

The satisfaction of gardening

I wrote briefly about the people we saw who wanted us to do their garden. Today, in spite of sunny periods and showers, we did it. I think it was worth it just because the husband had had an operation three weeks ago. Our tidying stopped him driving his wife mad with fussing about what should be done in the garden.

We cleared everything up, trimmed the hedge in front to immaculate levels of perfection – although I say so myself – and jet washed the area in front of the garage and the path leading to the garden. It is worth saying that many people have visits to hospitals because they slip on surfaces that do not look slippery but are in fact covered with a layer of grease which accumulates over the years from petrol fumes and various other distillates in the atmosphere.

I started feeling a bit stiff after two hours of working but then it always happens this way at the beginning of the gardening season. About June or July I'm fit and ready to go and then my physical fitness slips down after November when there are no more gardening jobs to be done. I know I should go walking and so on but I find that quite boring for the most part unless the scenery is really interesting. Swimming does not work because there is so much chlorine in the local baths that it stinks.

We are going to be visited by storm David on Saturday and Sunday so this looks like another two days in the house reading and watching TV.

Tomorrow, Friday 14th, is Valentine's Day and so I will take Françoise out for a lunch At the [Old Station Inn](#), Hallatrow.