

**Greenmount
June 2022**

Wednesday, 1st June 2022

I was up just after 8 a.m. to log on to AskMyGP and send a copy of Jenny's discharge letter in case they had not received the original from the hospital. I supplied a copy I had generated from the scanned document using an OCR due to the poor quality of the original.

I also telephoned the district nurse and the podiatrist. The district nurse was already scheduled to visit today and was supposed to co-ordinate the visit with the podiatrist.

Lorna, one of our neighbours, arrived mid-morning and came in to chat with Jenny. Shortly later, Julie, our village chairperson, arrived with some flowers for Jenny and joined us.

When they departed, about noon, it wasn't long before the district nurse arrived. Needless to say, she knew nothing about co-ordinating her visit with the podiatrist. She and her junior colleague redressed Jenny's wounds while I mad a start on pot-washing.

They left at about 1 p.m., Jenny feeling a little better for having her dressings renewed and I left off my pot-washing duties to prepare lunch.

James, the podiatrist who had referred Jenny to the vascular clinic, came to redress Jenny's foot and left her a prescription for some new dressings, etc. saying he would call again on Monday.

The doctor telephoned Jenny and discussed her condition with her. That resulted in a prescription she sent directly to the pharmacist.

I carried on with the routine jobs.

Thursday, 2nd June 2022

Matthew and Carrie came to stay with his mum while Rachel and I went grocery shopping to Sainsbury's at Heaton park and Tesco at Prestwich.

Matthew and Carrie did some washing for us and hung it out to dry. Rachel helped me fetch it in.

Friday, 3rd June 2022

Nikki (one of the volunteers at the old school) called round with a packed lunch for Jenny and me and we shared it with Rachel.

Bob and Marie came to see Jenny in the afternoon.

Saturday, 4th June 2022

We weren't up early and had just finished breakfast when the nurse arrived to deal with Jenny's dressings.

I went round to the chemist for the items on Jenny's prescriptions.

On the prescription I took round on Wednesday, the dressings James had ordered had arrived but the bandages hadn't and I was asked to check with the pharmacy on Monday

The prescription from the doctor, requested on Wednesday, for more of some of the medication prescribed by the consultant and some medication the doctor said she would prescribe had not been received.

The pharmacist would not supply some over-the-counter medication Jenny had requested and had previously bought from other pharmacies, saying that she would have to request it through her doctor.

I went down to Boots pharmacy in Bury for the latter and discovered that the reason the medication could not be sold for Jenny's use was that she was over 60, something the pharmacist at Greenmount failed to mention.

I nipped into Tesco, next door, for a few items and when I returned home Jenny asked if I had remembered to buy some organic broccoli. I hadn't because it wasn't on the list I had compiled based on her requests.

I went into Ramsbottom for some items I could only obtain at Morrisons and bought the organic broccoli from Plentiful. Morrisons didn't have the "Nice and Nobbly" Granola (the orange pack) that I liked and I forgot to look for it at Tesco. They had plenty of the blue pack, which I didn't like.

I had a quick, late lunch when I got back.

I finished off the dirty dishes, emptied the recycling rubbish and the general waste bins, emptied the conservatory dehumidifier tank, cut the grass back and front and cleaned the lawn mower before putting it away in its box.

Rachel cooked a sea food risotto for tea.

Sunday, 5th June 2022

My day didn't start until late morning and I spent most of that washing the dishes from last evening, helping to cook breakfast and eating it.

I dealt with a few E-mails, which I did occasionally when I had a moment, trying to keep on top of them.

I tidied up the recorded TV programmes we had watched recently, which took a little while and then I started to prepare tea. I cooked the chicken and put the sweet potatoes in the oven so we could have jacket potatoes. Rachel prepared the vegetables and made the gravy.

The chicken was very nice and so were the vegetables and the gravy. The sweet potatoes were a bit of a disaster in that they were not soft inside despite having had a fair amount of oven time. They took another good 40 minutes by which time we had finished our meat and vegetables so Jenny decided she and I would save the potatoes and have them warmed up tomorrow. Rachel had her potato when it was ready.

Jenny and I had strawberries and blueberries with vanilla yoghurt for sweet. Rachel had the same fruit but with cream. I prepared the strawberries, attempting to remove the ends of the stalks that had been left in the fruit with varying degrees of success. The farmed fruit had been cut from the plant, whereas when I pick my own fruit I pull it off the stalk, leaving all the greenery on the plant. With the lousy weather, my fruit was still green and not doing that well.

