

Greenmount July 2018

Sunday, 1st July 2018

June went out with blue skies, sunshine and moorland fires not so far away and July started the same way. It was another glorious, warm day and I was not complaining. Unfortunately, our water supply company was. There had been a huge rise in demand for water recently and we were being asked to be frugal with water to avoid a hose-pipe ban or even worse. It seemed that the long, hot, dry spell had taken them somewhat by surprise.

As the effect of global warming really started to hit home and with an escalating population, the shortage of water was going to be only one of the major consequences of the reluctance, if not stupidity, of the present government to take positive measures to try to improve matters. In fact, the government of the day had just voted to make matters worse. See this week's [Unearthed publication](#).

We were up at 4:30 a.m. and Jenny and Rachel sped off to their car boot spot at 5:50 a.m., by which time I had finished the dishes from yesterday evening and this morning.

I spent the next four hours or so updating the village web site, my web site and my monthly blog, interrupted only by the need to tend the cat's ear at 7:00 a.m.

Now it was time to do some real work.

Pondering which of the several outstanding jobs to tackle, I decided to go outside and make some wedges for the kitchen patio door so that we could open it without fear of it closing with a bang. The challenge was that it opened outwards and was some 23 centimetres above ground level.

My first attempt to make a triangular, hollow wedge out of some old decking failed miserably. One major design flaw was that I had badly misjudged the angle of the wedge. I abandoned that design and started again, using a similar technique to that for the rear garage doors, that is layers of wooden blocks with a wedge on top, all held together by vertical pieces at each end screwed into the horizontal blocks.

In the case of the kitchen door, being much higher off the ground, it required much bigger blocks. Fortunately, I had some suitable, old wood and commenced sawing, having a makeshift wedge finished by 12:30 p.m., when I decided it was lunchtime.

I finished off the two kitchen door wedges by 5 p.m., Rachel and Jenny having returned and done quite well. I tidied up outside, came in and Jenny gave me a glass of red wine while the fillet steak was cooking for tea. It was a hard life.

The two key items on the news for me were the fires raging on the local moors and the NHS in its 70th year making contingency plans to maintain its supplies post Brexit (leaving the European

Union) if negotiations did not go well. As far as the fires were concerned, global warming would only make matters worse and the government was contributing to it (see above). As far as the NHS was concerned, my view on Brexit was that, having voted in favour of leaving the EU, I now realised that it was a great mistake and we should remain in the EU. I was of the opinion that the information available at the time of the referendum was emotive and lacked the facts. People were misled, which, I think, invalidated the referendum result and I firmly believed that most would now vote to remain.

I was beginning to wonder whether the referendum was very cleverly stage-managed to produce the Brexit result. To substantiate that point of view, we have to ask who benefits from the UK leaving the EU? We know that both Canada and the United States are waiting eagerly to make inroads into the UK marketplace, where Brexit will generate gaps. So was the referendum engineered to give the US an advantage? What a disaster that would be. You know the old saying – better the devil you know. Personally, I prefer the biblical quote “Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.” (Psalm 146, verse 3). Somewhat appropriate for a Sunday, methinks.

Monday, 2nd July 2018

After giving the cat her ear medication just after 7 a.m., I crawled back into bed and it was 10:30 by the time I was back on my feet. Breakfast and morning chores took us until noon on another lovely, hot, sunny day with temperatures well into the twenties and sunshine forecast for the coming week. While this was very pleasant, it wasn't doing the garden much good and it must be a nightmare for farmers.

I spent the day helping Jenny with her car booty, lifting, sorting and stacking. It was 5 p.m. before we had finished and I hadn't noticed we had missed lunch. I was very thirsty, though.

Tea was a salad. With the hot weather and growing our own lettuce, we were eating more salads of late and very refreshing they were too, particularly when followed by fresh fruit salad and yoghurt.

I spent what spare interludes I had and the evening progressing my web site redesign, making significant progress.

Tuesday, 3rd July 2018

My first job of the day, after the usual chores, was to update the village web site following a request for information I did not have the previous evening and which arrived in my Inbox early today. I also included an event from my E-mail I had missed on the previous update.

After that, I updated this blog before walking down to see an old friend of Jenny's, June, whose husband had recently died after a short spell in hospital.

After lunch at home, we spent the afternoon picking the blackcurrants that were ripe

As yesterday, I spent what spare time I had on my web site redesign.

