

Greenmount August 2018

Wednesday, 1st August 2018

The weather was still reasonably warm and mostly dry, although there was not so much of the blue skies we had seen during July.

We were up late and it was afternoon before we were outside picking the few blackberries and the odd blueberry that were ripe. The blueberry bush was not doing so well and needed some TLC. The blackberry, on the other hand, was the best I had seen it for a while and full of fruit waiting to ripen.

We sorted out the strawberries as best we could in the confined bed. They had put out lots of runners and some had produced young plants, some of which had rooted into the bed and it was a case of digging out the ones that were crowded and either moving them to another part of the bed or potting them while still attached to the main plant. It wasn't easy. We did the best we could and decided to leave them for a few days and then have another look at them.

After a quick snack, we started on the car boot items kindly donated by Anne and Wilf, which occupied the rest of the afternoon.

Thursday, 2nd August 2018

I spent the day trying to get to the bottom of the laptop freezing. I thought I had identified Norton Security as the cause and removed it completely but the computer still froze. I put Norton Security back on and configured it so that it did not run scheduled scans on the basis that these were using a lot of CPU when the computer was loaded and that was, for some reason, the problem. The laptop behaved itself after that.

I placed an order on Amazon for a gluten-free recipe book Jenny had wanted for a while, a litre bottle of Glym car wax polish and the new, complete set of Last of the Summer Wine, which wasn't cheap.

Friday, 3rd August 2018

We had a pleasant day grocery shopping. The temporary 50 m.p.h. speed limit on the M60 ring road had been removed and traffic was flowing pretty well on the upgraded section we used. That was probably more due to the schools being on holiday than the expensive upgrade.

The return journey was somewhat slow around the stretch from the canal bridge to the M62 junction, so the upgrade had not made any real improvement there.

When we arrived home, I discovered that my Amazon order had been delivered to my neighbour and I went round to collect it.

That evening we watched the pilot episode and the first two episodes of series one of Last of the Summer Wine as well as a Hammer Horror DVD I had acquired called "To the Devil a Daughter".

Saturday, 4th August 2018

We spent the morning at the Old School Villager's Drop-In. Jenny was selling electrical items and bric-a-brac while I was working on electrical items donated to the jumble sale.

After a spot of lunch at home, I helped Jenny pack the car for the following day's car boot sale and then updated the village web site.

I also listened to Jazz Record Requests finding a couple of tracks, amounting to about 6 minutes out of the hour, to my taste with no whisper of any of my recent requests.

Sunday, 5th August 2018

I was up early, with Jenny and Rachel and put the car on the road for Jenny at about 6 a.m. so they could whiz off to the car boot sale in Ramsbottom.

I wasn't feeling too well and spent a good couple of hours tidying up my media on the PC. After that I washed the pots and then commenced work on the fence between our property and the one next door. John, our neighbour had bought some new fence panels and had asked me to help him replace the existing ones.

John joined me and to remove and replace six panels took about three hours. The new ones were heavy duty panels and a lot heavier than the ones we removed. The concrete posts not being vertical and out of alignment didn't help and some of the panels were a tight fit. This was the first time the panels had been replaced since they were installed almost 40 years ago.

Afterwards, I came in for a rest, absolutely shattered and for some lunch. I listened to a Shadows CD, the first of a two CD and DVD set, which contained the original, old tunes, digitally re-mastered. They brought back some memories.

Felling rather tired I put on the second CD. That contained a lot of later tunes and was nowhere near as good. I stopped it about half way and went outside to tidy up.

While I had the step-ladders out, I thought it a good idea to tighten up Jenny's washing lines. As always, one job ends up being several and I put in canes and tied up Jenny's sunflowers that had fallen down. I didn't particularly like plants that couldn't support themselves and sunflowers were no exception. The first plant actually turned out to be two together and having tied them up to the same cane, I tackled the next one. The stalk on that had bent with it having flopped

over and grown in that position and in tying it up, I discovered it wasn't at all flexible. It broke. I left it as best I could to see what happened.

