

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?

Why do I write this diary?

With coming up to 900 entries – actually 894 and 640,400 words (587,287 words in War and Peace) this has definitely become a habit, very unusual as a discipline for a Gemini, for ever looking for new stimuli.

I can give a number of reasons or perhaps rationalizations why I write.

it's a very good way of venting emotions

it's a good way to emotionally stabilise myself

writing down how I feel helps me to come to terms with my feelings

writing helps my mind stay organised

being obliged to express myself at the end of each day makes me think more clearly about what I experienced

writing is a good test for honesty and candidness

if I need a memory revived I can go back to it and relive it

sometimes I can say in words what I find it difficult to speak out

writing is a good end of day routine to calm yourself before bed

writing is a good way of being a testbed for new ideas, putting the mountains seeing what people think

writing is a good way of telling your friends and acquaintances what you were up to should they choose to visit.

Samuel Pepys' diaries were very useful because very few people went to the trouble of making daily diaries in a time before the Internet and indeed before newspapers. I regard my diaries as works of art. I write for the sake of writing irrespective of the benefits because I enjoy manifesting the diary and making an accurate record of my daily life be it interesting to others or not.

At my church is coffee morning, it was pancake day served with great enthusiasm by one of the choir members. About 20 of us gathered in quite a small back room. I do find the level of noise disturbing after a certain point. It is when I have to shout, or cannot hear what people are saying, that the pleasure of the event tends to diminish. I always meet the unexpected and I met a chap who is a volunteer driver for a local company called Swan who take people to hospitals or to appointments when they cannot manage it for themselves. I decided to take the bull by the horns and went along to their office and met the very agreeable Sarah who explained the ins and outs of this commitment. I must get 2 references and be cleared by the government for doing this but I think I will give it a go

Françoise had a friend around this afternoon and they did some meditation in our library. I entered after they had done this and found that the atmosphere of the room was very enhanced and purified. This reminds me again of our intention to offer our place for weekends to help people who need relief from stress. I must get round to it sometime but my lack of ability to deal with social media is I must say a handicap or a perceived handicap anyway.

Today I finally decided to go and apply for a Civil Partnership. We are not officially married at the moment so if one of us were to predecease the other, the remaining person would not get the proceeds but it would go to the family of the deceased. Surprisingly, I got an appointment the next day. You have to show documents that you are who you say you are and if you have been divorced as I have you have to show a document of divorce, decree absolute it's called.

My goodness, the weather continues with the wind and rain. Snow is forecast for Saturday. I'm trying to get one or two gardening jobs done but no sooner do I think about it than along comes another rain shower. Thank goodness we are not in the gardening season.

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?

Summer Solstice – a crowded Glastonbury – vaccines

Just for a change, I wake to a clear blue sky. It is still cold though. I was listening to a rare attempt on BBC today radio program to present both sides of the vaccine argument. Of course they ended off on a skeptical note, 'science versus belief' not mentioning that most of the quoted studies are industry funded. The name Andrew Wakefield came up. He was vilified for daring to associate the MMR vaccine with autism so I decided to look him up again on YouTube and was very struck by his factual and transparent discussion at a recent talk of the whole matter. It is always the same with any hidden agenda matter be it 911, global warming AKA climate change, cures for cancer. It is the official party line plus the mainstream media versus the lone (tin foil nut) campaigner. If you have time or the inclination have a look at this talk and form your own opinion.

So off we go to Glastonbury, Chalice Well no less. I've lost track of the number of times I've been but every time we go it is a positive and enjoyable spiritual experience. We approached at 11 o'clock an hour before the meditation but already there was a stream of people going in and I realised that this was meant to be a packed house. This is normally a peaceful garden and on this occasion I found the crowds a little bit too much. Everyone is dressed for the occasion

particularly the ladies who bedecked themselves with flowers, wonderful voluminous costumes and religious artifacts.



an overcrowded event

I met a couple sitting on the slope at the top of the gardens. They seemed friendly enough so I opened a conversation. They had lived on the Somerset levels for 76 years but this was the first time they have ever visited Chalice Well. The man said that his father rented the top area for grazing his cattle for a period of one year and says it was so strenuous going up and down the hill, rounding them up etc. that one year was enough.

