

Greenmount November 2019

Friday, 1st November 2019

I tidied up the TV programmes we had watched during the week and put in the recordings for the coming week.

Saturday, 2nd November 2019

We went to the old school village drop-in and I worked on the electrical jumble.

We came home for lunch and I continued with the rewrite of my web site.

Sunday, 3rd November 2019

I started work on the faulty PA system that belonged to the Horticultural Society. It wouldn't power on and I had checked the fuses (or I thought I had – read on) when the problem came to light at the Autumn Show.

The unit had an option for running on 12 volts and I hooked it up to Rachel's old car battery to see if it worked from that. It did. So the problem was with the main supply circuitry.

I removed the carrying handle from the back to access the electronics and took out the dozen screws holding in the control face plate. All the circuitry was fixed to the back of this and I was able to lay it on the table by unplugging the only short lead to one of the speakers.

Checking the input voltage to the main supply side of the transformer revealed 240v on both wires, which was odd. I expected one of them to be at neutral potential. Removing the power supply plug, I checked the resistance of the transformer primary, which seemed fine. I traced the leads back to the main supply socket and it seemed that both wires had been connected to the positive supply, albeit to different terminals. I couldn't figure it out and left it for a short while to E-mail the original supplier, using the original paperwork still in the box, to request a circuit diagram.

Returning to it later, it dawned on me that there was a fuse built into the main supply socket, accessible from the outside by sliding out the fuse holder with the main supply cable disconnected. I took out the fuse and it looked fine, so I checked it with the meter. Sure enough, the fuse was an open circuit. From the information stamped on one end, it appeared to be a 250v 1A fuse and, fortunately, I had a spare one. I replaced the fuse and checked the PA system again. It worked.

I reconnected the speaker cable, replaced the control panel and checked it again. It was still working.

I replaced the carrying handle, put it on the floor and checked it again. It still worked. I left it charging the internal battery that was absolutely flat. Being some 8 years old, my guess was that the battery was probably useless and needed replacing anyway. Attempting to charge it would prove it one way or another.

I reflected on the advice I give to others. Always check the obvious first! Had I done so, I could have fixed it in a few minutes without removing anything except the main cable.

I then turned my attention to a record deck I had brought home from the jumble to test and repair. I gave up when I found the motor was not running at the correct speed and confined it to the rubbish pile.

After all that, I went back to my web site rewrite.

Monday, 4th November 2019

It was lunchtime after I had completed the usual chores and dealt with my E-mails, sending out messages to various people, firstly for Jenny to organise Christmas meals and secondly on behalf of the Village Community to a neighbour to ask him if he would be willing to become our next village chairman since Alistair was resigning at the end of the first quarter of 2020.

After lunch, Jenny wanted to go for a wander round Ramsbottom and I was more than willing to get some fresh air but by then the morning drizzle had turned to heavy rain yet again. The forecast said it was going to clear up for the afternoon, so we decided to risk it. The forecast lied.

Despite the miserable weather, we purchased a birthday card, three DVDs, a book and a few essentials from Morrison's supermarket, including two bottles of yellow Tail Shiraz Rosè for the going rate of £6 each to complement our stock of Shiraz, Merlot and Chardonnay.

Back home, I listened to the recording of Jazz Record Requests from the previous day, which was an utter load of rubbish, listed as "To mark the 50th anniversary of ECM Records, Alyn Shipton presents a selection of listeners' requests for records issued on the label, including tracks by Jan Garbarek, Pat Metheny and Lester Bowie." In my book, ECM stood for Extremely Crap Music.

Tuesday, 5th November 2019

I started my working day by dealing with the TV recordings from the previous day and that morning.

I left off to do some real work, like trying to tidy my desk in the conservatory. I didn't get very far as Jenny needed to keep the conservatory door closed so that what little autumn sunshine there was would provide a warm environment to prove the bread she was making.

