

Greenmount July 2022

Friday, 1st July 2022

We were grocery shopping at Unicorn and Waitrose most of the day.

Before we left, I spoke with one of the doctors at the surgery on the telephone to discuss the antibiotic tablets I had collected from the pharmacy the previous Saturday which I had not used. I established they were for my UTI and had been suggested by the hospital staff following the analysis of my latest sample. My UTI seemed to have responded to the course of penicillin-based antibiotics I had recently completed.

By the time we had returned following a torturously slow journey home, my UTI was back. I started the new (fourth) lot of antibiotics before retiring despite the patient leaflet's list of side-effects.

Saturday, 2nd July 2022

We were at the old school for the table-top sale from 9 a.m. to noon. The electrical items were in a complete mess, nobody else having the time or training to sort and test the equipment.

After lunch at home, I spent a couple of hours looking at a faulty toaster for a friend. The Russell-Hobbs device was not, according to the accompanying user booklet, designed for consumer repair. How right it was and how the law ought to be changed to stop this restriction on repairs.

I did manage to establish the cause of the problem but the difficulty in accessing the parts that needed to be replaced and the cost of the replacement item(s) would cost more than a new toaster – another practice that needed to be sorted out to reduce waste. I informed our friend and awaited a reply.

I took a little time to schedule the TV recordings for next week and to prepare some new recordings for viewing.

Sunday, 3rd July 2022

I spent most of the day updating my two computers to deal with changes in the TV channels, yet again without warning. The difficulty was Hauppauge WinTV8 on both the laptop and the desktop to tune in the ITV channels to the correct frequency and I spent ages trying to work out why. For some inexplicable reason, the problem resolved itself after about four attempts to retune on the desktop and a complete reinstallation of WinTV8 and about half a dozen attempts to return on the laptop.

Rachel returned the TV for both terrestrial and satellite channels without a hitch. I updated EPG123 which also involved updating Windows Media Centre on the desktop and updated NextPVR on the laptop without any problems as well.

Monday, 4th July 2022

I had a go at trying to tidy a few things up here and there and made very little progress.

I did manage to update the existing version of my web site with last month's diary and some major changes to the items we had for sale, ready for publication. What I seemed to have lost was my diary entry for the whole of May. That I would have to reconstitute from entries in Jenny's diary.

I went round to the surgery to provide a blood sample for analysis. I was under the impression that it was to check my liver function prior to being prescribed some medication for a fungal infection of my toenails. I had been treating it with coconut oil mixed with tea-tree oil with some degree of success but it wasn't completely resolving the problem so I resorted to asking Jenny's podiatrist for his opinion and he asked our GP to prescribe some medication. I learned from the nurse that she wanted three samples, for the full set of routine tests. I did mention I had been asked to provide a blood sample for a PSA test once the antibiotics for my UTI had been flushed from my system but that would not be for another good six weeks, assuming the present ones (the fourth batch) worked.

Lynn came, primarily to see Jenny and we all chatted in the lounge. We saw the lovely pictures of Lynn and John's recent holiday with their son, Chris, his wife Lois and their son, Ralphie in Croatia.

Tuesday, 5th July 2022

The first part of the morning saw us making some apricot jam using the apricots we bought at Unicorn last Friday. They were quite ripe and the 2 Kg made three and a half jars of jam.

I went out to pick some strawberries. Those in the small bed were not up to much and had been savagely attacked by slugs despite the first dose of nematodes. I wanted to apply the second dose but the miserable, wet weather prevented me doing so. Today was nice and pleasant but it was back to rain tomorrow again.

Picking the strawberries led me to tidy up the raised beds, one of which in particular was sprouting a nice crop of weeds. That led me on to the borders at the back and a quick tidy up there as an interim measure until I cut the grass and tended the borders more thoroughly.

I left off for lunch and really needed to change into my old gear to work in the garden.

After lunch, we walked slowly round to the village convenience store for next week's Radio Times. This was Jenny's first time out walking since her operation and she enjoyed the fresh air. We chatted with Dave across the road and Bea who was returning home on the way to the shop.

Back home, I changed into my working gear, cut the grass at the back and trimmed the edges, after which I was completely shattered. I cleaned the strimmer and the lawnmower and put both away with about half an hour to spare before tea.