Having put everything away, I came back in and listened to the rest of the second CD. It was very warm outside and it didn't take much to drain one's strength, particularly when one was up at 4:30 a.m., some 12 hours previous.

Jenny and Rachel were very late back. Their takings were about what we had come to expect with more people looking than buying and trading had been very slow.

Monday, 6th August 2018

I spent the day breaking up the fence panels John and I had removed, putting them in the trailer ready for transporting to the tip in Bury and covering it to make sure none of the smaller loose bits flew out as we were travelling.

I had to keep leaving off to help Jenny with her car booty and she, in turn, helped me with the trailer cover.

We finished off around 5 p.m. so I could cut my hair and trim my beard before showering and an early tea. I just had time to watch another episode from my last of the Summer Wine collection before setting off for the Cricket Club where I had a Village Committee meeting.

The business completed, I had a couple of pints with Frank in the bar before returning home.

Tuesday, 7th August 2018

I replied to Leanne's (BT) text message to say I would be around for most of the day if she wanted to call me to discuss my BT mail and I waited in until 10 a.m., working on the computer and rescuing a ladybird from a spider's web on the outside of the conservatory. I had told Leanne I would be out from 10 a.m. to noon.

Leanne telephoned about 9:45 and we sorted out my cancellation of my BT E-mail account.

We headed off to the tip as planned and dumped the old fencing and some electrical items that did not work. We had called at the Old School to collect any rubbish for the tip on the way but it was locked up and we had not taken our keys.

We came home for lunch. Faith had telephoned about her faulty shower. She had mentioned it to me at the village committee meeting the previous evening and I told her to ring me if she and John needed any help. I rang her back and spoke to John. He wanted some confirmation about the wiring and I said he could call me back if he needed any further help.

After lunch, I started to set up a table for Jenny to finish sorting out her car boot stock when John telephoned and asked if I would inspect the shower wiring because he wasn't happy with it.

I went up and helped him fit a new pull-cord switch which took all afternoon because the switch was in an awkward place and the wiring was difficult to manoeuvre. John went into the loft while I worked in the bathroom below. We had the shower working again by about 4 p.m. and John and Faith wanted to pay me. I refused and we agreed on some Yellowtail wine.

So my plans to cut the grass were deferred until the morrow should the fine weather hold, which was unlikely.

Wednesday, 8th August 2018

The fine weather did hold and the grass was cut back and front and, what's more, I cleaned the lawn mower afterwards before putting it away and swept the block paving, or, at least, most of it.

I came in for a quick shower before lunch and changed into my decent trousers and D-CaFF T-shirt ready for the Dementia Awareness presentation after lunch just round the corner. I met Joani at Nazia Haque's office, what used to be the village post office, now a financial consultancy. Just what the village needed.

The presentation was to ten people and it went very well. Afterwards, Joani and I and a few of the attendees gathered at The Hub, the village tea rooms opposite the end of the Kirklees walking and cycle trail.

I dropped off the shop keys at Nazia's house, at the back of us and dealt with a few items on the computer, listening to a recording of Beyond Our Ken from 1958 before tea.

Thursday, 9th August 2018

We went grocery shopping, calling at Village Greens at Prestwich followed by a fairly quick and speedy run to Unicorn in Chorlton. From there, it was a short hop to Sainsbury's store in Sale and then a slightly longer run on to Waitrose at Broadheath, where we lunched as usual.

The journey home was quite fast, too. It would have been quicker if it weren't for a few dozy drivers along the A56 from Waitrose to the M60 and then again on the stretch through Whitefield, nearer home. The M60 itself wasn't too bad apart from a slow section at the M62 junction.