I went back to the TV recordings (which also included Radio recordings) and listened to an episode of The Goon Show from 1954 before lunch.

As lunch was being put on the table, I nipped out and fetched down the bins that had been emptied and put out Jenny's clothes line to dry some washing, since it was quite windy.

The patio was covered in leaves again.

After lunch I started listening to an episode of Beyond Our Ken, which followed the Goon Show but it had some interference part way through the recording so I set it to record again in the evening, when it was repeated.

I turned my attention to cleaning the dining-room floor and the dining-room door to the kitchen.

I followed that by fitting two new down-lights in the bathroom to replace the rusted ones. If you have been following this saga, you will recall that I could not find any stainless steel ones at all and the brushed-chrome ones I had acquired from Bolton Electrical Supplies were too large for the existing holes. The ones I used were two out of a box of seven I acquired from the jumble at the old school and which had been sitting in the conservatory for several weeks waiting for me to see if they fitted. They certainly did.

Wednesday, 6th November 2019

There was the feeling of the odd spot of drizzle as I went out to clear up the leaves on the patio and the back garden, dumping them and the ones I had left in the wheelbarrow in the garage from last week in the garden waste bin that had been emptied the previous day.

I didn't stay out to resume the block paving cleaning as rain was expected and it wasn't long after that it was pouring down.

I was busy helping to tidy up the conservatory a little. All the car booty went into the small bedroom. I spent the rest of the day concentrating on my desk, trying to tidy it and updating my inventory list so I knew where everything was. I didn't finish because the light was fading fast and I needed a spell in the garage to store some items away.

I attended the village committee meeting at the old school in the evening. The main topic on the agenda was our chairman's (Alistair's) resignation and his replacement. There was a decision to identify those tasks Alistair had been performing that could be delegated and to distribute them amongst the committee members, leaving the chairman's role more or less as a co-ordinator and a lot less time-consuming. Even so, it was going to be difficult to find a replacement. I had already approached several people I knew and none of them had so far come forward to volunteer. No doubt there would be another meeting soon to discuss the delegation of tasks. Meanwhile, I volunteered my services to help move some stone to the Hollymount orchard, now managed by volunteers as part of the Incredible Edible initiative, using my trailer.

Thursday, 7th November 2019

We had another delightful grocery shopping day at Home Bargains in Bury, Unicorn in Chorlton and Waitrose in Broadheath. Driving was a nightmare, what with the heavy rain, poor visibility due to the spray from vehicles' wheels, hesitant drivers and the odd couple driving through red lights. The M60 and the main A56 up through Bury coming back were busy as usual; it was slow going but at least we kept moving.

Friday, 8th November 2019

I started putting in the TV programmes to record for the coming week. Windows Media Centre was misbehaving and would not update the guide. I ended up retuning because I had three stations with the same station number. Even that didn't update the guide. I resolved that problem, as always, by tuning into various stations to obtain the guide through the TV signal and that took ages. I put in the programmes as far as next Thursday.

I left off around lunchtime to go to D-CaFF. This month there was a Remembrance Day theme, as was usual for the November café. That all went well.

Jenny sneaked off early to go to her line-dancing session at the old school. We had walked down and on my way back I called at the chemist for my monthly supply of tablets, the first of a new batch of 13 following my annual check-up.

I had concluded that my ongoing 'flu-like symptoms were, in fact, due to my hiatus hernia and stomach acid reaching parts it shouldn't. The daily Omeprazole tablet didn't seem to be working too well and I wondered whether it was because I was on a generic form of the medication rather than the branded Losec. The problem seemed to be that the brand of medication seemed to change from month to month and some, I believed, worked better than others. I toyed with the idea of insisting on Losec, which I did have originally and which seemed to work quite well.

Another problem with which I had been mulling over was the acquisition of missed episodes of drama series due to a failure of the computer to record them at the time of airing.

