

A day of doing nothing / everything

To the butchers to buy my regular carnivore fix. Outside I saw an attractive sticker on the window

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Well done whoever designed this poster you can actually read the text from a distance and it looks so friendly. I like it that people are asked to bring something of significance

To Kilmersdon to see my repair and sales agent for my garden equipment. I had trouble with my strimmer in that the sort of cord I was using was totally inadequate and wore out after about 5 minute's use. Mike, the obliging owner of the business, got out some beefy lengths of cord and loaded it up. He demonstrated that the way to get the most life was to only use full power when you have to.

Whatever you say, it takes some time to get used to a new tool – mine is about three months old – and I always thought that if you ran it at half power it would stall but no that is not the case.

I have decided to return a new therapeutic machine which I bought from another company and have bought Diadens PCM 6 Therapy Device. There is no question that energy medicine is the medicine of the future and this was designed in Russia. Russia is streets ahead of us in such medicine and it will be an honour to use this therapy device which has “rates” for different diseases. Everything is frequency. Love is frequency. Hate is also a frequency albeit more noisy. Music also has a frequency.

Unfortunately everything is off tune these days because the unnatural tuning frequency of 440 Hz was adopted during the Nazi regime in order to control prisoners and lowered their consciousness. It was dubbed “the militarisation of music”. Then in 1940, the US introduced 440 Hz as the standard frequency when 432 Hz is the realm of order and geometry. Look up ‘Solfeggio’ for more information. Love itself is supposed to be 528 Hz.

To the post office to deposit some money and then popped in to my newfound very local cafe that does wonderful cakes. How am I supposed to resist this? They are all home-made and don't give me any bad after effects arising from chemicals.



We went to see a lady, a potential garden customer, who was born in Namibia and moved to South Africa. She is 90 years of age and finds it very difficult to walk. She has a mobility scooter and has a strange fixation that there are youths and ne'er-do-wells trying to destroy her garden. The garden itself is actually nothing to speak of, it is rather a wilderness, but she has this fear in her. She's a difficult client because she said for example "there is no point in spending thousands of pounds on a garden when I'm going to be dead next year". I sense we are getting a whole load of personal issues being tangled up here.

She was obviously short of money because she said every pound spent on the garden she cannot spend on herself. She lives in a council property so it properly means she is living of the state. It is very difficult to know what to do because a job

has a certain value attached depending on the amount of work and at this time of the year we have a lot of pressure on us. I'm not sure how to actually say to people that I can't help them. The point is there are plenty of gardeners around and if I say that I'm not the right person for them, or that I'm too busy for two months, they probably take the hint.

We had some warmth about midday but this has largely dissipated so it's back to wearing a jersey and sitting inside. Be grateful for small mercies, I say, even an hour's sunshine gives some relief,