

Merry Christmas



The year started out lovely. Calm. Peaceful. When people asked me how things were I could genuinely answer "Fine, thank you. Like honestly life is really fine."

Both my children and my daughter-in-law came up for my birthday weekend at the beginning of May and we had a lovely picnic on the far side of Red Wharf Bay.



In June my daughter moved to Glasgow – wanted to do for years had great friends in Cardiff she never felt at home there and fancied Scotland. They asked me to drive the van with all their possessions in it. It was an awesomely tiring weekend driving a lovely Luton box van on Saturday 19th June, which I think was probably the hottest day of the year, and then Sunday 20th, when the temperatures dropped dramatically and it rained from Penrith to Glasgow.



Then I went for a routine eye test with a local optician in August and was told even though my eye sight is perfect due to the lens replacement surgery I had back in 2012 to correct my extreme short-sightedness, my retina had stretched so much because of all those years of short-sightedness that I have very poor peripheral vision and so was told I could no longer drive. I sold my car and mourned its loss. We'd had that car since 2011 and even though it was probably on its last legs I could have had a year or two more from it. And I was fond it and the freedom it gave me. I am now trying to get my head round the North Wales bus service which, thankfully is very good, but I cannot get to remote beaches at 7am any more.

At the beginning of September we had a Woodrow family gathering in the New Forest to celebrate Ian's Mum's 80th birthday. It isn't often the whole family manages to gather these days but because we were in the New Forest Ian's Mum's grandchildren could come too.

Then in September my daughter informed me that her and her boyfriend were splitting up, though she was going to continue living in Glasgow because she loves it there, has made good friends and has a full time job in The Everyman Cinema, only 10 mins walks from her flat.

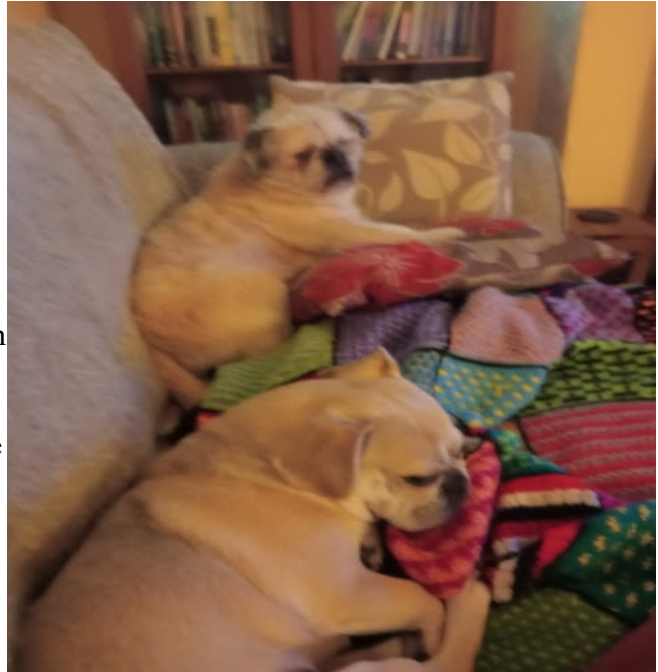


In October my Mum came up to Llandudno on a coach trip. Ian took a day off work and so we were able to take her on a day's road trip around Anglesey so she could visit some old haunts she used to visit with her second husband nearly 40 years ago. On the penultimate day of her holiday she got a call from the care home where her third husband had been living for over two years due to having Parkinson's, to say he was not responding to the antibiotics he was on so they were putting him on end-of-life care. He died the

following weekend. Then five days later my mum was rushed to hospital with a pulse of 23!!! She had a pacemaker fitted and was home two days later. I went down to spend some time looking after her but she is a feisty 86 year old and I think I rested more then she did.

Then Ian's car decided to have heater issues and so we had to hire a car to go down for Mum's husband's funeral was on Monday 24th November. I was sad not to be able to drive this swanky new car, We've also had to deal with a boiler that needed parts just as the weather turned cold. Thankfully we have a lovely plumber who sorted that.

In amongst all this chaos we got ourselves a rescue chug, pug-cross-chihuahua, who we've renamed Willow. She is a crazy bundle of joy. She was supposed to be giving Renly a new lease of life but he has decided to embrace his old age. He's 14 now, she's 3. And he spends a lot of time sleeping and plodding about. But she seems to have give the cat a new lease of life and they can often be heard rampaging around the house together with lots of barking and Damson clicking her tongue and spitting. We've had Damson 16 years now and they said she was between 6-8 years old when we got her so she's pretty amazing for a cat in her 20s!! Willow can be anxious so we've still not let her off the lead yet, although there are some crazy times when she's on a long training lead chasing dogs on the beach. She gets a bit scared when we have visitors in the house and can be very yappy and nippy. But we're slowly working on. We don't know her past life so we're all on a learning curve. The great thing is that her and Renly do get on well and eat their meals on the same mat in the kitchen, checking at the end that the other one has finished all their food.



More changes. Ian started a new job at the end of the summer. He is still working remotely so on the outside it doesn't look like much has changed on the surface but it is all new and lots of him to get used to. The company is based in Glasgow so when he goes up for in-house meetings he does his best to see Tabi.

Also our church has got new vicar after nearly a year without one. He is very different from our last vicar and things have changed there. Though I'm still doing a lot with the youth in the church in Old Colwyn, 5 miles away, so am bobbling between the two churches and enjoying the differences.

So from August there have been so many changes that both Ian and I are sleepy a lot of the time. He has to come to bed when the dogs and I go to bed because Willow growls at him if he comes to bed later but this does mean he is able to fit in between 9-10 hours sleep most nights!!

Christmas this year is going to be low key because no family are visiting but it will give us time to do some major recall and behaving in on car journeys training with Willow.

Have a peaceful Christmas, much love from us all XX