



Di Kennedy lives in Cambridge and told us not one, but two stories about her time in lockdown.

I have two stories from my lockdown - one where I have very much been the recipient of some community love and the other one where I have tried to share some love.

STORY 1

At the end of March and at the height of lockdown I lost my Mum unexpectedly. She lived in Australia and so I was not able to fly home for the funeral at all. There are no words really - it has been just devastating to be stuck here so far away from the rest of my family. I let a few people at work know and really just retreated to mourn - the next day a work colleague of mine turned up unannounced at my house, she knocked on the door and when I opened the door she was standing in the middle of the road so she could offer support while being socially distant. She'd left an enormous bunch of flowers on the step too. How she had found flowers when everything was closed I will never know but it was one of the most touching things that has happened to me. The right thing at exactly the right moment.

STORY 2



My mindfulness activity of choice is crochet - I crochet for fun and it helps me to relax. I love to make presents for people; tea cosies, geeky toys, xmas decorations, animals and dolls, you name it and I will try to crochet it. I am quite obsessed. There were so many key workers during lockdown - those people on minimum wages but soldiering on so that we could stay home and be safe that I wanted to show that they were appreciated.

I made a toy bin for our garbage men to hang in their truck and for our long-suffering postman (my dog hates him) a little post-box. For Mark who arranged beautiful music on Sunday evenings and a tiny escape from lockdown every week, a small piano. For my window, an NHS rainbow to go along with participation in the weekly claps for the NHS. I've sent toys around the UK, to Australia and to the US - every item is a piece of love sent via the medium of wool.



What impact did lockdown and the community concerts have for me?

It reinforced to me that small kindnesses mean so much and cost so little and I want to make sure that continues to be part of my everyday life. It is so important to be grateful for the small things and to always say thank you when someone touches your life in some way, no matter how big or small.

I've met new people on the street and become closer to others that I knew from before. I've had neighbours deliver food to my door when they've cooked extra or found something yummy shopping. I've dropped flour off to isolated neighbours when I found a supply and home-made goodies to others. What I really feel is that I'm part of something that is bigger than just my family and I am sure that if I put a call out, that if I need help for whatever reason, then I know that this community has got my back.

Di Kennedy