I just settled down to work on the computer for a few minutes when Jenny said she had gathered in her washing and the washing lines needed fetching in. Rain was forecast for overnight and tomorrow.

Wednesday, 6th July 2022

We breakfasted in our nightwear, suitably robed in dressing-gowns and after pot-washing, I went for a long-needed shower.

We made our way up to the Incredible Edible plot by the church to pick the ripe raspberries and ended up with just short of a pound (just under 500g in foreign measure). After lunch, we turned the raspberries into jam, which took all of fifteen minutes from start to finish.

I printed off the labels for the apricot jam we made a couple of days ago and the raspberry jam that yielded just under two jars. Since the latter was still warm, I couldn't stick the labels on the jars. The apricot jam was suitably labelled and stored in the fridge. I noticed it was just a little on the runny side.

I prepared the photos from the D-Caff session I attended on 13th May for Marcus, the village web master and awaited his instructions on where to send them ready for publication on the web site.

I fetched in the potatoes and peeled them for tea and washed up for Jenny after she had been baking some fruit scones.

Thursday, 7th July 2022

My first non-routine job of the day was to spray the garden and primarily the raised beds in which we were growing the strawberries with the slug nematodes. I used the Miracle Grower spray connected to the hose pipe with the nematodes mixed with water in the container.

That done, I put all of the rubbish for the transfer station in Bury in the car before and early lunch.

We had to go to Bury for Jenny's podiatry appointment so I dropped Jenny off at the Townside Primary Care Centre, where she went last time and I drove to dump the rubbish in the various recycling and non-recyclable skips.

I arrived back just as Jenny telephoned me to collect her. I thought that was quick.

Apparently, she had received a telephone call to say she should have been at the clinic in Radcliffe and when she explained she was in Bury, the appointment was rescheduled for tomorrow morning, completely upsetting our plans for the day.

When we checked the appointment e-mail at home, it definitely stated that the appointment was at the Townside clinic in Bury. Somebody obviously made a mistake. Normally, I wouldn't be too perturbed but I had planned to fit in my session at the Dementia Café tomorrow afternoon and the likelihood was that the podiatry appointment

would delay our grocery shopping, which, in turn, would prevent me from being on time for the Café.

I went out to pick some strawberries for tea and grab the ones that were not quite ready for ripening in the conservatory before the slugs got at them. Hopefully, the nematodes would kill off the slugs...but expected it to take a little time for them to do so.

Friday, 8th July 2022

Jenny attended the clinic in Bury as re-arranged and that went well. She presented a printed copy of the E-mail regarding the appointment yesterday and that received a passing comment.

The good news was that Jenny's foot was healing well and quite quickly. She no longer needed all the dressings and padding she had been wearing thus far. It was imperative to keep her foot clean since the ulcers on her heel were still vulnerable to infection. She was also given a smaller "shoe" to wear on her foot and that made walking easier.

We sped off to Sainsbury's store at Heaton Park for our grocery shopping and, since I had forgotten to put the wheelchair in the car, Jenny walked round the store and was quite comfortable doing so. In fact she had been encouraged to walk more and without a stick by the nurse.

From there we went up to Tesco at Prestwich where we had lunch in the Costa Coffee shop. Since the shop had no gluten-free sandwiches, we obtained two from Tesco and ate those with our pots of Costa tea.

It was late afternoon by the time we made it home. I brought the groceries in and Jenny put them away. We had a cup of tea, a short rest and then went round to the old school to look at the preparation for the jumble sale on Monday. Our electrical equipment was all in the old scout room, together with some books, CDs and DVDs. I started to lay out the stall with some items that had been tested and priced and then we returned home for tea.

Saturday, 9th July 2022

We went down to the Emanuel Centre on Longsite Road to have a look at the car boot sale before returning to deal with the electrical jumble at the old school. We were there all day, until about 5 p.m.

Sunday, 10th July 2022

The old school beckoned for another day to sort and test the electrical jumble and we just about finished it all, leaving a TV and a hi-fi to test and an audio frequency filetr to fit with 13 amp plug and to test.

