

## **Greenmount February 2020**

### **Saturday, 1<sup>st</sup> February 2020**

I had telephoned Christine the previous evening to let her know we would not be at the village drop-in today. She was not aware of Jenny's operation so we must have forgotten to tell her earlier.

For most of the day, apart from my nursing duties, I was grappling with Microsoft's cessation of support for Windows Media Centre on my Windows 7 system. The main problem was that the guide was no longer supported.

After a lot of messing about, I downloaded and installed EPG123, a free guide downloader. The download itself was from Schedules Direct, a service that had been developed by a non-profit-making group and for which a subscription was required, the fee being used to fund further developments for everyone to use independent of bullying corporations like Microsoft. Fortunately, the schedule download facility came with a seven-day, free trial so I could make sure it worked before paying for it.

That proved time-consuming but after a couple of attempts, I had fourteen days of guide information as opposed to the original seven (if I was lucky) and in a much better format than that from the original Microsoft layout, which just went to show that the best people didn't work for Microsoft.

I scheduled a couple of recordings to confirm the full functionality was there. At least I had removed the annoying message from Microsoft telling me at every conceivable opportunity the guide provider needed to be changed but not how to do it.

For the rest of the time I was finishing off the TV recordings for the week and tidying up the programmes we had watched the previous week.

After tea, we settled down to watch some recordings as usual and I decided to give the recent series from Channel 4 called *Deadwater Fell* an airing. Having watched the first two episodes, I was not impressed. The plot was slow, confusing and had more than its fair share of bad language, of which there was no mention in the original programme information, otherwise I would not have recorded it. The icing on the cake was the credits, showing that the programme had benefited from lottery funding. I could think of better uses to which lottery money could be put.

### **Sunday, 2<sup>nd</sup> February 2020**

In between helping Jenny with the odd bit of domestic work and administering her medication, I updated my web site, did a little development on the revised version of my web site and dealt with the TV recordings of today.

## **Monday, 3<sup>rd</sup> February 2020**

It was a day of bits. Or, alternatively, it was a bit of a day.

I had complained to myself out loud about the incessant rain and dull skies yesterday when no person was listening. Today we had some very welcome sunshine and bits of blue sky, even if there was a cold wind. Some would say that was coincidence.

Before breakfast, I put in a load of washing and went into the garage to see if the switch for the outside lights had been turned off because the lights were not working when the sensors were activated. I had already checked a switch in the garage but it had been the wrong one and I did find the correct one was off. Someone must have switched it off by mistake. I switched it on and the outside lights came on to indicate all was well.

Working around my nursing timetable, we had a brief walk round to the surgery to hand in Jenny's discharge paper, which informed the GPs of the operation and its result. We called at the pharmacy in the local shop to purchase more sterile, saline solution for cleansing Jenny's eye and some unwoven, square, sterile pads for applying the solution and wiping the eye. The pharmacy had neither and said they would order them for tomorrow.

Marie had asked if she could pop down for a chat early in the afternoon and she came after lunch.

After Marie left, I transferred the morning's washing to the dryer and put in a second load.

I went outside, braving the bitterly-cold wind, to put a new bulb in one of the outside lights at the back.

I emptied the paper/card and the glass/can/plastic waste into the appropriate recycling bins and then dragged the latter one up the drive, ready for emptying the following morning. It was damn heavy and I had to drag it up the drive backwards. That was the disadvantage of switching from plastic to glass.

Jenny needed more help in the kitchen with putting her sponge-cake mix in the oven and taking it out again when it was baked. Since I was going to benefit from the result, I was more than happy to help.

I also helped prepare the Italian meatballs for tea.

This working in the kitchen was a whole new experience for me.

## **Tuesday, 4<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

As well as tending to Jenny's eye drops, I managed to wash half of the pots from the previous evening's meal and breakfast before we left on a bit of a foraging exercise.

We started with a visit to Bob and Marie's home to pick up a small, insulated bag in which to carry Jenny's cold eye drops with us on our next hospital visit on Thursday.

We made our way to Tesco in Bury for a Radio Times refund (see 31<sup>st</sup> January's entry) and then made our way down the M66 to Sainsbury's store at Heaton Park. Having thought about it, we could have made life simpler by using the Tesco in Ramsbottom and then picking up the M66 from there.

