
The Swallows Gazette

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SAMPLE ISSUE

THE SWALLOWS CARE HOME

FRONT PAGE

Packed house for the spring bingo

On Saturday afternoon the dining room turned into a party hall: forty-two players, residents, families and neighbours, competed for lines and full houses. The first prize, a hamper prepared by the kitchen team, went to a resident from the second floor, who promised to share it with her table. Volunteers from the local residents' association ran the refreshments, and the grandchildren took turns calling the numbers. The autumn bingo is already in the diary.

LIFE AT THE HOME

Life story workshop: schooldays

For one session, eight residents went back to their school desks. A dip pen, a slate and an old class photo were passed from hand to hand. Talk turned to grey smocks, merit points and the playground where everyone played marbles. Next session: a working life. Everyone is welcome to bring a tool or a photo.

The children from the school next door came back

A class of eight-year-olds came to sing and read poems. The pupils had prepared questions for the residents: "What was it like without phones?", "What was your favourite game?". The answers caused plenty of laughter on both sides. The teachers have offered to come back every term.

The library now visits on Tuesdays

The library trolley does its round every Tuesday at 3 pm. Large-print books, audiobooks and magazines: just ask at reception to reserve a title.

THIS MONTH'S BIRTHDAYS

Happy birthday!

Germaine B. — April 3

Roger T. — April 11

Aimée L. — April 26

WELCOME TO...

They have joined us

Odette M. — since April 8. A former seamstress, she has already offered to take up the hems for the whole house.

THE MEMORY OF THE HOUSE

My first tractor

Marcel R. remembers...

I was fifteen when my uncle let me drive the tractor for the first time. It was a small grey model that had to be cranked by hand when it was cold. He showed me once, just once, and said: "Now, the bottom field. And keep it straight." I have never stared at a...

[Read the full story in Bond](#)

The blue dress for the dance

Yvonne P. remembers...

For my first dance, my mother cut a dress from a length of blue fabric bought at the market. She spent three evenings on it, by lamplight. I was so afraid of staining it that I hardly drank anything all night. I danced with a boy from the next village who...

[Read the full story in Bond](#)