



Monday 22nd April 2019

Dear Customer,

It's Easter Sunday. I have just checked the weather forecast. London 24C full sun, North Yorkshire 16C cloudy ? No ! London 24C full sun, North Yorkshire 23C full sun – barely a slab of hot concrete in it. We're closing down the gap. Gone is the winter pallor. Red faces, pink arms, everyone is happy. Everyone is out – families, buggies, dogs – Westfields is teeming with children on the annual Easter egg hunt. Even squirrel is out. He's back thank heavens, and in duplicate, having returned with a buddy. I also know this because my neighbour said that if I saw them, could I get Lainey to chase them off as they have been emptying her bird feeders. So here we are, so dreadfully sorry about climate change.

Here are a couple of tasty Easter beetroot treats you could try.....with your beetroot:

Beetroot Pancakes

1 Hen Nation egg	1 mug wholemeal flour
2 heaped tsp baking powder	190ml apple juice
125ml beetroot, raw, finely grated	½ tsp mixed spice
olive oil	butter or margarine and honey

Whisk the egg until frothy. Add the flour, baking powder and a pinch of salt. Pour in the apple juice. Give it a good whisk then fold in the beetroot and add the mixed spice. Warm a frying pan over a high heat. Place dessert spoonfuls of the pancake batter in the middle of the pan. As soon as the pancake starts to bubble in the centre, flip it over for 2 minutes or so until cooked through. When all your pancakes are cooked put a dot of butter or margarine on top of each and a drizzle of honey. You could also sprinkle with some toasted seeds if desired.

Beetroot and Ginger Brownies

450g beetroot	200g plain chocolate
100g butter	1 tsp vanilla extract
250g golden caster sugar	3 Hen Nation eggs
100g plain flour	25g cocoa powder
3 balls of stem ginger	

Line a 20cm x 30cm tray with greaseproof paper. Simmer the beetroot in hot water until soft then slip off the skins. Preheat the oven to 180C/ 350F/ Gas 4. In a food processor mix together the chocolate, hot beetroot, butter and vanilla extract until the mix is as smooth as you can get it. Combine the sugar and eggs in a large bowl and whip together with an electric whisk for about 2 minutes until the mix is thick, pale and foamy. Fold the beetroot mix into the whisked eggs. Sift the flour and cocoa powder then gently fold to make a smooth batter. Pour into the pre-prepared tin and bake for 45 minutes, or until there is the slightest quiver on top. Allow to cool in the tin then cut into squares to serve.

I started watching the David Attenborough programme last week. The baby elephant whose mother didn't have the milk to feed it, the shot zoomed out to a satellite image of the orange, lifeless, waterless savannah. I don't know what happened next, it was too harrowing to watch and I had to switch off. The scale of what we face is so enormous as to feel hopeless. Like Notre Dame, we watch our planet slowly choke and burn. We increase and increase and increase our population, all of whom need to live from its finite resources, it's finite cool air, who need food, water, things, stuff, housing, heating, transport. The planet just can't take it. To tackle climate change, one first has to tackle the very manner of our existence – our population, the big free for all. We can't change the selfishness, the recklessness, the greed and the stupidity in human nature, this is why it has to come from legislation, from very, very tough and very, very radical legislation. This is why Extinction Rebellion is important, across the world. The Paris Climate Accord is the best hope we have as a place where the legislation can be laid down. They need to get back to the table. Give us tough legislation please, we'll live within these parameters.

In 1804, after 200,000 years the world population reached 1 billion. In 1927, 2 billion, in 1960 it reached 3 billion, in 1974 there were 4 billion, in 1987 there were 5 billion. By 1999 there were 6 billion and by 2011, 7 billion. By 2050 it will be 10 billion.

Each person in their lifetime, in the West, will use 44 million gallons of water not including industry or agriculture. They will eat 7,000 animals - 11 cows, 27 pigs, 2,400 chickens, 80 turkeys, 30 sheep and 4,500 fish. Across all food groups about 35 tons in total. Each person will use about 600 tons of minerals and metals including home, transport, work and leisure. It doesn't take a genius to reach a conclusion.

I went for a walk in the Dales yesterday to a remote tea room only accessible by foot. Next to it a delightful tiny valley and footpath running alongside a stream – a wildlife haven. The owner of the tea room was telling someone that it was 'rabbit' valley and some people had come and shot 40 rabbits there yesterday. It hadn't made any impression on the numbers he said light heartedly, laughing. A massacre, I felt sick. I didn't walk down the valley, I may never go there again. I couldn't sleep thinking about them. This glorious weather brings all the wildlife out, the rabbits and their young are so happy playing out in the warm sun. Easy targets - they would know this. There is no safe haven for wildlife.....not anywhere. Yet all they want to take from the world is a little nibble of grass and a sip of water from the stream. It's the despicable human race which needs eliminating, not the rabbits.

Talking of the despicable human race, watching the coverage of the Notre Dame fire and the constant reference the famous Notre Dame gargoyles, I kept having flashbacks. When I was in my early twenties I stayed with a friend in Paris for a few months in the rue des Archives. One day we were walking round the outside of Notre Dame and there were works being carried out there. There were gargoyles lying about everywhere and not a workman in sight. "Aw, I want one", thought it would be great to have one on my mantelpiece. I pulled out a crumpled Monoprix bag from my pocket and popped a gargoyle in it. Off we went. It wasn't until we were halfway up the rue de Rivoli that it occurred to me that I might be cursed. I think it's what they call 'sacrilege'. We did a quick demi-tour and took it back, put it next to all the other gargoyles strewn about on the lawn. Shame really, it nearly didn't go back, it would have looked impressive grafted onto the stonework above my porch, looming out, warding off any evil spirits coming in on the northerly wind. Oh for the sweet, wild days of carefree, anarchic youth. I am now one of the most painfully moral people on earth.

Kind wishes and hope you have a lovely week,

Isobel