We arrived with about half-an-hour to go before Jenny needed her next eye drop and we decided to start our top-up shop. We first explored a potentially quiet place in which to administer Jenny's eye drop and found Specsavers had a franchise inside the store.

We approached a gentleman in Specsavers at 11 a.m. and he directed us to a quiet, concealed corner of the store where I could wash my hands and put in Jenny's eye drop. We were most grateful.

We finished our shopping and came home. I called at the pharmacy in the village for the sterile saline solution and sterile, unwoven pads we had ordered the previous day and they had arrived moments before I walked into the shop.

As a contingency, we had bought a small amount of saline solution in Sainsbury's store but they didn't have any pads. This purchase from the local pharmacy would last us for a while.

I cooked my own lunch (under supervision) – bacon and fresh tomatoes – comprising a BLT or, to be more precise, BST, substituting baby-leaf spinach for lettuce, open sandwich. I also helped Jenny warm up her kirsch pie.

After lunch, I updated the accounts and looked at enabling our TFGM travel passes online so we could use them on the Metrolink on Thursday. That proved to be overcomplicated by the need to link each of our passes to our own TFGM account. I did discover that I could enable the passes at my local PayPoint rather than having to visit the Travel Shop in Bury. What's more, my local PayPoint was the shop hosting our village pharmacy. If I had known earlier, I could have enabled the passes when I collected Jenny's items. We decided to pop round in the morning.

It was then time to transfer the latest pile of washing into the dryer and finish washing the dishes.

I had a brief spell sorting a few things out on the computer before it was time to start the preparation for tea – and to cook it, under instruction, of course.

### **Wednesday, 5<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

Between my domestic duties, I had found time to complete this week's Radio Times crossword.

After Jenny's second treatment at 11:00 a.m., we went to enable our travel passes. Our local convenience store/pharmacy did not seem to have the facility to do so.

We sauntered down to the co-operative store at Vernon Road. The PayPoint system would not update our cards.

I bought a copy of next week's Radio Times and we came home.

After lunch, it was bread-making time. I weighed and mixed all the different types and quantities of flours, measured and poured all the liquids into a bowl in which Jenny had put the egg, spooned the flour mix into the liquids when Jenny had mixed them together and then used the hand mixer to produce the dough. I put the dough into the bread tin and put it on top of the oven to rise, both ovens having been lit to warm up.

I repeated this exercise for the second loaf and placed the tins in the oven, one in the left oven and the second in the right oven to bake.

When the first loaf came out, the chicken for tea went in and later I took that out and checked it was cooked. That led onto the veg prep for tea.

I took the second loaf out when it was ready. Both loaves looked very nice.

I spent the rest of the afternoon trying to work out how to use EPG123 and Schedules Direct to provide the TV programme guide for NextPVR, taking a little time out to plan our schedule for the following day.

#### **Thursday, 6<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

In between my domestic and nursing duties, my morning was occupied with the continuance of making the Schedules Direct TV guide work with NextPVR and I discovered that this facility was built into NextPVR. I didn't need EPG123 at all, so I removed it from my system.

The reason I wanted to use Schedules Direct to download the TV guide rather than obtain the guide from the TV transmission was that the former gave me up to fourteen days of guide listings as opposed to seven and I already had a Schedules Direct account for use with Windows Media Centre.

Unfortunately, having configured NextPVR to use Schedules Direct to download the guide, it still only had seven days of listings and I didn't have time to work out why.

We left at 12:30 to catch the 480 bus from Greenmount to Bury, where we visited the TFGM Travel Shop to update our passes. We boarded the Metrolink to Market Street in Manchester. Our passes were inspected en-route and did not register as having been authenticated. The lady inspector said that it was probably a fault with her equipment. Had she been more insistent, I could have produced the receipt of the transaction at the TFGM shop.

After a short delay, due to one passenger whose travel card did not register as valid proving to be rather awkward, we arrived safely at our destination.

We hopped straight onto the 142 bus at Piccadilly Gardens and arrived at the Eye Hospital at about 2:10 p.m., in good time for Jenny's appointment at 2:30.

We then had to wait over an hour to see the consultant, during which I had to administer Jenny's eye drop in a vacant consulting room.

