

My Somerset Life

A diary by Brian Snellgrove

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A multi coloured day – Rockaway Park -Frome Carnival

Finding professional help

I continue my search for a suitable helper for developing this website. I thought I would try People per Hour (peopleperhour.com) which is a site that many professionals use to get help by the hour.

It is interesting how many people do not read the brief before applying. My brief specifically said that I want someone from Somerset here in the United Kingdom as it is a very local site. In spite of that, the vast majority of the 12 offers I have had so far come from India and Pakistan. Two of them have said they live locally and I have asked them whereabouts in Somerset they live and for some strange reason they were unable to tell me.

I know some people are desperate for work but it is not a good idea to lie on your CV. Anyway the job is not urgent, it's more important to get the right person.

I have installed a new text to speech client on this website. I do notice that there is a pause for some reason but it eventually goes ahead and reads the whole diary entry. I will try it for a bit and if the pauses are too long I will have to find another plug-in. The benefit of WordPress is that there are thousands of plugins so you can more or less do anything you need using the basic structure supplied for blogs. The other benefit of WordPress is that because there are so many millions of users, you can get specialist help on any problem you find.

Home tasks

So for once on a reasonable day it's vacuuming time and then I in the absence of Francoise who is in Bath with a friend I shall go to a local fete, in Temple Cloud and do my usual walking and talking.

It is amazing how home jobs can pile up and I recommend they take about a day a week if you add up all the hours. Today I had a look for some powdered potato and I forgot that I bought it about two years ago and I think it may be passed its prime. I have put it in the oven on low heat to try and desiccate it a bit so hopefully prolonging its life

Chat with a fellow writer

I had a lively chat with someone called Andrew, who is part of the local writers group. We had a very colourful conversation full of jokes and puns, observations, and it was so pleasant to meet someone with a creative brain. He forgot my name three times but for this I forgive him. I forgive any artistic person no matter what they do or all the things they have done, are doing or will do because they are struggling in a very unartistic world and it is a bit like sowing seeds in the wrong soil. The up shot of the call was that I will offer my help on the committee to get communications a bit better. Time will tell if I meld with the founder with whom I need to speak.

Therapy – what is yours?



Francoise told me yesterday that she finds knitting very therapeutic especially when certain colors are involved. This let me wondering what I do for therapy when I want to unwind and I am the first person to admit that I do not do knitting. My sense is that physical tasks of any kind especially involving water or cutting things is for me a very relaxing thing to do. I know it is strenuous but the exertions of the physical body can surprisingly have a therapeutic value on the mind. I'm sure there's more things I can do but I can't think of them right now.

Temple Cloud Fête

So, off to Temple Cloud fête . I entered through a housing estate where there wasn't much parking but never mind, I found somewhere and parked half on the curb. When I entered there was the most horrible music scratching and booming from a stage on our right but I suppose the kids liked it.



The main idea is to launch the new Pump track' which is the ideal means for young children to race around on their bikes and have a great time. There must have been 100 children there all noisily enjoying themselves.



I was very intrigued with the ambitious plastic disco and also wondered what the racing car was doing there but obviously it had a following. I could tell that for the number of bearded men who stood around chatting

There were many other stalls for selling the usual food items, local groups including a stall to encourage people to join the local village Council, and a stand selling homemade jams without any additives.

I bought one of the smallest jam jars I have ever seen, it must be half the size of the normal jam jar, but it contained lemon marmalade or should I say lemon and ginger marmalade so I decided to spend £4.50 and support them in their efforts. Normally I would not spend this amount. The lady selling it told me that she had allergies herself particularly to sulfites. She told me not to buy French wine. I will tell that to Francoise and see what happens. She called herself 'Sam's Jams & 'Saucy' Produce. If anyone is interested her number is +44 7790 750968 sam.smalley63@outlook.com

Rockaway Park



Off to Rockaway Park. I have written about this many times and if you do research you will see dozens of entries and my reaction to such a strange artistic colony in the midst of nowhere; it was actually an old quarry. In this website type in 'Rockaway Park' for many many visit descriptions.