I had another conversation with a lady who was doing a massage on her friend. I commented that it is very important for us to look after ourselves and I said that men tended to be a bit disconnected from their emotions. She agreed and said that women were definitely better at supporting each other.

With some friends we went into town and did our usual route of the organic food shop, sitting on a bench eating sausage rolls and then going to a cafe for the most delicious cakes and coffee.



a hidden away cafe with a good reputation and long queues

We then went to my beloved Goddess centre and in the Red Room listened to the most amazing Indian music which gave me a wonderful boost for my heart. Halfway through the session, a woman came in in some disorientation and decided to lie across two or three of the seats in the central area and sleep. She then woke up, made some notes in a little book, and proceeded to text someone.

I felt that this place was entirely inappropriate for using a mobile phone especially when I consider what I know about the radiations from them. I made a loving and concerned complaint to the management. Whether they did anything I don't know but I make my point. Next time it happens, I will complain to the management and then speak to the person directly. I have the highest regard for the Goddess centre. I have referred to it before in these diaries so you can Google it if you want.



a little bit of self indulgence here in what I felt was a sacred room

No doubt about it, Glastonbury is a strange and weird place but it does attract a lot of nice people with whom I can communicate. You need to be a Red Pill person (Ref: The Matrix) or someone seriously into paganism, spirituality and the worship of mother nature. On the way out we passed a lovely bed and breakfast establishment with excellent flora outside.



Glastonbury Festival opens in a few days and already lorries are going to and fro and all the distinctive yellow signs of the AA are up. Glastonbury becomes a temporary home to over 200,000 people who have to live eat and breathe and perform the normal functions so this is a major operation. We shall see what happens with 5G, whether the protests are a damp squib or whether something happens. If you remember, Glastonbury is going to be used as a guinea pig for 5G. See my companion site.

Whilst I was in Challice Well I did speak to one of the trustees who very bluntly said that this was not interesting to him; he finds that 5G Sparks discord and did not want to talk about it. I talked to another trustee called Robert Ward and he told me that they had been asked to sign a petition against 5G in Glastonbury. He had unfortunately lost the papers when they came to pickup the signed documents and felt rather bad about it. He explained that they could not really sign as individuals because they were working for charity and someone would have to sign on behalf of the charity in order to be constitutional.

On the way home we stopped in at Aldi and I bought a 4.5 tog

duvet for £9.95 for use in the summer. I also bought some shorts for leisure use only. I have a very bad habit of using them for gardening and of course wreck them in the process to the displeasure of my wife.

A lovely evening with the birds singing, the sun shining. I am one week into my alcohol-free regime as recommended by my doctor and I frankly do not miss it at all. Every time I think of having a glass of wine I go to our new water filter and had the most delicious clean water which has no side effects.

Today I quoted for a garden job at £500. The lady said to me that £500 was the sum that she had envisaged so we were rather pleased with each other.

Today I'm starting to prepare for a talk I'm going to give Tuesday week on the topic of 5G. I may publish it in full in this bulletin. I find that once I start, all sorts of ideas and images come into my mind and before I know it, the whole talk has presented itself to me and I just type it out. In other words, it is not a laborious process.

I am reaching the milestone in my diaries. Dostoevsky's War and peace has 587,287 words. So far, this diary has 542,281 words. In two or three months time I will have equalled the record of this historical monumental volume which pleases me much. Samuel Pepys was reputed to have written 1 1/4 million words but that took him 10 years. This is an absolutely formidable achievement especially as you remember that he did not have the benefits of 'speech to text' dictation as I have and wrote for the most part in candlelight. Pepys wrote an average of 350 words per day.

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?