The consultant we saw was not the same one as last time. He told us he was his replacement, Jonathan having left to work elsewhere. He was just as pleasant and, after examining Jenny, said she was doing very well.

We arranged another appointment in three weeks' time and obtained a further supply of the current medication from the pharmacy on our way out.

We called on Ward 55, where Jenny stayed last week, to give the nursing staff there a card and a tin of chocolates as a token of thanks for their kindness and consideration.

Having given Jenny another application of eye drops, we made our way to the bus and caught the 143, almost immediately, back to Piccadilly Gardens.

The tram ride to Bury from Market Street gave us an understanding of the packaging of sardines.

By the time we were in Bury, it was too late to catch a 480 bus back to the village so we made our way to the stand for the 474. We didn't have long to wait for that (or, to be more precise, the driver, since the bus was already there) and we alighted on Longsight Road, walking back to the village along Vernon Road.

We were home just before 6 p.m. I caught the end of House of Games and listened to the news while peeling potatoes to make chips for tea. I also helped to cook them in the oven (we baked chips on an oven tray, in either olive oil or coconut oil as opposed to frying them).

Jenny cooked the frozen mixed vegetables and cut the meat off the chicken, so tea was a joint effort.

Jenny made herself a cup of tea while working in the kitchen. I made myself a Bacardi and fruit cola. It had been a long day.

### **Friday, 7<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

We were back to our usual grocery shopping day at Unicorn and Waitrose, which meant 20% off our fish and lunch in the Waitrose café.

The motorway journey round the M60 was reasonable, helped by our early finish at Waitrose, before the school run started.

I started to put in the TV recordings for the coming week.

We had dropped Rachel off at work in Bury on the way out because her car was frozen up at the front of the house and I went down to collect her for tea.

## **Saturday, 8<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

I finished off the TV recordings for the week and tidied up the programmes we had watched during the previous week.

I started tidying up a few outstanding bits and pieces that were lying around. It was surprising how long it took to put small items away in their place but at least it saved time looking for them when they were needed, assuming one could remember where one had put them.

## **Sunday, 9<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

I continued tidying up my bits and pieces. My desk in the conservatory was starting to look more like a desk rather than a dumping ground. I even placed an E-bay order for a brass split (cotter) pin I needed to repair a candle snuffer that had been lying around on my desk in bits for months. I hoped the description of the item was accurate because size was critical (a statement that could be applied to other circumstances). For the price, it was worth the gamble.

I also listened to Jazz record requests and sent in a request, being somewhat sick and tired of the disproportionate volume of more modern forms of jazz played as opposed to traditional New Orleans Jazz. I had come across a band called Tuba Skinny, formed in New Orleans in 2009, which played, as far as I could tell thus far, traditional, New Orleans jazz. I didn't think I had heard them before and said as much in my JRR request, asking for one of their tracks. I later found I had heard the band on JRR once – that's one record in over ten years. Obviously the band was not well known.

This was the day that storm Clara arrived, with gusts over 90 m.p.h. recorded and torrential rain. There was some severe flooding, particularly in the Calder valley. Local communities in Ramsbottom and Radcliffe were flooded and had to be evacuated, accommodation being provided in Bury's Castle Leisure Centre. There was something to be said for living on higher ground.

## **Monday, 10<sup>th</sup> February 2019**

Jenny needed some items ordering from various sources and I spent some time looking for the lowest cost and the avoidance of delivery charges where possible.

I ended up ordering Sussex Wholefoods Organic Brown Rice Flour and Biona Organic Sweet Chilli Sauce from Healthy Supplies, for which there was a small delivery charge, Organic Cornflour directly from Doves Farm, for which there was a delivery charge and some Raynor's Organic Golden Syrup from Amazon, making up enough for a free delivery by ordering three 1,000 lumen LED corn-stick bulbs for the light fitting on the landing to replace the coiled fluorescent bulbs. This latter item was a bit of a gamble to provide better, more efficient lighting. If the bulbs proved to be satisfactory, I needed another fifteen bulbs, ten for the two light fittings in the lounge and five for the light fitting in the dining room.

I sent an E-mail enquiry to Granovita because I couldn't find any organic brown sauce anywhere.

All that took a good part of my day and, after a shower, we had a late lunch.

