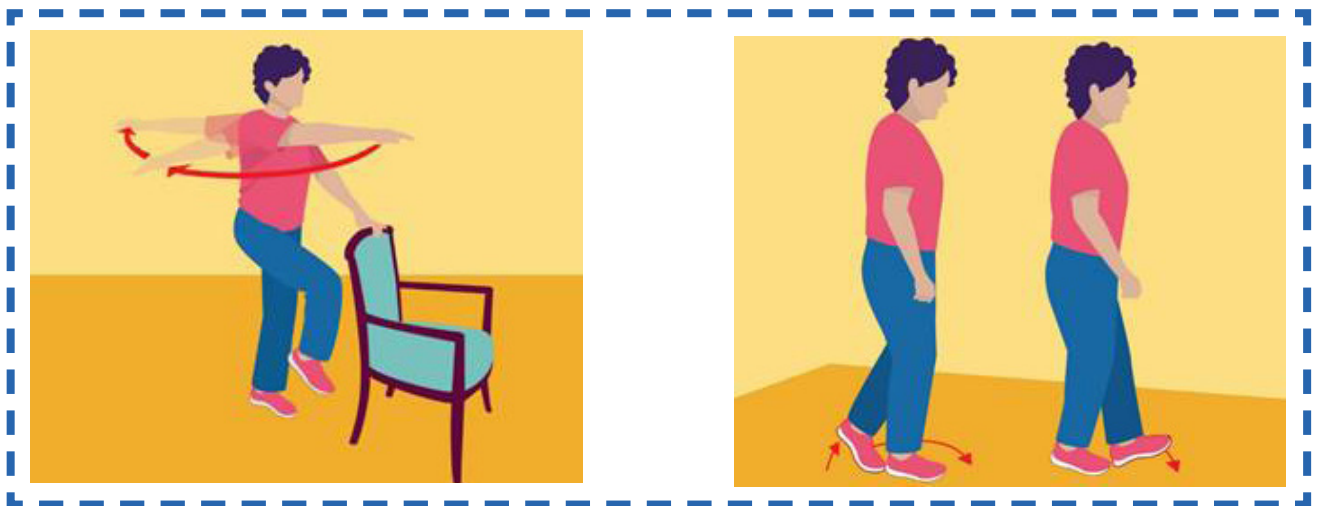
While still holding on to the back of the chair. Slowly raise your right leg to the side while balancing on the left. Bring the right leg back on the ground and then do the same with the right leg. It is important all the time to keep hold of the chair. Start out by doing it 5 times each side and see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

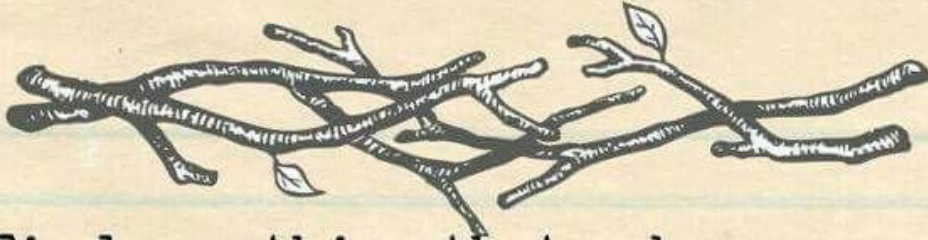
### Method

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.

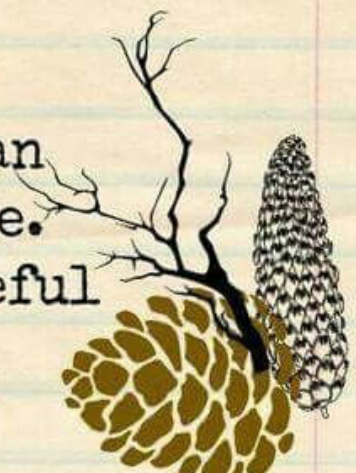
Though this isn't specifically a mask, it has the same healing properties of one. As a way to reduce swelling and darkness, your eyes will thank you for this process. Cucumbers have been known to be great for the eye area for what seems like forever. As a great way to tighten and smooth the skin, you 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.simpleacresblog.com](http://www.simpleacresblog.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

