

Ode to Holme Valley Court Residents By Jean Garside

Some residents meet at 4 o'clock to put the world to right
If Gordon Brown walked in one day we're sure he'd see the light.
Birmingham Betty had two sticks, but now she's only one
If she continues to progress we'll see her jogging on.

Betty arrives with plastic bag – whatever has she in it?
Out come papers, books and keys, goodies by the minute
It's like an old time lucky dip, maybe you could win it.

Monica comes in each day and sits down with a sigh
With all the people at her door it's enough to make her cry.
But she sorts all the problems out with a cheery word and smile
And makes the fact we're living here feel very much worthwhile.

Judith had her hair all glam, which one and all admire
Until she walked around the dam and slipped into the mire.
Aching back and muddy boots did nothing for composure
Especially when she saw her hair had suffered from exposure.

There are lots of Jeans around which puts us in a fuddle
So one was nicknamed 'Jean the Skirt' to eliminate the muddle.
But that didn't last for very long because she put her trousers on.

Marjorie with voice so stern had a parcel to return
Told the girl upon the phone she would not deal with this alone.
So parcel sat upon the table waiting for a return label
Label came but there's a snag, there was an invoice in the bag
We wonder if she wrote a letter, telling firm they 'must do better'.

Kirklees Council wants us to divide our rubbish into two
General rubbish to the left, recyclable to the right.
This has led to some confusion
So Janeane walks in with notes in hand
Helping us to understand!

Jennifer was all aglow because she thought she had a beau
Plumbers, builders and electricians all rang up to make a date
Jennifer could hardly wait.
But when they came she had a doubt
They'd come to check her boiler out.

Ruby is the queen of shoppers
And knows just where to save you coppers.
She finds items for your menu
Dewsbury Market is her venue.

Phil comes in for entertainment
Quietly listens to the chatter,
Then going home is heard to mutter
'Don't those bloody women natter!'