I had successfully obtained a BBC programme but unfortunately, the video and audio tracks were separate and needed to be re-multiplexed and it was a case of finding a way to do that. I did download some software that did so but the trial version took over eight hours to complete (overnight) and inserted a watermark. The production version was about £30 and it wasn't worth it for what I wanted.

I had no luck with a Channel 4 programme. I had managed to record a repeat of it but that had sign language on it.

It seemed my only option was to play a copy from catch-up on one computer, play it back through external outputs, feed those into the external inputs on my Hauppauge device and record the programme on my second computer. That was assuming I had the cables to do so.

Of course, I could wait for the repeats or buy the DVDs but I hadn't watched any of the episodes and I wasn't sure I would want them or even to watch the whole series until I had seen what it was like. According to the description, one contained a lot of bad language, of which I disapproved.

Social standards had dropped considerably in my lifetime and it was nothing of which to be proud.

Saturday, 9th November 2019

I was up early for a change.

We went to the old school to work on the electrical jumble and came home for lunch before going up to the Duckworth Arms to book a couple of Christmas meals.

Returning, I finished off the TV recordings for the week.

Sunday, 10th November 2019

After a leisurely start and a traditional English breakfast for a change, I tidied up the TV programmes we had watched during the previous week, which took me to about 1 p.m.

I thought it was time I did something useful so I changed and went out in the winter sunshine and recommenced the cleaning of the block paving, finishing the side passage and managing about one third of the front before the light started to fade, taking a break for about half an hour for a cup of tea and a quick snack.

After packing up for the day, I listened to the last forty minutes of Jazz Record requests. From the presenter's (Alyn Shipton's) web page, where he listed the details of each track played, I hadn't missed much and what I did catch was all cacophonous, discordant tripe, apart from the last track of proper, New Orleans jazz, Mugsy Spanier and his band playing "Mandy Make Up Your Mind" from 1939.

Monday, 11th November 2019

We went to the Remembrance Service at the church and I took pictures of the laying of the wreaths at the village war memorial.

We went on to the cricket club for a much shorter wreath-laying ceremony specifically for the club members who lost their lives serving in WW II.

We came home for lunch and decided not to go to the Trafford Centre as planned. Instead, I tidied a few items that were piled in the kitchen, scheduled for the garage.

I downloaded the pictures from the camera and I was about to start processing them when I discovered I had not reinstalled Netbeans.

I looked at downloading the latest version of Netbeans, which was no longer bundled with the Java development toolkit so I installed an older version from a previously downloaded bundle installer to keep life simple.

That enabled me to run my Java procedures to renumber my pictures sequentially after deciding which ones to keep, change their file extension from upper to lower case and generate the web pages to display the pictures, saving me hours of work.

I updated my web site with Rachel's Halloween pumpkin pictures and put the pictures from our last dementia café and the Remembrance Day service on the web share for Marcus, our webmaster, to upload to the village web site.

Tuesday, 12th November 2019

I was gearing up to sort out some TV programmes that had not recorded for one reason or another when we had a visit from Billy, the landscaper who was working on a neighbour's garden and driveway across the road. He had some more wood for me from trees he had cut down.

I went across to fetch most of the wood using my wheelbarrow and the large stump he had pulled out he helped me bring across on his trolley. In return, noticing his trolley had a bit of a flat tyre, I offered to pump it up using my tyre inflator. Checking the tyres, I discovered both were down to a few psi and they should have been at 30 psi so I soon put that right. I also fitted a new dust cap to one of the tyres.

Billy had shown me what he had done with the patio at the house and it looked really nice, with a stone retaining wall and a porcelain tiled finish.

While I had the tyre inflator out, I thought I might as well do the car tyres and I then remembered to put some more screen wash in the tank.

I came in for a quick snack for lunch, after which Jenny went off to have her hair cut, leaving me to work on the computer.

