

More - Midsummer Madness

THESE days I am easily pleased.

Diamonds may be a girl's best friend but my ambitions have been somewhat tempered by reality over the past year and so I am delighted by the arrival of a humble new bathing device for James – a sort of updated version of the ducking stool.

I had told the social worker who arranged this small miracle that whatever she had in mind for getting James safely out of our bath, it would have to require no effort from me.

And sure enough, it doesn't...

Once seated, a touch of a button sees James rise from the water like *Venus from the Waves* – although without the accompanying flowers and cherubs, *natch...*

This not only saves wear and tear on me physically, but also mentally, obviating as it does the need to shout constant washing instructions over the noise of the shower.

"Don't forget to do under your arms..."

"No, not your tummy, your arms..."

"ARMS!"

The other godsend is our new carer, Judy, who now arrives promptly each weekday morning to get James up, washed and dressed.

She has been recommended to us by Tessa our cleaner, a source of much local wisdom and a member of the town's underground 'caring' mafia...

Judy, she tells me, is 'adored' by one of the clients Tessa also cleans for, and she thinks she will be right up our street.

And after meeting her, I think so too.

She is kind, calm and efficient, chatting cheerfully to James and drawing him out as she gets him through his morning routine, and her presence gives me an hour - *a whole hour!* - to shower and have a quiet cup of tea in peace...

Bliss!

Then halfway through her first week she arrives with lemon drizzle cake.

And you can't ask for more than that...