We brought a couple of items home to test in the car and I did those as soon as we arrived home. We also brought a carpet cleaner to test on one of the carpet runs in the kitchen and a Karcher jet washer to test outside. It would have been impossible to test these at the

old school. If we didn't manage to complete the testing for tomorrow we could always hang on to them and test them later, for the next jumble sale.

I was home just in time to settle down to listen to Jazz Record Requests, the bulk of it being utter rubbish. The one saving grace was Midnight in Moscow from Kenny Ball.

Jenny put out some washing in the scorching heat (26°C according to the car in the sun at the front of the house).

I tasted the Karcher jet washer. It leaked like a sieve. I left it outside to dry out before I consigned it to the electrical waste in the trailer in the garage.

Monday, 11th July 2022

It was another long day at the old school, with the jumble sale in the afternoon and tidying up afterwards. The sale was not very busy and we later discovered the takings overall were down.

Tuesday, 12th July 2022

I took Jenny to the vascular clinic in Rochdale where we saw one of the surgeons who operated on Jenny's leg. Jenny's leg and foot were healing well and she was discharged from the clinic, but told to come back to them if she had any problems. We thanked him and asked him to pass on our gratitude to Mr Lowe, who saw Jenny at Fairfield Hospital in Bury when she first went with her problem and who arranged for her to be admitted and operated upon so quickly.

We called at Ramsbottom on the way back and toured the charity shops. We popped into Morrison's grocery store for some Shar, gluten-free, digestive biscuits, which were not stocked by any of the other shops we visited, before returning home for lunch.

My afternoon was one of tidying up the TV programmes we had watched and planning some of the recordings for next week, after I had fetched the Radio Times from the local store. While I was there, I picked up from the pharmacy some more eye drops for Jenny which I had ordered on AskMyGP the previous day and my tablets to tackle my fungal toe-nail infection which James, the podiatrist, had recommended since the tea-tree and coconut oil mixture had not completely eradicated the infection.

Wednesday, 13th July 2022

After breakfast, I put the rubbish in the various bins and I decided to do some weeding of the soft fruit border. That took most of the morning.

I came in to prepare for our visit to see Matthew and Carrie. They had invited us and Carrie's parents, Bob and Marie, down for a meal in the garden. It was Carrie's birthday and Matthew was cooking outdoors on the barbecue. We had a lovely meal and a good natter.

We came home at about 4 p.m. and I went outside to pick the ripe strawberries. Jenny picked them over and we used them and some we had in the fridge to make some strawberry jam. Now the recipe books always say to boil the mixture of fruit and sugar, with added pectin or lemon juice as required, rapidly without stirring until it reached its setting point. I usually ignored the “without stirring” bit and kept the boiling mixture moving in the pan. On the previous occasion I had followed the instructions, the jam burnt on the bottom of the pan. Needless to say, I followed the instructions on this occasion and, you guessed it, the jam caught on the bottom of the pan. Fortunately, we were able to salvage three jars of jam from 2 lbs (that’s just under 1 Kg for those not educated in English weights and measures). I intended not to make the same mistake again.

We finished that and sat down for a cup of tea and a scone at about 8 p.m. It had been a long day, but a pleasant one overall.

Thursday, 14th July 2022

The weather was somewhat unsettled and indeterminate for the first part of the morning which almost scuppered our plans for a trip to Bury. When what small amount of rain we had disappeared, we decided to risk it and it was a pleasant day with a cool breeze.

We started off with a tip run to drop off the rubbish from the jumble sale and then we called at Halfords for a pack of two stop and tail bulbs for the car to keep as spares and some long-awaited Auto Glym screen wash. From there we made our way to B&Q at heap bridge for some fence paint, the plan being to take advantage of the forecast hot weather. Later in the evening, I discovered that the hot weather was to be peppered with rain showers, so fence painting may well have to wait for a dryer spell – if we ever got one.

We came back to Bury and parked up in a disabled spot so we could pop into the Millgate shopping precinct.

We had a quick look at a couple of charity shops and then made our way to the EE shop to sort out new Sims for two Apple phones Matthew had given us since he and Carry had upgraded to more modern ones. The plan was to have our existing numbers transferred to the new Sims and to take out a contract for unlimited calls and texts and a shared quota of data between us. Everything went well and, although we were told the activation of the new Sims could take up to 48 hours, our phones were working within an hour or two, the chap we talked with having put the new Sims in the phones for us. He also explained that the data was capped so we would not experience any billing surprises.

