

Saturday 9th Feb 2019.

The trouble with wind is you do more exercise, more than you need to as it blows you along, going up towards the Park the wind was against me, it was like being on a sluggish treadmill and not getting anywhere, once in the park my feet hardly touched the ground. The sky is a perfect blue, the sun is warm, that makes up for the periodic strong gusts about.

Noticing the new coffee shop sign, I'm slightly deflated that it will of been radically changed, it's always been a nice nook to rest, read a book and have a warming beverage. "The coffee house in the gardens" it announces proudly.

Debris from trees lie everywhere, from twigs, to small branches, the inclement weather has enhanced a foliage fall, as well as an extraordinary amount of oak leaves tucked in borders, and little nooks and crannies.

If I hadn't looked at the children's play area you'd think it was a crowd at a football match, with the whooping and screaming going on, seven sets of parents, the most I've ever seen in one area of the park were in a circle around the trampoline watching their offspring jumping up and down wildly.

The trees sound like an orchestra warming up, they always say children go mad in the wood, I should know I work with them, usually they go hyper and squeal in delight as they run off copious amounts of energy.

Paths ahead of me are still damp from yesterday's torrential rain or storm Eric some would say, it's funny that they go through the alphabet labelling storms with a name, it'll be something beginning with F next.

I temporarily retire to the coffee shop, sit and chill, opposite me are a grandmother with her grand-daughter who is sat in a highchair, she's about 13 or 14 months old. "Nanny's sandwich, Lily's sandwich". the baby ate a ham sandwich over the side of the

Starts to disassemble the sandwich, discarding the white bread, she eats the ham slowly. "I know you like the ham you monkey" the lady laughs.

Music starts on the speakers - 'Here come the men in black', the baby starts to jig from side to side in time with the beat. Music is a route to happiness, that and a cup of tea, i like the simple things in life.

The baby coughs, "Got a bone in that ham?" and tusses her, "Oh nanny's put lipstick on your face, we can have a run around the garden next". Lily gurgles in agreement.

"You finish eating and we'll go in the gardens," she repeats.

The baby girl puts more ham in her mouth. "Are you finding it hard to chew?" "mmm mmm yummm" is the reply.

After some rustling the lady produces some pun bear crisps, she opens the bag and puts it on the table, the meat was deftly to one side. "I knew you'd eat them." Lily delicately picks one out, turns it over in her hand before biting a piece off.

"Boon baby baby", starts up the Grandmother starts to move in time to the music, the baby copies. Trying to eat crisps with gloves attached to an all-in-one suit can be challenging, "looks like your outfit needs to go in the washing machine again" "Er, Oh" baby mimics in response. "Have you finished, you not really hungry today are you?" The lady packs up the infant's lunch and rummages around inside a large bag attached to a buggy.

"You need your reins on, if Nanny can, we never done it before", pulling out a spaghetti mass of strapping. "You've got to get used to these" fitting on the reins and clipping up the back strap she's left with far different ends, i would offer to help but they've changed since i was a child minder.

"You dont know what there for do you?", you'll find out in a moment" She put on the baby's gloves and lifted her onto the floor.

She struggles to push the buggy down the narrow gap between the rows of seats, while also holding onto the ends of the reins.

"You'll be tired by the end of the day" i say.

She laughs, "you can tell im new to all this", she manages to get buggy and baby to the door successfully.

The great outdoors beckons, Ted is relaxing under the bandstand eating crisps. "Cold today Bec, not staying long" he states. "Too true" i grin.

Sunday 10th Feb 2019.

I knew i'd made a mistake putting on my Parker, rather than my puffer jacket as soon as i was on my way out today.

The wind has changed to a strong breeze presently i can feel it seeping through my coat sleeves towards my skin, shivering i sped up to pump some blood around to warm me up.

There's rain in the air but not enough to put my umbrella up yet, rain is forecast all day.

Inside the warmth of the church, singing can be clearly heard enough to take the roof off the building, the organ joining alongside, i love to hear that on a Sunday morning.

Im the sole owner of the Park today. It's amazing how the poppy wreath's still hug tightly around the war memorial after all the wind we've had.

The rain is coming i can hear it on my coat hood, but then it stops, its a mixed bag for sure, teasing you with its wet and dry weather.

Having the park to yourself, is having time to reflect, pondering, relaxing, eliminating all those chores you have to do, for a while at least, being released from auto pilot mode. Your listening becomes more acute, wind in the trees, birds tweeting their songs and crows screaming out to compete.

