



## Monday 13<sup>th</sup> October 2014

Dear Customer,

We have delicious Maris Piper potatoes and pink kale in the bags from Ormskirk, and we have cauliflowers and leeks from Jonnie Watson. Spring greens, sweet potatoes and celeriac-with-tops are in some of the bags too, with Italia grapes, fresh black figs from Provence ( my favourite ) and Honeydew melons, Elstar apples and Conference pears in the fruit bags.

Here is a recipe you could try with this week's cauliflower:

### **Oven Roasted Cauliflower**

*1 cauliflower, in florets*  
*3-4 cloves garlic, sliced or minced*  
*1-2 tbsps olive oil*  
*juice of 1 or 2 lemons to taste*  
*salt and pepper*

*Preheat oven to 400F. Toss the cauliflower with the garlic and the lemon juice to taste in an oven-proof dish. Then add in the olive oil and season with salt and pepper. Roast it for 20-25 minutes or until the tops are slightly browned and charred. Do a fork-test to check when it is tender. Serve.*

I had a close shave when I was in France, we went to a flea market in Cogolin and for some reason, though it is absolutely not my taste in art, which is more modern abstract, I bought a big African painting. It was a scene of village huts, people walking about with jugs and baskets on their heads and next to it, a watering hole with water buffalo supping the water. And with what looked like the Alps in the background and painted in 1978. The man on the stall was desperate to get rid of it so reduced it from 30 euros to 20 euros. Everyone went silent when I showed them what I'd bought, then burst out laughing. I told them how well the figures were painted, which they were. When I got it back to the beach house I propped it up on a small table outside, against the wall. The next day, everyone had gone their separate ways, I had gone to the beach for a swim. The house was empty when I got back apart from all the dogs, and I remember standing a moment deciding where I should lie in the sun to dry off – on the upper terrace or right next to it on the lower terrace. I chose the higher terrace. I was just dozing off when there was a loud explosion, which scattered the terrified dogs. I looked over and two big, heavy glass paintings which hung outside, had dropped off the wall. The glass shattered everywhere, I had it around where I was lying and I found it 40ft down the garden – big shards of it. About 10 minutes later it occurred to me that had I chosen to lie on the lower terrace I would have been cut to pieces as it was there the glass hit after the smash. I looked over and instead of the African painting being flat against the wall, I had placed it at an angle and the figures were staring straight at where the two glass pictures had been hanging. Too much sun in my head – did those figures bring it off the wall or did they know it was coming off the wall and protected me by sending me to lie on the upper terrace or do I just have a vivid imagination. I didn't know the answer to that. When Caroline got back I told her what had happened and expected her to tell me I was being ridiculous but instead she looked horrified.

"Ingrid, I've got a present for you" I told her. It was a surprise present and I told her that the painting would bring her health, wealth and happiness that should she throw virtual coins into the watering hole and make wishes.

On Wednesday I was out and about and with a spare 20 minutes thought I'd drive over to fill the car up at the petrol station where I have a fuel card. I filled it to the brim - £90 worth and went to pay with the card. The card declined and he kept trying it, I was worried the last payment might have bounced, then he said it was because the card was only for diesel and not for unleaded. I just stared at him as it sunk in that I'd just put £90 of unleaded into my diesel tank. Had I not had a fuel card I would have driven off, broken down and wouldn't have had a clue why. He handed me a number and I had to sit and wait on the forecourt for 2 hours for a man to come, then pay him £150 to pump it all out. During that time, I remembered that in France, the diesel /gazoil pumps are green - I was in a time-slip. He told me he was always pumping out French people in hire cars. After he left me, he said was heading straight back to the same petrol station in Sedgefield that he'd been at before me as another diesel car there had just been filled with unleaded. As I spluttered off, I had to keep checking I was driving on the right side of the road.

I'm a bit worried about my brain actually. Last night before going to bed I didn't remember taking a bin liner of rubbish, in my bare feet outside in the wind and rain, putting it in the bin and wheeling the bin down to the bottom of the drive. Just five minutes after I must have done it, I was looking to see where I'd put the bin bag in the house. I had no recollection whatsoever of having done it. I told Lorraine what I'd done. She said it was our age and that the other day she had phoned our sample maker and when she answered the phone Lorraine didn't know who on earth she was or who she'd called, couldn't find any hint from on her desk or on her computer screen so had to hang up.

I watched the local news the other night, it proudly announced that Newcastle Hospital had one bed prepared to take any overspill of Ebola victims should the 2 beds in London be filled. Is this my brain playing up again, am I missing something. Maybe the NHS will be sending us out a leaflet soon with a piece of chalk to put a big 'X' on our door in the event of..... It is really dreadful what is happening there and I don't want to be cruel but perhaps there should be no flights to anywhere from Sierra Leone, Nigeria or Liberia for the time being, and that if there are, there should at least be a quarantine to cover off the incubation period. And let's face it, lots of people who fear they been exposed to it, might as quickly as possible, try and leave the country and head for somewhere with better hospitals, with an NHS. We don't want to all die in sympathy. What happens if it hits China and India. I think we have to put precautions in place based on the worst case scenario, how can we afford not to. It's all a bit too lax and 'laissez-faire' – the virus will be rubbing his hands in glee.

We have our Spanish 5-litre tins of Bio Sanare cold-pressed, extra-virgin organic olive oil back in stock. They are £29.50 and we are also selling their 75cl bottles at £5.99.

Hope all well with you,

Kind wishes,

Isobel