

# A day of unexpected lessons

09.00 To the men's Christian group in Wetherspoons. For various reason there were only two of us there but we had a good 50 minute conversation.

I realized (again) that I am sensitive to the openness and the ability to listen of others. When the channels are open I am inspired to bring forth all sorts of ideas that I did not know 'I' had. I also get images which I pass on in good faith to the listener. I received the idea of the Whispering Gallery at St Paul's Cathedral, London. The idea is that when you speak, you listen to the reactions silent or otherwise. This involves silence which most people cannot handle. Question – why not.

10.00 to the coffee morning at my local church (where I have attended very few actual services). There was discussion about the continuing nuisance of the two mentally challenged children of the vicar who are allowed to run round the church during sermons. Sometimes they scream, making it impossible to hear what is being said. We think the vicar's wife wears the trousers. Complaints have been made to no avail.

One of the ladies, Doreen, asked me to come and help her with her garden. I gave her a lift to her house about 10 minutes away on foot. Since her husband died it had not been maintained and was in some dis-repair. She had a ride on mower which she invited me to use and offered to demonstrate it (the first time a female, let alone one over 80 years of age, has offered to demo a mower). I said yes. I look forward to doing the job and getting it into a condition where she can maintain it herself.

13.30 off to RUH, our local hospital in Bath for my regular eye injection. It was a bit surreal as many were wearing masks both on the bus and in the hospital. In theatre, the comfy bed had been replaced by a chair which tipped back and rather

uncomfortably supported my lower back. This new chair had arrived as evidently some of the women found it difficult to get on the old bed as it could not be lowered enough. The men had no such problem. Evidently the men did not like the new arrangement as much as the females.

Down in the staff canteen, at long last patients are being allowed in during meal times (before it was after 4.30 pm) During Covid it was a strictly staff only rule. I did not understand this at the time. Covid is either everywhere or nowhere.

I went home via Bath City Centre. I was inevitably drawn to Wetherspoons where I was successfully tempted to partake of the Managers Special – cod fish and chips for £3.95. That and a decent glass of rose wine made a total bill of £5.94. Pretty good for a satisfactory meal.

Lovely day today, clear blue sky – a slight chill wind but it was warmer in the center of Bath. Francoise has been in the garden for most of the day. Tomorrow I must call someone to ask them to resign from an allotment plot (I am the secretary of the Association). This is because we have a rule that 75% of the plot must be cultivated. There are no exceptions even for us on the committee.

I made a cauliflower cheese supper and baked a loaf of bread as we were running low. We avoid buying bread from a shop if at all possible. If a loaf bounces when drooped, it is not worth eating.