After lunch, I dealt with my E-mails and then the television recordings from yesterday and this morning. A couple of programmes had not recorded on the laptop in the lounge. One of them didn't matter too much and the other I had set to record in the conservatory as a back-up. That worked fine.

The failed recordings in the lounge put NextPVR into a funny state and it wouldn't tune in to any channels. Fortunately, shutting down and reloading the system fixed the problem and I had plenty of time to do that because there were no recording scheduled for the rest of the day.

Finally, I brought the documentation of my web site revision up to date and I had reached the point where I needed to give some careful thought to the picture gallery. That was going to be a difficult task and I wasn't sure how I was going to achieve the kind of search and presentation I wanted.

## **Tuesday, 11<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

I was up early, for a change, to put out the bins for the refuse collection.

Last evening's meal dishes and pans were washed, dried and tidied away before breakfast.

It took me all morning to perform two fairly productive tasks.

The first was to produce some instructions for operating the electrical gadget of a Mothercare baby bouncer for Jenny's car boot sale. I also downloaded the full user guide and made it available on my web site. Part of the process was to correctly reassemble the item after Jenny had removed the covers for washing.

The second was to repair a brass candle snuffer that had been lying around for ages for the need of a split (cotter) pin. While I had been able to obtain some, the brass one required seemed to be somewhat elusive. My order placed with E-bay arrived and the pin was fitted. It was a little shorter and a little larger in diameter than I would have liked but it seemed to do the trick and, having ordered two, I had a spare.

While my lunch was settling, I finished this week's Radio Times crossword and then continued with my web site modifications.

Having shelved the picture gallery for now, I reached the point where I wanted to do something with the Family Tree pages. Instead of displaying them as generated by Family Historian, I wanted to display them with the same look as my other pages. I also wanted to try to give people log-in access to my documentation, which was another new challenge.

I managed complete the introductory or contents page and the list of further reading matter. In order to understand how to deal with the name index page, I started to recode

it manually. This gave me an insight into how to extract the essential content and put it into my own page. The next step would be to construct a Java module to do this. I would then also need a Java module to process all of the individual family pages. The plan I was formulating was to write a single Java module to do all of the reformatting in one pass. I didn't expect this to be too difficult because I had already written code to read folders and files and to construct web pages and write them to a series of files. That was some time ago, though.

### **Wednesday, 12<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

After the recurrence of my old catarrh and chesty cough with pain in my upper chest just to the right of centre and finding it hard to breathe when I retired the previous evening, I had a somewhat restless night and felt dreadful when I woke up. I had all the symptoms of 'flu, except a high temperature and I was at a loss to understand what the problem was or what had suddenly caused it to recur, having felt much better for the past couple of weeks.

I improved a little after dealing with a few domestic tasks and spent a little time searching for someone to repair the wall clock that had been laying on the settee in the conservatory since we bought it at the last Collector's Fair at Greenmount Old School, almost a year ago. I sent off a couple of E-mails to local companies, A Oldham and Son and Clock Repair Limited.

I went into the garage to tidy away a few outstanding items, by which time lunch was ready. I had discovered I needed a small storage container for my split (cotter) pins so I left that until after lunch.

That done, I turned my attention to ordering some new, rubber car mats for my 16-year-old VW Golf. I went out to remove each of my existing car mats and photograph them so I could compare them with the pictures of the new ones I had found. There was a difference in the front passenger mat design and this seemed to be the same at all suppliers so I commenced placing my order. This was delayed by one question regarding fixings I did not understand and I left an enquiry with the supplier.

During this activity, our friend Faith from the old school called round with a small gift for Jenny to see how she was and we had a good natter.

### **Thursday, 13<sup>th</sup> January 2020**

We started the day with a grocery top-up shop at Sainsbury's store at Heaton Park, which had a fair selection of organic products.

After lunch, I started putting in the TV recordings for the coming week.

My order from Amazon arrived. That contained the three LED light sticks for the landing and I installed them, replacing the coiled, fluorescent bulbs.

Then disaster struck. The old Dell XPS laptop in the conservatory had powered off and would not power on. I suspected the power supply was faulty.

I went across to the old school where I kept spare power supplies and came back with two that I thought might solve the problem.

They didn't. What's more, there was something of an electrical burning smell at the back of the computer.

