Whitaker Update

To those who might be interested in the ‘going’s on’ at Walesby Grange, here’s an update …

The oven has been fixed so we are now having hot food. (Yey!). Mr. M is now most definitely in charge of the cooking and I’ve given in gracefully. (Read that to mean: Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!).

And now HE CAN ACTUALLY HEAR ME! since he was fitted with hearing aids. Both ears tested impairment in differing degrees, basically, deaf and more deaf. Suffice to say, he can now hear the grass grow. Literally. The day after The Fitting Mr. M was walking the dogs, when a car turned down the gravel lane and the sound of the wheels crunching over the gravel made him jump! Good to know, so hopefully he is less likely to be run over in future.

He has learnt that hearing aids and masks don’t mix. While fiddling with his elastic in Tesco’s on Tuesday, one flew off and skidded under the loo roll stand. I pretended I wasn’t with him while he felt around under the Andrex. Luckily he found the said item (plus fluff) and being Mr. M just twisted it back into place. I gave him MY mask, which didn’t have elastic and wore his instead (which did not go with my outfit. At. All). I keep reminding him, “I did NOT sign up for this!” He smiles delightedly -

“Oh but yes you did – for better or worse remember?!” How could I forget. But he does carry the in-house-hearing-enhancement well. I’m thinking of painting them…. that should have stayed in my head(!)

We have found new buyers AGAIN. You may have noticed the SOLD sign. The survey is yet to be carried out, due the middle of January. Hopefully there won’t be any moss in the gutters or cracks in the walls that will cause our pile to come crashing down any time soon. Does anyone have any ideas of how to make the process less painful? Making bread and fresh coffee isn’t enough to soften the hearts of these surveyors so I’m thinking something more radical. it’s nearly Christmas so surely a triple whisky on the rocks would be permissible? Failing that, a slice of Death-by-chocolate cheesecake?? No, I will just have to dog his footsteps all the way round. When I learn what that means I will do it with dogged determination and an intimidating stare. Watch this space…

I have been busy with paint brushes, the decorating kind. Helping Rachel with the final finishing touches to her shop. While everyone else seems to be closing down, she decides to open. Friday 11ht December is The Grand Opening if you’re anywhere near The Bailgate entrance. Look out for ‘RachelLondon Photograghy, 33 Burton Road. Say Hi and have a drink. She’d love to see you all.

When we thought we were moving December 2nd (the sale that didn’t happen), Luke said he’d do Christmas. How wonderful, we said. How relaxing and easy for us, we thought. About time too, said my Mother. Last week Luke asked me could we bring two of our foldup tables and an extra 6 foldup chairs. Oh, and cutlery. Perhaps some extra glasses. And table decorations and… do you have any crackers? It was getting complicated. So now we’re doing it. As usual. And we are happy. The last Christmas in Walesby Grange. AND I’m reliably informed by him-in-doors that the Aga will be lit. Praise the Lord!

Have a lovely warm, family Christmas all of you, and keep well.

A-M ☺