

# The day the village closed ...

**"STAY HOME"**

**"WORKING FROM HOME"**

**"DAILY BRIEFINGS"**

**'SHIELDING'**

**"KEY WORKERS"**

**"CLAP FOR THE NHS"**

**"SELF-ISOLATING"**

**"SAVE LIVES"**

**"QUARANTINE"**

**"HOME SCHOOLING"**

**"NEW NORMAL"**

**"WASH YOUR HANDS"**

**"ZOOM"**

Over a week before lockdown was announced, a group of nearly fifty volunteers throughout the whole parish had got together to help anyone who might need assistance, be it shopping, picking up medication, walking the dog, posting letters, just being on the end of the phone for a chat. Was anyone surprised? No! It's what happens here.

Shops closed. The pub closed. The streets were empty. Whilst the rest of the country were queueing to get into the supermarket we were getting doorstep deliveries of fresh fish, fresh crab, fresh lobster, pasties. We even got deliveries of cocktails and ice cream. Takeaways, collect or delivered, became our new norm. We became a village of domestic gods and goddesses; jars of bubbling sourdough starter were passed around.

The Carnival Committee pulled out all the stops to brighten up our daily walks - children were kept busy making Easter window displays and Scarecrows. VE Day was celebrated with distancing garden parties and for those who were alone or couldn't get out, an afternoon tea was delivered to the door.

And all the while life went on. Babies were born who three months on still haven't met their up country grandparents; loved ones and friends passed away but were not forgotten by those who lined the roads to pay tribute.

We learned to chat two metres apart, and oh, how we loved those chats. We used our mobiles to Zoom and Facetime our families and friends near and far. We stood outside our doors and clapped for the NHS workers - one small group even made scrubs for the NHS. Mums and Dads became teachers. We washed our hands to within an inch of their lives.. And oh how we missed hugs ... hugs with our grandchildren, hugs with our grandparents, hugs with our mum, hugs with our dad, hugs with our children, hugs with our friends.

We are a little parish on the North Cornwall Coast, but we couldn't have a bigger heart. When times are tough, what better place to be.

taken from *THE REAL VOICES OF PORT ISAAC*