

BREXIT, COVID-19 and Life in Britain



Shirley Edwards

[These are my views as a woman living in England, on how the culture and spirit of my country has changed over 50 years. Why the country does not feel protected or strong any more, how it has lost, and is losing its values and decency, and how we are daily losing our free speech.]

Historical buildings have never held much interest to me; and yet, I do appreciate that there are others who look to their preservation, and that they have a keen interest in the people who may have perhaps worked or lived in such buildings.

Therefore, whilst recently walking around a building that I work in myself and which dates back to the early 17th century, I could not help but think of the people who have passed through its doors in just the last 15 years since I have been there.

The building was empty now; there was just myself but for the echo of my footsteps walking along the corridors. I had a strange and eerie reminiscence of the people, the events, the laughter and the comradeship which we had all previously shared. I missed them. As I stood and looked out of the landing window onto the deserted and once busy road outside, a small bird whistled to me from an Oak tree just outside the window. I whistled back feeling just slightly silly even

though there was no one around to see me.

As I walked down the sweeping staircase to one of the main communal rooms below, which would have once been the main hall, I also thought of its use in previous times. Once belonging to local and wealthy businessmen, the building had also been a women's convalescent home, and between 1935 – 89 it had been a children's hospital treating children with such illnesses as polio and tuberculosis. The large and imposing bay windows in one of the larger rooms, now used for training purposes, would have been opened to allow the natural sunlight through. It was thought to be a cure for all ailments back then.

The building still retained some of its past artefacts, a bell at the side of the fireplace to ring the servants, an inglenook fireplace which would have once housed a family range, and along it's archiving, next to the strategically placed modern day wi-fi terminals, certain symbols which would indicate a Masonic involvement from its original owners, still existed. Some carvings which indicated half person half serpent, with the rays of the sun circling its head and one arm touching one elbow, was particularly strange. What did it mean?

After closing the curtains I returned to my office, disinfected the keyboard, the phone and the door handles, washed my hands and placed an obligatory notice on the door asking that no-one enter in consideration to the safe working conditions which were now in place. Outside, I could still hear a bird singing. I consoled myself it was the same bird that I had seen from the landing window.

I looked for him when I later left the building. However, outside were 6 engineers who worked at the site all standing in a large circle with 6 feet between them having an outdoor meeting? It was difficult not to walk past and speak to these men who all looked so solemn and troubled. One of the more

humorous one's shouted after me. "It's OK Shirley, don't worry, we are just having a séance" How wonderful to hear them all laugh, but as I carried on walking I wanted to shout back "So what the heck is going on?"

The Writing on the Wall

Later that afternoon I went for my 15 minute walk. The sky was crystal clear, no streaky white lines; and the air was fresh. I sat on a bench for a short time opposite the church where I once used to work. The doors were firmly locked now, and a notice that was pinned to the door read that due to the Corona virus there would be no gatherings until further notice.

I wondered where the reassurance in these troubled times would come from. The [Church of England](#) has issued no public reassurance, no dependence on God, no day of prayer. Not that I personally needed it. I feel like they walked out on me years ago. That life; was another echo of days gone by. Nonetheless, other more isolated people may have been looking outwardly for some hope. Weren't these meant to be 'unprecedented' times? Later I looked at the website for the Church of England. It was a useful resource for those who had a computer and wanted to search but what an opportunity they had missed to publicly speak to a nation that was suffering a certain amount of fear, and who were possibly searching for the meaning of life. Maybe some people were also wondering what had happened to 'Their Best Life Now?'. [[Link](#)]

Voices from the Past

Yet, not missing an opportunity to fill the vacant space of faith, and relieve the isolation and the aloneness which many people are experiencing, ex Prime Minister Mr Gordon Brown has come to the rescue calling for a global government/taskforce to tackle the corona virus pandemic. It is reported by the Guardian that:

Brown said [his proposed global taskforce](#) would fight the crisis on two fronts. There would need to be a coordinated effort to find a vaccine, and to organize production, purchasing and prevent profiteering. [[Link](#)]

After 3 years of fighting to leave the European Union and become an independent country I wondered what over 17 million people in the UK thought about his idea of living once more under a global government and if Mr. Brown, someone who we have certainly not elected, really had our best interests at heart.

Currently, [according to a Daily Mail article](#) Gordon Brown is allegedly one of a number of politicians accused of diverting [large amounts of UK aid money to charities linked to Hilary Clinton](#).

Previously, the day before, on the 25th March, 2020, I had also looked at the Government Health website to look at the numbers which were reportedly rising in this crisis. It read:

Status of COVID-19

As of 19 March 2020, COVID-19 is no longer considered to be a high consequence infectious diseases (HCID) in the UK.

The 4 nation's public health HCID group made an interim recommendation in January 2020 to classify COVID-19 as an HCID. This was based on consideration of the UK HCID criteria about the virus and the disease with information available during the early stages of the outbreak. Now that more is known about COVID-19, the public health bodies in the UK have reviewed the most up to date information about COVID-19 against the UK HCID criteria. They have determined that several features have now changed; in particular, more information is available about mortality rates (low overall), and there is now greater clinical awareness and a specific and sensitive laboratory test, the availability of which continues

to increase.

The Advisory Committee on Dangerous Pathogens (ACDP) is also of the opinion that COVID-19 should no longer be classified as an HCID. [\[Link\]](#)

This was all terribly confusing...

As I returned home, and locked the door to the outside world, a deeper sense of gratitude and peace filled my house. Life had become so simple there, and had returned back to the very basic and enjoyable needs that we have in life. There was a stillness, an echo of a time when life was just a matter of 'being' in the present day. It was and still is a reminder to be still within rather than reacting to outside confusion.

All the same, echo's of the past and of history and of hardships are also a warning too. Faith, at the expense of not warning others, or not learning from history, damages others. Reliable watchmen are needed.

Mark Sutherland, a British film producer has made the following short film called The Iris Echo. My interpretation is that the newsreader in the film listens to her conscience, in regards to reading from the script that she is ordered to read. [You can watch the film here.](#)

The film to me is also significant in that it relates to airwaves and what we listen to via the airwaves which are unseen but still there, matters.

As electrical beings our connection with God is paramount.

Maybe that little bird who was whistling on the branch outside the window was trying to tell me something.

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