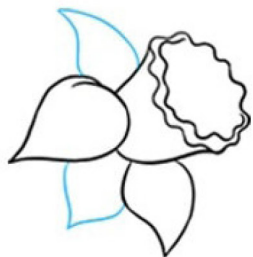
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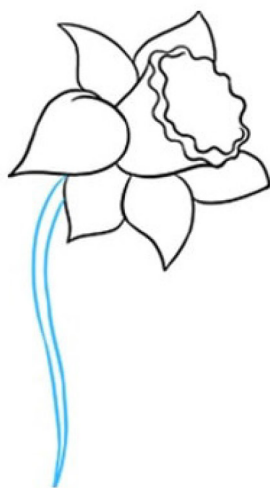
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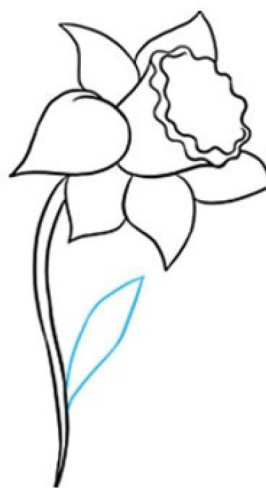
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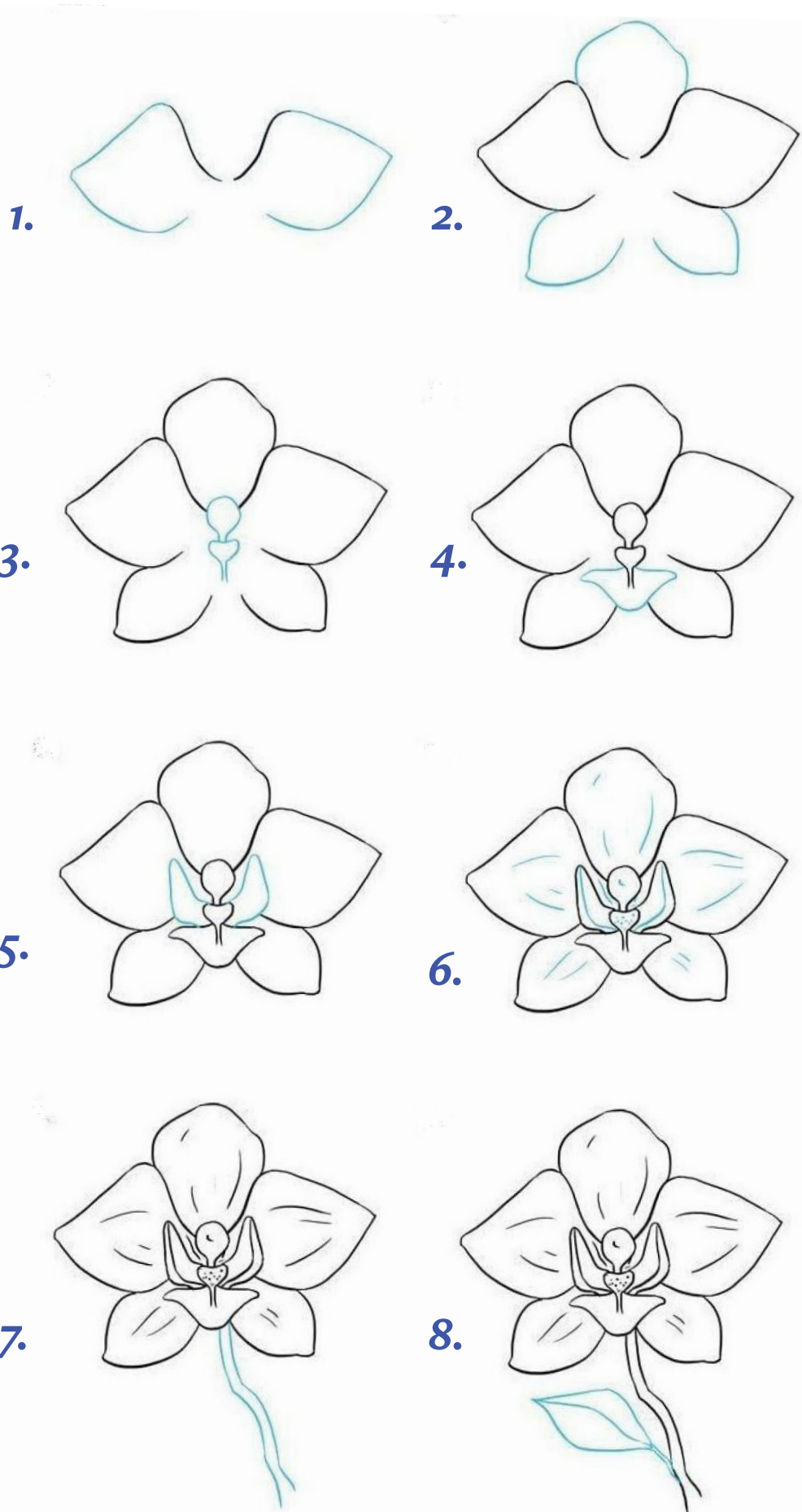
7.