Wednesday, 13th November 2019

I had come to the conclusion that my flu-like symptoms, bad throat, nasal congestion, catarrh and pains in my chest that kept coming and going were now all due to my hiatus hernia playing up and excessive stomach acid. To make matters worse, I believe that at least one month's supply of the generic drug I had been taking daily to control my stomach acid had been wrongly labelled and I had been receiving only 10 mg per day instead of the prescribed 20 mg.

I was feeling pretty rough and slept in until 10 a.m.

I continued to drink copious amounts of water and I decided to start chewing gum after breakfast to keep my saliva flowing.

We walked down to Summerseat Garden Centre for some Christmas decorations for the tree and found some very nice glass ones. I must admit that I didn't expect to find any glass baubles; I'm sure the garden centre didn't have any last year, which was why we went to York to buy some from York Glass.

After our purchase, we decided to have lunch there and I had quite a bit of sugar in my tea to give my excess stomach acid something to do other than corroding my oesophagus and throat.

The walk there and back was quite refreshing and I felt much better for it.

I dealt with some routine administrative work when I returned and then set about finishing off the updates to Windows 7 on the old PC I had dragged out of the car boot. That was a bit of a trial since one of the updates failed and I had to fiddle about to fix it. The problem turned out to be a difficulty with the installation of the latest malicious software removal tool. I eventually found the link to install it manually and that solved the problem.

With the PC up to date once more, I attempted to link the audio (sound output) and video (the screen content) to my Hauppauge TV tuner external input so that I could see the screen and hear the sound on the laptop using Hauppauge WinTV as though it were a TV programme. The plan was to be able to record the content.

Unfortunately, the picture was not displayed correctly and with the PC having limited capacity, only being able to support one screen at a time, it was impossible to make the adjustments necessary to fix the problem, so I gave up for the present.

Thursday, 14th November 2019

We started our grocery shopping day with a visit to Home Bargains, or at least, Jenny did, while I went to Halfords for some screen wash. Home Bargains didn't have anything Jenny wanted.

From there we went up the motorway to the next junction to Asda for a few items before driving down the M60 to Unicorn. The M60 was quite busy.

We called at Sainsbury's supermarket before heading to Waitrose for lunch and our final grocery shop.

The M60 was even worse coming back home. Nothing changes and it was bound to get worse.

Friday, 15th November 2019

I spent the day putting in the TV programmes for the coming week and tidying up the programmes we had watched throughout the week.

In the evening my stomach troubles took a turn for the worse and I was feeling extremely poorly, so much so that I took an additional Omeprazole tablet. A short while later the stomach pain subsided somewhat and I had a reasonably restful night.

Saturday, 16th November 2019

I was not feeling too bad but far from my usual self. I certainly didn't feel well enough to get up early and go to the Old School to work on the electrical jumble.

We went for a stroll round Ramsbottom and I found a Christmas CD and the Hobbit DVD I was missing from the trilogy.

We had lunch at home and I rested in the chair in the afternoon, falling asleep for a while. When I awoke, I cut up some meat for Jenny so she could prepare tea and then watched the first couple of recordings of Britain by Boat. How I wish I had learnt to sail when I was young.

I recalled my childhood days when I used to watch the yachts on the dam at Ewden Valley near Sheffield. It never occurred to me that I could join the club and learn to sail. Then there was the time I applied for a job in Colwyn Bay and how, if was successful, I would have applied to join the RLNI. Needless to say, I didn't get the job. For some strange reason, I always loved the sea which, I supposed, was a bit odd for someone who grew up in Sheffield.

Sunday, 17th November 2019

We went to the Trafford Centre. Traffic was horrendous, to be expected for this time of year and on a wet Sunday. It took us a while to find a parking spot and the one we chose was quite tight, being between two other vehicles, the driver of one having no concept of the purpose of the white lines denoting the parking bay. At least it was within hiking distance of John Lewis.

