

elcome to this special centenary edition of Village Voice.

Judging by the photographs inside this issue, it looks as if everyone had a wonderful time at the garden parties – especially the residents and staff at Monica Wills House!

Our centenary celebrations started with a Service of Thanksgiving at Bristol Cathedral where a poem commissioned by the Trust received its first reading.

The poem was a collaboration between local poet, Beth Calverley and St Monica Trust residents, and we're delighted to include an extract from it to accompany the photographs taken at the garden parties. I felt that the celebrations perfectly reflected the values of the Trust and that of our Founders, and were a fitting way to mark the charity's centenary.

Whenever residents, colleagues and volunteers join together to put something special on, I'm always humbled by how everyone goes the extra mile to ensure everything works so well.

I'm sure you'll join me in thanking everyone who was involved in arranging the centenary events and making them such a success. Here's to the next one hundred years!

Best regards,



David Williams
Chief Executive



St Monica Trust

Village Voice

Centenary service at Bristol Cathedral



Celebrations across the villages

See how residents from across the St Monica Trust celebrated one hundred years of caring.





I Had to Leave Yoga Early to Get Here

When the first residents came to **Cote Lane**, there were already 100-year-old trees. Now we can see right through the trunks.

It was a Home of Rest for them. For us? Well, I'm exhausted! Even though it is a peaceful place – every colour of green, masses of birds – there are hundreds of clubs.

Don't judge a tree by its trunk.

I resented coming to **The Garden House** – it took a few months to settle down.

Now I'm encouraging others: Come with me. I'm finally learning to paint.







Village Voice

At Russets & Sherwood, we're in apple country. In Autumn, we pick the fruit and bake.

Lots of varieties planted here. One or two oddballs. (Not me!)

We get on. It's a relief, especially if we've been on our own and families have struggled to cope.

Life at **Sandford Station** is thinking, I'm going to have an evening in and someone says, let's have drinks.

Two A4-pages of resident-led activities. Plus a pantomime (I was a rainbow fairy. John was wonderful. Virginia in fishnet tights).











You can bury your head in the sand, but you can't bury it quite right.

We're continuing the legacy of Fry's: a bump-into-someone-in-the-café kind of place.

Charterhouse is the next best thing to home. A chance to make new friends.

It's important to be able to listen. Everybody's got a story.

For example, I was born in India. So that would start a conversation.

Right, I must go. I'm off to Tai Chi.







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