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 Competition

The COVID-19 Community Response Team are organising a Short Story Competition for Seniors from Fingal Cocooning during COVID-19. We are looking for a short story **500 to 1500 words** – outlining 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 of 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 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-some-times-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 it 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.

*‘Suidir 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 trío 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 has 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 of Flour
- 225g Sultanas
- 225g Raisins
- 150g Brown Sugar
- 50g 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 Butter
- 50g Caster sugar
- 150g 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

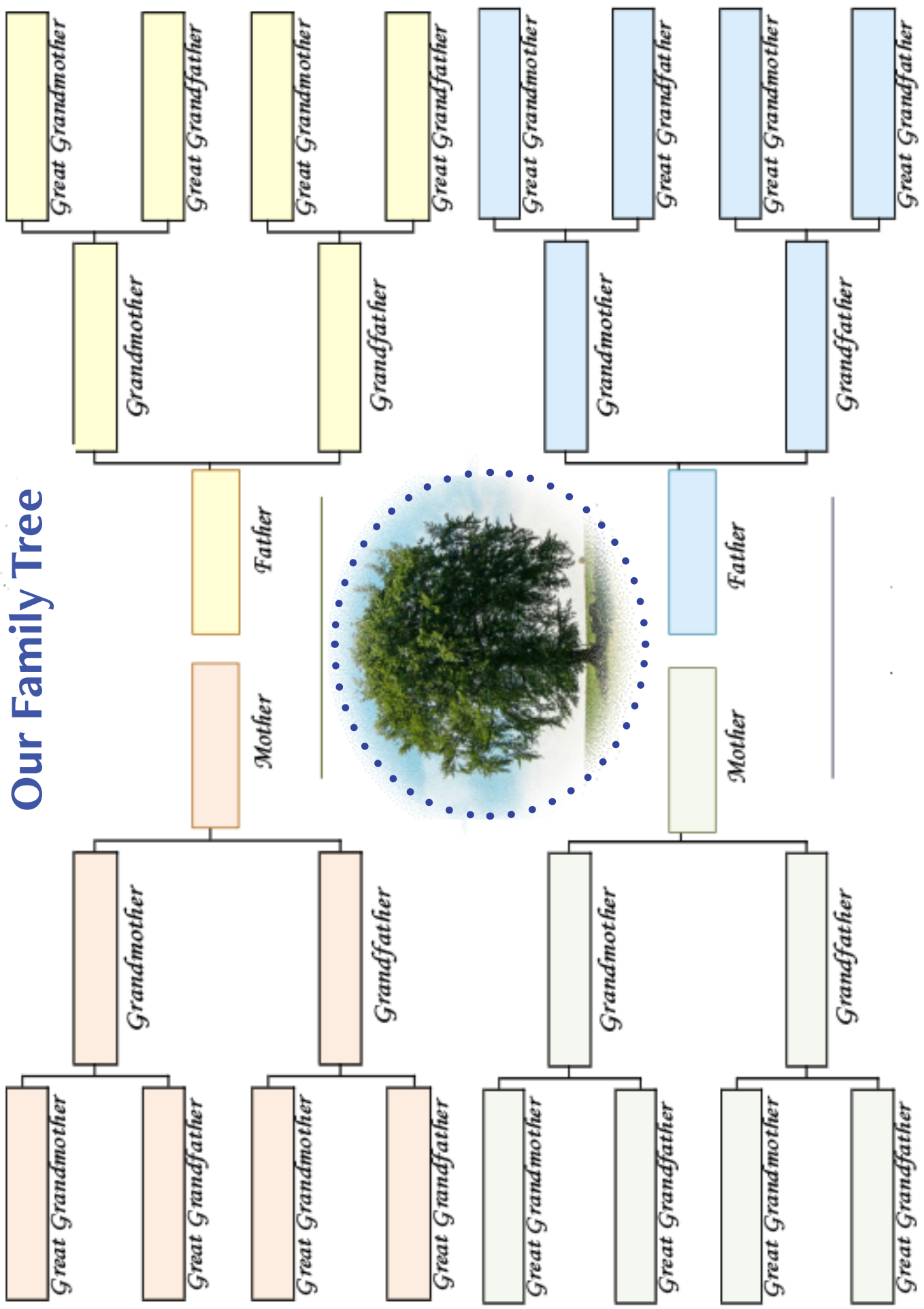
- 1lb / 448g of ripe bananas
- 8oz / 224g of self-raising flour
- 2 eggs
- 6oz / 168g of brown sugar
- 4oz / 112g of soft margarine
- 1 oz / 28g of chopped walnuts
- 4oz / 112g of sultanas