Jenny wanted some baking items from Lakeland. I wanted some 100% cotton socks from Marks and Spencer. Jenny found some of the items she wanted and I didn't.

We returned to John Lewis for lunch and then shopped for a smoothie maker for Jenny, some baking tins and some glass ornaments for the Christmas tree.

We had entered the complex using the southern entrance, which was closer to John Lewis. The car park exit was convenient for us to drive up to the north exit, one nearer home and it was fortunate we did. Observing the motorway before we reached it revealed that all three lanes were stationary. I quickly made the decision to detour south, down to the Altrincham turn-off and pick up the A56 all the way back into Manchester and, via the ring road, up to Bury. That was busy too but at least we kept moving for the most part.

After tea at home, I started to feel really ill with my hiatus hernia playing up again big time.

Monday, 18th November 2019

I was up early and made an emergency appointment to see a doctor at the surgery at 9:45 a.m.

I saw a young lady doctor I had not seen before and she was very good and thorough. The result of the examination was as expected. I was given an additional month's supply of 20mg Omeprazole capsules so I could take two a day for one month. If there was no improvement after two weeks, I was to return to the surgery to see a doctor to arrange a gastroscopy, the last occasion requiring one being in 2010. It was not an experience to be recommended.

I returned home and Marie, Matthew's mother-in-law, arrived about 11 a.m. She had previously e-mailed to say she was in the vicinity for a dental appointment and asked if we would be in so she could call for a chat. It was nice to see her and catch up on events.

After Marie left, I went outside to put out Jenny's line. It was one of those rare, beautiful, autumn days with a cloudless, blue sky and bright sunshine and, I observed, nice walking weather.

I discovered a wire line I had installed to support the blackberry bush runners had collapsed. The retaining wire round the oak tree had broken. It took me about ten minutes to fix it, using some spare wire I had in the garage.

We had lunch about 1 p.m. after which I dealt with a few outstanding administrative matters of various sorts, taking the rest of the afternoon.

Tuesday, 19th November 2019

I spent most of the day working on the computer.

One task I intended to complete was to order a pack of three pure cotton socks from John Lewis. Having bought one pack on Sunday, I wanted the second pack of different colours which were not in stock and a very helpful gentleman gave me the item number so I could order them online. The socks were available for "click and collect" and I was about to place my order to pick them up from Waitrose when we grocery shopped on Thursday when I saw the £2 charge for the privilege. I was not about to pay £2 just because the store had none in stock.

I took time out to make a fire about noon but it wasn't hot enough by 5 p.m. to stop the central heating kicking in.

I had sent an E-mail on Monday to Alyn Shipton, essentially complaining about the lack of traditional jazz tracks on Jazz Record Requests and suggesting some tracks he should play. I received a very nice reply saying that he had not received many requests for traditional jazz tunes recently and what he had would be included in the next couple of broadcasts. He also said he would include one or more of the tracks I suggested. I replied to thank him and point out that I realised he could only play what people requested. Obviously, traditional jazz did not have the following of more modern jazz, which didn't

really surprise me given the rubbish (I refuse to call it music) of all types to which people listened in these times and I extended that to the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts.

Wednesday, 20th November 2019

We walked down to Bury and called at Costa Coffee in Tesco for lunch. Since there were no gluten-free sandwiches, we left and went to the Costa Coffee on The Rock in the town centre. There were no gluten-free sandwiches there either.

Jenny suggested Marks and Spencer where we had the choice of two different gluten-free sandwiches. Such luxury. So we lunched there.

We had spotted a box of four Christmas tree decorations that were somewhat different from the norm, being one of Big Ben, one of a London bus, one of a London black cab and one of a post box, all made from painted glass. We purchased the box on the way out.

We walked round the Millgate shops looking for some Christmas bunting for Jenny's table at Santa's Christmas Cracker on the 30th November and found some.

