

Greenmount – June 2007

You will not fail to notice that this newsletter commences where the previous one terminated; provided, that is, you read the last one **and** you read this one.

We arrived back from our Whitby trip on 1st June and the evening meal was something of an anti-climax. Jenny finally found a Pizza in the freezer.

On Saturday 2nd June we had to take Rachel to her friend's flat in Didsbury, in the southern part of Manchester, for 10 am. She was a bridesmaid at her friend's wedding. On the return trip, we called at Tesco, Prestwich for the week's groceries (for the benefit of a certain party in NZ, regrettably, pork pies do not feature) and I washed the car, an event worth recording, even if only for its rarity.

Sunday was also a busy day, gardening and potting the seedlings. If I have not said it before (or even if I have), the conservatory is looking more like a greenhouse every day. Our neighbours, Mike and Lorna popped in for a chat, Lorna being from Harrogate and knowing Whitby very well.

On Monday, 4th June, I had cleverly booked the car in to have a towing bracket fitted at 08:30 in Bury **and** a doctor's appointment at 10:10 in Greenmount. Fortunately, Rachel agreed to have an early morning driving lesson and Jenny supervised her excursion to the tram station on her way to work, collecting me in Bury, in Rachel's car, afterwards.

For those not conversant with local developments, the tram has stopped running between Bury and Whitefield while the line is upgraded. This has been replaced by a bus service on the already congested roads. The tram service between Bury and Manchester will eventually be closed while the whole line is upgraded, causing even greater chaos. Some people might wonder why the old railway line was not upgraded when the tram service was first planned, not so many years ago but I guess that kind of thinking is a little too advanced for politicians.

Having made it to the surgery for 10:10, I then sat around for a good half hour waiting to see the doctor, who was, yet again, running late. I think she must have skipped the time management lectures in her training.

The bad news is that my condition is no better, so I am going to see a Physician at the hospital as soon as I can. Meanwhile, I have been prescribed some additional tablets to take as well as the 20 mg of Losec daily and the 20 ml of Gaviscon after each meal and at bedtime. The Gaviscon stops me rattling.

The good news is that the doctor does not think I need to see a surgeon and has, for the present, ruled out any need for surgery. Also, the blood tests are negative so all my bodily functions are as normal as they have ever been, which isn't saying much.

I have been continuing my work with Mike on the book he and Christine Taylor, a local scout leader, are writing on a history of scouting in Greenmount, following on from our earlier successes in winning two national awards and the production of a

DVD of Holcombe Moor which has sold about 100 copies. If only this were paid work. Still, the Scout Group is paying for all the printer ink I can drink.

On Wednesday 6th June we had a pleasant surprise visit from my sister, Barbara, which came as a welcome interruption to the development work on the front garden.

The local, two-hour walks on Friday evenings during June have commenced again, this year with the objective of walking as many of the local footpaths as possible in the time available.

The first walk on 8th June took us through Redisher woods and up to Windy Ridge Farm, where the local scouts were hunting for relics from bygone times in the ruins. One of the scouts won first prize for finding me. The walk back across the golf course revealed a new mobile telephone transmitter, under construction, of which all the houses along the edge of the golf course have an excellent view.

The second walk took us down past Tower Farm, through the woods to the new Middlebrook estate and across the fields to join the old railway line, now a walkway and cycle track, back to Greenmount. This was the “wet” route, reserved for damp conditions, having had several days of heavy showers prior to the walk and a most noticeable one towards the end of the walk. Fortunately, we were wearing the waterproof gear. The number of people venturing out on this occasion was decidedly fewer than the previous week. I wonder why?

The third walk explored the footpaths in the Turton Road area of Tottington, some of which were overgrown, most of which were lacking signposts and one was subject to leaking raw sewage. We returned home by crossing Two Brooks Valley and making our way to Greenmount Golf Course, somewhat more tired and smellier than when we started.

The fourth and final walk explored the footpaths and dense undergrowth either side of Hawkshaw on a most pleasant evening.

On 9th June we collected Jen’s brother, Wilf and his wife, Ann, from Sheffield and they came to stay until the following Thursday. Ann shares my enthusiasm for family history so we spent a good deal of time digging up her ancestors (in the virtual sense).

My hospital appointment finally arrived from the GP and the appointment was at Fairfield General Hospital on 17th July at 9:30. The confirmation letter from the hospital arrived on 14th June, with the appointment for 31st July at 09:00. This was followed a few days later by a letter from the hospital saying they had to cancel my appointment on the 17th July and I should be receiving a new appointment in a few days’ time. Isn’t it reassuring to know the NHS is so well co-ordinated?

Disaster struck on 21st June when a bolt of lightning destroyed my TV aerial booster in the loft and we lost all our TV channels. In fact, it was such a calamity that we didn’t notice until Rachel informed us in the evening as we settled down to watch a DVD. I acquired a new one from B&Q the following day and spent about an hour crawling round the loft fitting it. This resolved the fault with the TVs but it didn’t do my stomach much good.

Fortunately, I had recovered sufficiently by the Saturday to spend the day in the garden and Jenny and I completed a number of outstanding tasks, including moving a large, thorny bush from the front garden to the common land side of the boundary fence.

Matthew has been confirmed in his new position as Service Delivery Manager at Rochdale, Heywood and Middleton PCT, which means another promotion and more money for the tax man.

Work on the kitchen refit is slow. I have decided to undertake the plumbing work for moving the sink before considering the electrics, since I think I can move all of the appliances using the existing sockets, at least temporarily. I need to rework the cold and hot water supplies and before I can do that I need to remove the old tap in the garage. This means fitting a tap outside the back and, while the plumbing is in place to facilitate this, the state of the brickwork isn't.

The outside tap is going to be mounted on the brickwork where the old boiler vent used to be. This is very uneven, the vent having been blocked up, in a slipshod fashion, by British Gas workmen, when they fitted the new, wall-mounted boiler. So before I can fit the outside tap, I am removing the uneven brickwork and replacing it. There's a hole in my wall, dear Liza.

And that's about it for this very wet (but not as wet as Sheffield) June.