

MUSINGS



The children are back in school for a new academic year. The start of the harvest has begun. Thoughts stray to a new season and beyond.

Normality?

We may try to delude ourselves and say that is what it is - the 'new normal'. But underlying all, for most of us, is the reality that Coronavirus, Covid 19, is still very much with us. If we dare to look at the, still, daily published figures. We all hope that vaccination will be our saviour, our way of coping with this disease long term, worldwide.

Let's hope so. On a less pessimistic theme, I have been indulging in delving into the memory banks to savour summers long past. Through rose - tinted glasses, summer days long ago seem to have been sun drenched, uncomplicated, happy and endless. Playing cricket with my brothers; summer carnivals and fetes; picking apples and summer vegetables in my Grandad's Garden; picnicking on the beach with our children on a simple caravan holiday on a croft in Harris in the 70's, being with my granddaughters and the rest of the family for long walks and alfresco meals together. Lots of happy summer memories.

Lucky to have them...YORKIE