Wednesday, 4th July 2018

It took all morning to clean the blackcurrants we had picked yesterday.

After lunch, while Jenny went to the hair salon, I finished off my web site redesign. When Jenny came home, we started the jam-making process while I left the computer uploading the new version of my web site to the server.

We had difficulty making the jam reach its setting point, which was odd because the blackcurrants normally set quickly. We ended up adding the juice of a lemon, the mix producing almost ten jars of jam from four pounds of fruit.

I made my new web site version operational and checked it was working, checking most of the links and fixing a few teething problems either side of tea time.

I updated this report of our fascinating activities.

Thursday, 5th July 2018

In between a finishing touch to my redesigned web site, dealing with a couple of E-mail problems, labelling the jam we had made and doing the Radio Times crossword, I managed to tidy up the fruit bushes along the fence on the public land to the side of the house. The bushes had spread to the far side of the fence from our garden and bore fruit which I picked.

I wanted to remove all the golden raspberry bushes. Although they bore a good crop of fruit, it was prone to disease or infestation and only a small amount of it was edible and was very nice. Still, the rate of return was a waste of space and I dug out the bushes as much as I could. I also removed all the wild blackberry bushes which would cause problems with my cultivated bushes, which had also grown through the fence. I tidied up the latter and also the blackcurrants that had grown through, on which there was more ripe fruit for picking.

All the waste went into the recycling bin that was emptied the previous day (it should have been emptied on Tuesday) and it was full again and would remain so for a fortnight.

Friday, 6th July 2018

We called at Tesco in Bury for a few items (the wine offer of 25% off six or more bottles was still on, so we bought another six bottles of Yellowtail Chardonnay) and the Vet's practice for Toffee's bag of food (the last one lasted her three months, which wasn't bad going) before heading down the M60 (without any delays whatsoever) to Unicorn, where we had to queue for a short while to get into the car park.

From there, we had a fairly trouble-free, short run to Sainsbury's in Sale, followed by a busier journey to Waitrose. The delays we experienced last week and for which we were prepared this week did not materialise and we made Waitrose for 1 p.m., where we had lunch as usual. The gluten-free choice of sandwich was somewhat limited as usual.

We were back on the road before 3 p.m., hoping to miss the school run and, by and large, the journey home was not too bad – at least we kept moving on the M60, the busiest part being, as usual, the approach to the canal bridge and the M62 junction just after it.

We were home in just under the hour and rushed the cold and frozen from the cool boxes into the fridge and freezer respectively. The outside temperature had managed, according to the car's display, 28.5°C for a short time and the air conditioning was working hard on the lowest (coolest) setting with all the windows closed, keeping us nice and cool. When Jenny stepped out of the car at Waitrose, she remarked it was like Singapore. I agreed, except that it was a dry heat rather than the humid one of the tropics.

I watered the garden before retiring for the night, not having done so for a couple of days, trying to preserve the water supplies. Unfortunately, some of the plants were sagging a bit and needed moisture.

Saturday, 7th July 2018

We spent the morning at the village drop-in. Jenny helped out on a stall and I worked on some electrical equipment for the next jumble sale.

After lunch, I started an update to the village web site. That was interrupted by Jenny needing help to pack the car for tomorrow's car boot sale. I finished off the village web site by 6 p.m. and updated mine.

Before retiring, I listened to the recording of Jazz Record Requests and this week, there were actually four or five half-decent tunes played, one of them only recorded last year. If I knew what to request, I'd write in but it's knowing what I don't know! Listening to JRR, I hear music I have never heard before and the odd few pieces, mostly traditional jazz and pieces from the jazz revival in the 1950s I find most appealing. My CD collection of Jazz continued to grow too.

Sunday, 8th July 2018

It was a 4:30 a.m start on yet another gorgeous, summer's day, the green areas turning brown for want of rain and the garden just surviving with a watering every other evening.

Jenny and Rachel whizzed off to the car boot sale in Ramsbottom and I wondered what to do.

The decision wasn't too difficult as there was a pile of dirty pots and a load of rubbish to go to the recycling bins.

While I was pottering outside, I noticed some weeds sprouting through the block paving (goodness only knows from where they found the moisture) so out came the weed killer and I carefully sprayed all the weeds I could find in the block paving and also the pavement and the kerb edge in front of our property and up the road as far as the point to which I used to cut the grass on the side of the house.

