



Monday 20th Septmeber 2021

Dear Customer,

I hope you are well this third week of September.

Here is just the one tasty recipe you could try this week:

Sesame and Tenderstem Broccoli Noodles

200g tenderstem broccoli	wholewheat noodles
1 garlic clove, crushed	15g fresh root ginger, finely grated
2 tbsp soy sauce	1 tbsp rice wine vinegar
1 tbsp toasted sesame oil	½ tbsp clear honey
2 tbsp tahini	½ tsp sambal oelek paste
mixed herbs, such as mint, basil and coriander	2 tbsp sesame seeds, toasted, to serve

Trim the tenderstem and halve any thicker stems lengthways. Add to a large pan of boiling salted water along with the noodles; cook for 4 minutes, then drain. In a large bowl, stir together the garlic, ginger, soy sauce, rice wine vinegar, sesame oil, honey, tahini and sambal oelek paste (add extra sambal oelek if you like it very spicy). Roughly chop the herb leaves and add to the bowl along with the drained noodles and broccoli. Toss together thoroughly, then serve warm, scattered with the toasted sesame seed

I drove down to Terry's funeral in West Norwood via the east of England, avoiding the motorways as my engine light popped on soon after leaving Richmond. We had a stopover at Holbeach where the friend I was travelling with tripped over and smashed one of her wrists and chin when we took the dogs for a stroll. She was just recovering from another trip on a curb stone on her home turf in Newcastle which left her in a cast and unable to use her other hand for some months. We weren't off to a good start. Her hand swelled to double the size and turned blue. We didn't know whether she should go to A & E to have her ring sawn off. In the end she decided to leave it. Now, a week on, it's looking vaguely more normal but I still have to carry all the bags.

After the funeral we stayed two nights in London on the side of a main road. I had plans to catch up with various people and do various things but spent the whole time in bed with a bad migraine. Lorries and buses thundering past.

From there, still travelling on B-roads, journeys which should take a couple of hours, were taking 9 hours, we had a stopover in Wiltshire. Again, unbeknown to me when booking, it was on the side of a main road. It was such a relief the next day to arrive in the peace and quiet of coastal Laugharne in South Wales. Famous of course for Dylan Thomas. We stayed in a beautiful little 'Arts and Crafts' house, it was an oasis of calm. My friend's migraine started upon arrival. I left her to it and walked to the Boathouse and his Writing Shed. I went into the small town and bought a couple of his books. I have a biography on him and have twice tried to read it, but twice not got past the age 10. He was such a spoilt and precocious child. Tired after all the driving and my own migraine I would get an early night. In the en-suite bathroom there was a very loud buzzing, I saw something big and black bouncing off the spotlights in the ceiling. I ignored it and went to bed. Next morning there was a round bite on the back of my leg which didn't sting and looked more like a burn. It was that black thing. I didn't think too much of it until it started growing bigger and bigger and hotter. It turned into a massive swelling, really nasty. I tried to keep calm and carry on but walking made it worse. I sat in the garden with my leg up and an ice pack for the next 2 days wondering what on earth that creature was. The gardens were like the Lost Gardens of Heligan before they were re-found. Bog gardens and dense foliage, the perfect place for poisonous insects to colonise when they blow over from North Africa. Driving from there to our next stop in Tryiywy, TYytrwwwni or something like that, while I kept pointing at beautiful mountains, and wow, 'look at that', I was seriously freaking out. My leg felt like it was on fire. In my mind I could see this massive black insect on my leg as I slept, stinging me over and over again with all the time in the world. I wondered whether I would have to have my leg amputated, or indeed, if it would kill me. I'd stolen (borrowed) all the ice packs from the previous property but my leg was so hot it defrosted them in minutes.

On the way to our next place, Tyrywyswi, where I am now, I had arranged to visit a new relative in Cardigan.

Some years ago, it was actually a Farmaround customer, Diane, a genealogist, who contacted me to ask if I'd be interested in having research done on my family tree. An unrefusable offer, during her research she came across a Meirion Jones researching the same line, we share great, great grandparents. He lives and paints in a studio and smallholding just outside Cardigan. Where ironically, he also has rescued sheep, is a lifetime veggie, supporter of CIWF and gives a portion of the sales from his paintings to animal welfare charities. I'd wanted to meet him for a long time as he said he had a lot of information on our ancestry.

To the pure boredom of my friend and his partner, over a cup of tea and vegan cakes he told me about the bards and artists in our family, he confirmed what we had always been told, our directly descending from William Williams Pantecelyn, the hymn writer and writer, who had several hits with Bread of Heaven, Thou Great Redeemer and Gloria in Excelsis. How via Owain Gethin of Glyndawe, we descend from the Welsh Princes. He told me about our links to the famous Physicians of Myddfai and the first physicians of Harley Street. The Black Mountains, that is our ancestral home.

Then of course, his partner, receiving concurrence from my friend, added that we are all related to everyone the further back you go. "No, none of that please".

We headed on to Tryyywwwi to a coastal cottage. I went to bed that night with the sea crashing onto the shore directly beneath my window and read Under Milkwood. Utter genius.

It's next morning now, Tuesday. Leg had been alot better but hot and stingy again now after writing about it, so ice pack back on. Not out the woods yet. I'm here until Friday then heading back home for winter. My friend will be delighted to know that Meirion wrote me a list of castles and places to visit in this area relating to our ancestors. Including a painting by Aneurin Jones, his late father, also an artist which hangs in the church at Maclynnnehthh'ish.

Kind wishes and hope you have a good week,

Isobel

PS Despite Terry's funeral being such a sad occasion, it was a real joy to meet those of you who managed to make it.