The man who sews his own shirts

One thing that is guaranteed is that the best things in life happen without premeditation or planning. When you plan something, there is no guarantee of success for example when you arrange a date, when you book a holiday, when you enter a restaurant, you are still taking a gamble that you will either enjoy the event or not enjoy the event.

Francoise and I decided to go to our old haunt, the Old Down Inn where mainly due to a diminution in drinking we had not been for some time about three months I think. She had some lovely fresh carp, and I had very tender roast beef for lunch.



O
n
o
u
r
r
e
t
u
r
n
j
o
u
r
n
e

y, we decided to pop into Midsomer Quilting, a place beloved of us for its friendliness especially the proprietor Chris and his wife. Coffee and biscuits are always on offer for which a donation is requested to Dorothy House. Chris was telling me

how much he looks forward to coming to work each day and very much enjoys the fact that he and his company is well known throughout the world in the quilting community and people visit from America and Australia.



I love this clever and original quilting effort. The shadows are printed but the feet are sewing on in a three-dimensional manner

We sat around and had a chat with the man who clearly had more than the average awareness. We asked him whether he did his own sewing and he said that he made his own shirt. He came

back as the material because he got the measurements wrong , the left and right confused. He makes clothes for his model friends and will take on any challenge even though he doesn't know how to make a particular item. He just looks it up in the Internet and gets the feel of what to do. In this picture he is explaining to Francoise the subtleties of how to lay the cloth to make it attractive.



He seemed to be a Buddhist by inclination and temperament, had been to Tibet and had all sorts of experiences. He lives in Glastonbury or just outside. I think if you want to meet people, you go to a place where creative people gather. It was just potluck that we started talking to him and we ended up at the same table at the same time. That's the way things work.



As a person who loves colour I enjoy walking around but Françoise is more deeply involved in myself and loves playing around.

The evening is turning into a dark, windy and rainy scenario. We were planning to go to the movies about a chap who climbs rocks without any gripes. It is called "free solo". I'm sure it was a wonderful film but we felt far more like sitting in front of the fire and watching innocuous early evening TV.

I sent off a newsletter to all my people on the 5G mailing list. It was about Barrie Trower who is an indefatigable researcher and campaigner for added awareness into the dangers and damage of electromagnetic frequencies, microwaves, and the dreaded 5G which will kill us all. If you want to know who Barrie is, going to Youtube and type in Barrie Trower. Be prepared to be seriously woken up.

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?

To a party – and thoughts about some women

Strangely from the timing point of view, we have been invited to a party which starts at 3pm this afternoon. The time and space without pressure at this juncture of the holiday period gives me the opportunity to reflect on certain matters. We are seeing increasing insanity with regard to the play between sexes as I've mentioned before and I am going to use this peace and quiet period to record my views for all posterity on people in particular and women in general.

First off, I enjoy the company of men and women equally but for different reasons. There are many women in my daily life that I have the pleasure of meeting from time to time. However, I find a difference between someone who is female and someone who is what I call a 'real woman'. In Glastonbury there is the Goddess Centre where Gaia, the spirit of the Earth and the creator, is revered. When we go to Glastonbury we always go in there to have a sit because the atmosphere is so good.

On Friday, the day of the winter solstice, I was sitting there and the lady receptionist came into the meditation room (or should I say stood at the door) and said that they had to close early because there was no one in charge. What struck me was the way she spoke. She realised that she was bringing what was probably a time of meditation to a close prematurely and deferred to this in the form of a slight bowing of the head and acknowledging the unfortunate nature of the situation. I responded immediately with a smile and a joke by cooperating.

I would like to tell you what I find among the women that I see around the Goddess Centre. They don't have a point to prove. They know that they represent a powerful creative Force. They know they represent mother nature. They know they

can bring new life into the world. They know they are blessed with the enhanced perception and intuition that many women have. They know they are complementary to men who have the physical strength to do things that women cannot do so easily. They know that the God and goddess reside within the male of the species also. There is no anger, there is no reactivity, there is gentleness, there is peace, but you wouldn't want to mess with any one of them in fact it would not be necessary.