That done, I decided to touch up the decorating in the dining room. It had wanted attention since the new radiator was fitted and it was about time I tended to it. I started by finishing off the filling in and left that to set.

I had promised Jenny I would replace the painted, flimsy loft access cover on the landing with one made from the left-over wooden flooring, so I decided to tackle that. From the bits in the small bedroom, I found four pieces of exactly the same length and they just fitted nicely into the access. All I had to do was to fix them together and I used some wood glue on the tongue and groove joint, hoping that would be enough. I left that to set in the garage, sitting on my workmate with a bit of weight on it (a box of Jenny's car booty books) to keep it flat.

With two jobs in progress and waiting for both to set, I turned my attention to the fire. It had not been cleaned since its last use months ago. I was on my knees when Joani, who had telephoned earlier, arrived with three large carrier bags full of LPs she had been given. I was going to look through them for anything I wanted and then deliver them to the Old School for one or more of the sales there.

Joani picked up her laptop I had been storing for her and I carried on cleaning the fire. While sweeping the hearth. I dislodged a loose piece of mortar from the bottom left corner of the inglenook brickwork. This had been loose for some time and I always intended to fix it. There was no time like the present.

Job number three went on hold and would remain there until the mortar I was about to mix and apply had set.

Job number four commenced. I went into the garage expecting to have to mix some sand and cement when I stumbled on a tub half full of ready-mixed mortar. I found an old desert spoon we had used for gardening under one of the raised benches, cleaned it up a bit and put two spoonfuls into a small plastic tub, mixed it up and applied it.

With a fair bit of mortar left over, I went outside looking for gaps that needed filling. I didn't have to look far.

Having used all the mixed mortar and washed out my tools, I decided it was lunchtime. So had the cat, so I fed her first. The last couple of tasks before lunch were to check Media Centre on the laptop computer was working properly (it could be temperamental after loading up Windows at times) so it would record a programme later on and to clean a jazz CD I had been given and which wasn't playing very well. Cleaning with Isopropyl Alcohol (I used that for my CDs, DVDs and for LPs) fixed it.

After lunch, I pondered what job seven was going to be. I decided to carry on with the fire, cleaning the stove. By the time I had finished that, the mortar had set sufficiently for me to wash the tiled hearth and I was in the process of doing that when Rachel and Jenny returned from their car booting.

I finished off the hearth and the bits and pieces that sit on it and packed up for the day, or so I thought.

Before retiring, I went out to water the garden and then spent about half an hour toying with a redesign of the Greenmount Village web site. I had started on the home page a couple of days previous and it wasn't going well. I managed to resolve one problem and then hit another. Time for bed, I thought.

Monday, 9th July 2018

I started by fitting the new loft access cover I had made and it looked nice. The old one was consigned to the pile for the tip. The only laborious part was removing the insulation from the back of the old cover that had been stapled to it. One I removed the plastic cover, Jenny and I put the insulation in a new, large bag and I just put that loosely over the new cover.

Jenny needed my help with unpacking the car and the first challenge was to reverse it down our steep drive. It was a challenge because the door mirrors would not adjust so I could see where the nearside back wheel was going, needing to avoid a small step at the front of the house on that side. Jenny, who was watching me reverse the car, also informed me that the nearside brake light was not working. Fortunately I had a spare and replaced it.

That job done, I went out and pulled up all the catmint growing in the block paving I had sprayed the previous day in case the cat tried to eat any of it. Fortunately, she hadn't thus far.

I searched in vain for a local auto electrician, leaving off for a late-morning shower before heading off to Bury Parish Church for the service to celebrate the life of Ray Wight, a friend of ours and the husband of June, a lady Jenny had known for many years and with whom she used to work.

Back home, I pursued my search for an auto electrician and eventually decided to book my car in at Finneys Garage, where I had it serviced, for Friday after the chap with whom I spoke said they could fix it. Time would tell.

I was wondering what to do next when Jenny asked if we could sort through the records Joani had brought. The plan was to sell them on our car boot. That took the rest of the afternoon.