I packed up the power supplies, to return them to my stock and put the laptop on one side, wondering whether to strip it down and see if I could repair it. Meanwhile, I resolved to buy a new one.

### **Friday, 14<sup>th</sup> January 2020**

A thought struck me after breakfast (it must have been the porridge). I supposed it were possible that the faulty laptop power circuit had been fried due to a power spike because it was not connected to a protected socket. If that were the case, I'm surprised it didn't destroy the external power supply first, though. I would know more if and when I stripped it down, which would take me a good couple of hours.

Believe it or not, it was approaching noon by the time we had dealt with all the mundane tasks of the day and we had been up since 8.30 a.m.

We didn't have time to do anything, apart from sort out the one remaining, functioning laptop after a Microsoft update when I closed it down the previous evening, before speeding off to the Dementia café. This month's theme was Valentine's Day. There was a hot-pot lunch and Jenny had made gluten-free versions for those who needed them, including us.

When we returned home, it wasn't long before I started to feel really ill with a terrible pain in my stomach. I sipped a glass of tonic water and rested on the settee in the lounge, unable to eat any tea. After a couple of hours' rest, I started to feel a little better and as the evening wore on, I improved considerably.

### **Saturday, 15<sup>th</sup> January 2020**

We were at the old school for just after 10 a.m. and dealt with a fair amount of the electrical jumble. We decided to pack up about 3.30 p.m. and I tidied up the TV programmes we had watched during the previous week. That didn't go well and took much longer than I expected because I was making a lot of mistakes, probably because I was tired.

### **Sunday, 16<sup>th</sup> January 2020**

It was another long day at the old school. It was slow going and my habit of mislaying items didn't help. All in all, it wasn't as productive as I would have liked and there was still a lot to do after we packed up and tidied up about 4 p.m. I was home too late for the computer I had with me to record Jazz Record Requests.

Marie called at the old school to see Jenny and bought a few items while she was there. She was very pleased with what she found.

I brought home a few items to check out.

A satellite navigation aid for the car worked fine, except that it was missing a car charger.

A tyre inflator didn't work very well at all and neither did a toaster Jenny tried at home. Both would be consigned to the electrical junk.

My main priority at home was to resurrect Matthew's old server which I had rebuilt with Windows 7 and intended to sell on the car boot sale. I now needed it to record TV programmes and I set it up in the conservatory. I installed the Hauppauge software for the Nova-T USB stick and that went pretty well compared with the rest of the day. I had it up and running and the programmed scheduled to record in good time. It must have been the beer I had just before tea.

### **Monday, 17<sup>th</sup> January 2020**

The day started badly. The PC in the conservatory I had installed last evening had powered off overnight. I powered it back on and it went into the Advent screen with various options, none of which worked. Anything I pressed on the keyboard produced no response. I couldn't even get into the BIOS.

I went to keep my dental appointment. It transpired that the two gaps I had felt in my teeth were, in fact, cavities that needed filling, one on the bottom right and one on the top right. I ended up with half a frozen face for a couple of hours, by which time we were both well into the electrical jumble at the old school.

I managed some lunch about 1:30 p.m. and started to wind down afterwards, having everything tidied and ready for the sale by 3 p.m., with an hour to spare.

Despite two returns and refunds, one due to a steam generator iron that had sprung a leak and the other for a DAB radio that didn't do what the lady wanted it to do (i.e. play CDs), we did quite well, selling a lot of expensive (by jumble sale standards) items.

The returned DAB radio did not resell and we kept it, along with some of the better items, for future sales. The rest went to Father Wyatt in Salford, along with the other jumble leftovers, as usual.

We came home about 6:30 p.m. after tidying up once more.

The gremlins had struck again. This time, the house alarm would not turn off. Jenny tried several times and, with the alarm sounding, I dashed upstairs and turned it off using the remote keypad. It seems that the keypad on the main alarm was not responding.

After some fiddling, I managed to get the main keypad to work. What's more, I successfully emptied the water tanks on both dehumidifiers and put out the waste paper bin for the collection in the morning

There was still no joy with the old computer in the conservatory, though, even with a PS2 keyboard as opposed to the USB variety.

I updated my DVD documentation with the three James Bond movies Jenny had found at the old school and which we didn't have on DVD and this diary entry while Jenny cooked tea.