Monday, 6th June 2022

The invalids had a visit from Jenny's friend, Gwen. It was nice to see her and we chatted for quite a while.

I asked Matthew to order a new Mary Berry book, which was on offer from Amazon, using his Amazon Prime account.

The prescription for Jenny had still not reached the pharmacy yet.

Tuesday, 7th June 2022

Apart from the usual routine jobs, I went round to the chemist for Jenny's medication and also brought back the rest of the order James, the podiatrist, had submitted.

I spent most of the afternoon tidying up the large strawberry bed and putting the frame in place for the netting to stop the birds eating the fruit. I did find a couple of slugs in the bed and some young slug grubs so no doubt there were more of them lurking beneath the soil. I needed a couple of consecutive, fine days to apply the slug nematodes I had purchased and which were waiting in the fridge.

Wednesday, 8th June 2022

I awoke with what I suspected was a UTI, similar to the one I had earlier in the year. I logged an AskMyGP request and I was called on my mobile telephone mid-morning by a GP who said he would prescribe some antibiotics. He also wanted a water sample and said he would request a PSA test once the infection had settled down, in about six weeks' time.

Meanwhile, Jenny had a message to say that her prescription, for which I collected the items yesterday, was at the chemist and I thought it said that the remaining item was there from 5:25 last evening. It wasn't.

I popped into the surgery next door, rang the bell and waited. Some 20 minutes later, a lady came in and rang the bell and someone came out almost immediately. Since I was first there, I approached the window. The receptionist checked the prescription and said it

would be there by tomorrow evening. Wasn't modern technology wonderful. Instead of being able to collect a written prescription over the counter at the surgery and walk the ten paces next door to the pharmacy and obtain the item(s) on it, the electronic system took 48 hours to send the prescription to the pharmacist. That's progress?

While I was at the surgery, I picked up a sample bottle in which to deposit my liquid waste. I decided there was no rush to take it round since the prescription was on it's way to the pharmacy anyway, albeit via Alpha Centauri.

The nurse came to dress Jenny's leg. Thus far there was no sign of James, who ws expected on Monday so I sent him an E-mail.

I grew steadily worse and telephoned the surgery at Greenmount to see if there was any chance of obtaining my prescription this evening. I spoke with Katie, who was always very helpful and she said the prescription had already been sent to the pharmacist. I went round to collect it. I took the first capsule when I returned and there seemed to be a noticeable, small improvement in my condition. Whether that was due to the medication or it was my relief at having obtained it, I wasn't sure.

James had telephoned to say he would be here within the hour and he came just as I returned.

Jenny's foot and leg were both looking good but needed much more healing time.

Thursday, 9th June 2022

The highlight of the day was a visit from the Miele Man, Neil Geveaux. It was the same chap who fitted the replacement doors on the new fridge and freezer which were dented on delivery, damaged in transit.

The inability to persuade the fridge door to move from its position at a right angle to the appliance puzzled him as much as it had us all.

It took him over an hour to discover it was the soft-close mechanism that had broken, apparently due to wear and he removed it. He did not have a spare one and said he would have to order one and that he would need to return in two weeks to fit it. Meanwhile, he left the door closed with the soft-close arm tucked in the receptacle of the door and said we could use the fridge again until he returned provided we were careful to ensure the arm was inside the receptacle every time we closed the door, otherwise it would prevent the door closing and may be damaged. We decided not to use the fridge-freezer at all until it was repaired.

Given that the repair required a further visit and a spare part, the choice of a fixed-fee repair rather than a time and materials fee was the correct one.

Friday, 10th June 2022

Matthew came up for a visit and hooked up to my wi-fi to do some work. He was with us for a few hours and prepared lunch for us both. He had brought his with him and we all ate in the lounge.

Rachel called later to pick up her mobile phone charger and her hands-free she had left last weekend. She said she wouldn't stay this weekend as she had a few jobs to do at the flat. Since I was still quite poorly with my U'II, she offered to fetch some groceries for us before she went home and we thanked her, declining her offer, intending to place an online order with Sainsbury's.

And so to the online order. I registered with the online shopping service, picked a slot for delivery tomorrow and commenced searching for what we wanted.

The search engine was utterly useless. It was not specific enough, throwing up all sorts of items that had nothing to do with the request and failing to find some items it should have found. As a result, I painstakingly went through every page of gluten free products, item by item. That took so long, I was only half way through shopping when I was told I only had 20 minutes left. That was utterly ridiculous. I had a basket full of items I wanted, totalled up a sizeable amount on the bill, still needing much more time to add to my basket and I was being pressured to rush through the process with the clock ticking away.

