## From John Weaver

A pair named Bonnie and Dix

Had a pandemic to fix

They said keep apart

And have a kind heart

But try not to socially mix

A germ called covid nineteen

Spoilt our weekly routine

Group walks not allowed

Because in a crowd

We can’t keep six feet in between

Our friend with name Malcolm Read

Arranged walks that he’d usually lead

All that’s in the past

How long will it last

‘Til Malcolm once more can proceed?

## From Alastair Glegg

We have a new Mother Confessor

Preaching kindness and calmness, God bless her!

She has her sidekicks

Such as Adrian Dix,

But she’s a much snappier dresser.

**From Eric and Wendy Dryden:**

Our Hero in BC is Bonnie,

Her smile and her manner so sunny;

While battling the virus from hell,

She ensures that we are all well;

And her voice is as smooth as honey.

**From Isabel Hansen:**

Six feet apart is just too much to ask,

A handshake is now an impossible task,

Some cookies there are,

Too many by far,

So we cover our guilt with a mask.

**From Gordon Hansen:**

There once was on old boy called, “Joe”
He asked how far he could go
It was not here or there
But stay where you are
And when you move, go oh so slow

Oh please won’t you thus be so kind
As to walk where I really don’t mind
Do not go in the gutter
To pass as you mutter
Just make sure you walk way behind

To listen to Bonnie is jolly
Or get into trouble by golly
And not move too fast
Or else we won’t last
And then it for sure would be folly

Our dear, “Christ Church” we oh so do miss
To attend there is really quite bliss
For now we must stay
So far, far away
And continue a long distance kiss.

#  From Alan Batten

The microbe is so very small

                You cannot make him out at all,

                But many sanguine people hope

                To see him through a microscope.

                His jointed tongue that lies beneath

                A hundred curious rows of teeth;

                His seven tufted tails with lots

                Of lovely pink and purple spots,

                On each of which a pattern stands,

                Composed of forty separate bands;

                His eyebrows of a tender green;

                All these have never yet been seen—

                But scientists who ought to know,

                Assure us that it must be so.

                Oh! Let us never, never doubt

                What nobody is sure about!

## From Susan Benzon

In central Victoria small birds sing
And people ask, “why don’t church bells ring?”
Well don’t blame bellringers — we aren’t feckless sinners;
We’ve gone home, for some quiet social distancing.

A Cathedral parishioner, from downtown,
Admits he’s Dr. Bonnie’s greatest fan.
So he’s prayerfully trying to be safe, calm and caring,
Even when he sneaks through the Tweed Curtain.