



Who would have thought this time last year that we would be where we are? That 2020 would end in tiers? After a few years of travelling I was looking forward to having a full working year and otherwise becoming a recluse. Be careful what you wish for, as Laura has said more than once.

Our world of entertainment has fallen off a cliff and although some gigs have been moved nervously into next year others have not and it doesn't feel right to enforce the usual cancellation clause given the difficulties everyone is facing.

Soon after last year's card was completed by my great pal the legendary Bill Tidy his beloved wife Rosa passed away – someone we have known and loved for the 30 years Laura and I have been together and before. Other pals have followed – Big Jack Charlton, who stayed with us, Nobby Stiles, who I once played behind in a charity game at Wembley and with whom, like Jack and golf's Peter Alliss, I shared the bill at many dinners. “Great Goalie Show” friends Peter Bonetti, who once handed me a jokey writ for pinching his name of “the Cat”, and Ray Clemence. Also cricketing mates Bob Willis and Graham Cowdrey. From showbiz Dame Vera Lynn (I did her 95th birthday lunch), Tim Brooke-Taylor, Kenny Lynch, Roy Hudd, Nicholas Parsons, Des O'Connor, all of whom I appeared with, and Bobby Ball with whom Laura had great fun in pantos, plus many other friends sadly too numerous to mention.

On a more cheerful note we say daily how lucky we are to live where we do surrounded by countryside and when the pub is open life could be a lot worse. Not the case for so many others as we know. My enforced retirement has made me more relaxed and easier to live with, according to my child bride who has become a locked-down domestic goddess and a champion Scrabble player. She plays endless tennis and, as Chairman of her club, has been kept busy keeping up with the latest edicts from the Lawn Tennis Association. She's also launching a new dance fitness video. One of us needs to start earning! At this time we are thinking of downsizing, so if any of you fancy an Oast house get in touch, and having another adventure before I get too old (don't laugh).

After so many years – at least 30 – of my special cards it's sad to miss out but compared to what is going on that is a miniscule upset when so many are struggling. Maybe next year.....? Let's hope by then we will be looking back on all this as a distant memory.

We send our love to you all and hope you enjoy the Xmas poem overleaf.

Have a Merry Xmas and a Very Happy and HEALTHY New Year

from Bob “the Cat” Bevan MBE and Laura “the Kitten”

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DON'T WASH YOUR HANDS OF XMAS

Rudolph, one of Santa's reindeers
Lost his sense of taste and smell
And said to his friend Blitzen
"I really don't feel too well"

Blitzen said "I think you must've got the Covid
And though you are my good mate
I really don't want to catch it
So clear off and self-isolate"

So Rudolph sadly left the stable
Thinking he'd never felt so alone
There was only one course of action
So he got Santa on the phone

Santa was not pleased to hear him
As he was still in his bed
He said "Are you sure you've got the virus?
Is your nose so *very* red?"

Rudolph said "I'm afraid there is no doubt
I don't feel in a good place
I think you have got no choice
But to contact test and trace"

So Santa called Matt Hancock
Our renowned Health Secretary
He said "I've got trouble with a reindeer
Could I claim herd immunity?"

Matt said "Leave it out, Santa
You must isolate all your reindeer.
You'll have to cancel Christmas
Postpone it 'til next year "

But Santa phoned up Boris
Who listened to him all agog
He said "we can't cancel Christmas
And upset Carrie and the dog"

At this point a green light hit Boris
He said " I've found another way
I've solved your problem Santa
You must use an electric sleigh"

So there you have it children
What more could you ask for?
Boris has even given Santa
His own travel corridor

'21 can only get better
There'll be no need for us to grouse
Corbyn will be reading the Jewish Chronicle
And Trump will go from the White House

We must all keep believing
Vaccines will end the virus menace
Laura will get even browner
When she's not out playing tennis

Crystal Palace will get into Europe
Dulwich Hamlet will win a cup
Kent will be the County Champions
And Old Wilsonians will stay up

Laura and I wish you health and happiness
We hope you'll think this poem is a "keeper"
This year there is no card
A poem is so much cheaper!

