



Monday 26th September 2022

Dear Customer,

I hope this finds you well. Windy, grey and sunless on this autumn Sunday morning. I've taken to the corner of the room with the electric fire (1 bar) to write this. Still just about holding off on the central heating.

Here are a few tasty recipes you could try this week:

Sweet Potato and Red Pepper Coconut Stew

<u>1 tbsp oil</u>	<u>1 onion, finely chopped</u>
<u>1 red chilli, thinly sliced</u>	<u>3 tbsp korma curry paste</u>
<u>1 red pepper, deseeded and chopped</u>	<u>450g sweet potatoes, peeled and diced into 1.5cm pieces</u>
<u>400ml can coconut milk</u>	<u>150g chard leaves, shredded</u>
<u>1 lime, juice, plus extra to serve</u>	<u>basmati rice, cooked</u>
<u>chopped coriander, to serve</u>	

Heat the oil in a wide saucepan set over a medium heat. Add the onion and stir-fry for 5-6 minutes until softened. Stir in the chilli, curry paste, pepper and sweet potato, then add the coconut milk. Bring to the boil, then turn down the heat and simmer, uncovered, for 20 minutes. Stir through the chard and cook for 8-10 minutes, until all is tender. Remove from the heat, squeeze over the lime juice, and season. Serve with basmati rice with chopped coriander sprinkled over and the lime wedges alongside.

Sauteed Savoy Cabbage with Orange Dressing

<u>50g pine nuts</u>	<u>1 tbsp olive oil</u>
<u>2-3 garlic cloves</u>	<u>½ tsp fennel seeds (optional)</u>
<u>2 tbsp finely chopped sage</u>	<u>1 Savoy cabbage, finely shredded</u>
<u>For the Dressing:</u>	
<u>2 tbsp olive oil</u>	<u>1 tbsp cider vinegar</u>
<u>1 heaped tsp Dijon mustard</u>	<u>1 orange, zested, plus extra to garnish</u>

Heat a dry frying pan over a high heat. Add the pine nuts and toast for 3 minutes, moving constantly, until golden. Set aside on a plate. For the dressing, combine all the ingredients in a lidded jar and shake well. Set aside. Heat the oil in a large pan over a medium heat. Add the garlic, fennel seeds (if using) and sage, then fry for 1 minute, until fragrant. Add the cabbage and cook, tossing, for 6-8 minutes, until wilted or tender. Serve scattered with the pine nuts, extra orange zest and the dressing spooned over.

Broccoli and Lemon Pasta

<u>300g pasta shapes</u>	<u>head of broccoli, chopped</u>
<u>2 cloves garlic, thinly sliced</u>	<u>grated zest 1 lemon</u>
<u>1 red chilli, seeded and finely chopped</u>	<u>fresh basil</u>
<u>3 tbsp olive oil</u>	

Preheat the oven to 220°C / Gas 7. Cook the pasta. Meanwhile toss together the broccoli, garlic, lemon zest, chilli and cheese. Drizzle over 2 tbs of the oil and mix. Spread out on a baking tray and roast until the broccoli is tender and beginning to brown (6-8 mins). Reserve 100ml of the pasta cooking water then drain the pasta and return to the pan. Stir in the roasted broccoli, reserved liquid, 1 tbs of oil and the basil leaves. Serve with a good grinding of black pepper.

Sorry there was no letter last week. I missed my Sunday slot and next day was the Funeral. I went up to the Georgian racecourse with Lainey after the Queen left for Windsor. There were solitary figures walking, dogless, who had clearly had a bad few hours. I passed a woman snivelling into a handkerchief. We had brief eye contact that made me instantly shed tears. I don't know what her grief was, but I felt it. I spoke to a

woman with a dog. I said it had all been emotionally exhausting. 'Well, she was 96', she said. I wasn't going to start explaining that I hadn't been crying over the Queen. It was sad of course, but the whole event was like a sink plunger, sucking all one's grief, any old grief, to the surface. From mourning our own loved ones, to mourning the death of an age, an era, our past, a time when there was happiness, respect, modesty, certainty and optimism. The death of those halcyon days. I'm only now starting to wake up in the morning without the funeral marches going round and round in my head. They are very catchy. Too catchy. And its disconcerting to find one walks to the same 75pm beat.

The authorities here in Richmond were flummoxed when the Queen died, they didn't know what do about it. It took three days of outrage ...'For Christ's sake lower the flag'... before they finally lowered the flag of the Norman castle which towers over the town. They cobbled together a last-minute Proclamation in the market square. Some bloke with a loud-speaker which was screeching feedback, read it out. Noone could hear a word. They didn't bother to stop the traffic circling and the number 27 bus to Darlington pulled up in front of him. He said 'God save the Queen' instead of 'King'. People on the local Facebook groups were furious saying they had taken their children there to mark this moment in history.

So. The Queen is dead, Charles is King, and the Government of happy memory is back. It's Liz and Kwasi. Straight off to Monte Carlo with the economy they went. 'What do you think Kwas? Red or black?' 'No, no, no, put it on 23', 'How much?' 'All of it'. 'All on 23?' 'Yep, all of it'... 'OK, let's do it – hahaha, that's brilliant Kwas, Love you'.....'Hahaha, love you too babe'. Hahahaha'.

Spin the wheel Monsieur'. 'Liz, get your bag, run, let's get the hell out hahaha'. 'Liz and Kwasi -Bonnie and Clyde?' 'hahahaha love it...' Clyde' ...hahaha'.

So here we are with all our chips on number 23. THAT....IS....BRILLIANT

Kind wishes, and hope you have a good week..... Isobel

PS It's now Monday morning and sterling has gone off the cliff ! And so it goes on – living life in a permanent state of shock.