BT had telephoned me on my mobile, as I was preparing to leave in the morning, asking to speak to Mike Woolford. He was the treasurer of the Old School Users Association so I guessed it was in connection with the billing for the Old School. I couldn't remember his telephone number so I asked the lady to call me back when I was home at 4 p.m. She didn't so it couldn't have been important.

I dealt with the accounts, bringing them up to date with the day's expenditure.

I spent a good deal of the evening working on the revision of the village web site.

Friday, 10th August 2018

I used the morning to try to find out why the laptop kept freezing, without success.

The plan was to go to D-CaFF in the afternoon. Jenny had been having pain in her right leg and this morning it was particularly bad. I telephoned Joani to say we would not be at the dementia café and that I would bring some cakes and biscuits down about noon, some of which Faith had dropped off at home and some that needed collecting from the Old School.

Jenny went on the back stretcher again during the morning and I made the cookie run to D-CaFF.

Jenny took a bath in hot water and Epsom Salts, which seemed to ease her pain. I carried on working on the computer.

Saturday, 11th August 2018

I started the day by trying to update the village lap top I used for working on the electrical jumble. That dragged on and I left it working.

It was noon before we were ready to work on the jumble at the Old School and we spent the afternoon there, Jenny taking care not to make her leg any worse. I had taken Rachel's old laptop and the first thing that did when I plugged it in was to update Windows 7.

Sunday, 12th August 2018

I wasn't feeling too well and spent a couple of hours asleep on the settee.

I thought I had finally tracked down the fault on the laptop. If I was right, it was down to Microsoft. An update had been issued to correct a security breach in the secure communication encryption known as TLS, used by E-mail. That had introduced some code which caused the computer to freeze. The fault was not directed at Windows 7 particularly but it seemed to fit, particularly since I had not long since introduced TLS on my E-mail access to the Greenmount Village E-mail service. The solution was not to leave my E-mail running when I was not using it. If that solved the problem there was a convoluted work-around to fix the problem.

I also finally finished off the village laptop's updates which required some diagnostics running before the last update would install.

I updated the village web site.

Monday, 13th August 2018

I spent the day dealing with my E-mails and an update to my web site. I also commenced the process of creating a region-free version of the Region 1 DVD "Along Came a Spider" which I had purchased and which wouldn't play on my DVD player, being Region 2. This region code business was a complete pain in the proverbial. I had three Region 1 DVDs, all legitimately purchased and the only way to play them was by using a piece of software on the PC to override the region restriction on my blu-ray drive. Fortunately, the PC had an HDMI connection to the TV.

I had successfully created a Region-free version of one of the Region 1 DVDs and that played nicely on my DVD player.

The creation of the current DVD hit the buffers when I discovered I had no blank, dual-layer DVDs. I did find some Verbatim DVDs on the Curry's/PC World web site.

Jenny took her painful leg to the doctor's surgery, having suffered with it for two weeks without any significant improvement and received a chit to have an X-ray.

Tuesday, 14th August 2018

We had the joy of a visit to the tip with rubbish from the Old School, followed by a trip to Fairfield General Hospital. We had to wait about half-an-hour for an X-ray, which wasn't bad considering the department was very busy and Jenny had a full body scan, which I thought was most thorough. The results would be with her GP in about a week.

We called at Tesco and I nipped into Curry's/PC World in the same complex for some blank discs on the way back. They didn't have any in store. I would have to order some online.

We came home for lunch.

I spent the afternoon mostly on the Radio Times Crossword, which was quite difficult this week.

I managed to progress the new version of the village web site in the evening.

Wednesday, 15th August 2018

We were up late and I was still feeling tired. It seemed that I was tired most mornings of late and I didn't know why. Even so, I was waking around 7 a.m. and sleeping on after that did not help.

I dealt with my TV recordings, listening to the morning's recording of Beyond Our Ken, first broadcast in 1958.

