

My Somerset Life

A diary by Brian Snellgrove

- My Somerset Life
- Diary Entries
- Writing a diary
- About, and User's Guide
- Creative Listening service
- Privacy Policy
- Contact
- Thoughts
 - Blood clots
 - Enlight and Godlight
 - Interacting with others + the disadvantage of being nice.
 - Is Jesus only our local hero?
 - Loneliness or enjoying your own company?
 - Mobile phones – neutrinos and everything
 - People of different nationalities – the myth of separation
 - Personal energy and life readings
 - Quantum Entanglement
 - Sanity and Insanity – where do we go when we die?
 - The Second Coming of Jesus – where is he?
 - The twisting of space and other matters
 - What is sin?
 - What is the brain?
 - What vibrations can improve our lives?
 - Will the truth survive?

International Happiness Day – yes, really

The International Day of Happiness



The happiness holiday started when the General Assembly of the United Nations decided that **March 20th** would be International Day of Happiness. According to the UN's website, it did this because it believes

the relevance of happiness and well-being are universal goals and aspirations in the lives of human beings worldwide. This is a strange path for the UN to follow in view of its globalist agenda. I would rather like to continue to own my house, car, savings. my freedombut some have strange tastes. Some would actually find this comforting.

Somerset Rural life Museum

was where we went first in our visit to Glastonbury for the spring solstice celebration. Like yesterday we took the bus and it only took 15 minutes longer than by car. It is always a pleasure to visit this jewel of architecture. There was a special exhibition called Somerset floods – 10 years on, an exhibition of photographs by Matilda Temperley reflecting on ten years since the counties devastating floods of winter 2013 to 2014. It was a miniature exhibition involving only one room of the museum but I have made several photographs which I commend to you as making this event worthy of a visit. The exhibition runs until the 19th of May 2024. The website is

here





There was one problem and that was that the lights shone directly onto the top row of pictures so you could not look at the pictures without seeing a strong reflection of the lights themselves which spoiled the whole thing. I did complain immediately and they said they would 'look into it' which means nothing. However the whole show is really worth a visit as you can see from the brilliant composition of the examples given.

Chatting with a stonemason



I make it a policy of chatting to anyone who is doing anything remotely interesting in public. This was a stone mason repairing an old stone wall with facing. It was clear that the brickwork behind the facing was in very poor order and looked very damp. He confirmed that this was the case and that the wall was very old and said that when he had finished the facing they would face the top with a waterproof covering so that the inside of the wall would dry out. I praise him on his work and we discussed the merits of working on one's own and he said he preferred to be on his own because he could work at his own speed. That's my man!

Chalice Well for the Spring Equinox



We arrived at about 11:30 at Chalice Well for the spring equinox. This is the time of year when the length of the daytime is equal to the length of the night time. When we arrived there was a goodly crowd including many children who love playing in the streams on the lower end of the gardens by the cafe. I love the area where people sit around the fire which is always there winter and summer and gives the feeling of communities spirit and a focus for people's conversation, not that much is needed because it is the sort of place where everyone talks to everyone else. At this particular event I excelled myself in pushing the boundaries of comfortableness or shyness and talking to many people.





Two of the staff, or more correctly two goddess figures, bless people with well water upon entry (image).

There is a blessing at midday. I normally enjoy the ceremony which lasts about 20 minutes but for some reason on this occasion no microphones had been supplied and so I could scarcely hear what the speakers were saying. I could catch the odd word but not every word. Another speaker with 'not a very penetrating voice' (polite) could not be heard at all. I spent my time walking around the area and talking to people. I made a complaint to a volunteer as did Francoise and as before they say they would 'pass it on'. The only thing they have to do is to provide a microphone and speaker and it is not good enough for a volunteer to say by a way of excuse "a loud speaking system was supposed to be there".



During my time there I excelled myself for the number of spontaneous conversations.

I talked to a woman from the Caribbean who had driven from Suffolk which is about 200 miles away on a whim by herself in her car for the first time. It turns out that she had recently ended a relationship and was finding her own space. I commented that this could be a time of healing and reorientation.

I saw three people wearing ivy, the two ladies were wearing a guard on and the man was wearing a single sprig. I asked him what he had done not to wear the full regalia and he replied that the ladies were just being mean to him. We had a laugh about it

I also met a man from Sweden and we found that we had very similar views about many things. He said that we should not focus on hating people but rather focusing on what is good in other people and said that we may see value in other people which equals a diamond that we are part of it. I said that I was very happy with having an image because this was the best way I could find to learn something. I forget words but I never forget an image once formed in my mind. This is healing myself in my book.



This lady is certainly dressed for the occasion. She bought the mushroom hat only that morning

I met another lady with lovely hair that was looking at herself in her mirror and I said she had beautiful hair and my partner would die to have hair like that.

I complimented another lady by giving her a prize of the day for the most colorful outfit. All colors of the rainbow were there.

I gave a man with a beard a prize for the most symmetrical beard but I had seen today.

I complemented two women who were singing, saying that there is a power of healing in the singing which us human beings have not exploited to the fullest extent, with the notable exceptions of Tibetan singing, medieval chanting.

Yet another lady was talking to a silver birch tree and I said how wonderful it was that she had this great relationship with nature. She slightly misunderstood me thinking that I was somehow giving her permission to do this when in fact she's done it for years. I assured her that my comment was made out of respect.

Yet another lady had a nautilus sea shell around her neck. I must have had at least a dozen spontaneous conversations and enjoyed them all immensely.

When I had had a few such meetings I suddenly got a vision of a person tangled up in a spider's web which consisted of things they were afraid of such as ' what will people think of me', ' am I good enough'. ' I don't have anything to contribute', 'I am not attractive enough'. I realized that if we could see this for the illusion it was, I would be more free. Even one of these self doubts has the power to paralyze the spirit. This image came upon me quite spontaneously so I was very grateful for it and regarded it as a blessing, an inspiration.

We had had enough at this point so after Francoise had walked in the stream barefoot and helped herself to some more Chalice Well water, off we weren't to the town and Burns the Bread bakery which is part of our ritual every time we go. I always buy a sausage roll, a rhubarb muffin and a latte. This menu fills me up for the day. Then off to catch the 376 bus at slightly after 3pm and arrived home at 4pm.

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