### **Tuesday, 18<sup>th</sup> January 2020**

It was time for a rest after the last three hectic days. I was aching all over and it was late morning before we were up to speed, which, these days, wasn't exactly in over-drive.

My (late) morning duties were the dishes from last evening and breakfast this morning, which we had about 9 a.m., followed by fetching the waste paper bin down after it had been emptied and half-filling it again with more from the house as well as disposing of all of the rest of the sorted rubbish into the various bins.

I then settled down to deal with some correspondence that needed scanning and storing on disc before being filed or queued for shredding after backing up the electronic copy as appropriate.

That was interrupted by our friend Sue bringing a Tefal steam generator iron belonging to someone she knew for me to have a look at, since it didn't work. I couldn't get it to work either and I suggested that it might be a better investment to buy a new one rather than trying to repair it, not that I ever liked to throw things away.

### **Wednesday, 19<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

We went into Ramsbottom for a potter round the charity shops and a brief visit to Tesco as Jenny was running a little low on supplies.

Jenny found me three jazz CDs. I found three DVDs. One of them, The Sound of Music, seemed quite dirty and a little scratched so I wasn't sure whether to buy it or not. The lady on the counter assured me DVDs were checked before being put out but this one had obviously slipped through the net and she said I could have it for free as it would be consigned to the bin.

At home, I cleaned up the DVD and we watched it in the evening. It played perfectly and brought back fond memories. I saw the excellent film at the cinema at least twice when it first came out. Since the DVD was fine, I made a note to call in and pay for it the next time I was in Ramsbottom.

During the afternoon, I helped Jenny make two more organic, gluten-free loaves.

### **Thursday, 20<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

I discovered that there had been some changes to the digital, terrestrial, TV channels (Freeview). Although we watched Satellite TV (Freesat) when we did watch live

television, all my recordings were from Freeview because, firstly, I did not have any Freesat devices from which I could record and, secondly, I only had one LNB in my Satellite dish and I would have to upgrade it to a quad LNB, running separate cables for each LNB I wanted to use because, unlike terrestrial television, the satellite signal could not be split such that different channels could be watched using the same feed. This was because the channel selection from a satellite signal was performed in the LNB on the dish and not in the device (TV) receiving the signal.

Back to the plot.

I needed to retune the lounge TV Freeview channels and both the Hauppauge WinTV and NextPVR software on the laptop. I would have retuned Windows Media Centre on the conservatory tower system had it not given up. I hadn't got round to trying to fix it.

It was then I discovered there was a problem tuning into the new high definition channels on Freeview, which I had hoped to be able to use to record better quality programmes. I started to delve into channel frequencies and UHF multiplexor channels from our local TV transmitter at Winter Hill and opened a whole new bag of worms. I spent most of the day, working into the wee small hours of the following morning trying to unravel the information from the Internet, much of it well out of date.

### **Friday, 21<sup>st</sup> February 2020**

We went grocery shopping to Unicorn and Waitrose. It all went pretty well until we joined the M60 to come home, immediately joining very slow moving traffic for most of the way home.

We were home late in the afternoon and I set about putting in the TV programmes to record for the coming week.

It was past midnight again when I finally got to bed, after composing a letter to Digital UK Limited asking for the accurate, technical Freeview information I was unable to find, intending to post it the following morning.

### **Saturday, 22<sup>nd</sup> February 2020**

We spent the day at the old school working on the electrical jumble and I didn't make it to the post office to post my letter.

After tea and watching an old film I had recorded, I decided to do a bit more digging regarding Freeview and, by 2 a.m. the following morning, I had made some progress, having found out how to determine to which multiplexor UHF channels the lounge TV digital Freeview programme channels had been mapped and how to manually assign correct programme channels to those stations that had not been stored correctly.

I made a mental note to start again and commence with a definitive list of Freeview TV channels and their assigned logical channel numbers.

## **Sunday, 23<sup>rd</sup> February 2020**

I dealt with the TV recordings from the previous week and tidied up what we had watched during the week. I backed up all my data. In the spare periods while I was waiting for the laptop to complete whatever it was doing, I decided to give the conservatory system another try. It burst into life.

Windows Media Centre had lost all its configuration so I started off the reconfiguration process. It needed to rescan anyway. That was successful.

## **Monday, 24<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

After a reasonably pleasant day yesterday, we were back to depressingly grey skies and heavy rain yet again.