Jenny went for lunch with Gwen and I tidied up a bit and then started finishing off the touching up of the dining room. That involved smoothing down the last lot of filler round the new

radiator fixings and cleaning the radiator, followed by a quick vacuum of the floor where I had been working. The next step was to touch up the painted wall. In itself, that was not a long job but it was very fiddly and the brush would need washing out afterwards. The preparation work and the tidying up would take longer than the job itself and I decided to leave that until after lunch, putting my organic, gluten-free, mushroom and leak pie in the oven to warm up.

While waiting for that, I updated this diary entry.

After lunch I listened to a Monkees CD and updated my list of CDs.

Jenny returned and I continued with the revision of the village web site until Jenny was ready to settle down to enjoy more of the complete collection of Last of the Summer Wine episodes.

Thursday, 16th August 2018

Being a reasonable sort of day, I cleaned Jenny's bicycle. That took most of the day.

Afterwards, I picked the few remaining ripe blackberries to add to those in the fridge and we made another batch of blackberry jam this season.

Jenny had been baking all day, making bread and she finished off with a pizza for tea while I progressed the revamp of the village web site.

Friday, 17th August 2018

We set off later than usual on our weekly forage for vitals and I queued at Unicorn for a parking spot while Jenny commenced filling her trolley with fruit and vegetables, which, this summer, seemed to be well below the usual standard, which I could only attribute to the hot, dry summer throughout Europe.

Having made a very nice loaf and with the prospect of more to come, we decided not to purchase any of the usual organic, gluten-free bread from Unicorn. Our bill was quite a bit less than usual.

We sped off to Waitrose as usual, where I could not say the same. After a passable lunch, we finished our shop at about 3 p.m. and made our way to the Motorway to head home, making good time until the usual traffic jam approaching the canal bridge, extending to beyond the M62 junction. This was during the school holidays and after the "smart" motorway improvement scheme. As the French say, "Plus ça change..."

I spent the evening putting in the TV recordings for the week and coping with yet another laptop freeze just after it had started a recording. I was not best pleased, especially after I had avoided using my E-mail, thinking that its encryption protocols might be to blame.

Saturday, 18th August 2018

We spent all day at the Old School working on the electrical jumble.

Back home, I worked through my E-mail, updated my web site and the village web site and then this pile of rubbish.

We sped off to buy some wine, which I forgot about the previous day, before tea. That was not at all like me. I was occasionally forgetful but not usually when it came to wine, beer and whisky.

Sunday, 19th August 2018

I thought we were paying a visit to John Lewis at the Trafford Centre but Jenny changed her mind and we went to Asda at Pilsworth instead. We called at Matthew and Carrie's house on the way back but they were out.

I spent much of my time trying to get to the bottom of the laptop freezing and discovered some messages relating to the graphics card being overloaded so I thought I would download and install the latest driver at a convenient time.

I also helped Jenny in the kitchen as and when she needed assistance, given her painful leg.

Monday, 20th August 2018

We delivered the jumble sale leaflets to the houses round our estate, having been given this new round as a result of Eunice, who used to have this round, moving from her large bungalow just up the road (the one we would have liked to have bought) to a smaller one on Vernon Road. We met several of our neighbours and stopped for a chat here and there.

On returning home, Jenny started her baking and I dealt with the recorded TV programmes before downloading and installing the latest video driver on the laptop. I only installed the essential video and audio drivers, omitting the other two items of software that consumed power from the main processor and the graphics processor and which were associated with gaming, for which I had not time nor inclination. I discovered that an old version of the PhysX software was still resident on the computer so I uninstalled it.

I telephoned the chimney sweep to arrange an appointment and he said he would get back to me.

I telephoned Joani to confirm the arrangements for our Dementia Awareness presentation on Wednesday.

I was about to go outside to pick the blackberries when Jenny discovered that one of her loaves had risen above the tin and was spilling out on the table. I gave her a hand to transfer the mixture to a larger tin.

The second loaf was also rising and reached the top of the tin so she decided to put both of them in the oven and bake them.