Jenny stopped off to obtain a new battery for her watch I had bought her several years ago from Past Times, a chain that was no longer trading.

We sauntered round to the Cats’ Protection League charity shop but it was closed. Somewhat disappointed and with no prospect of a gluten-free lunch, we picked up the car and drove round to Tesco for a few groceries before coming home. The store in Bury was so poorly stocked from our point of view that Jenny vowed never to shop there again. We would use the much larger Prestwich store in future.

We had a late afternoon snack at home and I reconciled the accounts before finishing off the TV recordings from the programme listings for next week. That just left me to scan

for the various series we watched tomorrow, after the electronic schedules had been updated, in case I had missed anything.

Friday, 15th July 2022

Grocery shopping day took us to Unicorn in Chorlton and Waitrose in Broadheath. We called at Matthew and Carrie's home to drop of a birthday present for each of them and we also stopped by on the way back.

Saturday, 16th July 2022

Marie arrived at 10:15 to take Jenny to a cancer fund-raising event. I asked Marie if she would drop me at the bottom Vernon Road so I could catch the bus into Bury. I had just missed a bus and I had to wait nearly twenty minutes for the next one. I went to the EE shop because Jenny's mobile number had not transferred to the new Sim card in the Apple phone. Mine worked very soon after we left the shop on Thursday. All it took was a quick removal and replacement of the new Sim card and the phone burst into life.

I had about half an hour to spare before my bus that came back through Greenmount so I strolled along to the Cat's Protection League shop that was closed on Thursday. There wasn't anything of real interest there and I sauntered back to Bury Interchange through the Millgate shopping precinct, arriving at the bus stop about three minutes before it was due to depart.

At home, I changed into my working clothes. Jenny arrived home as I did so. I helped prepare for lunch on the patio bench, removing the bench cover and fetching parasol from the garage loft to shade us from the sun and laying the table. We had a pleasant, leisurely lunch.

I did intend to start painting the fence after lunch but I realised there was a fair bit of preparation work to do.

The first job was to cut back the ivy that was creeping over and through the far fence panel on the right-hand side of the back garden, between our property and John and Jill's house next door. I used my hedge cutter for that, finishing off with the secateurs and then wheeling all the rubbish in the barrow to the garden waste bin.

Then I had to train the blackberry bush runners that were encroaching onto the patio and those that were climbing up the fence on the left side of the garden. That was the fence I had to paint on both sides, the other side being on common land and there I had to trim some branches off the holly bush that were touching the far fence panel.

By the time I had finished and tidied up, it was about 6:30 p.m. and I came in for a short rest before tea, which Jenny was preparing, having backed two lots of scones as well as performing other domestic tasks.

Sunday, 17th July 2022

I had arranged to return the wheelchair we had borrowed from the church at around 9:30 a.m. since Jenny no longer needed it. Although Jenny's left foot was not yet fully healed, she could walk reasonably well for short periods.

After finishing my breakfast and a few routine jobs, I started painting the fence on the common-land side at about 11:30. There were six and a half panels to complete and, fortunately, being on the north side of the house, much of the work was in the shade so, for the most part, I avoided the hot sun.

I left off for a short lunch break and then carried on, finishing at about 8:30 in the evening. It had been a long day and it wasn't over. I had to go out to clean the brushes and tidy up before going to bed at 11 p.m.

Monday, 18th July 2022

We were up as usual before 9 a.m., having settled into a routine of medication and meals. The temperature was expected to reach 33°C by 4 p.m. and there was an extreme heat warning on the forecast. It was likely to be too hot to work outside by noon. From this and the length of time it took the paint the fence yesterday, it was clear I wasn't going to finish the job before the rain on Wednesday.

Tuesday, 19th July 2022

It was far too hot to work outside. In fact it was far too hot to work at all, being not only the hottest day of the year but the hottest day since records began in the UK and it caused a lot of problems.