## 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*

# 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.

## Muckanaghederdauhaulia

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](mailto: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](mailto: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](mailto:Covid19@citinfo.ie)



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

**Phone:** 1850 71 94 00

## **Woman’s aid:**

**Phone:** 1800 341 900

## **Men’s aid:**

**Phone:** 01 5543811

## **Samartians: Emotional support for anyone in distress or struggling to cope:**

**Phone:** 116 123 (anytime, day or night)

## **Pieta House: Telephone support counselling 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 postwoman/ 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?



**TUESDAY**  
MARCH 17, 2020  
Harlan, IA  
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## Coronavirus a Pandemic

*The latest for Shelby Countians on COVID-19 locally and in Iowa*

**All area schools closing for four weeks**

**HARLAN** – All Shelby County area schools will close for four weeks, as recommended by Iowa Governor Kim Reynolds, to slow the spread of the Coronavirus, COVID-19.

It's an unprecedented move being made not only by Iowa K-12 schools, but by schools across the country as the United States hopes to stop additional virus cases.

Here is the latest statements from area schools, the governor's office and the Iowa Association of School Boards:

**Harlan Community Schools**

"The Iowa Governor, Kim Reynolds, has issued the charge that due to the increase of community spread, she wants all Iowa schools to close for four weeks. She is going to address this further in her press conference tomorrow. Harlan Community Schools will be in session tomorrow (Monday, March 16) for the purpose of providing parents time to prepare for this four week closure and to host equip the children with the materials, information, medications and equipment that they may need to maintain and enrich their skills from home over the next four weeks.

"Parents and staff should make decisions that are most appropriate for their personal situations when deciding whether to send their kids tomorrow. Shelby County Public Health did tell me this evening that we do not have any positive cases in our county at this time. We would ask parents to call the school office as usual if your children will not be in attendance tomorrow. Any student or staff who is ill or has a compromised immune system should consider staying home. There will be NO morning practices, games, weight lifting, meetings, etc. of any nature starting tomorrow and lasting until further notice. We will be open for the 'school day' only tomorrow.

"Starting Tuesday, March 17, 2020 there will be no school. The governor is suggesting four weeks which puts us at approximately Tuesday, April 14, 2020. Having the Easter break in this time frame is to our advantage. I realize that this is less than ideal for everyone but if this is what we need to do to keep students, staff, community and most importantly our most vulnerable clients, then we will accept it with grace. We realize for this situation to become



**Need-to-Know Info**  
**COVID-19**  
Coronavirus  
*In the Comfort Of Your Own Home*  
**Home Show 2020**

**HARLAN** – After 34 years of successful Home Shows held each spring in Harlan's Veterans Memorial Auditorium, the Harlan Newspapers is offering a different kind of event this year.

Due to the COVID-19 virus outbreak across the globe, and the uncertainty of its impact in Iowa by March 20, this year's "Home, Garden & Living Show" will take place in the comfort and security of your own home.

