

Return to Cheddar car boot sale – Early Doors Cider Barn adapts



you need to be a certain type of person to walk casually with a plastic dinosaur on your back and not care about what people think

I must admit I'm not too keen on going to church this morning so we decided as a very unspiritual alternative to go along to the car boot sale at Cheddar about which I have written many times. There were quite a few people there but not many people buying and I heard three or four stallholders complaining of lack of business. I don't think people are in the mood.

We went to the side of the cider barn and I saw the ever hard-working Jason, the owner, presiding over the opening up of a large marquee, presumably introduced to increase space especially for bands which have a habit of playing on Sunday. He looked exhausted but I know he loves his job. I also met

his very supportive wife. For the first time in months I had some local cider (all the cider is local) and it is of the most wonderful quality and gives no side-effects. We also had pizza and left well satisfied after an hour or so.



At home, Françoise is busily processing all the produce from our garden. Our kitchen is always overfull with miscellaneous items and we do need an extra room to function as a larder. Maybe we will decide to build something in the garden.

I am content because I've made a breakthrough in my stomach problem that has been troubling me for so many years. I decided that most alcoholic drinks contain additives that are not good for the digestion. When I do have a drink for example rose wine, I just have a sip of it, the same amount that would be contained in an egg cup, and I feel quite satisfied. That

combined with not drinking at all in the evening and having smaller amounts of food seems to work and the amount of acidity and bloating is decreasing. I also spend more time 'grounding' outside in the garden and that does have a good effect. Grounding means standing in bare feet and connecting with the Earth

We are coming to the time when the year of the allotment rentals comes to an end and people need to renew. I have had five or six people wanting allotments – goodness knows where they came from because we have a long period when no one was interested – but I must somehow accommodate them if I possibly can and I must tactfully look round for allotment spaces where people have become too busy or inform to continue. We have two vacant plots and six people.