

# My Somerset Life

## A diary by Brian Snellgrove

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# Doctor's Surgeries are not what they were

## Further experiments with bread

Believe it or not my day started at about 2:45 a.m. When I could not sleep anymore having gone to bed at the comparatively early hour of 11 pm, I arose.

For some reason I seem incapable of making a decent loaf of bread on recent occasions. Mostly, it does not rise and is very soggy inside So being full of beans and having nothing better to do I decided to make some bread. I looked in Google and asked the question, what do I do if my bread does not rise. It was suggested that the remedy might be be more patient, you've got me on that one, but also because the yeast might be too old.

There is a test. You put in a bowl a teaspoon full of yeast and a teaspoonful of sugar and mix it with warm water. If after 10 minutes it has bubbled or started to bubble then you know there is nothing wrong with the yeast. I did that and sure enough bubbles appeared. So I added the liquid mixture to 500 grams of bread flour and added some salt and a little bit of oil as I normally do. It was recommended that you heat the oven to 50 degrees centigrade, put in the dough to rise and at the same time turn off the oven. I did this but still felt it was too warm because yeast only functions between certain temperatures, look it up if you are interested.

Anyway after there was a roughly doubling in size of the dough I've transferred it to a tin and cooked it for 45 minutes but still it had not risen in the way I normally expect so I think we will have to keep on looking at this one. At about

six o'clock Francoise came into the living room to see if I was alright and eventually I returned to bed at about seven o'clock for a short time during which I watched Al Jazeera TV.

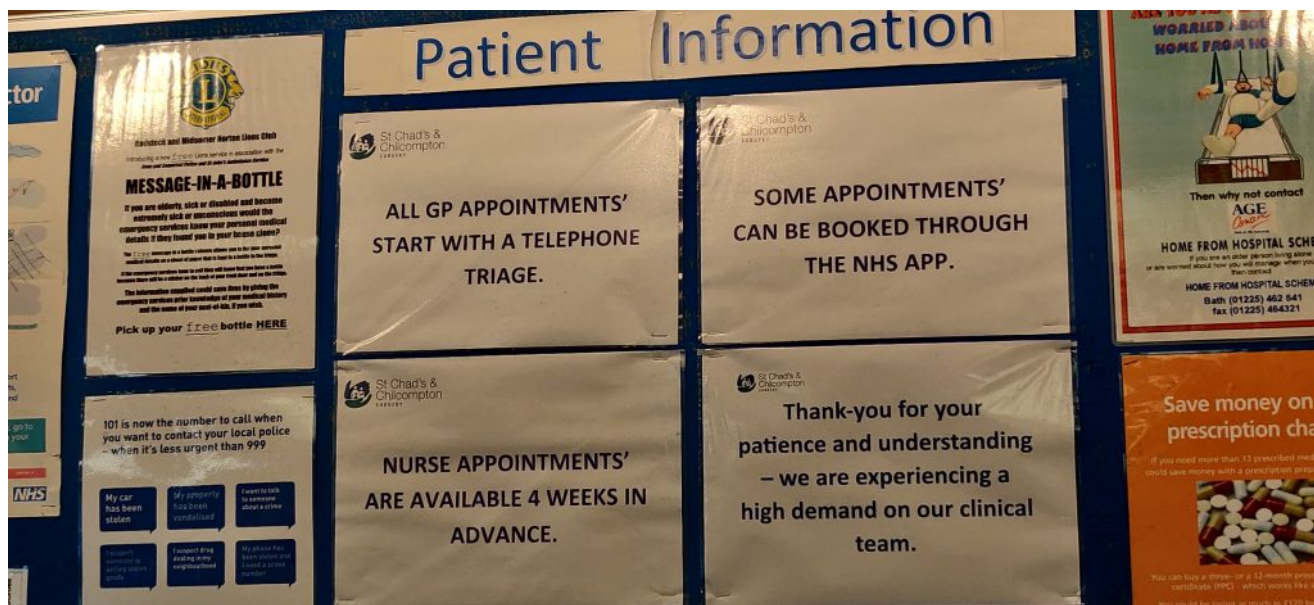
I watched the business that is going on in Israel and Palestine. I must say I got more out of 15 minutes of watching them than I did from the parties and stance taken of course by the mainstream Media but a less even GB news that should really know better. The channel showed me the many times that Israel have attacked Palestine and anyone with the brain knows they want to bomb it out of existence. This is disturbing the whole planet and of course that is the intention. We have the huge problem of aggressive Islamic militants who have no qualms at all about terminating people's lives. It's not that we can actually enjoy ourselves really it's more a question of endurance

## **Visit to the doctor, new style**

This is a rainy and blustery dawn. Today a friend of Françoise is coming and we will be looking after her until Monday. Off to the doctors to have a blood test in connection with my recent query to him. My appointment was for 10:42 in the morning and in fact I was seen at 10:41 so I'm not complaining too much.

There was a very skilled phlebotomist who took two blood samples but she was so good at it I could hardly feel a thing. I always close my eyes because anything involved with taking blood I find difficult to deal with.

On the way out of the nurses room there were fewer than usual people waiting for attention but there was a roped off area to the left with a sign that said covid and flu vaccines. Two middle-aged ladies were standing waiting, staring expressionless. They were the sort of people who would just do what they're told, anything to keep the peace.