She didn't have this problem with the last loaf she made and we put the hyperactive yeast on this occasion down to the warmer environment, it being very warm and muggy outside and extremely warm in the conservatory, where she had placed the loaves to rise.

With the time approaching 3 p.m., we decided to have a snack and I settled for a cup of tea, an apple and one of Jenny's home-made, gluten-free fruit and seed slices, which were surprisingly filling and sweet.

I dealt with my E-mail and, after tea, continued with the new version of the Greenmount Village web site.

Tuesday, 21st August 2018

After breakfast and the usual chores, I had an appointment with the practice nurse for my annual health-check. My blood pressure and pulse were normal, which was more than could be said for the rest of me. I had lost a little weight and a little off my waist, so that was heading in the right direction. She took some blood, hitting the vein in my right arm at the first attempt to test my liver, kidneys, sugar and cholesterol, as usual and if I subsequently heard nothing from the surgery within the next week or so, that meant I was alright. I was, thus far, managing to keep my tablet intake to two a day, so I wasn't rattling as much as most folk my age.

I met a couple of neighbours and stopped for a chat, one on the way out and one on the way back.

At home, Jenny was picking over the blackberries we collected the previous day and I went out to pick a few that had ripened since then, making our collection up to 2¾ lbs. I donned a white apron and we proceeded to turn the fruit into jam, breaking off for a quick snack for lunch, mine comprising an apple and a slice of Jenny's home-made fruit and nut flap-jack, washed down with a welcome cup of tea.

The rain forecast with a 30% probability for lunchtime did not mature and it was a nice, warm, humid day, somewhat reminiscent of Singapore, although a lot cooler.

Our 2¾ lbs of blackberries combined with approximately 2¾ tablespoons (42 ml) of Highland Spring water and 2 lbs (as opposed to the prescribed 2¾ lbs) of sugar yielded just over 5 jars of jam, requiring only five minutes to reach the setting point. The low-sugar jam reached a nice balance between sweetness and the flavour of the fruit, we having found that commercially-produced jam was far too sweet. The problem with producing a low-sugar jam was that it did not keep so well, sugar being a preservative. For this reason, we kept it in the fridge, once it had cooled, until consumed. Even then we had experienced the odd mouldy jar, presumably because the jars and lids were not scrupulously clean. We normally washed all the jars and lids before use and then placed them in a very hot oven for at least twenty minutes, before bottling the jam, to kill off any bacteria.

Wednesday, 22nd August 2018

Joani collected me just before lunch to help her with a dementia awareness presentation at the Garden City Health Centre, just off Brandlesholme Road in Holcombe Brook (about five minutes' drive away). That went very well and our session included a practice nurse and one of the doctors.

Prior to that I had been working on the village web site redesign and I continued on my return.

Thursday, 23rd August 2018

I started off the day by cutting the back lawn, or, to be more precise, grassy area with lots of weeds at the back. The ground was very wet and it started to rain as I finished, so I cleaned the mower, put it away and came in.

I spent the rest of the day tidying up the recorded TV programmes we had watched during the past week and then working on the revision of the village web site.

Friday, 24th August 2018

On the way to Unicorn to commence our weekly grocery shopping, we called at John Lewis in the Trafford Centre to purchase some new baking tins and a new wok for Jenny. Having eventually found the car again in the large car park, we made our way to Unicorn in Chorlton and, from there, to Waitrose in Broadheath, omitting to stop off at Sainsbury's in Sale because I forgot to do so.

So far, the traffic had not been too bad. It didn't last. There was a long, slow crawl round the M60 from joining it to just past the M62 junction on the way home.

My evening was occupied with the TV recordings for the coming week.

Saturday, 25th August 2018

A long hard day at the Old School working on the electrical jumble was followed by an evening updating the village web site.

Sunday, 26th August 2018

Another long, hard day at the Old School was followed by an evening of making sure the pages of new version of the village web site under development that had been coded thus far were updated to reflect the changes made the previous day.