Tuesday, 10th July 2018

Getting out of bed when the alarm went off at 7 a.m. was really a struggle and it was a good half-hour later that Toffee received her dose of trans-dermal gel in her right ear. I was of the opinion

that the only reason she laid down and allowed me to probe such a sensitive area was that she received a good ten-minute, relaxing groom afterwards.

I staggered upstairs and made it to the bathroom. A wash in cold water helped a little, although I still felt tired.

The laptop started to misbehave again before breakfast, after a long spell of perfect operation and I had to fix that so it would record the TV programmes during the day.

Breakfast over, I washed the pots as usual and, being Tuesday, that was accompanied by the sound of the refuse collection of the bin, this week containing paper and card to be recycled.

We set off on our walk to Ramsbottom, delivering the latest edition of the village magazine, [The Greenmount Voice](#) on the way.

For a change we followed Cycle Route 6 until we reached a road junction with no direction sign and, I suspect we took the wrong turning, which eventually took us back onto the cycle route but the long way round. The result was that we ended up walking further than we would have done on the main road.

We lunched at Owen's restaurant, which had a very good gluten-free menu and it was very nice.

We visited the card shop for birthday cards for Matthew and Carrie, toured the charity shops, dropped off a dress for Rachel that needed dry-cleaning and tried to obtain some bolts and barrel nuts I needed from the hardware shop. Unfortunately, the bolts were too long and the nuts had too large a diameter. The charity shops yielded a DVD and a couple of CDs.

We caught the bus back, called at the co-op at Vernon Road and walked back home from there.

Wednesday, 11th July 2018

The highlight of the day was a visit to Tottington Health Centre for Jenny's eye examination as a result of a referral from the optician following her last eye test.

The good news was that the examination found nothing of concern and Jenny would be recalled in twelve months for a further examination. Meanwhile, she should continue with her annual visits to the optician.

I spent my spare time toying with a redesign of the village web site using HTML and CSS without using tables to position objects. That was easier said than done.

Thursday, 12th July 2018

Since this was D-CaFF (our local Dementia Café) week, we went grocery shopping.

Jenny had commented that the shower head needed replacing and our first call was at a local shop on Bolton Road in Bury. Jenny knew the lady in the shop; she was the mother of one of the Saturday girls when she worked at the Number 10 Coffee Shop in Bury. They did not have the shower head we wanted and would order it for us.

We called at Asda at Pilsworth for something for Matthew and Carrie's birthdays and one or two other grocery items.

Our journey to Unicorn, the onward journey to Waitrose and the return journey were not too bad, a consequence of travelling on a Thursday instead of Friday.

I dealt with a few administrative items at home before going out to pick the latest crop of blackcurrants, despite feeling absolutely shattered. I had to leave off for tea at 8 p.m.

Friday, 13th July 2018

The day started with me taking the car into Finney's Garage on Manchester Road. The previous week end, the electric mirrors had stopped working altogether and a chap at the garage said they could fix the problem. As I understood it, they also said they could fix the long-standing problem of adjustment to the right-hand mirror also adjusting the left-hand mirror at the same time.

Rachel picked me up and brought me home so I could have some breakfast.

I spent the morning trying to progress a redesign of the Greenmount Village web site without using tables, that is, in a more professional way.

The D-CaFF dementia café was extremely well attended with entertainment from the excellent Asian Elvis impersonator, Patelvis.

Back home, it was case of hurrying down to catch the bus to collect the car. We were fortunate in that the bus arrived at the bust stop as we reached it on Longsight Road and on arriving at the bus station in Bury, we were able to hop off that one and straight onto the 135 in the next bay that went down Manchester Road.

The car had indeed been fixed and the cost was £30 cash. The chap said if I didn't have enough cash with me I could bring it in when I was passing. I managed to find a £20 note and Jenny had a £10 note. I discovered the repair, involving the replacement of the driver's door control unit with a second-hand one, did not cover the long-standing problem. I wasn't surprised.

Back home, it was a case of putting in the TV recordings for the week and tidying up those we had watched during the previous week.

Saturday, 14th July 2018

I didn't feel well and spent all day working on the computer, most of it updating the village web site with the pictures I took at the D-CaFF the previous day and amending a chunk of the dementia documentation to remove all reference to the Making Space organisation that had, so I was informed, withdrawn all of its services from Bury.

I also updated my web site with the latest Greenpeace issue of Unearthed. Leaving the EU was looking like an extremely bad move on several fronts.