It was, of course, as a result of global warming as a result of burning fossil fuels and was described as a wake-up call. So what were our politicians doing about it after all Boris Johnson's promises at the COP26 conference last year? They were allowing a new deep coalmine to open near Whitehaven and granting new licences for drilling for oil and gas in the north sea. We were warned by the forecasters to expect more of the same and more frequent such incidents. Any idiot could have predicted that. So when did we expect our politicians to actually take global warming seriously? When it was too late, obviously.

Not that it worried us particularly, since we would probably be long gone by the time the panic set in and we had no grandchildren to worry about, unlike most people. I did fear for the future generations as the social structure crumbled and it was a case of survival of the fittest, not that anyone was likely to survive in the long-term. The human race will go the same way as the dinosaurs and, let's face it, we deserve everything we get for allowing it all to happen.

Meanwhile I needed to discuss my broadband contract with BT, which was due for renewal in August. That didn't go well. They wanted to hike the price by 50%. I said forget it and I would shop around. I spent some time doing just that and didn't really come to any decision.

I turned my attention to my need for a replacement printer and looked at one we had been given for our car booty. That didn't work too well because it was low on ink in the colour cartridge so I gave up on that as well.

It wasn't really a very productive day, apart from reading the meters and submitting the information for my monthly bill, which had become a licence to print money.

Wednesday, 20th July 2022

I was back outside, painting the fence since it was lot cooler but still quite warm. Working on the fence behind the fruit bushes was not as easy as I expected. I managed to complete three panels, with a short lunch break half way through, tidying up at about 4:30. That left me just enough time for a shower before relaxing in the lounge before tea.

Thursday, 21st July 2022

With the weather turning, there was no opportunity to continue with the fence painting. Instead, I gathered up the few additional ripe strawberries and we spent the morning making another small batch of strawberry jam.

I went to the Cuppa and a Chat session at the old school in the afternoon. We had a visit from our community policing team to discuss crime in the area and measures that could be taken to prevent more of it. The main focus seemed to be on traffic offences.

I called at the village convenience store for next week's Radio Times and later commenced thumbing through the listings of programmes to record for next week.

Friday, 22nd July 2022

We stopped off in Bury for Jenny's podiatry appointment on our way to Sainsbury's at Heaton Park, Followed by Tesco at Prestwich. I managed to find a pack of Verbatim CDs which I needed at Sainsbury's along with the groceries.

We stopped off at Matthew and Carrie's House on the way home.

The black ink cartridge I had ordered for Matthew's old Cannon MG2950 printer I was using had arrived and I fitted that so I could print the labels for the two lots of jam we had recently made. The cartridge was a stop-gap measure until I could find a decent photo printer with scanner. Having looked at the reviews, the ones recommended seemed to be obsolete, so I was back to square one.

Meanwhile I needed to find time to try to repair my old Canon i999 printer, which was brilliant when it worked properly.

I finished off the TV listings and programmed the recordings for next week.

Saturday, 23rd July 2022

My first productive job of the day was to label the strawberry jam.

We went round to the old school to deal with some electrical jumble and came home for lunch.

I caught up with a shed load of E-mails.

Sunday, 24th July 2022

Since the weather was unsettled again, I tidied up the recorded TV programmes we had watched over the last week or so and dealt with a few E-mails. There were two meetings I needed to attend this coming week, one being the Civic Society Committee and the other the Village Community Committee and I did some preparatory work for the latter.

I looked at the possibility of a day out in York during August and we found an evening event we thought we might like on the 19th. The plan was to drive over for the day and use the park and ride. Unfortunately, the park and ride service finished and the car park was closed before the event ended so that was not an option. I then considered going on the train, the plan being to park the car in Bury at the interchange car park and catch the tram to Piccadilly Station for an early train, which was not a problem provided there would be a spare parking slot. The stumbling block there was that the tram service back to Bury finished before our return train arrived. Rachel did suggest driving down to Manchester and using the parking spot at her flat, her car being left at our house, but it was a fair distance from her flat to Piccadilly Station. The other options, like driving to York and spending the night there were that it would be expensive and I had not found a hotel with a car park. I decided to think about it some more.

Monday, 25th July 2022

The plan was to drive into Ramsbottom for a few organic items we could only obtain from Plentiful and the odd item from Morrison's. For once, we actually did as planned.

