19/01/2009

Mon, 19/01/2009 - 12:00

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Night on the town
Having endured my worst Christmas day on record; carrot sticks and hummus for lunch because we were too ill to get to the shops, and Tom suffering two burst eardrums, I am fully expecting next year's to be much worse when carrots will be all we can afford and Tom will be as deaf as he normally pretends to be.
So, my New Year's resolution is to enjoy the Now. Hence I found myself yesterday, stamping on an icy puddle, marvelling at the strata's of ice clouds beneath, and gawping at a robin on a bough, (yes, truly).
I also accepted an invitation for dinner at the Vicarage for people who "don't normally attend church."
He is such a sweet man, the vicar, it was hard to say no, as he stood in my kitchen, urging me to come. Like Barack Obama, he has a "genial" smile. But the prospect of an evening of soul-searching and awkward silences with neighbours I suspect I could easily offend, gave me the jitters.
As it turned out, and to my great relief, we were never asked why we didn't attend church, and instead had a jolly evening discussing how to make bombs; boys in a local borstal, and exorcism. The vicar said he had done 12 exorcisms, most of which he believed had worked, and one of the assembled group furnished us with a spooky tale about hugging a ghost "that felt like an electric bolt" wrapped up in a billowing curtain. I had my own encounter once, but for fear of being thought mad (always a problem if you confess to believing in the supernatural), I kept quiet. Walking home, shaking like a leaf, I pulled my hood up against the cold, and felt something unfamiliar in my hair. It was pitch black and I didn't have a torch. What was this spiky object? A crow's talon? A briar of thorns? Nope. A dolly's hairbrush I'd been quizzed about twenty times the day before and said had been eaten by the dog. God moves in mysterious ways.

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Tartufi hunting
Paolo

truffling with brenda x valentino

Hunter'ress