With climate change, this was becoming the norm, certainly for winter days and, since the effect of our actions on the climate lagged behind the causes by some years, we were currently experiencing only the beginning of what was to come, regardless of any action we took in the immediate future to improve matters.

Furthermore, the actions proposed by our totally incompetent and irresponsible politicians (at least the British Government was not in denial regarding climate change) were only tinkering at the edges and would have little effect.

What we needed was a complete restructure of our lifestyle and no-one would consider that because of the impact on the economy and the hardship it would cause. As our result, our children and grandchildren were doomed to increased suffering and a literal fight for survival.

Instead of trying to tackle the problem in a more structured way now, we were thrusting future generations back into the dark ages with the distinct possibility of the extinction of the human race and, ultimately, all life on earth.

Knowing what needed to be done was one thing. Having the power to do it was another.

Unfortunately, one country acting alone would not provide a solution, although it would set an example the rest of the world could not possibly ignore.

As for those affected by flooding, building on flood plains was never a good idea. Choosing to live on one... And in coastal regions, solid, high, hard-rock cliffs would be my choice, not sandy bays, estuaries or soft cliffs, with sea levels set to rise by around seven metres as the polar ice melted at an ever increasing rate.

Meanwhile, back at the plot, we were preparing for a brief journey to our local Sainsbury's store at Heaton Park for a few grocery items we couldn't find at Waitrose last Friday. That was followed by lunch at home and then I spent the afternoon trying to find some more of the LED bulbs I had installed in the chandelier on the landing.

For information, they were LOHAS B22 LED Corn Bulbs, 80W Equivalent, 9W 2700K Warm White Candelabra Bulbs, 1000 lumens, purchased from Amazon. Returning to

Amazon some days ago, I discovered these were no longer available. What few were available elsewhere were expensive. My assumption was that they were manufactured by LOHAS-LED, a company based, I believed, in Hong Kong. There were none on their web site and trying to contact the company was a waste of time.

I finally found something similar but not as nice looking in stock at a supplier in Chorley and I sent an E-mail to them.

I couldn't believe it was so difficult to obtain a decent LED replacement for the mini-coiled, fluorescent bulbs in my other chandeliers.

### **Tuesday, 25<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

I decided it was time I did something productive, to help Jenny. She was somewhat concerned that she had to refrain from routine housework following her operation on her right eye, at least until she had seen the consultant again in March. I stepped in and started cleaning the lounge. It took me all day to do about a third of it.

My plan was to resume work and try to make more progress in the morning.

### **Wednesday, 26<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

My plan did not mature.

Instead, we went into Ramsbottom, essentially for some organic, raw-cane, caster sugar, which was sold loose by the shop and we filled our own container, which we took with us. What an excellent shop Plentiful on Bridge Street was.

We toured the charity shops and I found a DVD and two CDs, one of the latter being Sid Phillips and His Band and the other Jelly Roll Morton. When we came home, I played the former over lunch. It was a compilation of the 78 recordings that had been digitally re-mastered and it was excellent.

I resumed my lounge cleaning and Jenny suggested we tackle her side of the room. The led on to a complete reorganisation of the bookcase and we had not finished by 5:30 so we decided to call it a day and resume the work in the morning.

### **Thursday, 27<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

I eventually resumed the cleaning and tidying of the lounge. We decided that the bookcase was as tidy as it was going to get so I pressed on and finished that side of the lounge.

It was surprising how long a thorough cleaning of the room took and there was still quite a bit to tackle when I left off at about 5 p.m.

### **Friday, 28<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

It was another shopping day to Unicorn and Waitrose, the worst part being the drive back along the dreaded M60. The weather didn't help in either direction, with heavy rain, lots of surface water and a considerable amount of spray mist, requiring fog lamps as well as headlights. Despite that, there were some idiots driving without any lights at all.

I was very tired as we retired to bed and I had a nasty migraine, something I frequently had around 12 years of age and with which I rarely suffered since.

### **Saturday, 29<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

We had a reasonably early start and my migraine was still niggling in the background.

We went round to the old school to deal with more electrical jumble. I was not at my best and progress was slow. We managed to deal with everything that had come in during the week and some of the older items in store. I also brought a few items home to repair and test.