Making for the Interchange, we missed the 480 bus that came back through the village by 3 minutes and the wait for the next one was almost an hour. We decided to catch the 474 to the bottom of Vernon Road and walk home from there, the walk taking about ten minutes.

After dealing with missed calls and mail, I peeled the potatoes for Jenny, my contribution to the preparation for tea, ultimately comprising chicken, chips and peas.

Thursday, 21st November 2019

We set off on our grocery shop to Unicorn, Sainsbury's and Waitrose as usual. Traffic was heavier than expected going, having made an earlier than usual start and more or less the norm coming back through the end of the school day. The fact that so many people actually managed to drive successfully to their destination was, in my opinion, nothing short of a miracle and it was only a matter of time before the whole country ground to a complete halt.

Friday, 22nd November 2019

The order to Doves Farm, for flour, I placed on 18th November. for Jenny's baking next week, in preparation for her produce stall at Santa's Christmas Cracker on the 30th November, arrived this morning as scheduled. All three 1 Kg bags of baking powder and two of the 1 Kg bags of cornflour had split open in their individual boxes and some of the contents had spilled out. When I opened the boxes, the flour went all over the kitchen floor.

I immediately sent an E-mail to Doves Farm requesting a replacement for the order by Monday and followed that up with a telephone call, which went to an answering service. I left a message, quoting the order number and referring to the E-mail.

I spent the day dealing with the TV programmes we had watched during the previous week and putting in the recordings for the coming week.

That was interspersed with setting and feeding the log fire.

Saturday, 23rd November 2019

I had intended doing some electrical jumble at the old school. We didn't rise very early and I still didn't feel up to it.

Instead, I dealt with E-mails, mostly exchanging messages with an old friend, Terry Hanstock, submitted a letter for publication to the Bury Times about the forthcoming election, processed the TV recordings from yesterday, finished off the TV recordings for the coming week and lit and tended another log fire.

The exchange with Terry produced the following:

<https://boris-johnson-lies.com/>

which made interesting reading.

The replacement order from Doves Farm arrived intact and I thanked them for reacting so quickly and supplying replacements for the damaged goods. Jenny was now happy she had what she needed for her baking for Santa's Christmas Cracker next Saturday.

Sunday, 24th November 2019

I went outside and cut up some of the wood I acquired from our neighbour across the road. I packed up mid afternoon because my bow-saw blade needed replacing and I didn't have any spare ones.

After a shower, a late lunch and catching up with my E-mails, I listened to Jazz Record Requests. Most of the requests this week were worth hearing, although I found only one that appealed to me. There was a comment from Alyn Shipoton to the effect that several listeners had complained that the music played recently was not to their liking and that they knew what to do about it. The advice was to request what they wanted to hear. He could only play what was requested. Which was fair enough.

Monday, 25th November 2019

Rachel and Jenny needed some laminator sheets and I needed some more blades for my bow saw so I decided to brave the rain and public transport and made my way to catch the 480 bus to Bolton, which ran through the village every hour. My plan was to go to Ryman's, that stationers, the large B&Q DIY store and then nip into Sainsbury's

supermarket for some more organic orange juice of which I had used the last that morning.

Unfortunately, I mixed up the times of the 480 to and from Bury and while I was waiting at the bus stop for the bus to Bolton, the one to Bury went past on the other side. I wasn't about to wait for it to turn round in Bury and come back, so, not in the best of moods, I walked down Vernon Road and caught the 474 but to Bury.

Plan B was to call at Rymans in Bury and, catch the bus to B&Q at Heap Bridge, return to Bury, catch the tram to Bowker Vale, catch the bus on Heaton Pak Road to Sainsbury's superstore there, return to Bury and catch the 480 back to Greenmount.

I met our friend Lynn at the bus stop and we chatted, sharing a seat on the bus to Bury, where we parted company.

I purchased 25 A4 and 25 A5 laminator sheets from Rymans. I could have bought four times the quantity for twice the price but I didn't think we needed that many.