Inside the Friday, March 20 News-Advertiser and Tuesday, March 24 PennySaver, you will find many wonderful merchants, with their products and services presented in a printed format, rather than in person. Contact information is easily identifiable, offering you a chance to ask questions or find out how to purchase goods and services to make your home, garden and life more enjoyable this year.

This same information will be available online at [www.harlanonline.com](http://www.harlanonline.com) (click on special section) for future reference.

The Harlan Newspapers has reached this decision out of concern for our readers and visitors alike, deciding to err on the side of caution to not hold this public gathering at this time. We appreciate the understanding of our readers, and encourage our loyal readers to postpone each of them as your needs arise.

**COVID-19 and election**

**COUNTY** – If you have election day polling place concerns with the COVID-19 virus, you may vote at home by requesting an absentee ballot for the June 2 Primary Election now. Call the Auditor's office at the following number 712-722-2001 ext. 6. We will send you an absentee ballot request form. The ballots will be sent out when they are removed from the printer.

If you have any questions or want an absentee ballot request form sent to your mailing address call the auditor's office.

**First Harlan restaurant statement comes from Milk & Honey**

HARLAN, IA

**Carroll, Harrison, Dallas Counties latest to confirm Coronavirus patients**

**CARROLL** – According to Carroll County Public Health the first presumptive positive COVID-19 case has been identified in Carroll County. The IUPUI has confirmed the Carroll County case on Thursday, March 12 at approximately 5 p.m. The patient is a man in his 40s who has mild symptoms and is recovering at home, reports say.

In addition, state officials have announced a Harrison County resident, between the ages of 40-50, has tested positive and is in self-quarantine at home. Officials said the individual had recently traveled to England and returned to the United States within the last few weeks.

The first case of community spread was announced Saturday. A Dallas County resident ages 60-69, who is recovering at home.

There are 23 positive cases in Iowa as of Monday morning – 10 of which are reported in Johnson County, two in Allamakee County and one in Polk County.

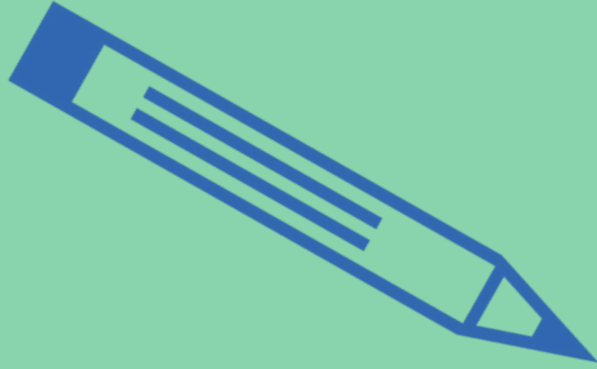
**The Great Toilet Paper shortage of 2020**

**REGIONAL** – Try finding some toilet paper in the region. Good luck.

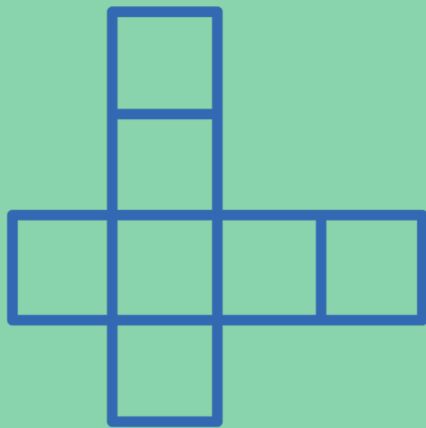
As of Friday morning, March 13, Harlan's Hy-Vee, Farmway and Borgstrom stores were sold out of toilet paper and Dollar General had very few remaining that employees said would be gone by 10 a.m.

What's facing the run on toilet paper? National authorities say retailers in Canada are limiting the number a customer can buy, and Australia has hired security guards for toilet paper.

