

# The time of plenty



At this time of year, we can sustain ourselves for the most part on what we grow on the allotment. Not everything performs the same way every year; no two years are the same. We have had good supplies of onions, potatoes, beetroot, spinach, runner beans, nasturtiums (which we eat), and blackberries. The damsons on the right were given to Françoise during a garden visit.

This means that I don't eat as much meat as I normally do and frankly I don't miss it. On the other hand, I notice that if I don't eat meat twice a week. I feel I'm missing something.

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This evening, off with the Garden group to a house called Whitewood Lodge which is near Bristol, but unfortunately under the flight path from Bristol airport so they are disturbed from time to time, even though by the time the planes pass over they are about 20,000 feet up.



The couple whose house moved in 30 years ago and have basically transformed a field into a very intimate informal space.



They have put themselves on to the National Gardens Scheme which means they open a few times a year, collect five pounds a head, and pass the income to a good cause connected with gardens. She entertained us with very good home-made cakes

and tea. Unfortunately, I had to accept normal milk which I thought I would get away with, but alas within about 20 min the stomach acidity started again.