

Hello my friends,

Here's the English bloke Tony Scott Warren who has the pleasure of sticking the stamps to send your Jèrriais Letter from my home at Howden in the Good Lord's country, Yorkshire. Lots of water has passed Corbière since my last Lettre, and here we are now in full summer. The corn is ripening in the huge fields around us. On their edges, poppies are flowering and the red makes a beautiful contrast with the gold of the ears of corn. Soon the big threshing machines will arrive to begin the harvest.

At the bottom of our lane, the black and white cows, not as lovely as Jerseys, search for shelter from the sun, the showers or the summer storms under the trees. It seems to me that we don't have as much rain here as in Jersey, because the clouds coming from the west drop the rain on the top of the Pennines which we are shaded by.

Since the start of the virus, when everyone was locked-down at home, gardens became refuges. Now, when so many people have changed from working in offices to doing so at home, they are leaving the big towns and cities to move to the country, and what they are looking for is a house with a garden.

The younger of our daughters lives not far from London, and she has just a little yard at the back of her house, but she is keen on gardening. She has worked hard to change her little patch into a pleasant garden. She grows both flowers and vegetables, mostly in pots and troughs. She tells us that the cucumbers that she is picking are completely different from those from the supermarket. She loves her salads and her strawberries. Unfortunately her naughty kittens like to play or sleep among her flowers, and she sometimes finds them completely crushed and spoilt. Her sister, who lives very near us, has a big garden and she sends her flower seeds sometimes to replace them.

As for us, our garden when we bought the house was just a lawn with a little border with five or six shrubs, of which three died immediately. It was in effect a picture ready for painting. Now I have some bigger borders which are starting to be filled with flowers. I have planted an apple-tree, a cherry-tree and a Japanese maple, in English an acer. In the vegetable corner, I have lettuces and cabbages, spring onions and courgettes. I still have lots of work to do - I'd like more borders, perhaps a pond with fish, a greenhouse and a garden shed.

But gardening has stopped for me for at least a couple of months. By the time that you hear this Lettre, if everything goes well, I will be at the hospital with a new right knee to replace the one that I've had for all my life, but which cannot continue. When we moved to England, I walked three times a week around us to explore the neighbourhood. But in mid-April, coming back home, my leg gave me so much pain that I had to stop. An X-ray showed rheumatism and a lack of cartilage in the knee. Have replaced it, I hope to re-start the exploration of Yorkshire - and to revisit Jersey before too long!

Thank you very much for having listened to me, and I wish you good health. Goodbye.