Someone called John was giving an exhibition of his art and I had the privilege of talking to him. I commented that the works were very well displayed and made the best of the available light. He was selling a book called 'Salt' and I



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this was the means that Gandhi used to assemble the masses because the British were putting a tax on salt and everyone needs salt, a bit like water really.

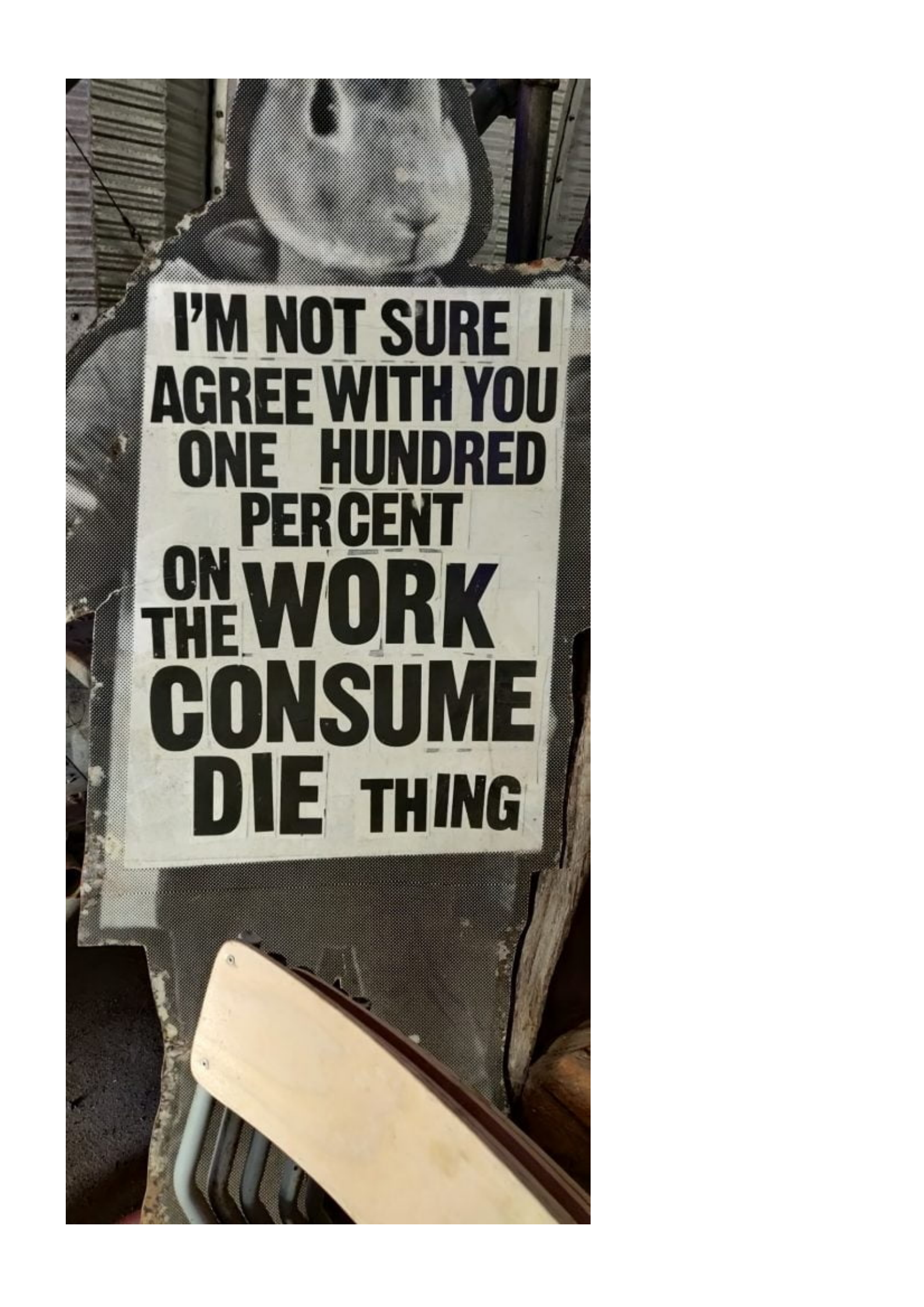
I went into the cafe and got myself a coffee. The cost is £1 for all drinks. There is an honesty box with what had I estimate to be about 40 pounds cash and it was quite novel to put in a 10-pound note and take away nine pound coins. I love this sort of society.

