

My Somerset Life

A diary by Brian Snellgrove

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A funeral of a friend

Today was a day indeed.

We had to travel to Oxford to attend the funeral of a very dear friend of us both; Susannah. Rain and clouds on the journey were the norm. We wanted to avoid the motorways but unfortunately chose a direction which involved the highways and byways including the dreaded A303 at Stone Henge, always a lot of traffic there. We left Somerset about 10:30 this morning and arrived just in time for the service which was at 1:30 p.m. The sweet little church was full of people and the service was exemplary in terms of delivery, non sentimentalism, informative content and a celebration of faith.

One poor couple arrived just at the end because they had been caught up in a traffic jam on the M25. They looked disconsolately at their service sheet trying to catch something of what they had missed

Afterwards we went along to the church hall for a wake. I must say all the people there were of a very good caliber and it shows me that like attracts like. Susannah was an exceptional person who gave her life in the service of others and had many friends. We were joined by three of our friends from our zoom group that I ran for 2 years; Paul, Nicholas and Simone. Our group seems to have run its course because now everyone is going their separate ways and the support that was offered seemed to bear fruit. We can say that the birds fled the nest stronger for their experiences.

For me the acoustics were a little sharp. Many people were talking loudly (well, they had to in order to make themselves heard) and it was not conducive to the exchanging of fond memories of the departed. We stayed a couple of hours and then the noise got the better of us.

On the way to the car we spotted a sign 'pheasants for sale'. A brace was available for £5. I have never cooked a pheasant and not being one to miss a bargain grabbed the opportunity. We climbed the steps to an adjacent house and talked to the seller/owner who had lived in the same house all his life. A few stories later we departed, me with a nostalgic feeling for the times that were. He said that the only way for him to cook a pheasant was to make a stew out of it. I shall do this.

The return journey in the dark was not pleasant. With a GPS we found ourselves lost in the dark but eventually arrived home here in Midsomer Norton at 7.15 pm. We avoided two traffic jams one of which was 3 miles long going into bath and the other one were re numerous traffic jams going into Bristol which we avoided by skirting around Bristol which in the dark is an act of faith.

At the wake I met a couple of people who were interested in my mediumistic comment about how Susannah was doing on her new platform of life after death. They were interested in having a reading so I gave out my cards to them.

I have been involved in a county court judgement against me for a dispute about about a gardening job and this has weighed on my mind quite a lot and it does require a certain amount of faith to maintain a Christmas spirit.

I'm glad to say that after all this trouble my Volvo is doing very well. We thought we would have to replace a fan motor costing £500 but when they put my original motor back it started well and is functioning 100%. We feel that the problem was due to a calcified connection and not a mechanical defect as such.

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