The sign on the wall disturbed me (pictured) it means that we can no longer decide by ourselves that we need to see the doctor. We need a triage presumably on the phone to decide whether seeing us is the best use of his time. He did call me the day before yesterday and I reported some vomiting and I asked him if the symptoms were due to too little acid in the stomach or too much. He said with out hesitation, it is because you have too much. I read that symptoms were due both to too little and too much so I don't know how he could have come to that conclusion instantly.

Anyway he prescribed me some medicine that were more powerful than the first lot and in addition something called Metoclopramide, which is supposed to change the digestive areas that deal with food. Doing due diligence to myself I find this medication can have the following side effects: diarrhea, drowsiness, loss of strength or energy, muscle pain or weakness, restlessness, unusual weak feeling. Well that is really great then isn't it I can't wait to get these symptoms

I know that a proportion of the doctors salary is obtained from commissions by the drug companies and this was bought into effect a number of years ago so quite naturally, human nature being what it is, he is going to go for the option of recommending medication for which he gets paid as opposed to

giving me advice about my diet for which he will not get paid.

I wrote to my acupuncturist about this saying that the doctors attitude seems to consist of the fact that if you use a hammer and that does not work then use a sledgehammer. My acupuncture has given me some excellent advice which I will follow. I want to continually bear in mind that the body is a fantastic self-regulating mechanism and we just have to give it a chance to do its job by giving it natural foods in other words foods from nature as opposed to manufactured foods, and treat our own body with respect.

I am very lucky in the treatment I have received with regard to my eyes without which I would be walking with a stick.

With regard to visiting the doctor, I know the ultimate goal is to do everything with AI, Artificial Intelligence, and not see anyone at all face to face. The new regime that controls the world sees us as useless eaters at best and insects at worst that is why they want us to stop eating meat and start eating insect pies.

## **15 minute cities**

I read last night that in spite of furious local opposition, Oxford Council here in the UK decided to make the 15 minutes City rode blockade permanent. I will be more comfortable with there was some semblance of science to back up this ridiculous carbon saving nonsense. The only way the government can continue on their course is to completely ignore all legitimate scientists. What is the point of even studying science? Instead of life being 'nasty brutish and short' it's going to be nasty brutish and long'. We have Thomas Hobbes to thank for that one.

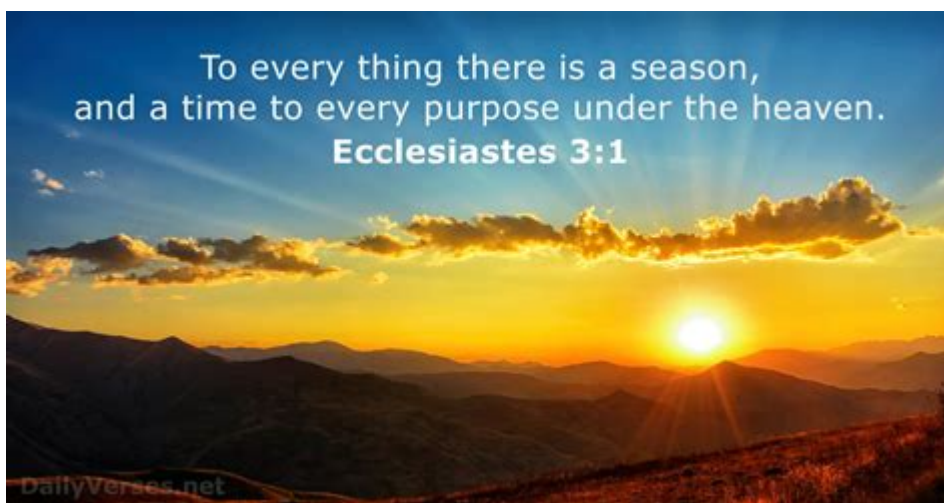
## **Log supplies**

- I just received a text from my local supplier of logs

who said the chopping machine had broken down and they would have to get another one and so they were going to be closing down for two months. It sounds rather as if their supplier is having difficulty meeting demand because if you can get things in a few days from China then two months for just delivering locally seems a bit over the top. So far we are lucky that we can have supplies of food unlike the Palestinians who have no power, water, public services, and food so I must not complain. The world signs however are not going in the right direction. The powers that be will starve us when it is convenient for them to do so.

## Further intuitive reading this afternoon

- I had occasion to do an unexpected reading when the mother of the client I spoke to a few days ago phone me and said that she herself needed some help and of course I was glad to do it. I found myself being very poetic; I prefaced my reading summary with an image and a quote from Ecclesiastes which I found had a strange poetry of its own and a very healing effect just by reading it. It speaks about living life in a measured and balanced way.



There is a time for everything,  
and a season for every activity under the heavens:

a time to be born and a time to die,  
a time to plant and a time to uproot,  
a time to kill and a time to heal,  
a time to tear down and a time to build,  
a time to weep and a time to laugh,  
a time to mourn and a time to dance,  
a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,  
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,  
a time to search and a time to give up,  
a time to keep and a time to throw away,  
a time to tear and a time to mend,  
a time to be silent and a time to speak,  
a time to love and a time to hate,  
a time for war and a time for peace.....

## **Our guests arrive**

Philomena and her hearing dog have just entered the house so I finish here and submit to much panting and licking. I love this instant communication. Within a minute of Beth the dog arriving I had posted and published this picture of her exploring.



# My Somerset Life by Brian Snellgrove

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