I overheard two young men talking about the increasing cost of living. One of them said to the other that his mortgage had gone up by 600 pounds a month but he was philosophical saying 'you just have to pay it' or words to that effect. I was surprised to hear there was no anger but I suppose that there is no point?

I've then talked to a lady who had come for the exhibition. I told her that this place was very therapeutic for me and that when I felt depressed for any reason I would come here and feel better because the normal prompts that encourage action in everyday society are not here. Instead, we have creative cues and stimuli and this is my bread and butter.

I said that there were terrible pressures on people to conform and I felt that normality was a disease that needed treatment. The question is, if you find yourself doing something, why are you doing it? Are you sure you are not predicating yourself on the wishes or perceived expectations of others. I said that so few people have the courage to become individuated. She nodded.

She said that the party for the artist was supposed to start at 2 o'clock with tea and a proper party at 6pm but it obviously had not started and I said to her for my amusement as much as hers 'well I know something will happen at some time' so she said with a smile that she would just wait around.



**I'M NOT SURE I
AGREE WITH YOU
ONE HUNDRED
PERCENT
ON THE WORK
CONSUME
DIE THING**





I include various images that I found attractive. The Chapel of Unrest is a new religion that Mark the founder wants to start. He needs 60,000 congregants and he is so far at 1,600. I know that Mark, the founder, is sick of my saying how much I enjoy the place. I'm not being psychophantic, I'm just telling him as it is.

Each time I go I see something new and I strongly recommend it to anyone. Do a search on 'Rockaway Park Somerset'

Frome Carnival

I noticed by chance in the Mendip Times that there was a carnival in Frome taking place this very evening so I thought 'nothing ventured nothing gained', let's have a look at what's going on. Knowing that the town was blocked off in part, we approached Frome from the north and found a road where we could park with no restrictions, 10 minutes walk from the festivities.

Frome is a very cultural town, lots of money around but I was in for a shock. The very civilized car park opposite the Cheese and Grain Meeting Hall had been converted into a monstrous, and in my view tawdry amusement park. I might as well have been in Blackpool or Brighton in the 1970s.



I have to say that the number of overweight people especially women was very noticeable. Over weight can come about from poor diet and by 'poor diet' I mean bad quality food which is not very rich in nutrition but has been designed to sell, with generous quantities of additives to make it look more attractive and to prolong its life. You may wonder why the diet for Coca-Cola is a secret. I will give you three guesses.

The carnival itself was advertised to start at 7pm but the first floats entered the town center at about 7:35 and the show finished at 8:20. The images below speak for themselves. I enjoyed the fact that youngsters were enjoying themselves but I did not feel I saw the best side of Frome on this occasion. This event was definitely for the 'working class'. I shall not return next year and that's not being snobby. I just felt the event was too brash and loud for me.



waiting expectantly



Is this a UFO?



Star Wars characters





There were many dancers and performers and some of the children cannot have been more than five years old. I noticed that there were many helpers and supporters waiting to enter the fray if there was any problem or accident.

We also noticed that there were quite a few solo performers who had made great efforts to make themselves interesting, attractive and amusing, including someone dressed as a tin of spaghetti, and why not. I cannot show you most of the images because moving objects at night are too much of a challenge for my humble mobile phone camera so you'll have to imagine in part what went on.

All in all a good day. I completely forgot about the Christian men's breakfast that was held this morning at 8am. I realized this at 7:50. If the event had started at 8:30 I could have just made it but I'm afraid even Batman would have had a problem traversing 10 miles in 10 minutes and that includes time to get dressed.

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