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## Was there ever a June as Glorious as that one?

by Miriam Silver

For me I've always preferred April, seem to wait for it from December, so full of hope when the daffodils show their yellow heads. Not so for Jenny who recounts her love of June. I think it's the cold weather that gets her going.

I met Jen here, in the flats that are for the retired with a manager who comes in occasionally, we don't know what she does, presumably checks laundry room and communal areas. That's where I met Jen. in the laundry room, she was doing some ironing and I was collecting my stuff from the dryer.

I didn't immediately tell her I never do any ironing, that would have been rude, just talked generally about not having to worry about maintenance of these machine things, gives me more time to enjoy my leisure.

We hit it off immediately and now go together on the outings advertised on our notice board, enjoy a walk on the Heath and a cuppa in a coffee shop or in our own flat.

I've even asked her to share dinner with me when I've made too much. Difficult to cook for one. Neither of us go in for ready meals, while we can, we both agree, our home cooking is best.

I've been a widow for a long time. We, my husband and children lived in a semi detached house in Blooms Grove, an area that held good memories for me but I grew out of it when the children left setting up their own lives and then my husband died.

Jen. became a widow five years ago, they had no children. The decision to sell and move away from everything familiar took time to take. We had that in common too, she'd outgrown her marital home.

One day, on the notice board appeared an offer and full description of a week's holiday, by coach to the Lake District.

"That sounds worth doing," I said as I made her coffee.

"I agree - would love to get up there again."

Leaving it at that until a notice informed us places were filling up, time to decide, the length of the coach journey was a bit off putting, but Jen said she'd entertain me, not to worry.

"You do realise we'll have to be ready to leave by 5.30 am," I warned.

"I don't sleep late like you!" she snorted, "anyway I've a lovely story to tell about the Lake District."

"Are you going to tell me, should we book?" I asked a bit impatiently.

"Maybe I'll tell you on the journey," was all she would say somewhat mysteriously.

Of course we both have stories to tell, after all we were once enterprising members of society, keeping home and jobs going, in the days husbands didn't really think it was their job to do what they considered, 'womens' work!

"Never been out of the country", I confided, "used to have two weeks by the sea, stayed in guest houses, better than nothing I suppose."

My friend's response was, "we will explore one day, meanwhile, let's sign up for the Lake District."

I didn't need any more encouragement.

Jan's reminiscing helped to pass the time on a long journey, telling me about her family holidays walking in the Lake District where they regularly stayed or camped.

When she was about 17, her parents decided to stay put while she and Keith, the boy of the house, to celebrate, were allowed to walk, their own route and camp on their own.

“The rest you can guess, me at an all girls school, you know, thought I was in love of course, he was tall, attractive, at an all boys school, was there ever a June glorious as that one,” she finished with a sigh.

“No regrets, was lovely, just like the weather,” she added a little wistfully.