



Let's hear it for the heroes

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The whole country had stopped – but this was different.

7pm Thursday meant a chance to give a little back. I don't know who started it, but like a number of different lockdown things, the 'Clap for Carers' had really taken off.

These were the overwhelmed – the new frontline workers. Those putting their lives at risk to keep us alive, keep us going when life had stopped. The often overlooked and taken for granted. The ones who were still out! Out there in public. Out there face to face – or masked face to masked face. Out collecting our bins. Out delivering food and keeping the shelves full. Out serving on the tills.

So now we were out.

Out on our doorsteps for two minutes of noise – an initial clap had turned into whoops and cheers, and even raucous banging on saucepans.

It was a chance to see your neighbours. A chance to publically stand together – a community in unity. I live down the road from an Ambulance station, and sometimes from upstairs, you could see them come out to take it all in.