According to CNN, "People resort to extremes when they hear conflicting messages." Panic buying causes problems when toilet paper can't be restocked quickly enough, and "panic buying heightens panic



# 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	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

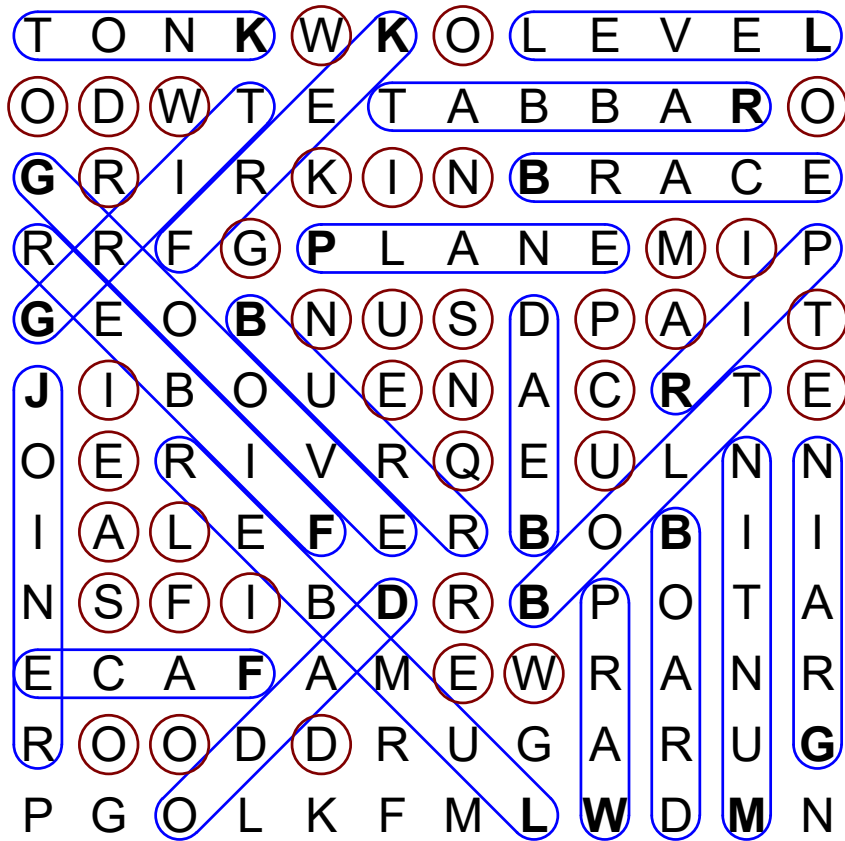
3.

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

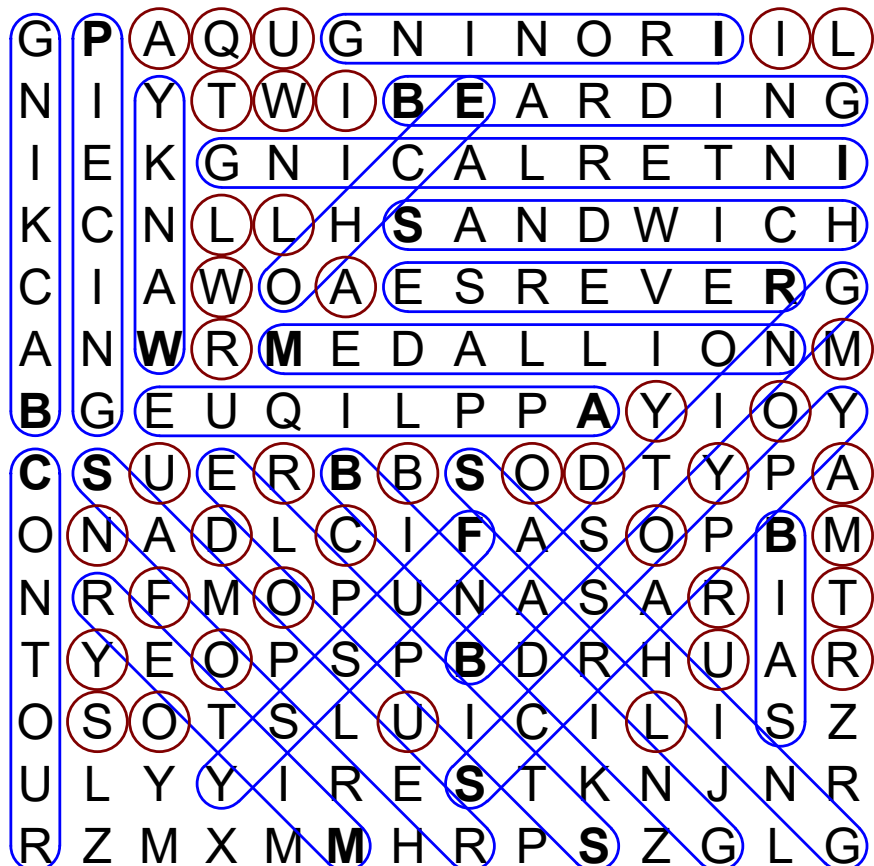
4.

