



**Monday 7<sup>th</sup> September 2020**

Dear Customer,

I hope are well and safely home from any peculiar holiday you may have had this year. It's a blustery day here in the Dales but reasonably mild. The roses are having another go at blooming so hopefully won't get rotted off this time as the two-week forecast is not bad, better than it has been for all of July and August – not that that is hard to beat. Subject to change though of course.

Here are a few tasty recipes you could try this week:

**Beetroot and Pear Salad**

400g beetroot	4 tbsp extra virgin olive oil
1 tbsp cumin seeds	1 tbsp red wine vinegar
1 clove garlic, crushed	1 tsp Dijon mustard
25g fresh mint, leaves only, chopped	225g lentils
1 small onion, finely sliced	2 ripe pears, cored and cubed
3 tbs mixed seeds	

*Preheat the oven to 200°C / Gas 6. Scrub, trim and if large, halve, the beetroot. Place it in a roasting tin. Toss with 1 tbsp of the oil and the cumin seeds then roast for about 35-45 minutes until tender. Whisk together the remaining oil, vinegar, garlic, mustard, mint and seasoning in a bowl. Place the lentils in a pan and cover with cold water. Bring to the boil then reduce the heat and simmer until tender. Drain, then add to the dressing and toss together. Remove the beetroot from the oven and cut into bitesize chunks. Add to the lentils and leave to cool. Add the onion, pears and mixed seeds to the salad and toss to combine.*

**Beetroot, Chickpea and Walnut Falafel**

400g tin chickpeas, drained	220g beetroot, peeled and coarsely grated
100g walnut pieces	25g flat leaf parsley, roughly chopped
25g mint, roughly chopped	½ small onion, finely chopped
2 garlic cloves, crushed	1 tsp ground coriander
1 tsp ground cumin	1 tbsp olive oil

*Preheat the oven to 190°C / Gas 5. Line a baking sheet with baking parchment. Put all the ingredients except the oil in a food processor. Season and pulse until everything is finely chopped and beginning to clump together. Take tablespoons of the mixture to shape into about 20-24 small patties. Space them out on the lined baking sheet, brush lightly with oil and bake for 20-25 minutes, until lightly browned. Leave to cool on the baking sheet for 5 minutes before taking off with a spatula. Serve on their own, or with Greek yogurt or houmous, fresh coriander, shredded lettuce, sliced tomatoes and flatbreads or pitta, if liked.*

**Cabbage and Chickpea Curry**

1 onion, finely chopped	2 garlic cloves
1 tbsp freshly grated ginger	500g cabbage
250g carrots	200g chopped tomatoes
fresh coriander	red chillies (optional)
lemon juice	2 tsp mild curry powder
400g can coconut milk	400g tin chickpeas
75g raisins	salt

*Finely slice the cabbage and grate the carrots. Heat some oil in a saucepan. Add onion, grated garlic, grated ginger and curry powder. Fry gently for 3-5 minutes. Add the sliced cabbage, grated carrot and chopped tomatoes. Cook covered on a medium heat for 15mins. Add coconut milk, chickpeas and raisins. Mix all together with the vegetables and cook covered on a medium heat for another 15mins. Season with lemon juice and salt. Serve with rice, chopped coriander, and chopped red chillies..*

It's Sunday afternoon and an ominous daily increase in Covid cases has just been announced, nearly 3000. Students are on the move, the school bells are ringing, the government is marching us back to the office. A collective deep drawing of breath as we enter ' Pandemic Part 2'.

"Families might be able to hug each other at Christmas if a mass testing regime is ready in time " says Matt Hancock. Firstly what are the chances of that on your past record, and secondly what nauseating, patronising rubbish. No, we're not interested in the politics, the lunatics at the helm, the economy, the vaccine research, the prospect of a No Deal Brexit, no, as long as we little people can hug family members, and can have our Christmases, that's all we care about Matt. And who wants to think about Christmas anyway. Slade piping out ' *Well here it is Merry Christmas ..*' I can't bear the thought of it. This year it will be even more potently repellent in our fraught, masked, semi-locked down state. Coming to a shop near you soon no doubt.

Today would be my dad's 100<sup>th</sup> birthday, born in South Wales in the Rhondda Valley. He was a boy through the Depression of the 1920's which hit Wales particularly hard with half the miners losing their jobs and the miners' strike. In the sickness and poverty he recalled the daily funeral processions of small coffins. His own grandparents lost their four sons as infants. It was his grandparents who raised him and who he adored until they died within months of each other when he was just 5-yrs old. He had been an 'accidental' child, out of wedlock with fudged wedding dates. His father resented his existence and physically abused him and locked him in his room. Aged just 14-yrs old he left for London and never went back. He pursued science, worked in the Government labs and faced the War on his own, would walk the streets of London as the bombs fell. One of his few happy memories as a lad was riding his bicycle up and down a Welsh lane, back and fore past a honeysuckle bush, inhaling that heavenly scent. I planted some honeysuckle in my front garden and it has just come into flower this summer for the first time. When I come back from my evening walks I always cross the garden to smell that sweet scent and I think of my dad on his bicycle. What an amazing father he was, missed beyond words.

This will pass. And then we will have to sort out the mess. The government are like a load of toddlers in a playpen flapping their arms and smearing shit over each other's faces. Sure we had our problems but we were a good country, we're quickly becoming one of the new basket cases.

Kind wishes, Isobel