In the end I just shut down the web site, deciding to shop in-store tomorrow. It was getting late and we still had not had tea.

Saturday, 11th June 2022

Fortunately, I was feeling a little better. My antibiotics were, at last, starting to work. Jenny said she wanted some fresh air and, since it was over ten days since she had returned home from hospital, she was allowed out if she felt well enough. She did. The in-store grocery shopping was on.

I arranged to borrow the wheelchair from church and I called at the old school to pick up the key to the church and collect the wheelchair, returning the key to Christine. Christine was talking to Julie and they both asked about Jenny so I spent a short while relating the saga.

We sped off to Bury to join the M60 down to Heaton Park. There was a lot of traffic going into Sainsbury's parking area, which was being used as a drop-off and pick-up point for young people attending the Heaton Park Festival, starting, we later learned, at 2 p.m. We did get in fairly quickly. The pavement on the opposite side of the road was teeming with young people, a lot of the girls being scantily clad and it wasn't really the weather for it.

There were crowds of young people gathering in spots at the side of the access road to Sainsbury's too but it didn't interfere too much with traffic-flow. It was all good-natured, well-martialled and well-policed.

We completed our shopping there, with me pushing both the trolley and the wheelchair. Jenny helped to pack our purchases into bags at the check-out and I put all the shopping in the car, returning the trolley.

The road layout had been modified with cones and restrictions and, again, was well-martialled. Leaving was quite straightforward, being waved on through red traffic lights to turn left on the main road and filter into the oncoming traffic. Since the festival had started at 2 p.m., we were not delayed at that point.

We followed our usual route, right along the bottom of Heaton Park and then right on Manchester Old Road to Prestwich. There we joined a long, slow-moving queue of traffic, delayed by the crossing at the entrance to Heaton Park where a large number of young people were crossing. Huge crowds of young people were walking down the road by the park on the right. It reminded us of the early Quatermass television series, where young people were being drawn to stone circles to be harvested by aliens.

Once through the lights, we could not follow our intended route because all the side roads had been closed to non-residents and were martialled. Instead, we took an alternate route. We were now out of the mayhem.

The rest of our shopping was routine and we arrived home with most of what we needed. The only drawback was that the delays had considerably increased my fuel consumption and the journey had cost me about 50% more than it should have done. I had also taken note that diesel fuel at Sainsbury's was now almost £2 a litre.

There was no real reason why fuel was costing so much; fuel companies were making record profits. It was time our politicians found some backbone and did something about it.

Sunday, 12th June 2022

I didn't do a lot and concentrated on household duties when I did.

Monday, 13th June 2022

I felt awful when I woke to have my early-morning cereal and my antibiotic and I fell asleep in the lounge afterwards. I woke after about an hour when I thought I heard Jenny call and went upstairs. Jenny was fast asleep so I crawled back into bed and stayed there until 9:30, well after Jenny had got up.

I finished off my breakfast with Jenny and then did a bit of PC work before setting up the ironing board, the iron and a chair for Jenny in the kitchen. Jenny started her ironing and I went for a shower.

We had lunch and returned to the lounge to relax.

Tuesday, 14th June 2022

Jenny resumed her ironing.

I was still feeling sorry for myself!

Wednesday, 15th June 2022

I still wasn't well, my cough being quite persistent so I performed a Lateral Flow test for Covid. That was negative, thank goodness. At least I knew what it wasn't.

We put some washing out to dry on the line and the district nurse arrived so I carried on with the work while Jenny's leg was dealt with. The nurse was not here long. She had removed the dressings and said there was no need for her to come again. The sites of the incisions was healing nicely and all Jenny had to do was to continue to keep them moistened with skin cream. The nurse ordered some special cream for Jenny and said it would arrive by post. Meanwhile, she could use what she had. Jenny was also free to go out now but told not to over-exert herself.

We had lunch and waited in for James, the podiatrist. He arrived, redressed Jenny's foot, which was also healing nicely and said he would prefer Jenny to attend the clinic in future.

With her new lease of life, Jenny suggested going down to Matthew's house. He had invited us to a meal but Jenny had already prepared our tea so we just went down for a chat in the garden.

I called at the pharmacy for my medication on the way down but the pharmacist was busy so I said I would pick it up later. By the time we came home, the pharmacy was closed. It wasn't a catastrophe because I was still finishing off my last batch.

We fetched in the washing after tea.

