

A most interesting multifaceted day

Awoke to snow, about two inches of it. The first of the season. I must rise as I have to take my car for its annual MOT (certificate of roadworthiness). I left at about 9am to avoid the inevitable traffic jams from children being delivered to their school, and dropped my car off at fourth Avenue Motors.

As I walked away from delivering my car I noticed about 6 workers repacking Amazon packages into their own delivery vehicles. I guess this must happen rain or shine. A larger vehicle must have delivered some pallets in a semi presorted way and the workers needed to scan the packets when they were put in their own individual cars. I have never seen this done before and wondered how it was achieved.



I then went off to have breakfast at Porkys which is an inconspicuous cafe on an estate of factories here in Midsomer Norton. You can get breakfasts in various sizes paying from between £7 to £9. I have the smaller breakfast at £7 with coffee as an extra £1.20. We would call this a greasy spoon cafe. Workers and delivery drivers frequent this place.

I must admit that I overdid the breakfast and when I returned home I was tired so decided to go to bed again. I had nothing on my schedule today so I spent a very pleasant time dozing and dreaming. I had a light lunch of rice mixed with soup. The time came to have a conversation by zoom with my friend of long-standing and I took the opportunity to review a number of aspects of my life including why I felt it necessary to

work all the time.

My friend thought it a good idea that I schedule a day with absolutely nothing happening and to see what came out of it.

I am attending a conference in October and I got the idea of a pop-up ZOOM group where people discuss what they want to have happening before the event, then what happened after the event. I thought this would be useful for those who live on their own or are with an unsympathetic partner.

It was also a time to consider my psychic work. Did I need to do it professionally or just incorporate it in my life. Does any one need this type of support any more? After all the brain washing that the world has gone through are people capable of changing?

I find regular talking is very therapeutic because sometimes a problem is so deeply very that you don't realize it is even there until you start talking to someone else who is on the same wavelength. The need to talk is not a sign of weakness or dependency but rather a requirement for discipline and to make sure that you are intellectually tuned in to yourself and others.

It is difficult to know how much progress we have made, or how much better we could have done in our lives. The last 2-3 years have been a disaster for human kind. Maybe I have achieved more than I could imagine by remaining sane when most people around me have given in to fear and behave as robots. There are some bright lights still shining, though.