

## DIARY OF THE CHRISTCHURCH VISIT

*Tony Charman and Judy Bosanko's personal account of their experiences in hosting for the first time.*

**Tuesday 6th.** We have to confess that we were a little apprehensive in the run up to the visit by Harold & Ellen, our ambassadors from New Zealand. After all, whilst we had corresponded a couple of times by e-mail, and they certainly sounded nice, the prospect of entertaining two total strangers for a week in our house was still a little daunting. However, we need not have worried. By the time we had reached home and made a pot of tea, the conversation was flowing easily and by the end of the first evening we already felt confident that we were going to have a good week. And so we did.

**Wednesday 7th** We had a relaxed morning allowing our guests to catch up on laundry and regain their energy after the previous days travel. A gentle stroll before lunch was followed later by a trip to Mevagissey and a walk around Pentewan, two of our local harbours which are always a favourite with visitors.

In the evening we went to the welcome party for the New Zealand Friendship Force at Jo Pollocks. This was a total triumph, the volume of conversation and laughter rarely dwindling below a muted roar as visitors and hosts got to know each other.

**Thursday 8th.** Harold and Ellen went to the Royal Cornwall Show. We enjoyed the opportunity to catch up on some of our domestic chores whilst they had a wonderful time seeing the best that Cornwall had to offer .

**Friday 9th** The visit to meet the Mayor of Truro was an unexpected pleasure with a very informative talk given by a charming alderman. The informality of the occasion took many of us by surprise, as did the sight of three of our members (including Jennie) dressed in mayoral regalia and being photographed by the local newspaper reporter !

The weather wasn't particularly kind that morning and we took the opportunity to look around Truro Cathedral. By midday it would have been easy to give up and go home, but we decided that we would at least drive down to Falmouth to have a look. Pausing only to buy some Cornish pasties in Lemon Quay, we set off and 20 minutes later, were sitting watching a large ship being manoeuvred round Falmouth Docks whilst munching our (still) eye-wateringly hot pasties. The gods were obviously on our side because by the time we had finished, the drizzle and clouds had rolled on by and the sun was beginning to shine. After a short drive along the coast, we walked round Swanpool and the Helford Passage, then returned to Falmouth where Judy, Ellen and Harold took the ferry up the estuary to Malpas .

In the evening, our guests very kindly bought us dinner in Veryan, which we followed by a walk round the village, then back home via Portholland. (By this time we had discovered that when Harold had said that he enjoyed 'tramping' - he really wasn't kidding !! )

**Saturday 10th** Another fine Cornish morning. We all went down to Black Head for another walk ( would our aching calves ever be the same again ? ) Then, after lunch, we visited the Lost Gardens of Heligan complete with hidden valley, bumping into Jennie and David Dyson with their guests in the process.

Saturday evening saw us at Mike and Yvonne William's for a superb barbecue. The Curse of the British BBQ worked as unfailingly as ever, with clouds, drizzle and some fierce gusts of wind appearing out of nowhere to conspire against the chefs who heroically battled on outside, alternately cooking and trying to hold down the awning which was supposed to be covering them. They deserved (and received) the highest praise and a terrific time was had by all.

**Sunday 11th** Weather fine again! Today was our planned 'grand tour' to show Ellen and Harold the more rugged aspects of Cornwall's north coast. We made a reasonably early start and drove up to Portreath, then down along the coast to St Ives. Having explored St Ives and its surroundings we drove on down to Zennor for lunch, where we also visited the small but very interesting museum. In the afternoon we progressed around the coast to the Levant tin mine where we enjoyed an hour and a half guided tour. Finally we popped into St Just to purchase some Cornish scones and clotted cream - these were an instant hit.

**Monday 12th** Incredibly, we realised that today was their last full day with us - where had the time gone to ? Harold and Ellen needed to do some preparations for their onward journey so we had a short visit to Fowey for another Cornish pastie (Harold was becoming addicted ! ) and a walk round. There was just enough time to drop into Charlestown on the way back for a walk round the harbour before we had to rush home to change for the farewell party over in Cubert at the Smugglers Den. This was another great success. The buffet was excellent; the Morris Men (and Women) clumping around the car park defied the chilly evening air and even managed to get some of the braver souls in the group to join in. The New Zealanders 'thank you' songs and presentation left many of us furtively gulping and surreptitiously wiping our eyes. We were going to miss these people a lot !

**Tuesday 13th** Up early to take Harold and Ellen into Truro to catch the bus for London. Many hugs and tears as we all said goodbye to our new friends, our sadness only slightly tempered by the knowledge that some of us lucky ones who are off in October to NZ and Australia will see them again. We can't wait.

Tony and Judy

### F F Visitors to Cornwall from Christchurch, New Zealand



Cornwall & Christchurch F F members together.

Cornish Morris dancers - We'm a funny lot down ere !

Group photo



Christchurch F F say farewell to Cornwall

From the land of Maoris to budding Mayors - NZ and Cornwall FF members meet the Mayor of Truro (2nd from right)