

A full day from a bad start

Last night I suffered a lot from a frozen shoulder and upper arm and decided to write to my genius of an acupuncturist come physio therapist, come healer, Tim. I wrote to him early this morning and asked for an appointment as soon as possible.

About 8:30 AM I received a letter from a good friend saying they would like to pop by and would we available.

About 9:00 AM. I received an invitation from a 5G colleague to appear on an international video chat on ZOOM. This will happen next Tuesday afternoon and I asked for written confirmation, log in details etc.

About 9:45 AM I received notification saying that I could have an appointment with Tim from 11 AM to 1 PM

I wrote to the friends that they were welcome to come at midday and see Françoise and then I would join them later.

The therapeutic session I had with Tim was amazing. I thought I had torn muscle because I could scarcely move it but actually it was a tight muscle in the shoulder that made the arm feel bad. He worked on it for nearly 2 hours, and produced a 95% benefit to my sore limb. We discussed how memories could linger from childhood and he noticed how my body went into defensive mode when it was touched. I was not aware of this until it was drawn to my attention. The 'alert mode' started in the shoulder. I came away feeling a new man as they say.

I arrived home to find my friends in conversation with Françoise, we had a very jolly time. It does help I find if people have a similar sense of humour. One person can spark off another one. They stayed for a couple of hours, during which I showed them my [blog of last Wednesday](#) and we agreed that all four of us would go off to Avebury, weather permitting, and see prehistoric Britain at its best or should

I say one manifestation of it.

We then had a visit from a friend of Françoise who has had a difficult life. She was brought up in care, and finds it very difficult to assert herself. As a result, she married a man who expects her to behave like a servant, who will do no work around the house and expects his meals on time. Worse than that, he and his son spend all the time in the loft on their computers. Father and son back each other up so there is nothing much she can do.

The friend is afraid of showing emotion to her husband, for example crying, for fear he will shut up or turn away from her. She is about 70 years of age and although she is starting to stand up for herself, she has a long way to go before she can call herself independent.

I have decided to stop watching the news because the state of the government at the moment is so embarrassing. Much better watching decent videos, writing this diary, maintaining my 5G site, and reading the pile of books sitting half read on my bedside table.

Tim gave me some pills that would stimulate the digestive juices which I have to take with meals hopefully obviating the need to take Omeprazole.

I have more or less accepted the fact that there will not be much more gardening work this year and will simply live off savings for the moment. If I had to survive just on a pension. I don't know how I would manage.

I went to Sainsbury's this evening to get a few things. The woman at the till has a sense of humour. She wished the previous customer a good evening and a good weekend. I remarked to her teasingly that why limit it to the weekend. Why not wish him a good month or even a good year. she got her revenge on me by wishing me a happy Christmas.

Today was as good as yesterday was bad. A result.