

Not everybody will like you

A lovely quote from brainyquote.com. *"Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks, shall win my love"*. Washington Irving.

I can't seem to focus on anything at the moment. There are so many things I would like to do and attempts to discipline myself have so far failed. The fact of the matter is that I'm easily distracted, and I also rather like doing nothing. At the age of 75 think I'm entitled to do this. I do want to feel, however, that I'm performing some type of useful purpose in the remaining years allotted to me.

We visited Bath again on Friday to do various small errands. We've particularly focused on health shops which are an unending source of joy to me – real food without additives, chemicals. The pharmaceutical industry works closely with the food industry to entice as many people as possible to have their products and be addicted to them.

The insults and misunderstandings that I get occasionally are nothing compared to people in public life for example, Jeremy Corbyn being told he is anti-Semitic just because he complains about Israel's actions with regard to Palestine. Israel brings out this tired old excuse of being victims and every time the world or at least the mainstream media fall for it.

However, I've come to the conclusion that speaking the truth is, and making people uncomfortable or disturbing them from their comfort zone is not going to lead in every case to being loved. The way of looking at the world is like two parallel lines. On the one line it is all about the power grabbing and profit grabbing of the corporates who run the planet, and on the other line is the residue, the doctored information about entertaining the great unwashed, bits and pieces of information that will keep us quiet and hopefully numb us into

accepting controls on our behaviour.

This is this old story of the red pill and the blue pill as featured in the Matrix.

I realise that I probably make people uncomfortable, just by being in the same room, for what I symbolise. I think that must go with the territory. I was listening to a sermon recently about how Jesus Christ was treated. He was abused, spat on, derided, insulted, all for bringing about a message of love. Here am I, speaking about something far less pivotal but important nevertheless, such as 5G, smart meters and so-called climate change and expecting to get away with not being abused.

However, I find that I'm getting a little bit prone to depression, not clinical depression but just feeling down, so I decided in the Christmas period to spend more time on my own health, which means relaxation and doing something else than concentrating on my websites. This diary has suffered a little bit. Someone suggested I was suffering from S.A.D. which is a reaction to lack of sunlight – vitamin C and D are required.

Yesterday, Saturday, we went to Frome and enjoyed the cultural atmosphere of people who are in a different socio-economic bracket than here in Midsomer Norton. I think that most people in this town are struggling for survival on a day-to-day basis and don't have any time for other people, let alone to be able to think abstractly and philosophically, which I suppose is a luxury.

Thursday, I'm going to Bristol to see a lady who is a nutritionist and a functional medicine person. This means that she looks at the cause of the disease as well as the symptoms, which is something that I need for my stomach. It was good to hear recently that my stomach itself is quite functional but it is just getting more and more sensitive to what I put down my throat and when. I find it more difficult to eat in the

evening and if my last meal is at four o'clock that my body likes it and I can sleep better.

The weather has been tempestuous recently. Even gusting wind at 37 miles an hour makes me feel extra snug and warm inside the home, my log fire blazing away. In Penzance, where we were a few weeks ago, the wind is blowing at 72 miles an hour, which must be quite spectacular as it is on the coast and therefore in an exposed position. There is something about Cornwall that I love; I hope to go there soon but I get the feeling that Tenby which is in South Wales will be my next port of call.