We called at Bob and Marie's house to drop off a couple of spare Lateral Flow Tests so Marie could check she didn't have Covid and that her sore throat was just one of those things.

I spent my afternoon auditing my growing CD collection, having acquired three more from a charity shop in Ramsbottom. I printed off a new list to carry round with me so that, hopefully, I wouldn't purchase and I already had. The old list was about a year old and had several amendments scribbled on it.

Printing to the Canon MG2950 printer I had reinstated as a stopgap measure proved problematic in the the double-sided pages were printed randomly for some strange reason and I had to power off the printer, uninstall it and reinstall ti before it would print double-sided pages properly.

Tuesday 26th July 2022

The main task of the morning was to prepare the ingredients for a new, large batch of plum chutney (or pickle) and we had that warming up to cook just before lunch. The recipe book said it would take about an hour and a half to reduce down. Our experience was that it took at least double that. It had to be cooked slowly.

Having sent an enquiry to find out more about the cemetery walk in York on the 19th August, I had a reply which solved our travelling problems. Apparently we could park in the cemetery grounds for the duration of the walk, which means we could spend the day in York as usual and then collect the car from the park and ride parking area before it closed and before the walk started, drive to the cemetery and park there while we went on the walk. We could then come straight home from the cemetery. I sent Rachel a text message to let her know.

Lorna popped round for a brief chat just after lunch.

It had been a reasonable day, with sunny periods, just about warm enough and a spot or two of rain earlier. I went out in the warm sunshine to put up the washing line for Jenny. The sun went in immediately, which was about par for us. No doubt as soon as Jenny had finished hanging out her washing, the rain would start again, the weather having remained fine and warm for most of the day thus far.

I spent my afternoon trying to progress the configuration of my iPhone 6. As Matthew pointed out later in the day, I was ten years behind the times. I corrected him. I was at least twice that behind the times.

The first problem was to contact Apple support to find out why I could not set up my Apple account using my e-mail address when I had previously had an account using that as my ID and I had deleted the account several weeks ago. I eventually discovered that once an Apple account had been created with an e-mail address, that e-mail address could not be used with Apple as an ID again.

I ended up creating an iCloud ID to use for access to the Apple app store. That made it impossible for me to update some applications that had been installed that were somehow tied to my original e-mail address and I had to delete them and reinstall them using my iCloud ID.

I then discovered that the NHS app could not access my camera, which, for some reason, it needed to do to identify me as being who I said I was. I couldn't figure out what the problem was so I gave up on that one.

I thought I would install the Waitrose app since we shopped there every two weeks and Waitrose now only issued vouchers for special offers from their web site and one had to download them. Unfortunately that required IOS 13 or later and my iPhone was up to date, running a version of IOS 12, so there was no way that was going to work.

I did have some successes with the ITV player, BBC iPlayer and Youtube but they were not as useful as the NHS and Waitrose apps would have been had they worked.

All that took me all afternoon and after tea we finally decided the chutney was ready for bottling. It had taken hours to reduce the liquid content to the correct level. Tidying up afterwards meant it was 10:30 p.m. before we sat down to relax for an hour before bed.

Wednesday, 27th July 2022

Jenny went to lunch with Gwen at the Summerseat Garden Centre.

I wasn't feeling too well so I decided not to go to the EE shop in Bury to talk about Broadband and house phone contracts.

Instead, I weighed all the jars of chutney we made yesterday, deducted the weight of the individual jars and produced the labels for each jar showing the weight of the content, something we had not done before. That would make for fairer pricing for selling our produce at Santa's Christmas Cracker this year.

I labelled all the jars and put them in the fridge and then totalled up the amount of chutney we had made – 5,312 grams. That would enable us to price it once we had calculated the cost of making it.

The old Canon 2950 printer was playing up so I brought it into the lounge and connected it up by USB, then reinstalled it on the laptop. That seemed to tame it.

After lunch, I decided to renew my BT contract for my broadband and telephone service and I opted for a new digital line. That would render my existing telephones obsolete but I was informed that there was an application (I hated the abbreviation "app") for mobile telephones (I also disliked the abbreviation "phones" without the preceding apostrophe – how standards had fallen) that would allow them to make landline calls using the new hub.