Monday, 27th August 2018

The last of the three jumble days at the Old School culminated in the sale itself. A wet weekend and a wet start to the Bank Holiday meant that all the goods normally sold outside in the yard had to be accommodated inside and we ended up with electrical equipment, jigsaws, toys and games. Fortunately, we had an extra helper and Gwen and Jenny bagged the purchases and took the money while I pottered round offering help and advice to the customers. It was all very crowded but it seemed to work well enough. The takings seemed a little disappointing for the volume of sales, though.

Returning home, I grappled with the WD MyCloud device and remote access to it, which still refused to work properly. I had a voice-mail and an E-mail response from WD and I did intend to respond to it when I had completed the further testing I was doing.

I gave up on that because the testing relied on an external Internet connection, for which I used the Old School jumble laptop and a wireless connection to the BT public network and the signal strength in the house was not good.

I went down to see Eunice about her TV recording problem and it transpired that her electrician who had been working on her the bungalow into which she had moved had used the loop cable between the TV recorder and the TV to extend the aerial cable to the TV. Hence there was no aerial connection to the recorder, this being the root cause of the problem.

I came back home, located a spare loop cable fairly quickly and went back to fit it, first removing the aerial cable from the TV and plugging it into the recorder. That done, the recorder was behaving strangely. I ran through the set-up and retuning the device fixed the problem. Not only that but I was able to demonstrate the quick way of adding a timed recording using the guide, something that Eunice had never done; she had always used the program listings in a magazine to enter the recording manually.

I came back home to continue the WD My Cloud testing before a late tea.

Tuesday, 28th August 2018

It was not a particularly productive day. I spent much of it tidying up a few items of mine that were lying around and needed to go in the garage. I had a storage system whereby small items went in old plastic spread tubs and these were labelled and stacked in the garage in alphabetical order. Accompanying these was an inventory list on the computer. While this may sound a bit over the top, it meant that I could instantly locate any small item I wanted and it saved a lot of time and frustration looking for things. The down-side was that it took a lot of time to label and catalogue items.

I did manage to put a new line on the grass trimmer, though.

We picked the latest crop of blackberries which amounted to 2½ lbs (just over 1 Kg for those who find the old-fashioned English system too much of a challenge) and proceeded to make another five jars of blackberry jam.

Jenny had been baking and processing all day, having received a load of plums and apples from friends and, while picking our fruit, we had been told we could help ourselves to a neighbour's crop of apples and conference pears, my favourite.

Having been on her feet for the last four days, Jenny was feeling the effect and was very tired.

Wednesday, 29th August 2018

We had a fairly late start and it was raining when Jenny came downstairs. By the time I was up, the rain had stopped and by 11 a.m., the sun was shining.

After breakfast, I finished my second cup of tea in the lounge while finishing the week's Radio Times crossword. I mention this triviality because it was at this point that I reached down for the magazine, caught my arm on the side of my T-shirt and felt a small, sharp prick under my right forearm. I reached down with my left hand to find out what had caused the injury and felt something soft with my fingers. It was a wasp, which I promptly dropped on my wireless keyboard.

While the sting was painful, I was concerned that I had injured the poor creature. It had only lashed out at me because I had seemingly attacked it, albeit by accident. The wasp, alas, was picked up in tissue paper and consigned to the pedal bin. My sting was treated first with cider vinegar and then with a paste of baking soda (sodium bicarbonate) and water to help remove the soreness and pain. A small bandage held the paste in place for a while. How much this treatment worked was difficult to assess. I was still able to use my arm but there was still some pain and a little swelling. I decided to wait and see what transpired before rushing off to the pharmacist.

Jenny went off to meet Gwen for a day out in Bury at 11:30. Shortly afterwards, I removed the bandage on my arm and the paste had disappeared. So had the swelling and the redness, together with almost all of the pain.

