

## Nottingham 2001

We set off on a dull grey day  
Everyone chatted along the way  
Lorraine had hired a smart *Espace*  
Loads of room for my suitcase.

We find the way, no need for maps  
(nor even any help from chaps)  
Lorraine is happy – she cries ‘Yahoo!’  
The rooms have got their own shower and loo.

Time for dinner and a glass of wine  
We are all beginning to feel quite fine  
There’s soup, melon, pork and lemon pie  
With lashings of cream, oh my, oh my!

Then time to put our brains to the test  
A sixties quiz to see who’s memory is best.  
We did not win, we really tried  
We came about third, we could have cried.

Then the band began a dance  
Who needs men? Us women can prance.  
The waltz, the polka, the twist and foxtrot  
Our minds are willing, shame our feet are not.

The Sheriff of Nottingham came next day but not Robin Hood  
Next we heard of kings and queens and whether they’d been good. We laughed and gasped  
hearing about the monarchy  
Then listened, watched and learnt, the subject obesity.

Time for lunch-rain again  
It’s a bit of a rush  
We would have walked off some fat  
But no, we’ll catch the bus.

Erin Pizzey spoke on her favourite subject – men  
‘You’ll have to change yourselves, there’ll be no changing them’.  
Fast Forward into 2002, the message of the day  
Thanks can only get better now that women have their say.

We were very naughty we missed the AGM  
We thought we’d have that walk but the rain came down again.  
We looked at the stalls, then walked back. We’re getting thinner  
Had to have a shower and dress, ready for conference dinner.

We ate and drunk and ate some more. The wine was white or red  
We laughed and talked and chatted until we were ready for bed.  
The speaker spoke about her life, cleverly, in rhyme  
Made us think of our childhood when everything was fine.

It's after midnight  
We're tired, merry and fat  
It's still flipping raining  
But we're getting used to that!

Sunday morning brings workshops, time for friends to part  
Between us we have chosen Anger, Bodytalk, Drama and Art.  
So much to choose from, shame conference doesn't last a week  
We'd have liked to try them all, but time for the guest gardener to speak.

The weekend's over. There is no more  
Time to go home – what a bore  
We have to rush, we need to hurry  
Can't wait for 2002 Guildford Surrey!

Hadleigh