THE LADY WRITES LACK OF ADVENTURES

We too many adventures lately. It has been mostly fairly quiet here, with a lot of house renovation. After two weeks without hot water and heating (of course the weather turned cold) Paul finally got all the plumbing and we could all have a bath again and not have to climb over piles of rubble and copper piping to get to the bathroom. Patrick to go without having a bath for a single day, but we older folk just remembered the Old Days, when the English only one bath a week.
We still haven't finished the bathroom and have no washbasin but I feel we that in the next few weeks. I am also very keen to move on to work on the kitchen and particularly to knock the walls down a nice glass door at the back and sit indoors looking out at the garden. Which as usual is looking absolutely lovely at this time of year. Last autumn I planted a huge number of bulbs and they are all flowering now and looking wonderful.
It has been very warm recently, over Easter actually hot, hot enough for a T-shirt and sunhat, amazing. Everything is now bursting out into green and it really sing. We are both so pleased we are not in grim freezing Toronto the snow and the concrete. Just lovely.
The family are all alive and well, Paul working very hard and still waiting, as ever, for the Big Contract to come, but doing lots of other things (produce any money). I am still putting books on the shelves in Cambridge University Press, where I earn a pittance (nice word, that).

during which » found it very hard » haven't had » makes the heart » may manage » none of which » so that we can put » staring at » used to have » work done