I decided to try to fix the wooden floor in the dining room. A couple of months ago, the door to the kitchen started to catch on the floor as it was closed and there was some bounce on the floor near the door indicating the wood had lifted. I concluded the problem was that the wood had expanded and the last plank to the doorway had been fitted too close to the kitchen, tiled floor to allow it to expand, causing it to buckle.

I removed the cover from the joint in the doorway between the two floors to discover that the wooden floor was pushing up to the floor fixing for the cover. I decided to remove 5mm from the plank at the doorway and marked the line in pencil.

I was going to use my Bosch multi-tool but I thought I would try the old fashioned chisel and mallet first, using my recently-sharpened wood chisels. That worked quite well, although it left a

very rough edge, which didn't really matter because it would be hidden by the doorway cover plate. The process took about 2½ hours, unfortunately damaging the floor fixing for the cover plate, so I had to remove that as well.

I gave the whole area a good vacuum, tidied up and had lunch, comprising an apple and a cup of tea.

While sipping my tea, I continued with the village website revamp.

Jenny arrived with Gwen, we had another cup of tea and I gave the rough edge of the wood a bit of a sanding with my multi-tool. There wasn't much more I could do until I purchased a new cover plate so I continued the work on the village web site.

Thursday, 30th August 2018

Our day started with a visit to the Old School to collect more rubbish for the Bury Recycling Depot followed by a trip to the latter. It took us about half an hour to sort the rubbish and dump it in the appropriate skips and containers.

We called at Wickes DIY store, just down the road from the depot, to see if they had a replacement floor plate for the doorway from the kitchen to the dining room. They didn't.

I spent about another half an hour at the vet's practice where I collected the cat's monthly supply of tablets. I had to wait in reception because the vet was in theatre and the receptionist nurse was dealing with an emergency, an un-neutered tom-cat that had a nastily-scratched ear and which had let everyone know it wasn't happy by urinating everywhere. In the end, the nurse referred the cat to another branch where a vet was available. Unfortunately, the smell didn't go with it. Still, it wasn't the poor cat's fault and I hoped it would be alright.

Fortunately, the vet's practice was on the way to B&Q at Heap Bridge, where I eventually found the floor plate I wanted. The "eventually" refers to my time inspecting all of the stock of suitable floor plates to find one for which the packaging was undamaged, no bits were missing from the pack and the cover plate was not scratched or otherwise marked. There was one out of the whole lot that looked alright and that was the last one of the stock in the rack.

We fought our way through the traffic back to Tesco for a few groceries and then made our way home for a late lunch. It was turned 3 p.m. by the time we had settled down afterwards.

I had a letter from BT telling me that my broadband costs were going up in October and I needed to telephone them to discuss it. I thought I had signed up to a fixed-price, 2-year contract and that was not due to end until December. The increase was not a great deal and my Caller-ID, for which I paid, was free from 1st October so it was a case of swings and roundabouts. I did need to check it, though and to sow the seeds for my contract renewal in December. Life was so much easier and the service so much better before privatisation. If ever there was an argument against capitalism and the free market, the privatisation of the telecommunications industry was it.

I spent the next couple of hours or so peeling apples for Jenny and helping to cook them ready for freezing. Joani had given us some of the windfalls from her tree. Last year Jenny made gluten-free, apple crumble for the majority of people at the Christmas dementia café in return for the apples. This year, owing to her arthritis, she couldn't stand for long periods in the kitchen and so she decided not to take up the challenge again and Joani said instead of delivering all the apples to us because we would not be able to use them, she would distribute them around her friends, which was fair enough.

In the evening, I continued the work on the revised village web site.

Friday, 31st August 2018

This was the commencement of a busy week end. So what's new?

Our grocery shop took us to Village Greens in Prestwich, Unicorn in Chrolton, Sainsburys in Sale and Waitrose in Broadheath, where we had lunch as usual.

I spent the early evening putting in the TV recordings for the week, as usual.

And so ended another fun-packed month.