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



## Quilting

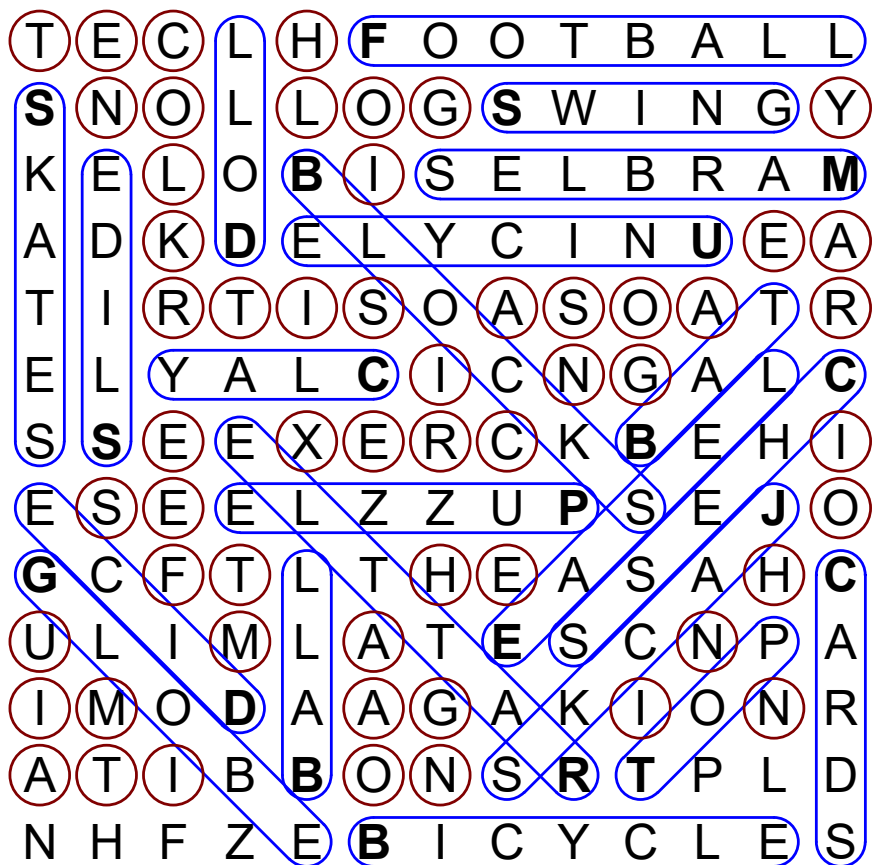




## Sewing



## Toys & Games



# Crossword Solutions

## Summer Crossword

### Down

1 muggy  
2 canoe  
3 sun  
4 play  
6 gardening  
7 fan  
9 seashore

10 outing  
11 sandals  
15 trip  
16 heat  
17 pack  
18 tan

### Across

5 lightning  
8 beacon  
11 swim  
12 vacation  
13 camp  
14 visit  
19 back pack

## Hiking Crossword

### Down

2 map  
4 ascend  
7 peak  
9 dehydrated  
12 altitude  
14 weather  
16 fall

### Across

2 mountain  
3 path  
6 caution  
8 buddy  
10 wander  
11 plan  
5 remote

16 fitness  
17 daylight  
18 beverage

## Beach Crossword

### Down

1 pier  
2 bikini  
3 heat  
4 current  
5 family  
6 boardwalk

7 dune  
10 island  
14 ocean  
15 bathing

### Across

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

## August Crossword

### Down

- |    |            |    |         |
|----|------------|----|---------|
| 2  | play       | 17 | beach   |
| 3  | watermelon | 14 | boating |
| 4  | travel     | 15 | ranch   |
| 6  | vacation   | 13 | swim    |
| 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      |    |       |

## 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]

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