The bus service to and from B&Q was very good and I obtained three replacement blades there, enough to last me for a while.

I couldn't be bothered making the complicated haul to Sainsbury's shop at Heaton Park so, having half an hour to wait for the 480, I pottered round the Millgate Shopping centre.

I was ready for lunch when I arrived home at about 1:45 p.m., making it a 3 hour outing.

After lunch, I brought the car back under the car port. Jenny and Rachel had been out in it on Saturday and Jenny had left it on the road. There had been some large lorries about delivering building materials and Jenny was a bit nervous after the scrape it suffered earlier in the year.

I spent the rest of the day doing some presentation work for our stall at Santa's Christmas Cracker.

Tuesday, 26th November 2019

I was working on the computer all day. There was some more Cracker presentation work to do as well as E-mails and lots of other bits and pieces that needed attention.

Wednesday, 27th November 2019

I had arranged with Matthew and Carrie to drop in to make sure their cat, Penny, was alright. She was on her own for a couple of days while Matt and Carrie had a break in Dublin. Penny was fine, just a little lonely and was pleased to see someone.

I took the opportunity to nip down to Sainsbury's at Heaton Park for some more organic orange juice.

After a brief snack at home, I was back on the computer, dealing with E-mails and such, including yet more presentation work for Saturday.

I went to the village management meeting at 8 p.m., which was extremely productive and lasted a record two hours.

Thursday, 28th November 2019

I was back doing more administration work.

This involved the Santa's Christmas Cracker presentation labels, E-mails, TV recordings for next week, the latest recordings for this week, and continuing the addition of my cassette tapes to my list of audio media. At some point, I hoped to convert all these to CD.

Friday, 29th November 2019

The recent, damp spell had given way to some beautiful bright but very cold, fine weather with a clear blue sky and the first major frost of the season.

As far as I was concerned, it was more or less the same routine. I finished off the TV recordings for the week and tidied up last week's recordings that we had watched, finished off cataloguing my cassette tapes and started on my LPs and prepared more labels for the gluten-free produce.

It turned very cold again mid-afternoon and I lit a fire. With the ladies in the kitchen and the doors to the lounge closed, the heat did not penetrate to the hall, which meant it did not override the central heating, which kicked in at 5 p.m. That made the lounge a little too warm.

My neighbour popped across to confirm I still wanted the wood his builder had cut down and I said I did and would collect it as soon as I could.

A CD I had ordered from Ebay and had expected a couple of days earlier arrived and I listened to Kenny Ball's Dixieland Christmas as I worked in the afternoon

The ladies worked into the wee small hours of the following day and I went to bed about 1 a.m., having been able to watch a DVD of the Fabulous Dorseys on my own!

Saturday, 30th November 2019

The big day had arrived and I was first up and in the shower just after 7 a.m. I had time to update this blog before breakfast.

After breakfast, I ferried items to the old school, where Jenny set up her stall of gluten-free produce. Rachel was still at home putting some finishing touches to something or other and I came back to finish off the produce labels after Rachel gave me the ingredients and put out the tray bake so I could take a picture.

I took Rachel round to the old school with her baking and a few items Jenny wanted and had forgotten and came back to continue with the labels.

Jenny walked home for a few more items and I gave her a lift back to the old school after finishing the labels.

I came home again, dumped the car and collected my camera, walking round to the old school about 1 p.m. to take some pictures for the village web site. I ate one of the sandwiches Jenny had made for her stall for lunch and stayed until the end of the event at 3 p.m.

I walked home to collect the car and went back to the old school to pick up all the bits and pieces and unsold produce from our stall, finishing my busy day at 4 p.m.

Jenny had expressed a wish to eat out for tea since she was shattered after this week's marathon baking session so I had booked a table at the Duckworth Arms for 6 p.m. and we all enjoyed a very nice sirloin steak each.

What a lovely way to round off the month.