

Saturday 13<sup>th</sup> July 2019.

I'd been to the opticians the previous Saturday, new lens in my bifocals at an astronomical price and awaiting their return, using my spare set my eyes keep misting over, removing my glasses completely i walk with my sight blurred, desensitised entering the park, holding them lightly in the fingers. Passing the cafe onwards into the beginnings of the gardens there is a hopscotch in pink chalk on the path only spotting it as i strode over it. Dave says "Hello cheerfully, i turned to see who he had spoken to, it was "Kindle lady" i had to squint, it was such a joy to see her after so many months of her not coming. Ted was in his usual dark accomadation, he nodded as we walked on by, quiet today i thought.

By the time we reached the bench again "Kindle lady" had disappeared, but we caught her up, she kind of looked older and slower moving as she ambled along with her large familiar bag, funny isnt it, we each have some receptacle to put our our dearest treasures, a book, a magazine, a photo, a keyring, a pen, in my rucksack all of those and my camera, notepad sketch book, various graded pencils, an umbrella, lip balm, carrier bag and water... i think that about covers it... oh and tissues and antibax rub to cover all eventualities.

We sit for a while, Mr Pickles the resident cat saunters past nonchalantly.

The breeze makes all the flowers lean to the left around the large oak tree at the entrance, as if they're swaying to music, the wind drops they return to the upright position.

The flowers in front of the war memorial are in full bloom and are a magnificent sight, the soldier remains on guard, his poppy still in place.

Squirrels are darting everywhere, you can almost reach out to touch them, they have become so tame now, used to people passing by, suddenly there are three of them all on one tree trunk.

clawing their way up to the upper foliage, looking at us with beady eyes from above, we laugh at their cheekiness.

A family of cyclists arrive propping their bikes up on a bench near the play equipment, the children go on the swings, the adults push them.

Seagulls circle above us, scavenging alternatively, sanding like a newborn baby and to savabbling children.

It's grey today, the clouds look ominous, the midges are about in force, buzzing in front of my face.

Tea arrives, thanks to my lovely husband, just as the sun comes out.

Behind us there's action on the tennis court, it's getting used so much lately now the warmer weather is here. "Good shot" a man shouts out.

A gull has landed and erratically marches across the lawn, randomly pecking at the lawn in hope of bagging an insect, it waltz's off to a now empty playground, then takes off.

Ted appears from behind us, we start chatting, it is good to catch up, he shows us an excerpt from the local paper about the park and the sponsors, it's very encouraging.

The grey clouds stutter across, followed by white ones and a bit of blue sky, i list a few different types "Cumulonimbus, Cumulus, Cirrus, Cirrostratus" out loud to Dave, where did that all come from, Geography lessons decades ago must of sunk in, it's like rock types, sedimentary, metamorphic and igneous, you don't think about them at all.... goodness me, this stuff is all locked away in your brain, mostly unneeded, then randomly it comes out of your mouth when you least expect it to.

I've been looking up some of the tree types in the park these last few weeks, ive chosen six to talk about in this month's diary :- English Oak, Rowan, Ash, Cedar, Scots pine, Norway spruce - these ones are my personal favorites.

English Oak :- scientific name - *Quercus robur*.

Acorns are not produced until a tree is at least 40 years old.