I worked through the recording of Jazz Record Requests, which was almost a complete waste of time. The programme seemed to have been hijacked by a bunch of pretentious, would-be connoisseurs who seemed to wallow in cacophonous rubbish, I suspect, just to annoy people like me who preferred the more traditional style of music that was true to its roots. I did find one tune that was half decent, recorded recently by a modern band that was supposedly playing in the traditional style. It wasn't the same as Satchmo though.

I could always fall back on my growing Jazz collection, one of my latest discoveries in a charity shop being a CD of Louis Armstrong and Frank Trumbauer, who fitted together very nicely.

I spent much of the early evening working on a redesign of the village web site, having worked out the order of elements on the home page.

Sunday, 15th July 2018

Despite not firing on all cylinders, I was up about 5 a.m., after Jenny, which was unusual, especially on a car boot day.

Jenny and Rachel went off to their pitch in Ramsbottom, having packed the car the previous day, after I had checked the tyre pressures and put the car on the road.

I was going to do a few jobs outside but Jenny suggested I take it easy and tidy up inside, so I did.

While doing so, I listened to several Jazz CDs that had been queuing to be heard for some time.

I thought it best to check the behaviour of the redesigned village home page in Firefox, since it was looking alright in Internet Explorer. Browsers being what they were, a couple of the elements were not where they should have been. It was a case of back to the drawing board.

I also worked out the format of the DMARC record for the Greenmount Village E-mail. This, together with DKIM and SPF records were relatively new and were designed to help mail servers spot and reject mail that had not been sent from an authorised source. I had to research this and it seemed that there were a lot of people making it far more complicated than it needed to be,

providing software to generate a DMARC record for the Domain Name Server (DNS) in which the E-mail was configured and, some, at a cost.

I had someone technical at our hosting site, Zen, check it and they said it looked alright so all I had to do was to implement it.

Later in the afternoon/early evening, I beavered away at the revised Greenmount Village web site home page and eventually managed to code it so that the main content was aligned under the sub-heading, the main content moved up or down if any of the fields above it changed, including the menu, the variable-length column of events coming up shunted items below it up or down accordingly and its behaviour was almost identical in both Internet Explorer and Firefox. A case of mission accomplished, I thought.

I also coded the revised About Us pages.

Monday, 16th July 2018

I was first up to deal with the cat's medication and I dealt with the dirty dishes from the previous evening and washed out the very smelly, empty, general waste, pedal bin in the kitchen with some very strong disinfectant.

I laid the table for breakfast and ordered my web hosting service from Zen. I expected to be able to start transferring my web site within five working days.

After breakfast, I attempted to implement the DMARC mail record at Zen for the Greenmount Village account. The online facility to amend the DNS did not work and I had to resort to asking the technical staff at Zen to deal with it, which they promptly did. I had to say that their support was very good.

I helped Jenny tidy up, vacuum, dust and polish round and I vacuumed and cleaned the laptop as well. That took us to lunchtime.

After lunch, I discovered I had an E-mail from Zen telling me that my order had been fulfilled. That was quick, I thought. I started to upload my web site, which went well until I reached the folder containing all my photos. Uploading those was like watching concrete set. I had managed about half of them before I gave up for the day.

Marcus Evans, who had contacted me about taking over the role of Webmaster for the village web site, came to discuss the project in the evening. Being a nice evening, he arrived without a coat and, while we were chatting in the conservatory, we had a torrential downpour. Our lovely hot, dry spell was well and truly over and the weather as back to normal. It was still teeming down when Marcus left so I gave him a lift home, about five minute's walk away.

Tuesday, 17th July 2018

I recommenced uploading my photos to my web site at Zen, leaving off to pick the remaining blackcurrants, leaving off that when it rained and using the time up to lunch to clean those in the fridge from the previous pick and this morning's gatherings. The upload to Zen continued throughout the day as I found snippets of time in between picking the remaining blackcurrants, cleaning the blackcurrants and making the third batch of jam.

Wednesday, 18th July 2018

We did a little tidying up in the garden, mainly concentrating on the raised beds before our trip into Ramsbottom, where we toured the charity shops.

We went up the valley to a hardware shop in Waterfoot to try to find some barrel nuts to repair a footstool for Jenny's car boot sale. Unfortunately they only had the same size barrel nuts as the hardware shop in Ramsbottom, which were slightly larger than the holes in the wood in which I needed to place them. I decided to take a pack and drill out the holes slightly.