Thursday, 16th June 2022

Jenny decided she would like to go into Ramsbottom for a potter round and declined to take the wheelchair as it would be difficult to manoeuvre in the charity shops.

We didn't set off until late morning, having all the dishes to wash and some more washing to put out to dry.

We used Jenny's blue badge for the first time and parked in the station car park in one of the disabled spots. That was close to the shops on Bridge Street and we started at the greetings-card shop, where Jenny bought some cards for coming events.

We toured the charity shops as usual but Jenny found it a bit too much and sat down to rest in the last one while I looked through the DVDs. I bought some DVDs and jazz CDs. Jenny found some nice skirts but decided they were too expensive. She normally wore trousers but thought skirts might be better, at least until her leg healed properly.

Jenny walked back to the car and was relieved to come home, although she had enjoyed the outing.

We had lunch and I mixed the slug nematodes with water and applied the solution to the strawberry and herb beds as well as to the bottom side and back borders of the garden. Hopefully that would keep the slugs off my strawberries and my Hosta.

Meanwhile, Jenny fetched in the washing she had put out earlier and hung out another batch. She also put the bags and the vegetable box in the car ready for our grocery shopping trip tomorrow.

After tea, I fetched in the second batch of washing and put the bins out for collection in the morning.

Friday, 17th June 2022

We did our weekly grocery shopping at Unicorn and Waitrose.

Saturday, 18th June 2022 to Thursday, 23rd June 2022

Rachel was working on Saturday so she did not come until the Sunday and she returned after work on the Monday.

On the Tuesday, I pushed Jenny in the wheelchair up to see Gwen and Frank. It was Gwen's birthday and we stayed for a while, chatting in the garden.

The Miele engineer was scheduled to visit on the Wednesday to fit the new soft-close door mechanism to the old Miele fridge/freezer but the part had not arrived so his visit was rescheduled for the following Monday.

Otherwise, life was a fairly routine, a mixture of domestic duties, tending to the strawberries that were starting to ripen, picking the blackcurrants and PC work.

Friday, 24th June 2022

We went grocery shopping to Home Bargains and Sainsbury's store at Heaton Park and Tesco at Prestwich.

Our departure was delayed by a telephone call from Sanjay at the surgery following my AskMyGP request that morning. He wanted to see me about my UTI that had not responded to a second round of Macrobid tablets.

Saturday, 25th June 2022 and Sunday, 26th June 2022

Rachel did not come for the weekend so it was fairly quiet and uneventful.

Monday, 27th June 2022

The Miele engineer arrived as re-scheduled with the spare part for the fridge/freezer – a new soft-close door mechanism for the fridge. It took him about 45 minutes to fit it and check everything was working alright.

It took us the rest of the day to thoroughly clean the fridge and freezer compartments and we finally switched it back on just before tea. It had acclimatised by the time we went to bed.

Tuesday, 28th June 2022

I was first up and I proceeded to cut my hair and trim my beard.

I sorted out Jenny with a podiatrist appointment at the clinic in Bury, tomorrow and washed, dried and put away the dishes while Jenny had a natter with Sylvia, who lived across the back, on the telephone.

I eventually made it into the shower and we had lunch. Jenny made a start transferring some items from the new fridge compartment to the old fridge compartment.

I decided to pick up on my neglected diary entries, having been pre-occupied with other domestic matters and health issues. At least my troublesome, tickly cough seemed to be waning a little.

I left off at about 5 p.m. to go down to see Matthew and Carrie. It was their wedding anniversary and we took them a card and a bottle of wine.

Wednesday, 29th June 2022

Jenny had an appointment at the podiatrist clinic in the Townside building in Bury at 9:40 a.m. and I took her down in the car. I dropped her off and intended to park in one of the disabled bays in Knowsley Street but they were all occupied. Heading back towards the centre of Bury, I found a disabled bay in Bank Street, about five minutes' walk away.

Jenny was in the consulting room by the time I had walked back and, since only one person was allowed in, I had to sit in the waiting area. Her appointment took an hour and I was becoming a little concerned. As it turned out everything was fine and her foot was healing very well indeed. The podiatrist was thorough and checked both feet.

Jenny walked back to the car, with the aid of her stick, enjoying the fresh air and we came home for an early lunch before I had to drive her to Cream a few metres up the road for her mid-day hair appointment.

I came home, leaving the car on the road because I had to collect Jenny later. I had a good two to three hours to listen to some Jazz CDs and deal with the latest TV recordings.

Thursday, 30th June 2022

Most of the day was taken up with looking through the TV listings for next week and scheduling the recordings.