I reflect on what I often see in the outside world. I see females prostituting themselves, taking advantage of their physical attraction to the average male, selling their soul for a few moments of fame, emphasising their breasts, plastering themselves with too much makeup trying to imitate some pop star or another. I see them devoid of manners and respect of all males perhaps they don't have much respect for themselves. In the minds of these angry people especially the politicised ones, all males are potential rapists. I could as well say that all females are potential seductresses denying their responsibility for a result when it suits them. It is very seldom that I meet someone who is what I call a proper woman. In the presence of these angry volcanoes called females I feel uncomfortable and marginalised but in the presence of 'proper women' I feel empowered and full of joy especially when conversation occurs which indicates mutual respect.

My conclusion is that the majority of these people have either had bad relationships with their father or a bad experience with the boyfriend or perhaps a boss and instead of seeking professional help they gather together like a swarm of wasps attacking men on the principle that attack is the best form of defence. I think the media are doing absolutely dreadful job in reinforcing these stereotypes. If I ever came into a lot of money, I would promote unity of people principally by publishing good news about achievements both by men and women.

With regard to human beings in general, I think most of us are the walking wounded because we have suffered in some manner or

another. When in public I try to be as forgiving as possible to behaviour that may have been caused by events that happened a long time ago and from which people cannot make a break. I have had to learn the hard way not to trust people because I want a trust them but trust people because they have earned my trust and for this a period of time has to elapse.

Post party

The party was hosted by a lovely couple. The wife is an artist; husband is a teacher and they have two lovely girls – one left home working & living with her boyfriend. A lot of neighbours and mates came and we were in the minority because we lived some distance away. We met a couple who helped older people to become familiar with computers; he was into IT and repairs and she was into the actual teaching but he wanted to move on and spend more time being a training coach for middle distance runners.

Francoise heard about the local women's institute, in High Littleton, and I suggested that it might be a good thing for her to try

I met a delightful lady from Bolivia called Paloma wearing a stunningly colourful dress who came with her young daughter. We met her on the way out of the party but were most impressed with her and Francoise said that it would be nice to meet her again.

The generous amount of food and hot cider punch made me break my non-alcohol vow but since I have not drunk for a week now I gave myself the excuse of the Christmas season so to do.

Altogether a very satisfactory day. A quiet tomorrow, a quiet Christmas Day where I'm going to consume some Lamb that I bought and then off to see relatives on Wednesday. Evidently the car park at Tesco's was full to bursting.

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?

Guide Dog training – another eye appointment

Today I went to my coffee morning at my local church, Holy Trinity in Paulton. The vicar had left for another parish the previous Monday. In spite of this or perhaps because of this, the place was full and about 20 people turned up. Maybe they felt in the absence of a vicar the need for mutual self-assurance among our small but dedicated congregation.

We had a long chat about holidays, especially Shearing holidays, which we use frequently for bargain weekends. We are going to Exmouth in December and will get 3 nights bed breakfast and evening meal plus four drinks on a Saturday for £99 per person which we think is more than reasonable.

Anyway, at the coffee morning I met a woman who is a guide dog trainer. Guide dogs can be fully trained by the age of 3 but the training is in two stages, first order to make sure that they are of the right temperament to be a guide of blind people and secondly to refine the training and ensure the dog reaches the necessary standard. I was told that some dogs although they're the right breed simply do not want to do the work or are better at some aspects than others and the dog is evaluated on a monthly basis so you have to be pretty good to become a trainer. The life of a trained dog can be long or short. They can go on until the age of nine depending on the difficulty of duties but eventually rheumatism and illness get the better of them.

I rather like these coffee mornings held as they are in the back of the church in very humble surroundings, unsophisticated you might say, but there is all the warmth and comradeship that you could wish for and I'm reminded that within maybe a square mile there are people sitting on their own who would just love to have the company but do not know of

the existence of this group or do not have the courage to come along and give it a go.