After lunch at home, I finished off uploading my web site to Zen and started work on some amendments.

Thursday, 19th July 2018

I carried on with the amendments to my web site, running a link checking procedure to make sure all of the links between pages worked.

In the afternoon we went to Matthew and Carrie's house where we met up with Carrie's parents, Bob and Marie, for a barbecue to celebrate Matthew's birthday.

When we arrived back home I made my web site live at Zen, having configured my E-mail at Zen and turned off my old Windows 2003 server.

Friday, 20th July 2018

I spent a little time trying to work out the cause of the problems I was having with my E-mail based at Zen. I had to leave that to go grocery shopping.

We called at the Shower Services shop in Bury to collect our new Mira Eco Shower Head, a replacement for the worn one and at the Vet's practice to collect the cat's thyroid, trans-dermal gel.

We performed our grocery shop as usual and back home I discovered my E-mail was finally working properly after a few early glitches, due, primarily, to my impatience. The changes I had

made to set up my web site and E-mail at Zen had taken a while to take effect, a phenomenon on the Internet known as propagation.

I put in the TV recordings for the week and updated my web site with the latest Unearthed circular from Greenpeace.

Saturday, 21st July 2018 to Monday, 23rd July

We spent three days at Greenmount Old School testing, pricing and, between 4 p.m. and 6 p.m. on Monday, selling electrical equipment for the jumble sale.

We were a little light on the domestic appliances and somewhat top-heavy on the technical equipment, including a complete and, when I had finished with it, working Dell Inspiron tower system.

We packed up a little early, as trade had petered out and, although we sold some more expensive items, our takings were slightly down on recent sales.

Our perfect Monday ended with a power cut at home just as our tea was cooking in the oven. That was delayed by a good half-hour.

I was dealing with my E-mails at the time and, fortunately, the laptop carried on using battery power. The E-mail with which I was dealing was in response to my complaint to BT last Friday about not being able to find out how to cancel my BT premium mail account before prices went up in August. Now I had my own mail service working properly, I didn't need BT's service and the resulting saving of £5 a month, going up to £7.50 a month in August, would pay for my web and e-mail hosting at Zen.

With the power back on about an hour later, I finished of my E-mail and started moving my old server into the conservatory where I could decommission it properly.

Tuesday, 24th July 2018

It dawned on me that I had not updated the village web site yet this week so I started on that before breakfast and finished by lunchtime, making some changes to take effect at the coming week end.

I telephoned BT to cease my Premium Mail account, which went smoothly and quickly now I had the number to call (see my [Technical Tips](#)).

I updated my web site to add the above technical tip.

Jenny suggested I finish off clearing the corner in the lounge where my server used to be, so I did. I was not built for working in cramped conditions and that made the task just that little more challenging.

I started trying to rebuild the old Windows 2003 server, initially, loading Windows XP, which went well enough until I tried adding the Windows XP SP3 disc. The server would not read that and I gave up for the day.

In the evening, I progressed the village web site re-design.

Wednesday, 25th July 2018

I carried on where I left off with the old server, eventually succeeding in loading the Windows 7 Ultimate operating system. I left the computer downloading and installing updates for the rest of the day, while I spent the afternoon in the garden, tidying it up.

I picked up on the village web site redesign again in the evening and gave up on that because I was too tired.

Thursday, 26th July 2018

We went into Ramsbottom for lunch at Owen's restaurant again, which was very nice, followed by the usual tour of the charity shops.

Either side of that, I carried on applying updates to the computer I was preparing for sale at one of Jenny's car boot sessions.

The garden was not looking good and I reluctantly watered the back with the sprinkler and finished off the fruit bushes and raised beds with the spray on the hose pipe. The blackberries and vegetables were struggling for want of moisture.

Friday, 27th July 2018

We set off early on what was proving to be the hottest day of the year so far with temperatures up into the thirties.

We called at the hair salon on the way so Jenny could book in a trim and made our way to the chemist at Prestwich for Jenny's Omega 7 capsules and another bottle of Saw Palmetto for me.

We took the city roads to Unicorn and then went on to Sainbury's Sale store before finishing off at Waitrose near Altrincham as usual. The traffic was not as heavy as usual, probably due to the school summer holidays that had just started, although the standard of driving seemed to be much worse, making conditions challenging.

