

Timeline 2006

January: Joyce sees in the New Year with us.



March: We visit Nice in sombre mood.



May: Steve's Mum inspires a summer of gardening.



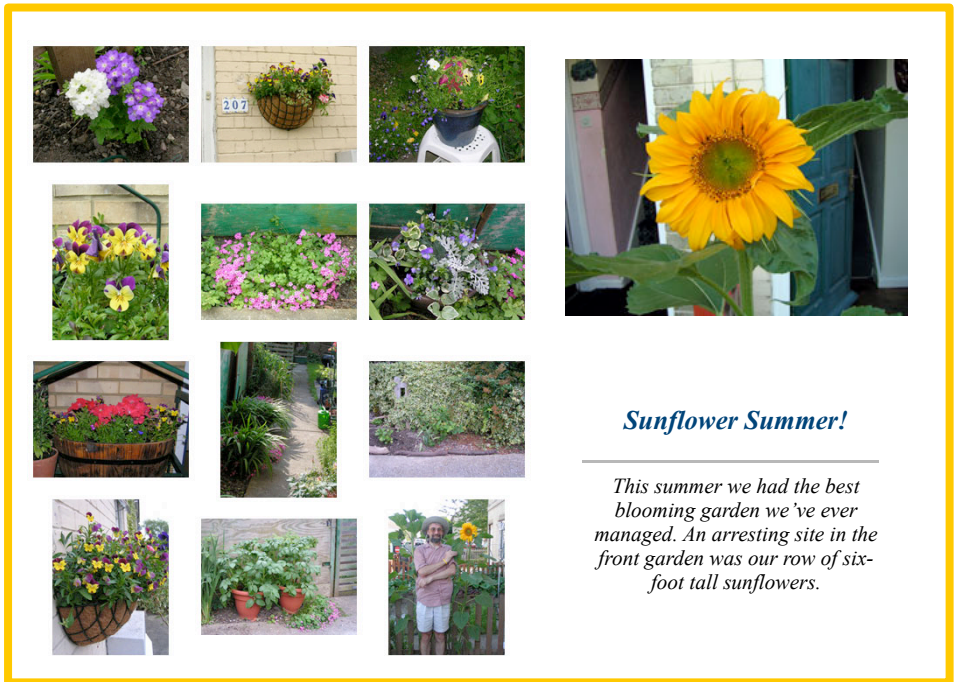
June: Our new BBQ grill means we now have three!



July: Lisa makes a rare return to New York City.



Lisa & Steve Fagg, 207 Ross Street, Cambridge, CB1 3BS, U.K.



Sunflower Summer!

This summer we had the best blooming garden we've ever managed. An arresting site in the front garden was our row of six-foot tall sunflowers.

Still crazy after all these years...

Welcome back, everyone!

...to the third edition of the *Romsey Rag*.

2006 has been a very varied year in which we've recorded so many "firsts" it's hard to know where to begin. Life may not always be a bed of roses but, with every year so very different from what we've done before, it's certainly never boring.

The death in March of Lisa's beloved Uncle Jean casts a long, dark shadow over the year and our (long planned) visit to Nice a fortnight afterwards was just the start of a long grieving process.

Lisa's return to New York for a visit in July after an absence of several years showed just how truly that will always be her home. It was also the source of a

stunning set of photographs, taken in Union Street Market, that we loved so much we made a calendar of them.

Throughout the summer our newest barbecue grill was in almost daily use and Lisa discovered a pair of hill-climbing cycling legs she never knew she possessed.

There's more...

A very special vacation

Since our 2004 trip to Matlock, Lisa has been keen to do another walking holiday. We delayed our main summer vacation until the end of September and so were away on Lisa's birthday.

Ever since reading Malcolm Saville's "Lone Pine" books as a child, Steve has longed to visit

the area of Shropshire featured in many of the stories and in particular the iconic "Long Mynd" hill.

So we took the train to Church Stretton and spent four glorious days there in a delightful B&B. Walking on the Long Mynd was everything Steve had hoped it would be and Lisa was totally smitten too.

Lisa celebrated her birthday in a country inn after a strenuous day out on Caer Caradoc and neighbouring hills.

We returned to our jobs uplifted, refreshed and ready to plunge into the new academical year; vowing to return soon and often to this uniquely beautiful part of the world!

August: We took the hilly route to see Irene's art.



August: Chiara & Lucy at our first "pot luck" dinner.



September: Walking the Long Mynd is heavenly.



October: The feline population, *chez-nous*, overtakes the human.

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Sociable Summer

The keen eyed will have spotted that the web addresses in the "contact us" section below have changed. This is because we both caught the "Blogging" bug this year. As it turns out our blogs are dominated by accounts of various meals we've eaten and the folks we've dined with.

We were much more sociable than usual this summer. In particular,

colleagues and graduate students from the Oriental Studies Faculty where Steve works have been responsive to our invitations to dine with us.

Having a decent sized kitchen, our place also served as the venue for a series of that most un-English of repasts the 'Pot Luck Dinner': with each guest contributing a dish, we enjoyed several incredibly

varied and convivial meals around our fully-extended 'groaning board' of a dining table.

Return invitations have been keenly accepted and we've enjoyed food from all corners of the globe without venturing beyond the outskirts of Cambridge.

With all this dining-in, the restaurant trade in the city must be feeling the pinch!

Pedaling upwards

Last year we rode the best part for 500 miles leisure cycling but this year's total was much more modest. Of note, though, was the transformation in Lisa's feelings about cycling up-

hill! It all started with a hilly 18-mile ride to see Steve's ex-Nortel colleague Irene exhibiting her art work in an exhibition. The feeling of accomplishment once the grueling ride was

over led Lisa to seek out similar challenges; not easy in the flat lands of the fens and quite unlike Lisa's previous attitude that hills were the devils work and to be avoided at all cost!



The new boy

*In the autumn, we wound up giving a home to a young kitten. After several false starts, he became known as Robbie.
(left)*

Kitty Kat Korner...

Thomas T. Catt

Just when I thought life had settled down and I knew what I could expect from the rest of my days, everything has been turned upside down! Steve & Lisa seem to have had a brain storm and allowed a third feline into the household; without, I might add, any consultation whatsoever with yours truly.

Robbie, as the humans call him, is not such a bad chap when he's asleep but, during his waking hours, he seems to be running at 100mph non-stop and, what is worse, seems to think that I should be joining in the "fun". Not my idea of fun at all! What's a retired old gent to do?

Ms Sophia Catt says: at first I tried ignoring him completely, but now I see he's growing like a weed: he's doubled in size in 6 weeks! Since he has no idea how to behave it's down to me to keep him in his place. Someone's got to do it and old man Thomas is useless!

Meow to all! TTC + Ms SC