Off we went to Bath and I went to my eye appointment while Francoise went off to do the shops. This must be my 20th appointment. The vision in my right eye is perfect but the vision in my left eye is somewhat lacking but it is stable so this time I did not have to have an injection in the eye and it is worth mentioning for anyone who hasn't had this done before is that it is not a painful operation. I just feel a little tiny pin prick in the eye and that's it. Macular precludes central vision details but you can see peripherally perfectly well.

I enjoyed the usual varying picture collection along the corridors of the Bath United Hospital and as I've said before, anyone can go and have a look. You don't have to be a patient, you can have a meal in the dining room with everyone else, the patient's, friends and staff. No one bothers or checks.



art at the heart of the RUH

"I told you this was the wrong platform!"
Jane Riley

Bath Open Studios - Larkhall

Oils
£225

A third of sale price is donated to the RUH Arts Fund charity.
For sales and enquiries please contact 01225 82(4987)
or email tonysmith3@nhs.net

And then, an educational informational service announcement.

The Technology Gallery

My Network My Locations My Day My Home **A3** Demonstration Dept

Information and demonstrations of products for people living with dementia
 Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays
 Visits by appointment only

The gallery is open to members of the public, visitors and patients, dementia care co-ordinators, hospital staff and other healthcare professionals who are supporting someone with a memory problem.

Visits and demonstrations are by appointment only.

To book, contact Claire Raven, Dementia Technology Administrator
 T: 07790 876 994
 E: technologygallerybath@gmail.com

I always remember to look at the images before I go into the eye examination because they put drops in that stop the eye focusing and it is very difficult to see any detail never mind look into the sun because the eye is temporarily paralyzed from its duties

I took the number 4 bus to the centre of bath and decided to go with Francoise to buy some shoes. It is a very rare thing for me to buy any item of clothing, I just can't get up the enthusiasm. So long as I warm and comfortable and don't frighten small children I tend not to worry. On this occasion we went to Millet's which is a specialist outdoor activity shop. I was very impressed by the salesperson James, who knew footwear intimately, what to look for, how to buy the right size and he mentioned all sorts of details and subtleties that impressed me very much. He had evidently completed the 10 Peaks examination in Dartmoor and was obviously very physically fit. Because he was so good at his subject and so knowledgeable I trusted what he said and spent more money than I would have expected on a pair of shoes but they fit beautifully, in fact they fit like a glove. PS You get 15% off if you are a member of the National Trust.

Today is the day when I expected the completion of the software development for my website AVpeople.net. The man who is doing lives in Romania or is it Croatia I can't remember. He promised to finish it today but was 'having difficulties'. I think it must be very difficult to rely on or should I say trust someone you've never met but I did pay him most of what he asked with the agreement of the balance would be paid on satisfactory completion and having loaded the files onto my server. The answer here is to be firm and fair and not exploit people because this Middle Eastern country has more financial difficulties than we are and people are probably struggling so we need not to be smug about this. As I write, I have heard nothing.

Tomorrow we go off to Glastonbury for the ceremony of Samhain which is part of the pagan year. We sit around Chalice Well and meditate; this year's meditation will be about half an hour for some reason. In any event we enjoy going to Glastonbury, though I would never live there, it is my scene but it isn't. I think some of the people are a little bit too

far out; I rather impolitely call them space cadets, but I love going to the Goddess Centre and the wonderful woman who work there.

Today the day was sunny though cold. I hope that the goldfish in my newly renovated pond will find something to eat. It is interesting how quickly an ecosystem creates itself and becomes the means to support many types of creature

My Somerset Life by Brian Snellgrove

With over 1 million words and 7,130 images.

You can search for any place or topic including Bath, Frome, Wells, Bristol, Glastonbury, Cheddar, or you can search topics such as Christian, meditation, philosophy. You will also find extensive writings on Swansea, Cardiff, Weston Super Mare, London, Avebury.

- Christianity
- health
- Personal development
- Philosophy
- psychology

- How to use
- Contact
- Writing a diary
- Privacy Policy
- Creative Listening service

All content © 2024 Brian Snellgrove