The journey home from Waitrose took less than an hour and we were home for about 3 p.m., which gave me ample time to put in the TV recordings for the week and finish off the computer I was rebuilding.

Saturday, 28th July 2018

There was a welcome change to the weather with rain showers, some heavy, thunder and a significant drop in temperature.

I finished repairing a foot stool Jenny had bought from the car boot sale for £1. It came in pieces with assembly instructions and on assembly, I had found we were short of some barrel nuts, the person who had previously tried assembling it having made a complete mess of it and destroyed two of the barrel nuts. Having put it together temporarily using two spare ordinary nuts, I had purchased some barrel nuts from the hardware shop in Waterfoot, a small village up the Rossendale Valley, near home and I replaced the temporary nuts with two of these. I also applied some linseed oil to a rough area I had sanded to blend it in with the rest of the woodwork. It was going on sale as an assembled kitchen accessory for £10, having also previously fitted felt padding to the feet.

I was about to start taking another look at my old Windows XP desktop when Matthew Skyped me with questions about his central heating radiators and I arranged to go down and give him some help after lunch.

I also had a telephone call from Don Kelley at Greenmount Old School. He had inadvertently included a "figure 8" power lead in a bag of cables he had donated to the previous jumble sale and what I had not sold had been shipped off to Father Wyatt in Salford. Fortunately, I had a spare one and dropped it off for him on my way to Matthew's house.

I helped Matthew remove two radiators. He was decorating the entrance hall, staircase and landing and replacing the radiators in the hall and on the landing when they arrived so the removal was in preparation for that.

I was home just in time for the first thunder storm of the day, about 4 p.m., not that it amounted to much.

I briefly helped Jenny with her batch of chutney, printed off a description of the PC for the car boot sale and updated this blog before listening to the recording of Jazz Record Requests, which finished at 5 p.m. Listening to a recording rather than listening to the live transmission meant that I could skip the tracks which I thought were utter, cacophonous rubbish (between 80 and 90% of them). I couldn't work out whether the programme had been hijacked by a pretentious minority or whether those of us who much preferred good, old-fashioned, early jazz were few and far between. I had submitted a request during the week and I waited patiently for a response, not holding my breath.

Having made those remarks, there were three decent pieces this week and comments by the presenter, Alyn Shipton, prompted me to make two further requests.

Sunday, 29th July 2018

I was up early to tend the cat as usual, the rain forecast for today teeming down. I had to admit that we really needed the rain for the garden and the cooler temperatures and grey skies made an acceptable change, although, hopefully, a brief one.

The recent warm, dry spell and record temperatures have prompted several comments about global warming. The fact that the earth was warming up was now only being denied by those who were ostriches in a previous life and had retained a subconscious legacy of it. To declare this particular summer as evidence of global warming was almost as bad as denying its effect. It was too early to say whether this summer was setting a trend or not.

I used my peace and quiet in the early morning to update the village web site.

I spent most of the day dealing with various tasks on the computer.

Monday 30th July

I spent most of the day on the computer dealing with various tasks again.

Tuesday 31st July

We went to Sheffield for the funeral (cremation) of Harry Dickenson, the widow of my cousin, Jean (Chadwick). The Humanist ceremony took place at Hutcliffe Wood Crematorium and we all (Jean's sister, Ann and her husband, Trevor, and Harry's friends and neighbours) met there and went to the Robin Hood Hotel, a short distance away from the crematorium at Millhouses, for a buffet.

The journey to Sheffield was quite pleasant, along the Snake Pass, once we had negotiated the traffic jam at the end of the M67 and through Mottram and then the very busy town of Glossop. We allowed plenty of time for the journey, which was just as well given the delays and then the route from Rivelin Post Office on the outskirts of Sheffield, along narrow, country lanes, from the west side of Sheffield to the south side and we arrived about 45 minutes early.

After the buffet and a chat at the Hotel, we made our way to the northerly side of Sheffield, avoiding the town centre, to visit Jenny's brother, Wilf and his wife Anne. The roads were very busy.

We left about 7:30 p.m. and drove home in the fading light, this time using the Woodhead Pass and made good time. Fortunately, Rachel had dealt with the cat's medication for the evening while we were still en route.