

Mutton dressed as Lamb



Reference my recent diary entries, this is what my wife has done to the non-descript rusty iron container that we were invited to take, garden we did. It now sits in an increasingly crowded garden of Eden A.k.A. our bungalow garden in Midsomer Norton.

I'm looking forward to not wearing my mask when they made obligatory for public transport. The participants at our weekly meeting this afternoon are not intending to wear masks. There are an increasing number of papers showing you how dangerous practice is and how it disturbs the balance of carbon dioxide and oxygen in the body. When hospitals are open again there will be literally millions of people booked in for operations and this is when the hospital system is going to be under strain. The COVID fiasco was a nonevent. Wards were lying empty and operations were cancelled.

Our ZOOM discussion today was about how to wake people up. We decided that unless we get some indications of interest it is better to leave them sleeping. Françoise thought it was better to ask questions than tell people. Others thought it was better to give an example of a happy life than my direct preaching. Someone wears a hat saying "there is no virus" and "Stop 5G". I prefer to function more in the background myself.

Not a lot to report apart from that. Françoise is suffering from tinnitus. This is exacerbated when she sits in front of a computer or the TV. My stomach is fairly under control now so long as I eat moderately and don't have too much food in the evening, I am fine.

The days do tend to merge into each other. I sometimes have to think what day it is because there are no familiar markers. I know my pension arrives on Monday. Apart from that, it is a "go to the shops on a needs basis" and that's about it.