

A holiday weekend spent at home

That's the plan anyway.

For non-UK readers I should explain that this is a bank holiday weekend, the so-called "late summer bank holiday" which means that next Monday is a work free day, a national holiday. I was originally going to Manchester to see a friend but he was not available. So basically we decided to spend most of the time here in [Midsomer Norton](#). There are certain advantages of not "doing anything." First, you don't get stuck in endless traffic jams which will definitely be on the M5, M4, A303, and also you don't get caught up in situations such as pubs and restaurants where lots of young and enthusiastic children are running around all over the place while their parents sit staring at their mobile devices.

Someone said today that the letters that comprise 'listen' are the same that the word 'silent'. There is a certain poetry about that.

The good part about holiday periods is that no one expects you to be in or available so the pressure is off. I might spend some time reading. The good news is that the weather forecast is excellent. So no rain forecast, may be plenty of time to go walking but most of all the possibility of staying at home doing nothing. I'm writing this on Friday morning, so being a Gemini by nature I may well change my mind (nature abhors a vacuum).

There will also be more time for reflecting. For the last 20 years or so I have known someone in South Africa, who has been through the ups and downs. We visited many times and had a lovely time. I do yearn to go back to South Africa in spite of the very difficult political and economic circumstances

created by reverse racialism we can say. I gave my lady friend advice that she should leave her unfaithful and erring husband and gave her reasons why she should do so. However, she lives in a rather splendid house and if they were to divorce, she would lose it because she would have to split the proceeds even though she has contributed to the vast majority of the cost of the house. The husband returned from his philandering and gave orders that she must not contact me again. She meekly obeyed. I find this hurtful but I realise I must not take it personally because it's all down to free will and people must run their lives in the way they choose.

Sometimes, situations are just plain sad and this is one of them. You just have to let the memory go and replay the good bits in your mind.

I was invited to a job which involved clearing the area around a caravan-sized dwelling but intended for dogs who have been abused. Dogs are brought to this shelter who have had all sorts of abuse including starvation, people putting out cigarette butts on them, and yet given attention they seem to have a capacity for unconditional love which humans certainly wouldn't have retained given a similar level of abuse. The job is interesting, consisting of clearing a hedgerow of young trees and preparing an area for wood chipping. but I am going to speak to the lady after the holidays so I hope I get this job. The weather today was excellent and we spent most of the time outside in the garden.

No plans to do anything fancy.