I brought my accounts up to date. The news that gas prices were about to soar as a result of Russia throttling down its gas supplies to Europe was not good. That would fuel (oh dear) price rises in the west and hardship for many.

How successive governments of this country could allow us to be so dependant on other countries, particularly after the difficulties experienced during the last world war, was just unbelievable. What they should have been doing was making us self-sufficient. Only then should we have been trading with other countries, from a position of strength. To think that this country was at one time so dominant in the world and was now subject to the will of others showed the extent to which the people of Great Britain had been betrayed by their so-called representatives.

Thursday, 28th July 2022

The day was one of bits, i.e. a bit of this and a bit of that. For the most part I was tidying the rest of my desk in the conservatory and reviewing the jobs I had started and not finished. Such was life.

Friday, 29th July 2022

We went grocery shopping to Unicorn in Chrolton and Waitrose in Broadheath and we had lunch at the latter, managing to find two (yes, TWO) gluten-free sandwiches to have with our pot of tea each. The table at which we sat in the in-store café was adorned with The Groniad, so I thumbed through the depressing news in that while I ate, pointing out the salient bits to Jenny (i.e. that the vast majority of our politicians were a bunch of crooks).

We had called at Matthew's house on the way out to deal with a couple of deliveries, one of which had been dealt with by a neighbour and the other returned to the Roay Mail depot while he and Carrie were away.

The journey back was horrendous, with slow-moving traffic most of the way back on the M60 motorway. I hadn't expected that since the schools had broken up for the summer holidays but I had forgotten to factor in the rail strike. With a large number of trains not running, drivers had taken to their cars.

We didn't return home early enough to go round to the old school to help prepare for the following morning's table-top sale and after totting up the soaring grocery bill, all due to the rampant inflation brought about by the greedy fuel suppliers hiking prices out of the reach of a lot of people, I wasn't in an enthusiastic mood for it, life and the universe in general.

Saturday, 30th July 2022

We were at the table-top sale just ahead of the customers, who were queuing outside, in the rain and managed to put out a lot of the electrical stock before the flood of purchases. We did pretty well, selling some higher-priced items and better than the last jumble sale by far, which was unusual.

We packed away at noon and, for a change, there was not a lot of new stock left to test and price, although some of the items that needed repairing would take a little time, once I acquired the spare parts, usually from other items that did not work and which were not worth repairing. With the old school closing for a good few weeks for some refurbishment, there was no immediate rush to deal with the new stock, except to keep checking on what was being donated.

We came home for lunch. A lot of people had been pleased to see Jenny back to her old self.

After lunch, it was back to mundane, domestic tasks and general administrative tasks.

Sunday, 31st July 2022

After tidying up after breakfast, I replaced my old BT Broadband hub with my new one. That had its interesting moments when the Dell USB hub would not boot up. That had the ethernet connection to the broadband hub which I was going to use to configure it.

After a couple of reboots, the laptop behaved itself and the configuration of the BT hub was much easier than I expected. The broadband back-up using the EE 4G network gave me a little grief when it wouldn't talk to the hub. Then I discovered the fourth Ethernet port on the hub to which I had connected the back up was labelled "WAN", presumably for fibre broadband into the premises, which I wasn't aware BT provided yet, unlike a couple of other providers. Not that my broadband wasn't fast enough for me.

My afternoon I spent working on the pricing for the chutney we had made for sale at Santa's Christmas Cracker in November. It was a case of costing the ingredients and working out a fair price, comparing it with a commercial price for organic chutney. We came to the conclusion that a fair price would be based on 1.5p per gram of chutney, which was about a 50% increase on the prices we charged the last time we made chutney for the sale in 2017. Given that was five years ago and that then the weights included the jar, whereas this time we deducted the weight of the jar from the total so that the weight was that of the contents, we didn't thought it was a reasonable price. Commercially available organic chutney was nearer 2p per gram.

The earlier rain had cleared to give us a blue sky and sunshine, so I put Jenny's washing line out for her. Rachel helped me move the picnic bench on the patio so it was easier to access the washing line.

I listened to Jazz Record Requests on BBC Radio 3 which had one tune I liked.